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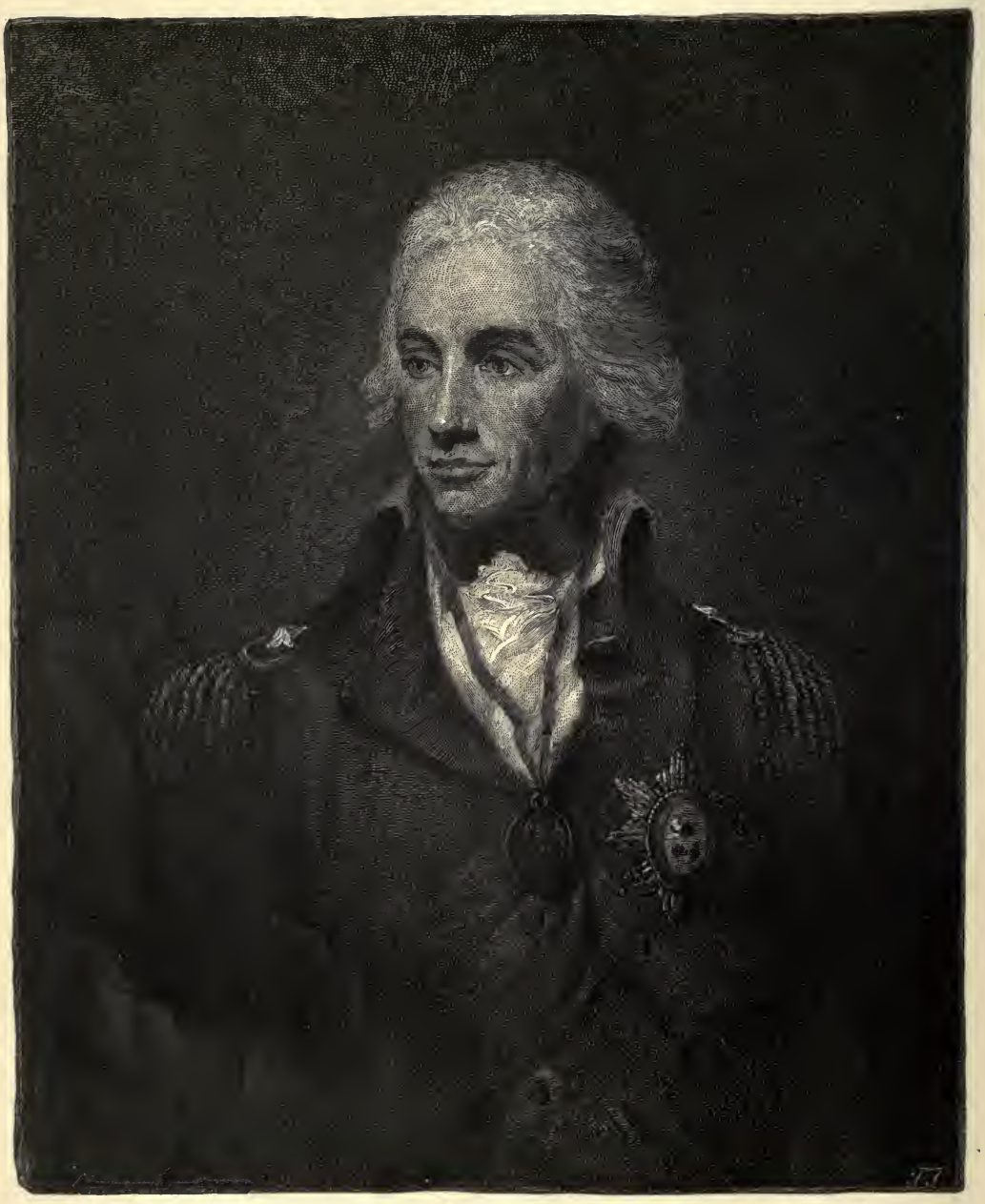
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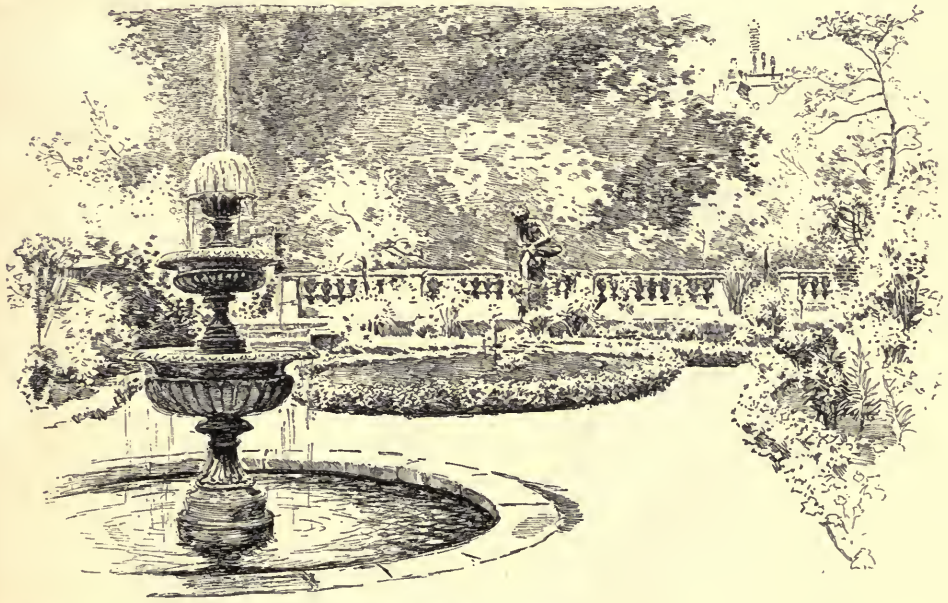
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1888. No. 1.

THE GUILDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE DRAPERS' GARDEN.

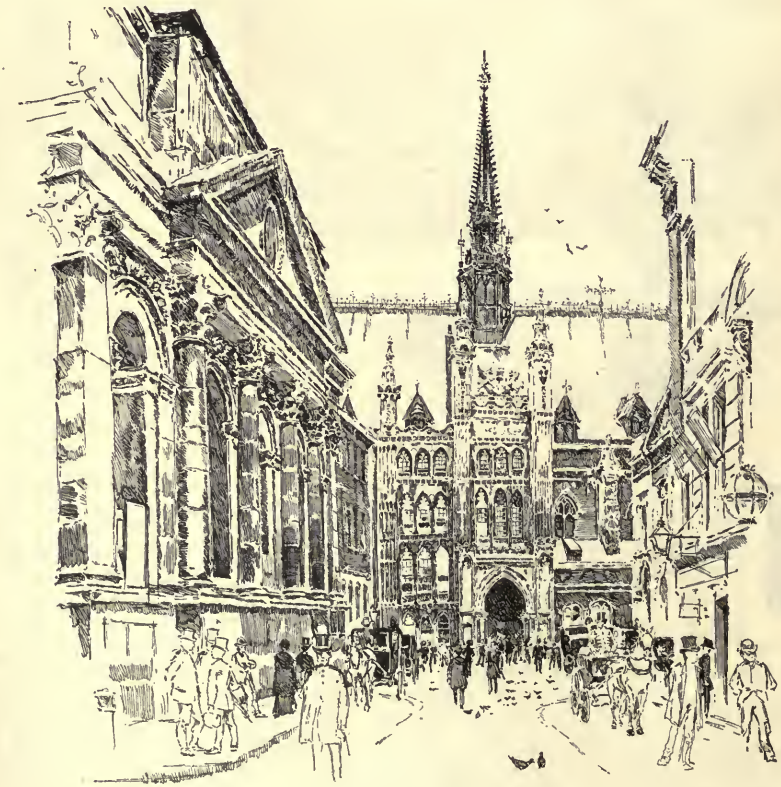
THE city of London is commonly supposed by foreigners to be the vast assemblage of houses extending for some miles on both banks of the Thames in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, inhabited by a population of four millions, the town residence of the Queen of England, the meeting-place of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the seat of government of the British Empire; but when its citizens speak of the city of London they mean the district about one mile across which extends from Tower Hill to Temple Bar and over which the Lord Mayor presides. Through its streets his stately coach and four may be seen driving any day of the week with a sword sticking out of one window and a golden mace out of the other, and his lordship in all magnificence inside with a gold chain round his neck, a great robe on his shoulders, a cocked hat on his head, and supported by sword-bearer and mace-bearer, reminding every beholder whose childish reading has been judiciously directed of Sir Richard Whittington and Cinderella both at once.

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If Whittington's cat cannot be placed among well-authenticated Felidæ, many a man has attained the glory of Lord Mayoralty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul's. There was a grate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him money, inquired into his case, and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, Lord Mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph.

Nor does the grandeur of a Lord Mayor end with coach and four, golden chain, and sword and mace. After laying these aside he has often retired into the country, where alone in an Englishman's notions the height of grandeur can be attained, and founded a family splendid for generations, making alliances with older nobility and in time becoming old nobility itself.

The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-six aldermen or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the Livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The recorder, or law-officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and aldermen then go out; another law-officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen, and



THE GUILDHALL.

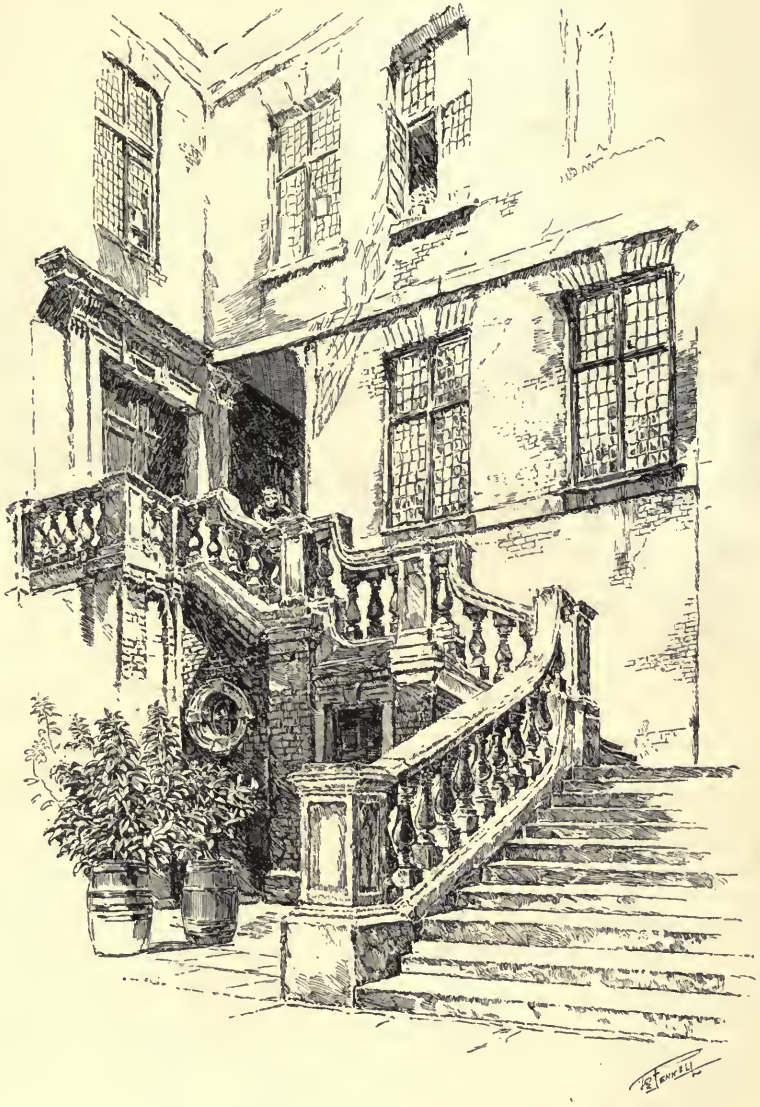


THE MANSION HOUSE, HOME OF THE LORD MAYOR.

are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future Lord Mayor sitting on the left of the actual Lord Mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, "Yea or No." They shout "Yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the Lord Mayor to be, and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another meeting in the Guildhall. The old Lord Mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new Lord Mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer next advances, and bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the Lord Mayor elect the great two-handed sword of state, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. The crier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old Lord Mayor goes back to the Mansion House, his official residence, for the last time.

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new Lord Mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds and the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles, and pageants which vary according to each Lord Mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it.

The Lord Mayor is presented to the Lord Chief Justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the High Court of Justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the Lord Mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes.

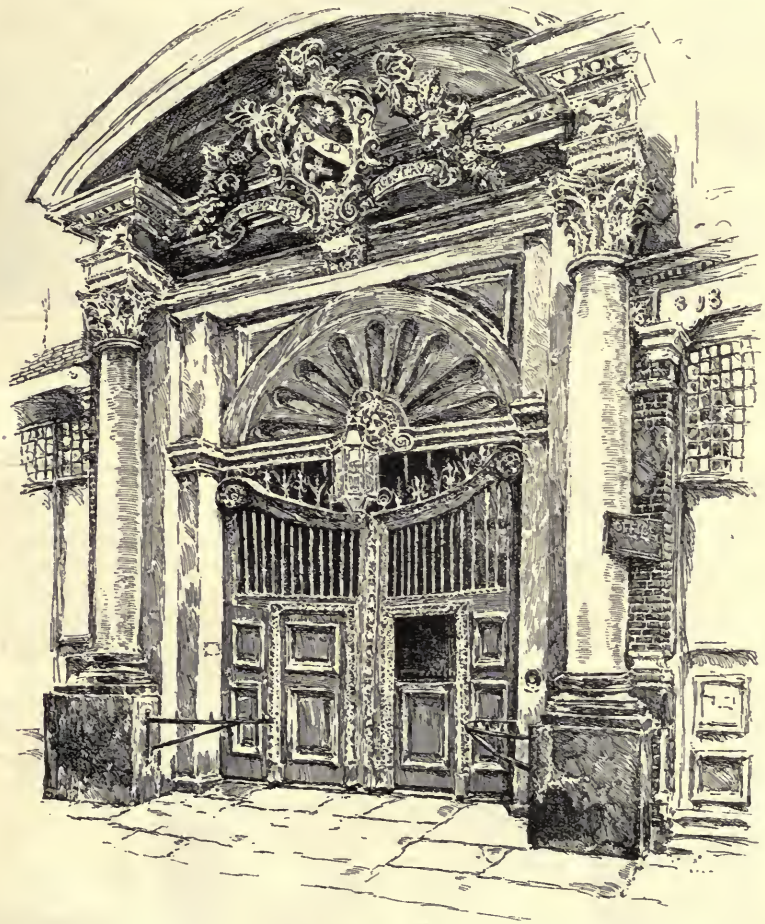


ENTRANCE TO BREWERS' HALL.

That evening he presides at a splendid feast in the Guildhall, at which he entertains many of the great people of England. There are judges in scarlet and ermine, foreign ambassadors covered with orders, Knights of the Garter in blue ribbons and Knights of the Bath in red ribbons and stars, old admirals in blue, old generals in scarlet, and perhaps some Oriental potentates, subjects of the Empress of India, blazing with pearls and diamonds. The company is seated in the fine old common hall of the city of London, and at the end of it are Gog and Magog, the successors of a long line of city giants in old times carried in the Lord Mayor's procession, but now perched on great brackets at the end of the hall and never moved. Before Geoffrey of Monmouth was superseded by Hume and Freeman and Green, the citizens of London, on the faith of his account, believed themselves descended from the ancient Trojans; and these figures represented two heroes, Corinæus and Gotmagot, whose exploits formed part of the imaginary wars of the Trojans and the aborigines of Britain.

On the walls of the hall are costly marble monuments to Nelson and Wellington and Chatham and Pitt, heroes and statesmen admired by the city and entertained in that hall when at the height of their fame. A fine ham-

mer-beam wooden roof rests upon the solid old walls and gives warmth to their cold, gray hue. The Lord Mayor with his most illustrious guests comes into the hall where the general company is already seated, and, after walking all round with blasts of trumpets, takes his seat, and the banquet begins. Seated at the tables



THE BREWERS' DOORWAY.

may be seen many men in gowns edged with fur and wearing golden chain-like collars ending in front in great jeweled badges. Foreigners, unlearned in the manners and customs of the city of London, often think that these splendid individuals, whose aspect is always one of grave dignity suitable to their costly ornamentation, are great English nobles wearing the decorations of orders of knighthood. It is easy to say who they are, but those who have tried know that there are few tasks more difficult than to explain their status and functions to an inquiring Frenchman. They are the masters and wardens of the London companies, of the guilds whose members elected the Lord Mayor, whose banners ornamented his procession, and to one of which he himself must belong. He often belongs to more than one, and, when elected Lord Mayor, if not already a member of one of the twelve great companies, sometimes becomes one. These twelve great com

panies are the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. Each of them has a hall in the city, vast estates, curious usages, ancient royal charters, various public duties, and fixed days for feasts.

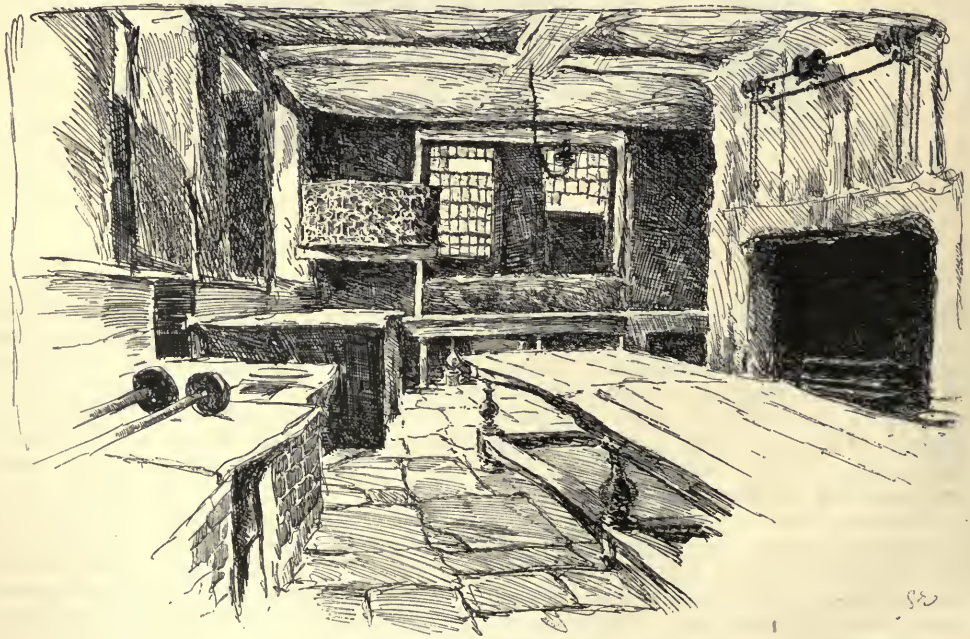
Besides the 12 great companies, there are 80 smaller ones, 36 of which have no hall.

There are thus more than fifty halls, in every one of which something curious is to be seen; but they are hard to find and do not seek to entice the curious. The front door of the hall



FAÇADE, BREWERS' HALL.

is often indistinguishable from the doors of offices or warehouses near it. No label proclaims what the building is, even when the door is adorned with sculpture and is in the midst of a great mass of carved stonework. You might look at the hall of the mercers in Cheapside — the first of the great companies — from Bucklersbury and wonder why the great figure of Charity as a woman looking after chubby stone children was placed there; but no traveler, however experienced, could guess that those great closed doors, with smaller iron gates always locked before them, led into the hall and other buildings of a guild of ex-



KITCHEN, BREWERS' HALL.

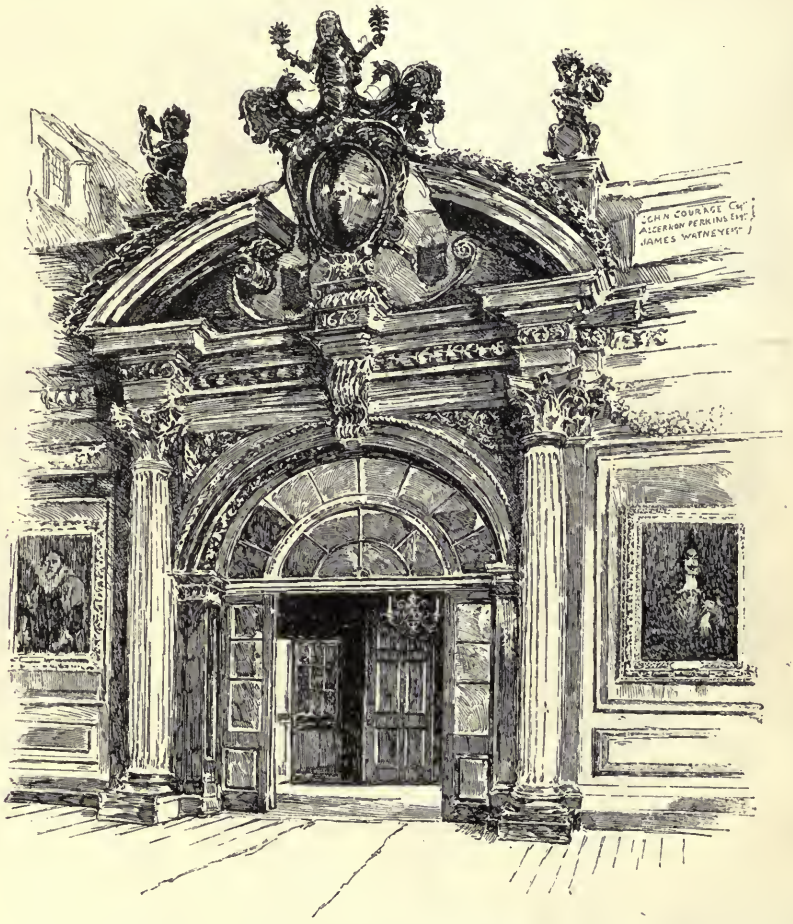
traordinary wealth and great antiquity. In a few cases a small and insignificant brass plate near a bell-handle bears the word "Beadle," or sometimes even lifts the veil of mystery a little higher and records a name, as "Weavers' Hall." To ring the bell requires nearly as much courage as that of Jack the Giant-killer when he blew the horn that hung at the giant's gate. The beadle, or more often the sub-beadle,—for the beadle himself is too great to be lightly disturbed,—appears. You feel instantly that you are intruding, that you had no right to ring, and that you are in much the position of a man who has impertinently rung at the door of a private house and asked to see the drawing-room. If you have an introduction,—above all, if you know any one on the court of the company, as its governing body is called,—the beadle unbends a little and you are admitted. It is only by frequent allusion to childish fairy tales that the results of explorations of the city can be illustrated. You feel like Aladdin when the palace appeared. You enter a great paneled hall decorated with armorial bearings, with portraits, and with banners. You are in the very heart of the city of London, where land is worth £100,000 or more an acre, yet there is a delicious garden, a court-yard recalling Italy, a splashing fountain, or a noble old tree. This element of surprise, of contrast between the rushing crowd in the street outside and the perfect fourteenth-century stillness within the halls of these ancient guilds, adds much to the pleasure of seeing curious things at which you are not asked to look. You feel in a few minutes how great a thing it is to be a merchant tailor or a cloth-worker or a grocer, superlative and unattainable, and you walk round the hall with the beadle in a deferential, humble frame of mind only comparable to the sensation of a pilgrim who is just about to kiss or has just finished kissing the toe of his holiness the Pope.



FIREPLACE IN COURT-ROOM OF BREWERS' HALL.

The halls of nearly all the companies were

consumed in the great fire, so that most of their buildings date from the last years of the house of Stuart, and in later times some have been rebuilt in a style of profuse magnificence. Nevertheless there is hardly one which does not contain some picturesque bit of architecture or wood-carving, curious portrait, quaintly carved figure, beautifully illuminated charter, of grocers, a vintner of vintners. One or two good histories of particular companies have been written by members, but all the general accounts are deficient in thoroughness. It must be remembered too that these ancient corporations suffered a terrible shock at the hands of the law-officers of Charles II., who forced open their muniment chests, asked why



DOORWAY OF BANQUETING HALL, BREWERS' COMPANY.

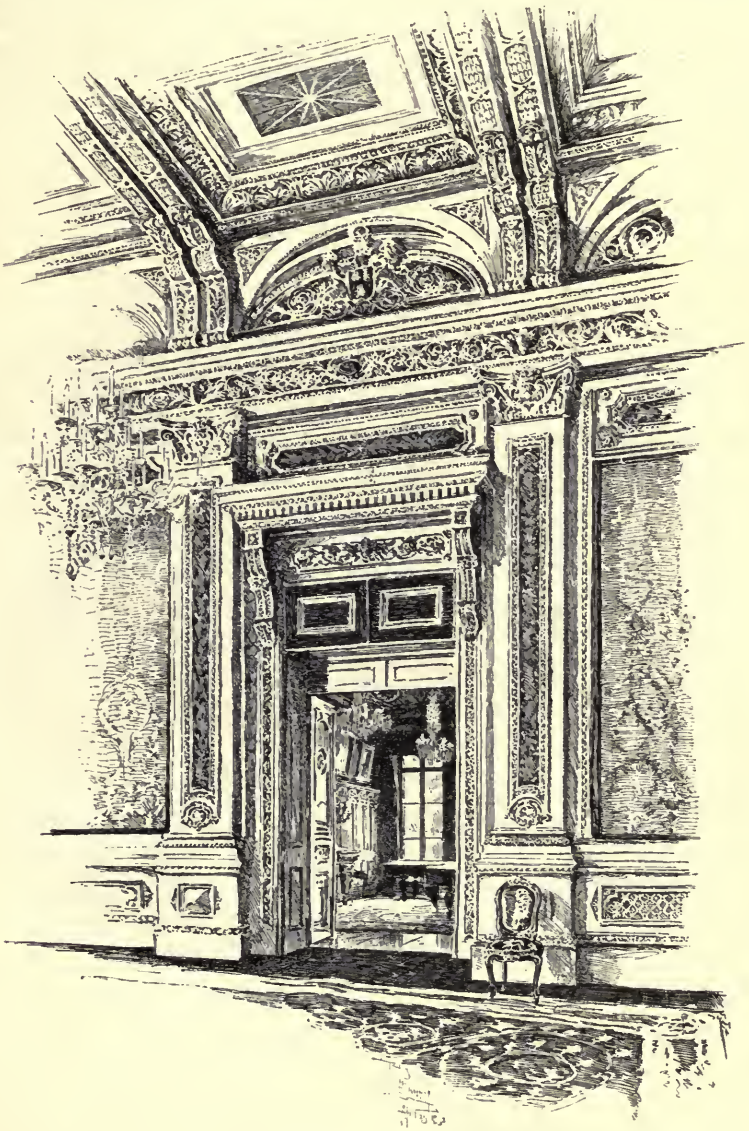
or splendid piece of plate. The wood-carving in many is superb,— in none finer than in the Brewers' Hall,— and the combination of the dark color of old oak with the bright tinctures of painted armorial bearings occurs in endless and always picturesque variety. The quiet self-content and the half-private character of the guilds have prevented a thorough investigation of their history. They themselves feel, as any one who with the feeling of ownership dines often in such halls as theirs must come to feel, that no one but one of themselves could do them justice; that a haberdasher alone could write of haberdashers, a grocer and wherefore about everything, and demanded their money or their lives. The *quo warranto* was hardly forgotten when more modern attacks began: royal commissions were threatened, and the guilds which had never done harm, and thought that merit enough, were perpetually asked why they did not do good, and those who obviously did good, why they did not do more, by endless practicers of cheap virtue and easy benevolence, and by more reputable and respectable persons who thought their position anomalous and wished to make it less so.

Thus assailed from time to time, but so far

surviving assault, no wonder that the companies are a little suspicious of strangers and not too anxious to admit criticising historians.

The oldest of the companies began life, as they assert, as an association of saddle-makers with a common meeting-place in Cheapside not far from the wall of a college of secular priests dedicated to St. Martin. The College of St. Martin flourished from the days of Edward the Confessor to those of Henry VIII., and its site is still called St. Martin's-le-Grand. It is the General Post-office; and not far from it, still in Cheapside, from the days of the last Saxon king to those of Queen Victoria have dwelt the Company of Saddlers.

In their early days there were tilts in Cheapside, and the King of England used to sit in a gallery near the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow to watch them. The present beautiful tower of the church was built by Wren after the fire; but to commemorate the old days of tilting and the royal gallery, he placed a little railed balcony in the tower on the part looking into Cheapside. With what eyes of connoisseurs must the saddlers have looked on as Sir Roland's shock flung Sir Oliver from the saddle, which remained unstirred; and when a foreign knight's girths burst and he fell vanquished, they must have approved and said, "Not one of our saddles, that!"

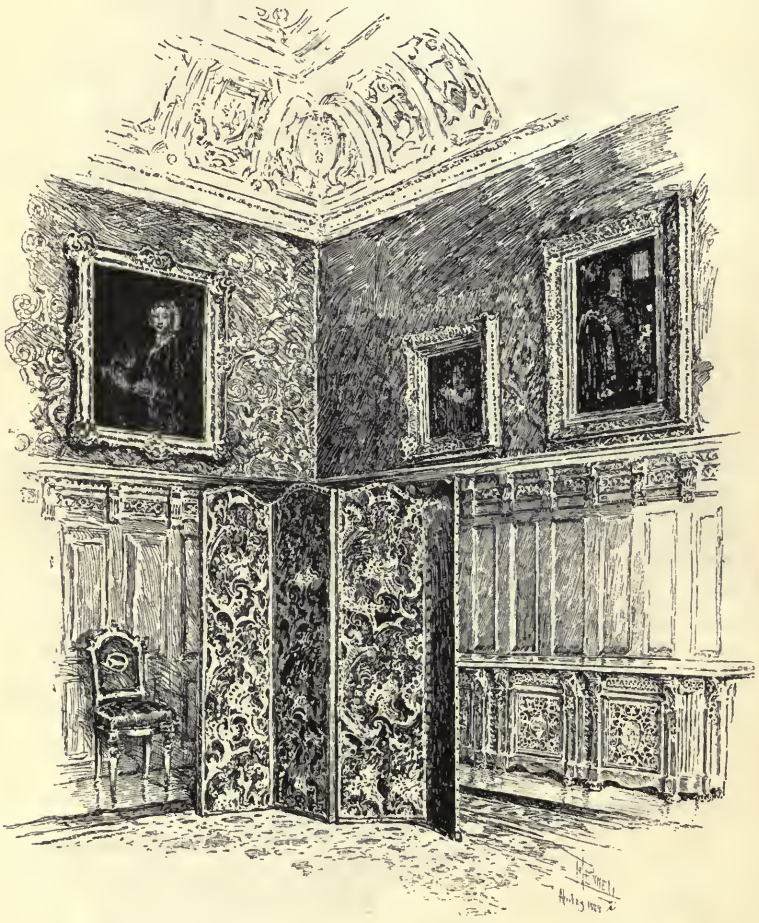


DOORWAY, HALL OF THE DRAPERS.

Farther down on the same side of Cheapside, beyond the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, is a block of stone buildings with an ornate modern door decorated in the middle with sculpture. It lies between Ironmonger lane and Old Jewry. This is the property of the mercers, one of the richest of the great companies, and here is their hall on the site, as very old London tradition says, of the house of Gilbert, father of Thomas à Becket, for so many centuries the pride of the citizens of London as St. Thomas of Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth's grandfather's grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, was a Lord Mayor of this company. Dukes of Newcastle and Somerset, Earls of Salisbury, of Coventry, of Wiltshire, and of Denbigh, and Viscounts Camden have all sprung from prosperous mercers.

Somewhat farther down, where Cheapside becomes the Poultry, is St. Mildred's Court, near which till a few years ago stood the Church of St. Mildred—a holy Kentish lady of the days when Kent had a king of its own. At the end of the court is the magnificent hall of the Grocers' Company. Their records escaped the fire, and few companies have such full means of explaining their history in detail.

On June 12, 1345, a number of pepperers, as the grocers were then styled, met together at dinner by agreement at the town mansion of the Abbot of Bury in St. Mary Axe. They talked their common affairs over and agreed to form themselves into a voluntary association to settle trade disputes, to help poor members, and to say prayers for the souls of the departed members. They took St. Anthony for their patron, elected two wardens to preside over them and a chaplain to pray for them. Ever since, they have met each year on St. Anthony's day and dined together, electing new wardens and crowning them with garlands. In 1427 they bought some land in Old Jewry, a street leading out of Cheapside, there built a hall, and there

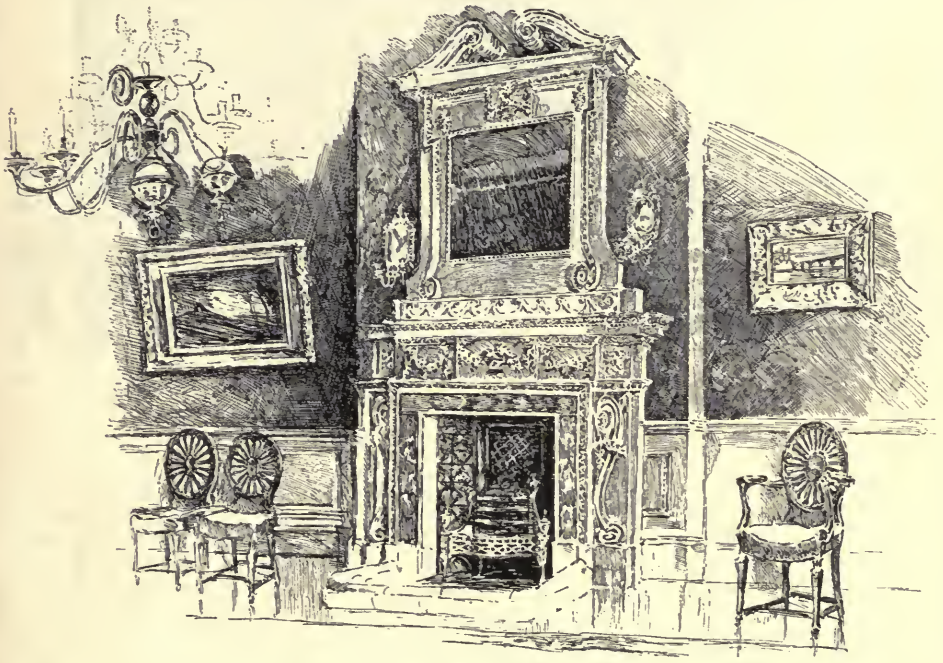


ROOM IN DRAPERS' HALL.

remain to this day. After their association had been in existence eighty-four years the grocers obtained a charter from the king, in the year 1429, and soon after were given the public duty of inspecting and cleansing all the spices sold in London. King Charles II. became their master, and they always dine on the day of his birth, the 29th of May. At the end of his reign, in 1685, they were nearly destroyed by the tyrannical proceedings under which the king tried to seize their charters and abolish their privileges and those of London and other cities. They just managed to survive the horrors of the *quo warranto*, as this proceeding was called, and joyfully elected William III. master when he came to the throne and made civil liberty once more secure. From his day to our own they have grown richer, while their functions as cleansers and inspectors of spices have slowly become obsolete. Now with much good-fellowship and cheerful hospitality they administer charities, do good in other ways and harm to no one; so that all citizens may heartily join in their grace, "God preserve the Church, the Queen, and the worshipful Company of Grocers! Root and branch, may it flourish forever!"

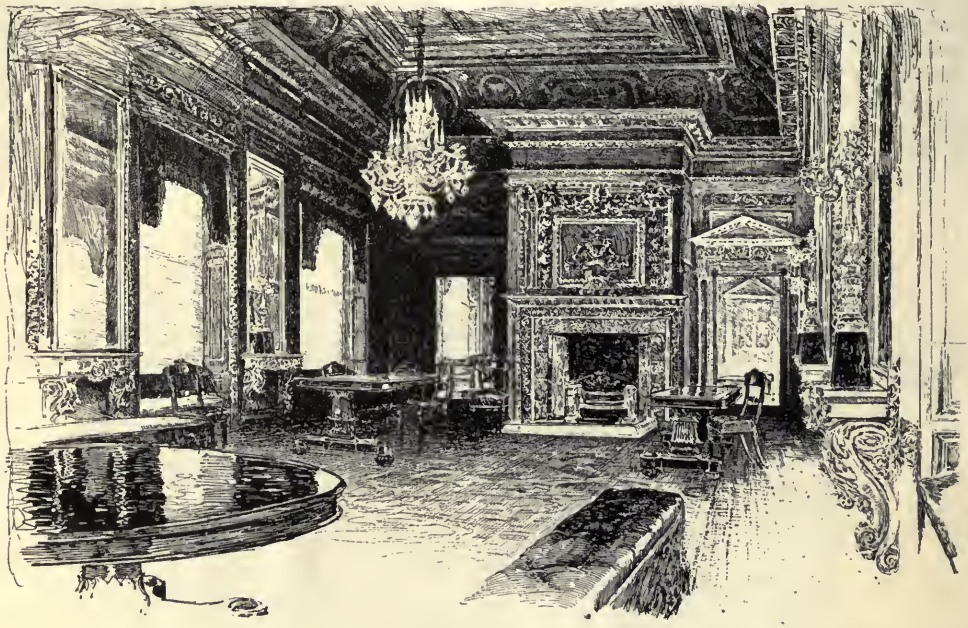
Such, with slight variations in detail, has been the history of the companies. Each began as a voluntary association, received in the fourteenth century or later a charter from the crown, exercised control over its especial trade, was nearly destroyed by Charles II., and has since steadily increased in riches which by the changes in the nature of commerce have worn away all its medieval functions except the happy one of promoting good-fellowship among men.

Not less magnificent than the grocers' is the hall of the drapers in Throgmorton street. The hall was rebuilt in 1881, and, with the great staircase leading to it and the smaller dependent rooms, is in a style of profuse splendor of carving, molding, and gilding, combined with a sort of costly solidity, which without much real artistic beauty produces a picturesque grandeur not unsuited to a society of wealthy merchants and the elaborate and hospitable feasts that it celebrates. The street in front is filled all day with people making bargains, and on the opposite side is the Stock Exchange, overflowing with shouting, business-doing stock-brokers. What a contrast between the interiors into which those opposite doors lead! On the Stock Exchange side, business going on at its fastest pace, rushing and crowding; on the grocers' side, within the door a quiet quadrangle such as you would expect to see in a palace at Florence, a gorgeous staircase on one side leading to carved and gilded spacious rooms, empty and deserted most of the daytime, or used by a few worshipful gentlemen quietly transacting charitable affairs, lively only on a feast-day; and beyond this court



FIREPLACE, DRAPERS' HALL.

a delightful garden with a fountain. The drapers say that Henry Fitz Elwin, first Mayor of London, was a member of their company; and famous as he was, there have since been so many great and famous drapers, that if antiquaries, as they threaten, prove Henry Fitz Elwin not to have been one, the glory of the company will still be brilliant. It was certainly affected by the fire, and near them a staircase leads to the cellars stored with wine. In one subterranean chamber is the plate — silver dishes as large as sponge-baths, others like foot-baths, endless cups and tankards, goblets and salvers and salt-cellars and hundreds of silver forks and spoons. A delightful old man, neat and courteous as a cathedral's dean, was



THE CEDAR ROOM, SKINNERS' HALL.

one of their members, Sir Thomas Adams, who was sent on the part of the city of London to invite King Charles II. to return to the throne of his ancestors. Private munificence has often been a characteristic of the high officers of these guilds. Many have founded colleges and schools and benefited the poor of their birthplaces in other ways. Sir Thomas Adams founded the professorship of Arabic at Cambridge and a good school in his native town. Not far from Throgmorton street, and in the Threadneedle street which they had a chief share in naming, is the hall of the merchant tailors. Outside, it looks like a modern office, but on entering, the visitor comes into a spacious quadrangle, round which are ranged the halls and the library and the meeting-rooms of the company. In one of these are two beautiful pieces of embroidery,— palls which were used to cover the coffins of members of the guild when carried to the grave accompanied by the surviving members singing the dirge, for this was one of the duties of every good liveryman. The kitchen has some ancient masonry with pointed arches, too solid to be for many years butler of this company. When he showed the plate, he used always to open with pride a particular cabinet in this plate-room. It was filled with small pepper-pots and represented one of the achievements of his life. "Would you believe it, sir, when I became butler the company had but one small pepper-pot; the waiters used to carry one in their pockets for the livery." The deficiency is now supplied: the liverymen have nearly a pepper-pot each. *Abi viator!* reckon up thy days and deeds; canst thou rival what this butler has done — hast thou multiplied pepper-pots from one to infinity and made a destitute livery happy and luxurious?

A little farther south, in Fenchurch street, is the hall of the ironmongers. Izaak Walton was their master, and there are his arms to this day decorating the paneled hall; while on the staircase, in the hall, indeed everywhere, are to be seen rampant lizards or salamanders, the crest and supporters of the armorial achievement of the company.

Leaving the ironmongers with regret and walking down Fenchurch street to the end,



SKINNERS' COURT-ROOM.

you come in view of the graceful cupola of the Church of St. Magnus, one of Wren's most successful designs. Just opposite to it, on the west side of London Bridge, is the Fishmongers' Hall, a building of gray stone with a pediment towards the river. Billingsgate market is hard by, and the fishmongers have the power of seizing and destroying putrid fish. Their hall covers the site of the riverside house of Sir William Walworth, the stout Lord Mayor who slew Wat Tyler.

Farther up the river is Dowgate, a very ancient landing-place, and near it and Dowgate Hill, is the Skinners' Hall. How long it has been there is shown by the fact that the street opposite is called Budge Row from the budge, or dressed lambskin, which the craft used of old to hang out for sale in the row. Happy the man who is entertained by the Guild of the Body of Christ of the Skinners of London, as the company style themselves in all official documents. A beadle receives him with lofty courtesy, and calls out his name as he ascends a handsome staircase. At the top the guest suddenly finds himself in the august presence of the master and wardens. They shake hands with him and bid him welcome as if he was the one guest who, long invited and never coming, had at last appeared and satisfied a lifelong wish on their part to see him.

The guest seems to have entered into their very hearts, when suddenly he feels that they can smile on him no more, and that the absorbing attention with which they received him is exchanged in an instant for total neglect. It is merely that these high functionaries are receiving another guest, and so another and another till the list is complete and dinner is served. All dinners of all companies are noble feasts, and the tables of the great companies are brilliant with splendid pieces of plate. Among the skinners' plate are some curious flagons made in form of beasts and birds. The skinners like to tell how these are used. On the day of election of master and wardens, the court, or governing body of the guild, is assembled in the hall, and ten blue-coat boys, with the almsmen of the company, the master and wardens, all in procession, preceded by trumpeters blowing blasts, march round the hall. Three great birds of silver are brought in and handed to the master and wardens. The birds' heads are screwed off, and the master and wardens drink wine from these quaint flagons.

Three caps of maintenance are then brought in. The old master puts one on. It will not fit him. He hands it to another, and he to another, and both declare that it does not fit. Then it reaches the skinner who is to be master for the year. Wonderful to relate, it fits him to a nicety. The trumpeters flourish their trumpets, the skinners and their almsmen shout for joy. The wardens next find out whom the cap fits, with the other two caps of maintenance, and so the high authorities of the guild are installed for the year. Their court-room is paneled with red cedar, with deep gilded

classical moldings, and when lighted of an evening is rich beyond compare to look at and exhales a delicious odor—a true cedar parlor, in which Sir Charles Grandison might well be glad to bow forever over the hand of Miss Harriet Byron.

Close to the Skinners' Hall are those of the dyers and the tallow-chandlers and the inn-holders; and that of the Mystery of the Vintners is in the same region of the city. A few yards off, on the other side of Cannon street, in St. Swithin's lane, is the spacious but not very interesting hall of the salters. For arms they bear three salt-cellars, springing (or casting out) salt; and as they all firmly believe themselves to be "salt of the earth, ye virtuous few," so do they often repeat their motto, *Sal sapit omnia* ("Salt savoreth everything"). They have a pie of their own, a most choice pasty, in which their favorite ingredient has many companions. The date of the recipe of this delicious piece of cookery is 1394.

"Take pheasant, hare, and chicken, or capon, of each one with two partridges, two pigeons, and two coneys and smite them in pieces and pick clean away from all the bones that ye may and therewith do them into a foyle [a case] of good paste, made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body, with the livers and hearts, two kidnies of sheep and forcemeats and eggs made into balls. Cast thereto powder of pepper, *salt*, spice, eysell, and mushrooms to make a good broth for it and do it into the foyle of paste and close it up fast, and bake it well and so serve it forth; with the head of one of the birds stuck at the one end of the foyle and a great tail at the other and divers of his long feathers set in cunningly all about him."

St. Paul's ends the noble vista of Cannon street to the west and affords ample food for reflection as you walk from St. Swithin's lane to Ave Maria lane. The lane called after the angelic salutation is the first turn to the right as you go from the west of St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill. A new building on the left of it bears the inscription, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum*, and this pious expression is the motto of the company of stationers. An archway in the new warehouse bearing the motto leads to their most picturesque hall. It shuts out from the world a quiet garden belonging to the company, at the back of the Church of St. Martin, Ludgate, and adjoining it are the court-room, stock-room, and kitchen of the company. They keep the copyright register for England, and all their members are bookmen; that is, printers or publishers. The hall is of a most collegiate aspect, spacious and lofty, with deeply recessed windows and rich oak carving. A good modern colored window of St. Cecilia, the patroness of the company, a series of banners hanging from the cornice on each side, and numerous painted shields of the chief officers, some very bright, some

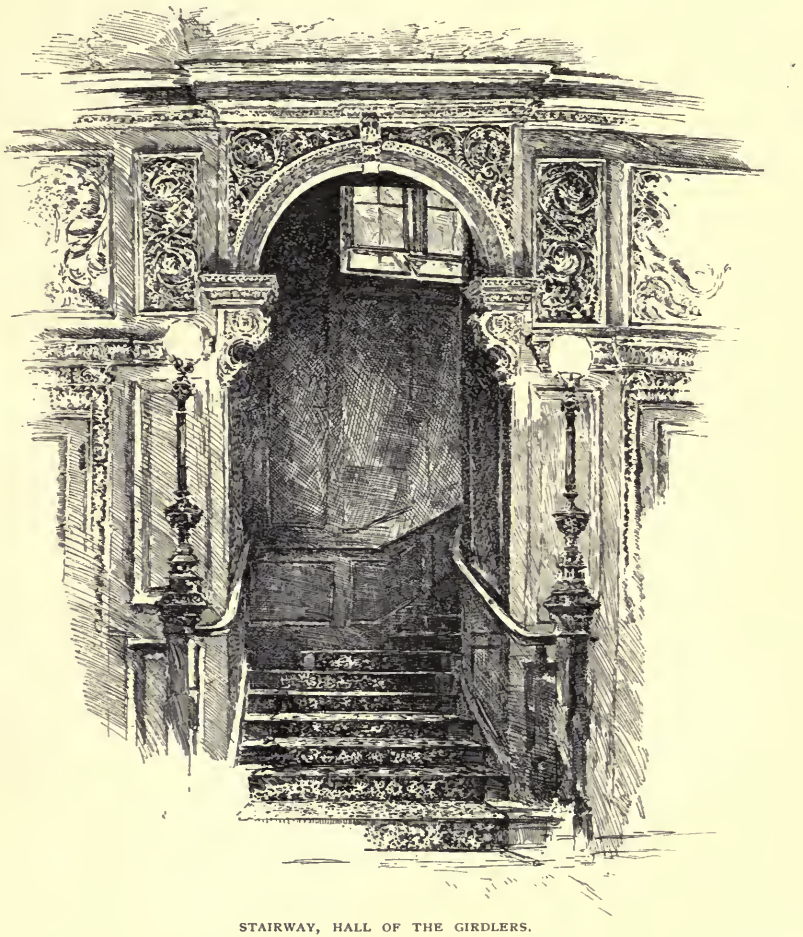


STATIONERS' HALL.

toned down by time, give pleasant, harmonious coloring to this well-proportioned hall.

A fireplace in the court-room is a wonderful example of exquisite wood-carving. When the business of the court was tedious, perhaps Mr. Samuel Richardson's mind wandered to the virtue of Pamela, or the villainy of Lovelace. It cannot be asserted as a proved fact of literary history, but it is at least very likely, that some of Clarissa's letters were written in that court-room. Little did the country ladies who wept over them think of them as the compositions of the stout stationer in a wig whose portrait looks down at his successors in the Mystery as they transact their business in the court-room.

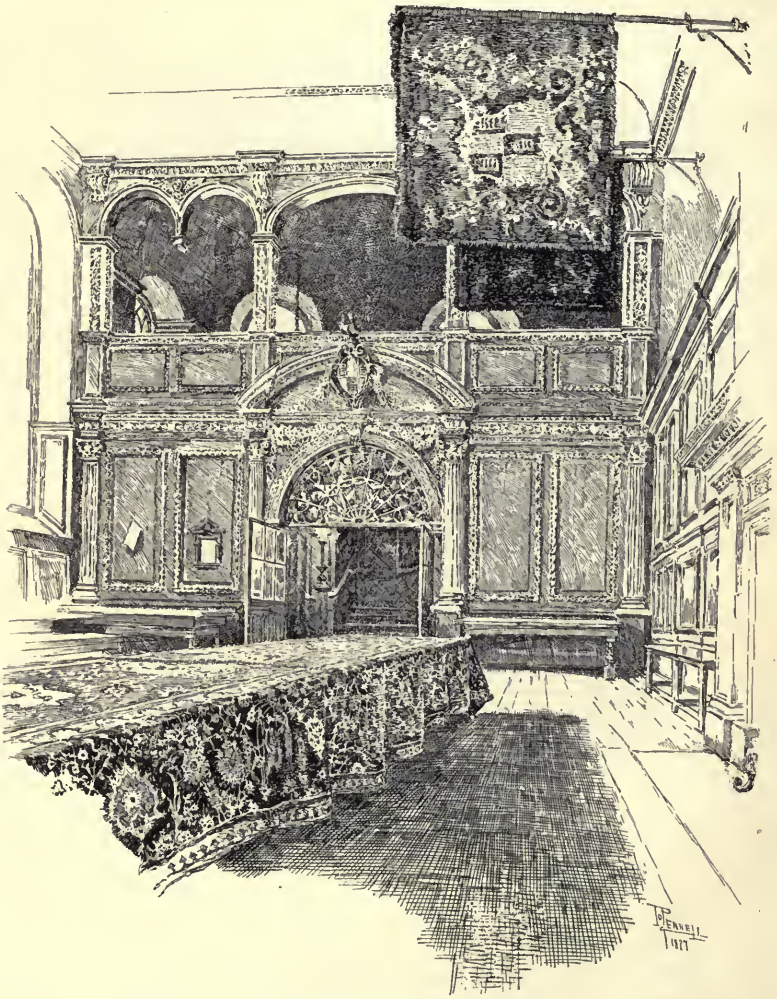
Walking from Stationers' Hall down Warwick lane, once the abode of the King-maker, you come into Newgate street and so, crossing by Christ's Hospital, reach Aldersgate, from which a few yards bring you to Monkwell street, where is Barbers' Hall. A doorway in a great warehouse and a board with the words "Barbers' Hall" are all that you see at first. Within is the most exquisite of the halls of the guilds — an oblong room lighted above by a cupola, round the interior base of which is carved a great wreath of foliage, a unique design by Inigo Jones. The architect's portrait by Vandyke hangs on the walls, and all the other pictures deserve study. Over the mantelpiece is a most carefully painted Lely, "the Countess of Richmond as St. Agnes," given to the company by the founder of the Bank of England. Opposite this is a famous Holbein of Henry VIII. presenting an act to the barbers, or, as they then were, the barber-surgeons, while his physicians kneel on his right hand. King Henry united the surgeons, then unable to live as a separate guild, to the barbers, and it was not till 1745 that they were separated. The surgeons left behind them all the records of their craft in early days, several splendid pictures, and much plate. The barbers still drink out of a silver-gilt cup of exquisite renaissance work given to them by Henry VIII., and out of another silver cup, adorned with



STAIRWAY, HALL OF THE GIRDLERS.

oak leaves and having bells shaped like acorns, given to them by Charles II. At the principal feasts the wardens wear silver-gilt crowns, and as they enjoy the splendor of their plate, to which also Queen Anne made an addition, declare that no company has so many royal gifts of silver. The draught is kept from the worshipful mystery of barbers while they dine by a beautiful old screen of painted leather, and outside the door of the hall is the shell of a great turtle with their arms painted on it, and given to them by the Merry Monarch. A quaint little staircase with fine old chandelier of brass-work leads to their parlor, whither they adjourn after feasts for coffee. If the salters have a pie, the barbers have a pudding of their own, but the recipe will not be known till doomsday; for the master, when asked of what this pudding consisted, declared that the recipe was one of the secrets of the guild and that he would sooner die than reveal it. It is called a marrow pudding, but the "marrow" is "Mary," an allusion to Our Lady, and marrow there is none in this delicious, mysterious confection.

Addle street, where the brewers dwell, is not far from Monkwell street. The Brewers' Hall is one of the finest examples of architectural work and interior decoration of the period succeeding the great fire of London. The hall is entered by a prominent gate with the brewers' arms above, which leads into a court-yard, round which are the buildings of the company. The staircase, the hall, and the court-room are equally fine. Near the Brewers' is the Weavers' Hall, and not far off, in Basinghall street, dwell the girdlers. They have a marble staircase and an oak-paneled hall worthy of Italy, and in the very heart of London a mulberry garden where they can pick ripe mul-



BANQUETING HALL OF THE GIRDLERS.

berries from the tree and enjoy as delicious a repose as if they dwelt in some city like Bruges, whence commerce has long since fled, while traces of civic grandeur survive, instead of in London, where commerce is at its height and the moss of decay has not yet begun to grow.

A little way from Basinghall street the goldsmiths have a magnificent hall, in which the purity of all the gold and silver plate-work of England is attested by the guild and stamped with its mark. Nearly opposite the goldsmiths the haberdashers have dwelt for four hundred and ten years, under the patronage of St. Catherine of Alexandria.

Near the halls of most of the guilds are the churches in which for many centuries the masters and wardens have attended service, and in them are to be seen many monuments of past generations of masters and wardens. Sir Andrew Judd, a great skinner, who died in 1588, kneels in armor with his four sons, his wife, and daughter at perpetual prayer in the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. In the same church Sir John Spencer, the great clothworker, who died in 1609, reclines bearded and in state armor, with Dame Spencer at his side and their daughter dutifully kneeling in prayer at her parents' feet. Sir Hugh Hammersley, knight and haberdasher, who died in 1636, kneels with his wife in St. Andrew's undershaft; and there, sitting in an alcove in gown and ruff, with a book before him, is carved the effigy of John Stow, the historian of London, a man proud of her glories, learned in the history of everything within her walls, and acquainted with every church and every guild. He wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but whoever wishes at this day to study London city will do well to make Stow the companion of his walks.

In spite of the ravages of the great fire and the still greater demolitions of later times, the parish churches and the halls of the ancient guilds of London open a view of past times such as is to be seen in few cities of Europe.

Norman Moore.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON TO SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY, in his recently published "Short History of Napoleon I.," has said that "the heroism of Nelson has always been duly recognized, but the immense greatness of his work seems to have been generally overlooked. He reconquered the Mediterranean for England; he dissolved, at a blow, all Napoleon's dream of Oriental conquest; he broke up the armed neutrality."

It is to the latter achievement that the following letters of Lord Nelson refer. They treat exclusively of the expedition to the Baltic, and range from the beginning of March, 1801, until the end of May in the same year; the first letter having been written before the fleet left Spithead, the last after Nelson had left Revel. The series comprises his own account of a time which, although it eventually turned to his glory, yet, as these letters too plainly and sadly show, was embittered by an undercurrent of suffering, partly from ill health, and partly from the injustice done to his genius and his patriotism. When the moment of emergency came, it was inevitable that Nelson should take the lead and win the battle, which, as is so well known, he did in defiance of the orders of the admiral under whom he had been placed. Perhaps some additional light may be shed on the details of the expedition to the Baltic by the publication of these letters, which were addressed by Nelson to his long-tried friend and companion in arms, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge. In the collection of Nelson's letters printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1844 are some written to this officer in earlier days; but the present series of twenty-four has never hitherto seen the light, having been carefully put by and treasured up by his descendants for three generations.[1] They are here given without alteration; every word is fresh, strong, and natural as it fell from the pen of Nelson, inditing his thoughts to his intimate friend. The letters are on quarto paper, in good black ink; the writing vigorous, peculiar, clearly to be read in the main, and written necessarily with the left hand.

The naval officer to whom they are addressed was the first Sir Thomas Troubridge; and a brief reference to his character and career will be requisite to explain how the correspondence came about, and to show what qualities they were which gained for him the confidence of Nelson. Their friend-

[1] They now belong to Sir Thomas Troubridge, fourth Baronet.



LORD NELSON.
(PAINTED BY HEINRICH FÜGER IN 1800 AT VIENNA. NOW IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)

ship began on board the *Sea Horse*, in 1774, where both were rated as midshipmen; and the first world-renowned battle they fought together was that off Cape St. Vincent, under Sir John Jervis (from that time Earl St. Vincent), on the 14th of February, 1797—"the most glorious Valentine's day," as Nelson called it. Captain Troubridge was in the thickest part of this severe engagement. His ship, the *Culloden*, and Nelson's, the *Captain*, elicited the remark from Sir John Jervis, "I put my faith in those two ships." It is well known how greatly Lord St. Vincent prized the merits of Troubridge, calling him "the Bayard of the British navy; the ablest adviser and best executive officer in the navy, with honor and courage bright as his sword." The generous heart of Nelson also acknowledged the value of the advice and assistance which Captain Troubridge was well qualified to give; in fact, his character and conduct exactly suited Nelson's ideas. He was a typical specimen of the ideal British sailor; with invincible pluck, animated, impetuous, slightly obstreperous manners, and conversation characterized by all the emphatic plainness of his day and profession. He possessed an unusual amount of knowledge of all that related to the service, an acute discernment (as was often proved), and an excellent judgment. Strong and ready in both mind and body, his handsome face and fine presence were as welcome to his friends as they were distasteful to his enemies. He did good service at the luckless siege of Santa Cruz, when Nelson had intended to wrest Teneriffe from the Spaniards. On that occasion, when the little hero lost his right arm, Troubridge got the English troops, consisting of a body of some three hundred marines and artillerymen, safely off the island—where they encountered eight thousand Spaniards—by threatening the immediate destruction of the

town by fire unless his terms were accepted. A year later, in 1798, when the full stress of Nelson's efforts to baffle the French was directed to the Mediterranean, Troubridge accompanied him and witnessed — alas for himself, only witnessed, his ship being aground, and out of "the full tide of happiness," as Nelson expressed it — the first of those three great victories by sea achieved by the fiery spirit and profound skill of one man, without shell, steam, or other modern appliance. After the battle of the Nile the squadron moved towards Naples, and in 1799 Troubridge, who had been told off to seize the islands in the bay of Naples, preparatory to the recapture of Naples from the French, succeeded in taking and investing Procida, Capri, and Ischia, and received as an acceptable present the head of one of the Jacobin officials who had been in possession. "Sir, as a faithful subject of my king, Ferdinand the IV., I have the honor of presenting to you the head of a Jacobin, whom I killed as he was running away." So ran the letter which accompanied the gift, and on the cover are the words, in Captain Troubridge's writing, "A jolly fellow."

As the war was pushed on, St. Elmo, Capri, and Gaeta surrendered to Captain Troubridge, whose share in the matter is thus described by Nelson in a dispatch: "The liberation of the kingdom of Naples from the French robbers will not be less acceptable from being principally brought about by part of the crews of his Majesty's ships under my orders, under the command of Captain Troubridge. His merits speak for themselves." The taking of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome completed Troubridge's services in the Mediterranean, for which he received a baronetcy; and after the return of the fleet to England, in 1800, he became one of the lords of the Admiralty. It was to the Admiralty that the letters in the following series were addressed; and the packets which Lord Nelson so often mentions were letters to and from Lady Hamilton, which Troubridge undertook to convey between these friends. Letters from Nelson to Troubridge on the subject of Lady Hamilton were many, but these have all been recently destroyed.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was returned for the borough of Great Yarmouth in 1802; he became admiral of the "Blue" in 1804, and of the "White" in 1805. It was after he had been appointed to the command of the seas on the eastern coast of India that another command — that of the Cape of Good Hope — was given him; and it was on his way from Madras to the Cape that the fatal shipwreck took place which closed his career before he had attained his fiftieth year. The details are wrapped in obscurity. The *Blenheim* was crazy, and the admiral knew it, but trusted to his own resources. He was accompanied by a frigate and a sloop of war. They sailed on the 12th of January, 1807, and encountered a hurricane which raged in February in the Indian seas east of Madagascar. The captain of a French frigate, the *Sémillante*, gave information, many years afterward, at Plymouth, that he had sighted the *Blenheim* near the island of Rodrigues, in a heavy gale of wind, on February the 18th, 1807. News came, more than a year after the event, by way of Calcutta, — having been brought thither by a frigate which had touched at the island of St. Mary's, — that in the month of February two vessels had arrived in distress at that small island off the coast of Madagascar, had put in for repairs, and had sailed again, the description of the officers exactly answering to Sir Thomas Troubridge and his companions. The inhabitants of Bourbon Island had, according to the same authority, caught sight, after the gale had subsided, of a line-of-battle ship in distress, with an admiral's white flag flying. No other tidings of the unfortunate ship and the brave admiral ever reached England; nor have such slight clues been sufficient to point to the spot, or to fix the date, where and when the *Blenheim* foundered.

It was in February, 1801, that Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *St. George*, in preparation for accompanying Sir Hyde Parker to the Baltic, under whose orders he was placed. The first letter now printed here is undated, and appears, as has been mentioned, to have been written from Spithead. The second was written during the passage from Portsmouth to Great Yarmouth, a long and tedious one, from calms, contrary winds, and thick fog. The third letter begins the series, written after they had sailed for the north. Nelson arrived in Yarmouth Roads on the 6th of March, and the squadron set sail at daylight on the 12th. The expedition to the Baltic was undertaken in consequence of an alliance entered into by Sweden, Denmark, and Russia against England, with the object of curtailing her naval rights. The point in dispute, which led eventually to the battle of the Baltic, was the principle of "armed neutrality," which denied the right to search vessels belonging to neutral powers in times of war — a right given by the old code of international maritime law. The English, who were masters of the sea, ignored the new principle, and captured, in July, 1800, a Danish merchantman, the *Freya*, for refusing to allow her cargo to be examined. An embassy was sent from England to Denmark to negotiate the matter; but when the vessels which conveyed it passed

the sound and anchored off the beautiful city of Copenhagen, the ire of the Russian emperor was aroused at the sight of English vessels in northern waters, and he at once seized all vessels in Russian ports belonging to England, and allied himself with Sweden, Denmark, France, and Prussia against England. These allies insisted upon continuing to abolish the right to search neutral vessels, a principle that favored especially the commerce of France. England as firmly desired to retain the right to molest, examine, and search everything afloat. She resolved still to rule the waves, and, in the face of the naval resources of this powerful league, she sent her little hero to the rescue. He succeeded, although second in command, in winning a victory off Copenhagen, destroying the Danish navy, and bringing about a change of policy on the part of the alliance. That alliance was dissolved by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, who succeeded the murdered Paul just before Nelson, with Sir Hyde Parker's squadron, reached the sound.

LETTERS FROM LORD NELSON TO SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

Aye, my dear Troubridge, had you been here to-day you would have thought, had the *Pilot* arrived a fortnight hence, there would have been time enough. *Fame* says *we* are to sail the 20th, and I believe it, unless you pack us off. I was in hopes that Sir Hyde would have had a degree of confidence, but no appearance of it. I know he has from Nepean the plan of the fortifications of the New Islands off Copenhagen and the intended station of some Danish ship. I have, be assured, no other desire of knowing anything than that I may the better execute the service, but I have no right to know, and do not say a word of it to Lord St. Vincent, for he may think me very impertinent in endeavoring to dive into the plans of my commander-in-chief, but the water being clear, I can see the *bottom* with half an eye. I begged Domet[1] only to use the *St. George* and we would do anything. The *Squirrell* will be refitted in two hours tomorrow from a list of complaints of two sides of paper. The Gun Brigs are in wretched order, but they will get on. Poor Domet seemed in a pack of troubles. Get rid of us, my dear friend, and we shall not be tempted to lay abed till 11 o'clock. If the Earl would give Josiah a ship in greater forwardness, and send him abroad, it would be an act of kindness. I feel all your kindness, but perhaps I am now unfit to command, my only ambition is to obey. I have no wish ungratified in the service, so you may say, but I told you I was *unhappy*.

Sunday Morning.

Since the departure of Lieutenant Yule for Nisbet's Ship, neither Hardy or myself can put our finger on a good lieutenant, but Hardy has just recollected one, the present first lieut. of the *Aurora*, Richard Hockie. If he is still in her, chuses to come here, and the Admiralty to appoint him, he can take a passage and bedding in either *Elephant* or *Edgar* if she is still at Spithead. You are right, my dear Troubridge, in desiring me not to write such letters to the Earl. Why should I? as my own unhappiness concerns no one but myself. It shall remain fixed in my own breast, but believe me I shall ever be your faithful

Nelson and Bronte.

"St. George," March 4th, 1801.

My Dear Troubridge: You will see by my public letter the cause of the *Warrior's* going on shore. We have a damned stupid Dog on board, and as obstinate as the Devil. He objects to having assistance to carry this ship thro' the Gully although the moment before he complained that having been up all night he could not stay up this night, therefore wanted another Pilot. However I shall have a sharp eye on him. We shall weigh about 11 o'clock. I wrote you last night, but my letter was too late. Ever yours faithfully,

Nelson and Bronte.

Lt. Layman was very active last night.

"St. George," March 11th, 1801.

My Dear Troubridge: It is not that I care what support I may have as far as relates to myself, but the *glorious* support I am to have marks *me*; but let jealousy, cabal, and art conspire to do their worst, the *St. George* is and shall be fit for battle. I will trust to myself alone, and Hardy will support me. Far, far, very far from good health, this conduct will and shall rouse me for the moment, but we cannot get off. My information is, I dare say, better than your's. The *London* was unmoored when the signal was made to prepare for sea, but now she is safely *moor'd*. I shall trouble you to forward any letters to me and from me to my friends, and ever Believe me your most affectionate

Nelson and Bronte.

You will make —— very happy by getting him a ship to go abroad. Hardy has been on board of Domett, who told Hardy to tell me he did not form the order of Battle. By that, he sees as I do. Captn. Otway has not been on board all yesterday or today. Domett hopes to sail tomorrow.

[1] Sir Hyde Parker's captain, and captain of the fleet.

"St. George," 10 o'clock, March 11th, 1801.

My Dear Troubridge: The Signal is made to prepare to unmoor at 12 o'clock, but I think the wind being at SSE and very dirty, that our Chief may defer it. If it rains a little harder the wind will fly to the westward. Now we can have no desire for staying, for her Ladyship is gone, and the *Ball* for Friday night knocked up by your and the Earl's unpoliteness, to send gentlemen to sea instead of dancing with nice white gloves. I will only say as yet I know not that we are even going to Baltic except from newspapers, and at sea I cannot go out of my ship but with serious inconvenience. I could say much, but patience. I shall knock down my bulk heads throughout the ship and then let what will happen, the *St. George*—she has only to trust to herself—will be prepared. Make my best regards to the Earl and Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

Nelson and Bronte.

Every day and hour shows me Hardy's worth. Captn. Thesiger is not so active as Parker.

"St. George," March 13th, 1801.
Naze of Norway,
NE by Compass, 01 Degr. at noon.

My Dear Troubridge: When I receive a message from Domett both by Hardy & Murray, there can be no reason why I may not tell it. "Tell Lord Nelson that the present composition of the Van is not my arrangement." I had placed Foley[1] and Fremantle[2] instead of a 64 and 50, but Sir H. run his pen thro' them & placed them as they stand; that when I said, "Sir H., will two 64s and a 50 do well together?" his answer was, "Well, put the *Zealous* between them." You may make your comments. I *feel mine*. It never was my desire to serve under this man. He approved and seemed more desirous of it than myself, but I saw it the first moment, and all the fleet see it. George Murray, I have no doubt, will support me, and the *St. George* shall do her duty. To tell me to serve on in this way, is to laugh at me and to think me a greater fool than I am. If this goes on, I hope to be allowed to return the moment the fighting business is over.

March 16th. I am yet all in the dark, and am not sure we are bound to the Baltic. Reports say (and I only make my remarks from reports) that we are to anchor this side Cronenburgh to give time for negotiation. I earnestly hope this is not true, for I wish for peace with Denmark, and therefore am clearly of opinion that to shew our fleet off Copenhagen would, if in the least wavering, almost ensure it, for I think that the Danish Minister would be a hardy man to put his name to a paper which in a few minutes would, I trust, involve his master's navy, and I hope his capital, in flames. But as I am not in the *secret*, and feel I have a right to speak out, not in the fleet certainly, but in England and to England, my ideas are to get up the Cattegat as soon as possible (we are now standing on a Wind at W. S. W. moderate weather, off the Naze), to send a flag of truce, if such is necessary, to Cronenburgh to say that I should pass the Castle, and that if they did not fire at me, I should not at them. The despatches, if any, for our Minister at Copenhagen, at the same time to be sent. I should certainly pass the Castle whether they fired or not, and send the same message to Copenhagen till negotiation was over. Being off that city, I could prevent all additional preparation from being carried on or any more gunboats &c placed outside, whilst I should prepare everything, and the moment the Danish Minister said WAR, he should have enough of it, but he would say peace, and save his honor with his new friends. Thus we should have peace with Denmark to a certainty either by *fair* or *foul* means, but I may be all wrong and the measures pursuing never better. I wish they may, but I doubt. Bold measures from ministers and speedily executed, meet my ideas. If you were here just to look at us! I had heard of the manœuvres off Ushant, but ours beats all ever seen. Would it were all over, I am really sick of it. With my kind respects to the Earl Believe me ever your affectionate and faithful

Nelson and Bronte.

March 17th, 1801.

"St. George," March 20th, 1801.

My Dear Troubridge: It being moderate I got on board the *London* yesterday for an hour, for whatever inattentions may be shown me, nothing of respect shall be wanting on mine. I was glad to find that he was determined to pass Cronenburgh and to go off Copenhagen in order to give weight to our negotiator, and I believe this conduct will give us peace with Denmark. Sir Hyde told me, on my anxiety for going forward with an expedition, that we were to go no further without fresh orders. I hope this is all right, but I am sorry, as I wish to get to Revell before the departure of the fleet. We should recollect it is only twenty hours sail from Cronsted, and that the day the sea is open they sail.

I give you 10,000 thanks for your kind

[1] The *Zealous*, 74. [2] *Ganges*, 74.

letters. I shall try and persevere this expedition, and further it is useless to look. I suppose we shall anchor this evening about 8 o'clock, between the Koll and Cronenburgh, not only to prepare for battle, for no signal is yet made, although I believe several have followed my example. I have not had a bulk head in the ship since last Saturday. It is not so much that being in the way as to prepare people's minds that we are going at it, and that they should have no other thought but how they may best annoy their enemies. Every letter of yours is in the *fire*, and ever shall, for no good but much harm might arise from their falling into improper hands. What a villain that young underling must be, but I dare say it was only an idle curiosity and not a desire to steal. Botany Bay would be a good berth for him. Both Hardy and myself rejoice that Parker acquits himself so well, and I hope he will get the gold chain and medal for burning a firstrate.

½ pt. 5, the signal is just made to prepare for battle, therefore many of our ships may amuse themselves. We were at quarters and have nothing to do. The wind is getting directly contrary at S.S.W.

May God send us success, is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

I beg my best regards to the Earl. Living or dead, pray send my letters as directed. 9 o'clock, wind at South. Cronenburgh distant 18 miles.

March 21st, Noon.

We anchored last night. It blew fresh all night, and this morning only 38 sail out of 58 were with us. *Bellona* and *Russel* missing; wind just getting to W.S.W. Signal to prepare to weigh. Much snow, I see, about our rigging. I find it very sharp. I suppose we shall anchor in the passage, and in the night collect our ships. I shall not close my letter till then.

March 23rd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As I hear the Danes will listen to no terms I have only to regret our loss of time. Till our arrival here we have had only one day's *foul wind*. Our small craft are behind—there is no activity. Now we have only to fight, and I trust we shall do honor to our country. With my best regards to the Earl, Believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

We anchored off the Koll the 20th, 1801. Since then, the wind has been foul. The commander in chief has just sent for me, and shall have my firm support, and my honest opinion, if he condescends to ask it. The wind will be at West or N.W. tomorrow.

On the 29th of March, Lord Nelson shifted his flag from the *St. George*, 98, to the *Elephant*, 74, commanded by Captain Foley. She was a lighter ship than the *St. George*. Captain Foley had arrived with intelligence of the loss of the *Invincible*.

"ELEPHANT," March 29th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You will, I have no doubt, be very much surprized by the account given by Mr. Vansittart, and I hope he has fully stated the conversation and language I held to Sir Hyde Parker, which I believe, for I do not know the contents of Sir Hyde's letters except the last; compleatly altered his opinion, or rather the opinion of Captain Domett; for let me do justice, and if I speak on such a delicate subject that it may be as clear as it is true; that being the case, I do say that from all I have heard that Sir Hyde never would have thought of not passing the Sound if Domett had not seen great difficulty and danger in the passage, and no possible good, for very far be it from me to detract from the very high character of Captain Domett: his bravery, his abilities in the conduct of a fleet are, I hear (for I never served with him), of the very highest class; but perhaps they are calculated for the fleet off Ushant, not clearly in my judgment for a situation such as Sir Hyde Parker's, where the spur of the moment must call forth the clearest decision and the most active conduct. On occasions we must sometimes have a *regular* confusion, and that apparent confusion must be the most regular method which could be pursued on the occasion. To this service (with all respect for Domett) I cannot yet bring myself to think Domett is equal, and so much was working in my mind that I would not trust myself, after I had seen Sir Hyde the day Mr. Vansittart [left], to write the scrape of a pen. My last line to you before I left the *St. George* was, if you recollect, "Now we are going to fight, I suppose I am to be consulted." Little could I think it was to converse on not fighting. I feel happy I had so much command of myself, for I should have let out what you might have been sorry to see, especially fancying I had been, to say no worse, very unkindly treated by Sir Hyde, that is, with a degree of hautiness which my spirit could not bear. However I have now every reason to believe that Sir H. has found it is not necessary to be high to me, and that I have his real honor at heart, and in having that, I have the honour of my country. His conduct is certainly the very reverse to what

it was. God knows I wish Sir Hyde could perform such services that he might receive more honors and rewards than any admiral.

March 30th, 6 o'clock in the morning.

We are now standing for Cronenburgh: the Van is formed in a compact line, and old Stricker, for that is the Governor's name, had better take care we do not *strike* his head off. I hope we shall mend on board the *London*, but I now pity both Sir Hyde and Domet; they both, I fancy, wish themselves elsewhere. You may depend on every exertion of mine to keep up harmony. For the rest, the spirit of this fleet will make all difficulty from enemies appear as nothing. I do not think I ever saw more true a desire to distinguish themselves in my life. I have more to tell you if ever we meet. With kindest regards to the Earl, Believe me,

Ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Foley desires his best regards to you.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

On the back of this letter (March 30) is written the following list:

Line		
Monarch	*Polyphemus*	
Bellona	*Agamemnon*	
Elephant	*Defence*	Ld. Nelson's division.
Ardent	*Russel*	
Isis	*Glatton*	

The battle which was fought three days after this letter was written was one fraught with greater difficulty and risk than any won by Nelson, partly from the unfavorable situation of the ships, close to the large shoal which lies in front of Copenhagen, and also from the formidable defenses with which the Danes had lined their shores. Nelson, too, was only second in command. On that momentous Good Friday Eve, when the English fleet took up its position and commenced the action, the firing of the Danish guns was so incessant — unslackened even after three hours — that Sir Hyde Parker signaled to Nelson to retreat. Nelson, however, disregarded the signal for discontinuing to fight. "You know, Foley," turning to his captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes; I really do not see the signal; d—n the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying." In the simplest words, Nelson, in the following letter, tells the result of the engagement, which he considered likely to be one of the most important, in its results, of all those he had gone through.

Apl. 4th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The job is done, and the State of Denmark is convinced we can fight a little; more distinguished bravery never was shown. Yesterday I was closeted 2 hours with the Prince Royal, and he allowed me to speak my mind freely, and I believe I told him such truths as seldom reach the ears of princes. H. R. H. seemed much affected, and I am satisfied 't is only fear of Russia and other powers that prevents the renunciation of his alliance with Russia and Sweden. However, he is to send off some proposition to Sir Hyde Parker, but I have not much hopes. My reception was too flattering, and landing at Portsmouth or Yarmouth could not have exceeded the blessings of the people; even the Palace and staircase were crowded, and huzzas, which could not have been very grateful to royal ears. I am, my dear Troubridge, very candidly pleased respecting the promotion. My duty pointed out the promotion of the first Lieutenant of the *Elephant* and all my own children are neglected. I should hope that the admiralty, if they promote the first Lieutenants of the ships engaged, will consider that Lord Nelson's recommendation may have some little weight. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Loyne it is my wish to have promoted. I only hope that I may have provisional leave to return home, for neither my health or spirits can stand the hard fag of body and mind I have endured since the 24th of last month. Pray send my letters as directed, and believe me Ever your attached and affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Bertie and Murray are perfectly well; *no* black sheep, thank God. Captain Thesiger came on board of me during the battle, and I sent him on shore with a flag of truce, and gave him charge of the Prizes in the first instance. Will have made port.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE.

Apl. 9th, 10 o'clock at night.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I have only a moment to write my letters, as Colonel Stewart goes off at 4 o'clock in the morning. I am in a fright at the decision about the ministers thought of this armistice [sic]. Be it good or bad it is my own; therefore if blamable, let me be the only person censured. I shall certainly give up instantly. I believe no person can arrive from this fleet who will not tell you that mine has not been quite a life of inactivity since the 23rd. Foley and Murray's ships, and indeed all, are perfection again. I am trying to get over the ground, but Sir Hyde is slow, and I am afraid the Revel fleet will slip through our fingers. Why we are not long since at Revel is past my comprehension. Pray send my letters, and I have, my dear friend, a 1000 thanks for your care of those

sent me; they are my only comfort. Mr. Layman is really an acquisition when kept within bounds. Ever, my dear Troubridge, Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Your son was well at 6 o'clock.

April 12th, 1801.

Ah, my dear Troubridge, the wind is now at the same point it was when I carried my division about the middle, and all our 74s and 64s ought this day to be over the grounds, but I am fretting to death. We had a report yesterday that the Swedish fleet were above the grounds, but nothing can rouse our unaccountable lethargy. I hope from my heart that my leave is coming out, and another Admiral, if it is necessary, in my place, for, my dear friend, I am miserable myself at being *useless* to our country.

"ELEPHANT," April 20th.
East of Bornholm 7 or 8 leags.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As Sir Hyde may probably send something to Copenhagen to keep up our communication with England, and to know what is passing in the world, I send you a line which probably will be read, and therefore I shall not enter into the thousand things I could say in case the War in the Baltic goes on, to which, although I shall only be listener, yet from my heart shall I wish as much brilliant success as ever graced the arms of England, nor can anything prevent it that I can see. The *St. George* not able to get over the grounds, on the 14th, Sir Hyde sent me word that the Swedish fleet was at sea, consisting of ten sail of the line, making fourteen sail in the whole. You will believe that I came up 7 or 8 leags in a bitter cold night, and Foley was kind enough to receive me in the *Elephant*— for this I feel much obliged to Sir Hyde, for to have been left behind in the expectation of an action would have been worse than death. I hope that the first vessel will bring my leave of absence, either from the Board or from the First Lord. If not, I shall make my application to Sir Hyde Parker, for longer I cannot stay, and if I could tell you all which is passing in my mind, I am sure you and all good men would approve. We saw the Swedes yesterday very comfortable in Carlscroone, eight sail of the line and two frigates; whether they had more at sea is matter of doubt. I believe not, for where should they send them? The Cattegat I should suppose in the summer, if this northern war goes on, will be impassable for Swedish craft. It will require a ship of the line, a frigate, and some good sloops to keep the Swedish flotilla and frigates in Gottenburg in check. May God bless you, my dear Troubridge, and believe me forever, your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," April 23d.
Off Moon Island near Amark.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Pray send the enclosed. I am longing to hear from England; not a scrap since the 5th. I could tell you such things that you would go quite mad. As for me, I am only half, but cannot sleep — you may fancy anything. Send for us all home, at all events for your old and faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

In 14 days from this date I hope to shake hands with you.

"ST. GEORGE," KOIGE BAY,
April 25th, 1801.

SIR: From my state of health and other serious considerations, I have to request that you will be pleased to move my Lord's commissioners of the Admiralty that I may be permitted to return to England and to go on shore for the purpose of re-establishing my health, and to enable me to attend to those affairs which require my personal attendance. I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

EVAN NEPEAN, ESQR.

"ST. GEORGE," KIOGE BAY,
April 28th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You may be useful to my friends, and those who have a fair and honourable claim for my interest to get them promoted, and I feel confident that you will. Most probably I shall never have the power myself, or be in any situation to be useful to either any of your or the Earl's friends. Last night's attack almost did me up, and I can hardly tell how I feel today. I have this day wrote to Sir Hyde Parker. Whatever has again brought on my old complaint, I cannot tell; the two last I had was going down to Plymouth with my brother, and a little one in Yarmouth Roads. Lt. Bolton, Lyne, and Langford are our old Mediterranean friends; the two first, I trust, will be made by the Admiralty — the last was with me in the action on board the *Elephant*, and, had I followed the plan of my commander in chief, I should have named him, but I could not, unfortunately for Mr. Langford, bring myself to do an act of injustice. You must recollect him — Lord St. Vincent placed him with Niza; he has no interest, and is as good an officer and a man as ever lived.

These are my three first, and were with us in the Mediterranean. All the others are really good, and if I ever serve again, will most assuredly be with me. Ever, my dear Troubridge, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

"ST. GEORGE," May 2nd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: If I had been strong enough, I should have set out for England over land, but Sir Hyde sends me word that the *Blanche* shall go as soon as the *Cruizer* arrives. I believe one thing is pretty certain, that, if I do not get from here in a very short time, that I shall remain forever. I am dreadfully pulled down. May God bless you, and believe me ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

I beg my best respects to the Earl.

May 7th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The *Cruizer* arrived last night, and brought me yours of the 23rd. I hope to meet Lord St. Helens in Russia, if it please God I live to get there, which I assure you is matter of doubt, for my night sweats and cough are much against me. You may believe that nothing could have been more gratifying under good health than this command,[1] where I find everybody devoted and kind to me in the extreme. Had it been given to me at first, good to myself and the cause might have arisen, but it 's now too late. Quiet I must have to have a chance of restoration to my health, but I dare say I have tormented you so much on this subject that you say, "Damn him, I wish he was dead, and not plaguing me this way"—therefore, I never shall mention to you one more word on the subject. I hope the next commander will be as strong as a horse. However, I wish you health and many years of it, and ever believe me, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Tom [2] is well.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Captn. Nowell is come out to supersede Bligh, who is gone home in the *Monarch*, having changed with Captn. Birchall. I have not returned Captn. Birchall to his *Harpy*, as I believe his confirmed post will come out in due time. As yet I have heard nothing of promotion, but I trust it will arrive before my departure. Pray send the enclosed. I am sending to Rodwell to enquire the prices of beef and bread we have. I shall be, I dare say, miserably cheated.

Ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

Foul wind, 2 P. M., May 8th, 1801.

Lord Nelson had concluded an armistice with Denmark, to last for fourteen weeks, and just before the date of the next letter had gone with the fleet to Revel, intending to ask an interview with the Emperor Alexander, and to negotiate a peace. He did not succeed in obtaining the interview, and the final peace was not made until after Nelson had quitted the fleet for England.

"ST. GEORGE," May 17th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I left Revel this morning. I believe the ministers thought with eleven ships I should run away with their miserable fleet of 43 sail of the Line, including 5 first rates. I expect to meet Murray en route, as he was directed to join me when relieved by Rear Ad. Totty. If we had been at war with Russia (and I do not find we are at peace with her) till the 3rd May nothing could have saved the Revel fleet, and as they now lay, if our ministers do not show by their conduct that we are coming we can attack them before they knew we were in the Gulph of Finland. I hope to meet a new Admiral when I see Bornholm. You will see our state of bread. The Russians wanted to cheat us, but we did not stay long enough. Pray send the enclosed. Expecting to shake hands with you in fourteen days from this day, I shall only say with truth that I am your most faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I hope all will end to the advantage of our country. In the Baltic the raising of the embargo must give pleasure in England. Pray forward the enclosed. I hope my successor is near at hand. Ever your faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," May 27, 1801.

I am forced to pay as much again as I ought.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: However flattering the honor done me by the Admiralty is, yet I must be sorry to tell you that it is a good

[1] The recall of Sir Hyde Parker, and the appointment of Lord Nelson as commander-in-chief, had arrived by this vessel.

[2] Edward Thomas Troubridge, only son of Sir Thomas Troubridge, was serving on board Nelson's ship as midshipman.

Doctor, enough to save my life [that I need], therefore I have begged Lord St. Vincent to send some person here to take the command. I shall be in Russia in three days if Sir Hyde has gone, and something must soon be settled between the new Emperor and myself. I am seriously ill, I can scarce hold a pen, but ever your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The Duke of Mecklenburgh, the Queen's brother, has been aboard this day; we gave him royal honours, and I hope and believe from Lord Henry Paulet's account that His Highness is gone away content. At daylight I sail for Kiogi Bay, expecting to find there a new Admiral. Pray send the enclosed and believe me ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

6, P. M.

The above letter was written from off Rostock in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, where the shores of the Baltic skirt North Germany. Nelson's wish was fulfilled, and Admiral Sir Charles Pole arrived to supersede him; but the British fleet was no longer required off Denmark, and left the Baltic shortly after Nelson, who reached England alone in a brig, landing where he had sailed from England, at Great Yarmouth.

His first thought, never for his own glory, was to visit those seamen who had been wounded in the late battle, and who were in hospital at Great Yarmouth. This, and his firmly refusing to take from the fleet any vessel but a brig for his return, are examples of the humanity and modesty which added so great a charm to his genius.

Mrs. Herbert Jones.



'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'MONGST the Hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I 'm trompin' through.
Wisht I could go back there, and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on
Natcherl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there! —
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze
With mixt hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom-lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back: the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears fer me,
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair —
But they 's nothin' I ferget
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged — to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact,—
Yet a-thinkin' back to *then*,
I 'm the same wild boy again!
There 's the dear old home once more,
And there 's Mother at the door —
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she 's *singin'*, and I *hear*.
And there 's Jo, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk 's a-fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it 's a-fallin' too —
Dreamin' we 're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

James Whitcomb Riley.

POLITICAL EXILES AND COMMON CONVICTS AT TOMSK.

AMONG the questions most frequently asked me since my return from Russia are, "How did you manage to gain admittance to Siberian prisons and étapes, to make the acquaintance everywhere of banished political offenders, and to get access to so many official documents and reports? Did not the local authorities know what you were doing, and, if so, why did they not put a stop to your investigations, or at least throw more obstacles in your way?"

I cannot give perfectly satisfactory answers to these questions, because I do not know what instructions were given to the local authorities concerning us, nor what view was taken of our movements by the Siberian police. I can, however, indicate the policy that we pursued and the measures that we adopted to avert suspicion when it became necessary to do so, and can suggest some of the reasons for the generally non-aggressive attitude taken towards us by the Siberian officials.

In the first place, it seems to me probable that when I called upon the higher authorities in St. Petersburg and asked permission to go to Siberia to inspect prisons and study the exile system, the officials reasoned somewhat in this way: "It is neither practicable nor politic to exclude foreigners from Siberia altogether. Americans and West Europeans will not be satisfied until they have investigated this exile question; and if we deny them opportunities for such investigation, they will say that we are afraid to have the condition of our prisons known. Mr. Kennan is a friendly observer; he has defended us and the exile system in an address before the American Geographical Society; he has publicly taken our side as against the nihilists; and his main object in going to Siberia seems to be to get facts with which to fortify his position as our champion. Under such circumstances he is not likely to take a very pessimistic view of things, and if somebody must go to Siberia and look through our prisons, he is the very man to do it.[1] Mr. Lansdell gave, on the whole, a favorable account of the working of our penal institutions, and there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Kennan, who is already friendly to us, will follow his example. The reports of these two gentlemen will satisfy the curiosity of the western world, and thus prevent further research; while, at the same time, they will furnish us with a means of silencing foreign critics and accusers. If an English clergyman and an American journalist declare, after personal investigation on the ground, that there is nothing particularly terrible about the exile system, the world will probably accept the judgment. We will, therefore, allow Messrs. Kennan and Frost to go to Siberia, and will give them letters of recommendation; but we will make them apply to the local authorities, in all cases, for permission to inspect prisons, and then, if necessary or expedient, we can direct secretly that such permission be denied. There is, of course, some danger that they will meet political exiles, but they seem already to be strongly prejudiced against such offenders, and we will prejudice them still further by giving them a letter of introduction to Mr. Katkoff, and by instructing the latter to see that they are furnished in advance with proper information. If their relations with political criminals in Siberia become, nevertheless, too close and intimate, we can at any time direct that they be warned, or, if necessary, that they be put under surveillance."

My belief that this was the reasoning of the high officials in St. Petersburg is based mainly, of course, upon conjecture; but it is supported collaterally by the whole of our Siberian experience. It was everywhere apparent that the question of admitting us to prisons or excluding us therefrom had been left to the discretion of the Siberian authorities; and that the latter, in their dealings with us, were guided mainly by circumstances and by personal views and impressions. It was in the highest degree important, therefore, that we should so conduct ourselves as to gain the confidence and goodwill of these officers, and that we should prosecute our researches in the field of political exile in such a manner as not to excite comment or give occasion for report. Nine-tenths of the

[1] Mr. Vlangalli, the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, had already seen a copy of my address before the American Geographical Society upon "Siberia and the Exile System"; and the conclusions which I here attribute to him might have been drawn, fairly enough, from the frank and honest statements that I made to him. I did not promise that I would defend the Russian Government, but I did assure him that I had no intention of writing a sensational narrative; that in my opinion the exile system had been painted in too dark colors; and that a fair statement of the real facts would, I thought, interest the whole civilized world, and, at the same time, be of service to the Government. In this, as I have before said, there was not the least insincerity or diplomacy. My statements were strictly and exactly in accordance with my opinions.

towns and villages through which we passed were in communication with St. Petersburg by telegraph. If the police should discover that we were systematically visiting the political exiles and taking letters of introduction from one colony to another, they might send a telegram any day to the Minister of the Interior, saying, "Kennan and Frost are establishing intimate relations everywhere with administrative exiles and state criminals. Was it the intention of the Government that this should be permitted?" I did not know what answer would be made to such a telegram; but there certainly was a strong probability that it would at least result in an official "warning," or in a stricter supervision of our movements, and thus render the accomplishment of our purposes extremely difficult. Our letters of recommendation might protect us from unauthorized interference at the hands of the local authorities; but they could not save us from an arrest or a search ordered by telegraph from St. Petersburg. That telegraph line, therefore, for nearly a year hung over our heads like an electric sword of Damocles, threatening every moment to fall and cut short our career of investigation.

Up to the time of our arrival at Ust Kamenogorsk we had had no trouble with the police, and our intercourse with the political exiles had been virtually unrestricted. As we began, however, to accumulate letters and documents that would be compromising to the writers and givers if discovered, we deemed it prudent to mask our political investigations, as far as practicable, under a semblance of interest in other things, and, at the same time, to cultivate the most friendly possible relations with the local authorities. It seemed to me that to avoid the police, as if we were afraid of them or had something to conceal from them, would be a fatal error. Safety lay rather in a policy of extreme boldness, and I determined to call at the earliest moment upon the ispravnik, or chief of police, in every village, and overwhelm him with information concerning our plans, purposes, and previous history before he had time to form any conjectures or suspicions with regard to us, and, if possible, before he had even heard of our arrival. After we began to make the acquaintance of the political exiles, we had no difficulty in getting from them all necessary information with regard to the history, temperament, and personal characteristics of an official upon whom we purposed to call, and we therefore had every possible advantage of the latter in any contest of wits. He knew nothing about us, and had to feel his way to an acquaintance with us experimentally; while we knew all about him, and could, by virtue of our knowledge, adapt ourselves to his idiosyncrasies, humor his tastes, avoid dangerous topics, lead up to subjects upon which we were sure to be in enthusiastic agreement, and thus convince him that we were not only good fellows, but men of rare sagacity and judgment — as of course we were! We made it a rule to call in evening dress upon every official, as a means of showing him our respectful appreciation of his rank and position; we drank vodka and bitter cordial with him — if necessary, up to the limit of double vision; we made ourselves agreeable to his wife, and Mr. Frost drew portraits of his children; and, in nine cases out of ten, we thus succeeded in making ourselves "solid with the administration" before we had been in a town or village forty-eight hours.

The next steps in our plan of campaign were, first, to forestall suspicion in the minds of the subordinate police, by showing ourselves publicly as often as possible in the company of their superiors; and, secondly, to supply the people of the village with a plausible explanation of our presence there by making visits to schools, by ostentatiously taking notes in sight of the scholars, and by getting the teachers to prepare for us statistics of popular education. This part of the work generally fell to me, while Mr. Frost attracted public attention by sketching in the streets, by collecting flowers and butterflies, or by lecturing to station-masters and peasants upon geography, cosmography, and the phenomena of the heavens. This last-mentioned occupation afforded him great amusement, and proved at the same time to be extremely useful as a means of giving a safe direction to popular speculations concerning us. Jointly I think we produced upon the public mind the impression that we had come to Siberia with what is known in Russia as an "uchonni tsel" (a "scientific aim"), and that we were chiefly interested in popular education, art, botany, geography, and archæology. After we had thus forestalled suspicion by calling promptly upon the police, and by furnishing the common people with a ready-made theory to explain our presence and our movements, we could go where we liked without exciting much remark, and we devoted four or five hours every night to the political exiles. Now and then some peasant would perhaps see us going to an exile's house; but as many of the politicals were known to be scientific men, and as we were traveling with a "scientific aim," no particular significance was attached to the circumstance. Everybody knew that we spent a large part of our time in visiting schools, collecting flowers, sketching, taking photographs, and hobnobbing with the local authorities; and the idea that we were particularly interested in the

political exiles rarely occurred, I think, to any one. As we went eastward into a part of Siberia where the politicals are more closely watched, we varied our policy somewhat to accord with circumstances; but the rules that we everywhere observed were, to act with confidence and boldness, to make ourselves socially agreeable to the local authorities, to attract as much attention as possible to the side of our life that would bear close inspection, and to keep the other side in the shade. We could not, of course, conceal wholly from the police our relations with the political exiles; but the extent and real significance of such relations were never, I think, suspected. At any rate, the telegraphic sword of Damocles did not fall upon us, and until we reached the Trans-Baikal, we did not even receive a "warning."

Our work in all parts of Siberia was greatly facilitated by the attitude of honest and intelligent officials towards the system that we were investigating. Almost without exception they were either hostile to it altogether, or opposed to it in its present form; and they often seemed glad of an opportunity to point out to a foreign observer the evils of exile as a method of punishment, and the frauds, abuses, and cruelties to which, in practice, it gives rise. This was something that I had neither foreseen nor counted upon; and more than once I was surprised and startled by the boldness and frankness of such officials, after they had become satisfied that they could safely talk to me without reserve.

"I get my living by the exile system," said a high officer of the prison department to me one day, "and I have no fault to find with my position or my pay; but I would gladly resign both to-morrow if I could see the system abolished. It is disastrous to Siberia, it is ruinous to the criminal, and it causes an immense amount of misery; but what can be done? If we say anything to our superiors in St. Petersburg, they strike us in the face; and they strike hard—it hurts! I have learned to do the best I can and to hold my tongue."

"I have reported upon the abuses and miseries in my department," said another officer, "until I am tired; and I have accomplished little or nothing. Perhaps if you describe them, something will be done. The prison here is unfit for human habitation,—it is n't fit for a dog,—and I have been trying for years to get a new one; but my efforts have resulted in nothing but an interminable correspondence."

Statements similar to these were made to me by at least a score of officers who held positions of trust in the civil or military service of the state, and many of them furnished me with abundant proof of their assertions in the shape of statistics and documentary evidence.

In the field of political exile we received invaluable aid from persons who were more or less in sympathy with the politicals, or with the liberal movement. How widespread in Siberia this feeling of sympathy is the Government probably does not know. One night, in a Siberian town, I attended a social meeting in a private house, where were assembled several members of the town council, six or eight army officers, and all the political exiles in the place. The army officers and the exiles seemed to be upon terms of the most friendly intimacy: the conversation was often extremely bold and liberal in tone, and songs that are generally recognized as revolutionary were sung by the officers and the politicals in unison. I met with similar evidences of "untrustworthiness" ("neblagonadezhnost") among officials in many parts of Siberia; and even in St. Petersburg, after my return from Asiatic Russia, I found chinovniks who manifestly sympathized with political offenders, and who aided me in procuring copies of valuable papers and documents. It will readily be seen, I think, that when one has the coöperation of honest officials who desire to have the truth known, of private citizens who are secretly in sympathy with the struggle for freer institutions, and of political exiles who are themselves collecting information with regard to the exile system, the investigation of that system becomes a less difficult task than at first sight it would seem to be.

I met in Tomsk, for the first time, political exiles who had taken part in the so-called "propaganda" of 1872–75; who had been banished by sentence of a court, and who might fairly be called revolutionists. They did not differ essentially from the administrative exiles in Semipalatinsk, Ulbinsk, and Ust Kamenogorsk, except that they had been longer in exile, and had had a much wider range of experience. One of them, a bright and talented publicist about thirty-five years of age, named Chudnofski, told me that he was arrested the first time at the age of nineteen, while in the university; and that he had been under police surveillance, in prison, or in exile nearly all his life. He was held four years and three months in solitary confinement before trial, and spent twenty months of that time in a casemate of the Petropavlovsk fortress. For protesting against illegal treatment in that great state-prison, and for insisting pertinaciously upon his right to have pen, ink, and paper, in order that he might address a complaint to the Minister of the Interior, he was tied hand and foot, and was finally put into a straitjacket. He thereupon refused to take food, and starved himself until the prison surgeon reported that his condition was becoming crit-

ical. The warden, Colonel Bogarodski, then yielded, and furnished him with writing materials, but no reply was ever made to the complaint that he drew up. He was finally tried with "the 193," in 1878, upon the charge of importing pernicious books, was found guilty, and was sentenced to five years of penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights. In view, however, of the length of time that he had already been held in solitary confinement while awaiting trial,—four years and three months,—the court recommended to the Tsar that his sentence be commuted to exile in Western Siberia for life.[1]

Most men would have been completely broken down by nearly five years of solitary confinement and seven years of exile; but Mr. Chudnofski's energy and courage were invincible. In spite of the most disheartening obstacles, he completed his education, and made a name and a career for himself even in Siberia. He is the author of the excellent and carefully prepared history of the development of educational institutions in Siberia, published in the "Official Year Book" of the province of Tomsk for 1885; he has made two scientific expeditions to the Altai under the auspices of the West Siberian Branch of the Imperial Geographical Society; he has been an indefatigable contributor to the Russian periodical press; and his book upon the Siberian province of Yeniseisk took the prize offered by the Krasnoyarsk city council for the best work upon that subject.[2] Mr. Chudnofski impressed me as a man who, if he had been born in America, might have had a career of usefulness and distinction, and might have been an honor to the state. He happened to be born in Russia, and was therefore predestined to imprisonment and exile.

Among the most interesting of the newly arrived political exiles in Tomsk was Mr. Constantine Staniukovitch, the editor and proprietor of the Russian magazine "Diello," whose history I gave briefly in an article upon "Exile by Administrative Process," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for September. He was a close and accurate observer of Russian social life, a talented novelist, a writer of successful dramas, and a man of great force, energy, and ability. His wife, who had accompanied him to Siberia, spoke English fluently with the least perceptible accent, and seemed to me to be a woman of more than ordinary culture and refinement. They had one grown daughter, a pretty, intelligent girl seventeen or eighteen years of age, as well as two or three younger children, and the whole family made upon us an extremely pleasant impression. Some of the most delightful evenings that we had in Tomsk were spent in their cozy little parlor, where we sometimes sat until long after midnight listening to duets sung by Miss Staniukovitch and Prince Krapotkin; discussing Russian methods of government and the exile system; or comparing our impressions of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and San Francisco. Both Mr. and Mrs. Staniukovitch had traveled in the United States, and it seemed not a little strange to find in their house in Siberia visiting-cards of such well-known American officers as Captain James B. Eads and Captain John Rodgers, a photograph of President Lincoln, and Indian bead and birch-bark work in the shape of slippers and toy canoes brought as souvenirs from Niagara Falls. We had not expected to find ourselves linked to political exiles in Siberia by such a multitude of common experiences and memories, nor to be shown in their houses such familiar things as bead-embroidered moccasins and birch-bark watch-pockets made by the Tonawanda Indians. Mr. Staniukovitch was struggling hard, by means of literary work, to support his family in exile; and his wife, who was an accomplished musician, aided him as far as possible by giving music lessons. Their term of exile was three years, and if the Government has not arbitrarily added a year or two, they will be free before the appearance of this article.

To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author Felix Volkhofski, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of "belonging to a society that intends, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government." He was about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart, and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that it has ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white;

[1] Sentence in the trial of "the 193," pp. 5, 11, and 16. An official copy of the document is in my possession.

[2] "The Province of Yeniseisk, a Statistical and Politico-Economical Study," by S. Chudnofski. 195 pages. Press of the "Siberian Gazette," Tomsk, 1885.

The value of Mr. Chudnofski's book was greatly impaired by censorial mutilation, and the last two chapters could not be printed at all; but even in its expurgated form it is acknowledged to be one of the most important works of the kind that Siberia has yet produced.

and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said, "George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it."

Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the "Siberian Gazette"; and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, twenty-five or thirty years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become an invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading "After the Burial" he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality: the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pierre Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alexander; which the latter had left to Volkhofski; and which Volkhofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

I tried to read Volkhofski's letter aloud to my wife; but as I recalled the high character and lovable personality of the writer, and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man,—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him,—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and with a choking in my throat I put the letter and the little match-box away.

The Tsar may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkhofski in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings will be a source of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country.

In the city of Tomsk we began to feel for the first time the nervous strain caused by the sight of remediless human misery. Our journey through South-western Siberia and the Altai had been off the great exile route; the politicals whose acquaintance we had made in Semipalatinsk, Ulbinsk, and Ust Kamenogorsk were fairly well treated and did not seem to be suffering; and it was not until we reached Tomsk that we were brought face to face with the tragedies of exile life. From that time, however, until we recrossed the Siberian frontier on our way back to St. Petersburg, we were subjected to a nervous and emotional strain that was sometimes harder to bear than cold, hunger, or fatigue. One cannot witness unmoved such suffering as we saw in the "bologans" and the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison, nor can one listen without the deepest emotion to such stories as we heard from political exiles in Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, and the Trans-Baikal. One pale, sad, delicate woman, who had been banished to Eastern Siberia and who had there gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, undertook one night, I remember, to relate to me her experience. I could see that it was agony for her to live over in narration the sufferings and bereavements of her tragic past, and I would gladly have spared her the self-imposed torture; but she was so determined that the world should know through me what Russians endure before they become terrorists, that she nerved herself to bear it, and between fits of half-controlled sobbing, during which I could only pace the floor, she told me the story of her life. It was the saddest story I had ever heard. After such an interview as this with a heart-broken woman — and I had many such — I could neither sleep nor sit still; and to the nervous strain of such experiences, quite as much as to hardship and privation, was attributable the final breaking down of my health and strength in the Trans-Baikal.

Before I left the city of Tomsk for Eastern Siberia, most of my long-cherished opinions

with regard to nihilists and the working of the exile system had been completely overthrown. I could not, by any process of readjustment or modification, make my preconceived ideas fit the facts as I found them. In a letter written from Tomsk to the President of The Century Company on the 26th of August, 1885, I indicated the change that had taken place in my views as follows:

> The exile system is much worse than I supposed. Mr. ——'s examination of prisons and study of the exile system were extremely superficial. I cannot understand how, if he really went through the Tiumen and Tomsk forwarding prisons, he could have failed to see that their condition and the condition of their wretched inmates were in many respects shocking. Nobody here has tried to conceal it from me. The acting governor of this province said to me very frankly yesterday that the condition of the Tomsk prison is "oozhasnoi" (awful), but that he cannot help it. . . . What I have previously written and said about the treatment of the political exiles seems to be substantially true and accurate,— at least so far as Western Siberia is concerned,— but my preconceived ideas as to their character have been rudely shaken. The Russian liberals and revolutionists whom I have met here are by no means half-educated enthusiasts, crazy fanatics, or men whose mental processes it is difficult to understand. On the contrary, they are simple, natural, perfectly comprehensible, and often singularly interesting and attractive. One sees at once that they are educated, reasonable, self-controlled gentlemen, not different in any essential respect from one's self. When I write up this country for THE CENTURY, I shall have to take back some of the things that I have said. The exile system is worse than I believed it to be, and worse than I have described it. It is n't pleasant, of course, to have to admit that one has written upon a subject without fully understanding it; but even that is better than trying, for the sake of consistency, to maintain a position after one sees that it is utterly untenable.

In Tomsk, and during our journey from that city to Irkutsk, we had for the first time a satisfactory opportunity to study the life of Siberian exiles on the road. Marching parties of convicts three or four hundred strong leave Tomsk for Irkutsk weekly throughout the whole year, and make the journey of 1040 miles in about three months. Étapes, or exile station-houses, stand along the road at intervals of from 25 to 40 miles; and at every étape there is a "convoy command" consisting of a commissioned officer known as the "nachalnik of the convoy," two or three under-officers, and about forty soldiers. As the distance from one étape to another is too great to be walked in a single day by prisoners in leg-fetters, buildings known as "poloo-étapes," or "half-étapes," have been constructed midway between the true étapes for the shelter of the convicts at night. These half-way houses are generally smaller than the regular étapes, as well as somewhat different from the latter in architectural plan, and they have no "convoy commands." Marching parties are expected to make about 500 versts, or 330 miles, a month, with 24 hours of rest every third day. If a party leaves Tomsk Monday morning, it reaches a poloo-étape Monday night, arrives at the first regular étape Tuesday night, and rests in the latter all day Wednesday. Thursday morning it resumes its journey with another convoy, Thursday night it spends in the second poloo-étape, Friday night it reaches the second regular étape, and Saturday it again rests and changes convoy. In this way the party proceeds slowly for months, resting one day out of every three, and changing convoys at every other station. Each prisoner receives five cents a day in money for his subsistence, and buys food for himself from peasants along the road who make a business of furnishing it. The dress of the exiles in summer consists of a shirt, and a pair of trousers of coarse gray linen; square foot-wrappers of the same material in lieu of stockings; low shoes or slippers called "kottee"; leather ankle-guards to prevent the leg-fetters from chafing; a visorless Glengarry cap; and a long gray overcoat. The dress of female convicts is the same, except that a petticoat takes the place of the trousers. Women and children who voluntarily accompany relatives to Siberia are permitted to wear their own clothing, and to carry severally as much baggage as can be put into a two-bushel bag. No distinction is made between common convicts and political convicts, except that the latter, if they are nobles or belong to one of the privileged classes, receive seven and a half cents a day for their subsistence instead of five, and are carried in telegas instead of being forced to walk.[1]

Up to the year 1883 there was no separation of the sexes in marching parties; but since that time an attempt has been made to forward unmarried male prisoners apart from "family parties," and to include in the latter all children and unmarried women. This reform has lessened somewhat the demoralization resulting from the promiscuous association of men, women, and children for months in overcrowded étapes; but the state of affairs is still very bad, since even "family parties" contain large numbers of depraved men and boys.

On Monday, August 24, Mr. Frost and I, by invitation of Captain Gudeem, the nachalnik

[1] At one time politicals were sent to Siberia separately in post vehicles under guard of gendarmes, and were carried to their destinations almost as quickly as if they had been private travelers. That practice, however, has been abandoned on account of its inconvenience and expense, and all politicals are now forwarded with common criminal parties. The result of the change is to prolong by many months the miseries of étape life, and to increase enormously the chances of sickness and death.

of the Tomsk convoy command, drove to the forwarding prison at 7 A. M. to see the departure of a marching party. The morning was cool, but a clear sky gave promise of a warm, sunshiny day. As we drew up before the prison we saw that the party had not yet made its appearance; and presuming that Captain Gudeem was busy, we did not send for him, but sat in our droshky watching the scenes at the gate. On each side of the lead-colored portal was a long wooden bench, on which half a dozen soldiers, in dark green uniforms, were sitting in lazy attitudes, waiting for the party to come out, and amusing themselves meanwhile by exchanging coarse witticisms with three or four female provision venders, squatted near them on the ground. An occasional high-pitched jingle of chains could be heard from within the inclosure, and now and then half of the double gate was thrown open to admit a couple of fettered convicts carrying water in a large wooden bucket slung between them on a shoulder-pole. Every person who entered the prison yard was hastily searched from head to foot by one of the two sentries at the gate, in order to prevent the smuggling in of prohibited articles, and especially of vodka.

About 8 o'clock telegas for the transportation of the weak and infirm began to gather in the street in front of the prison; a shabby under-officer who had been lounging with the soldiers on one of the benches rose, yawned, and went discontentedly into the prison court-yard; the soldiers put on their blanket-rolls and picked up their Berdan rifles; and a louder and more continuous jingling of chains from the other side of the palisade announced that the convict party was assembling. At last the prison blacksmith came out, bringing a small portable forge, a lap anvil, a hammer or two, and an armful of chains and leg-fetters, which he threw carelessly on the ground beside him; the soldiers shouldered their guns and took positions in a semicircle so as to form a cordon; an under-officer with the muster-roll of the party in his hand, and another with a leather bag of copper coins slung over his shoulder, stationed themselves near the gate; and at the word "Gatova!" ("Ready!") the convicts, in single file, began to make their appearance. The officer with the muster-roll checked off the prisoners as they answered to their names; the blacksmith, with the aid of a soldier, examined their leg-fetters to see that the rivets were fast and that the bands could not be slipped over the heel; and finally, the second under-officer gave to every man ten cents in copper coin for two days' subsistence between étapes. When all of the "katorzhniki," or hard-labor convicts, had come out of the prison yard, they arranged themselves in two parallel lines so that they could be conveniently counted, and removed their caps so that the under-officer could see that their heads had been half shaved as required by law. They were then dismissed, and the "poselentse," or penal colonists, went through the same routine — the soldiers of the convoy stepping backward and extending the limits of their cordon as the number of prisoners outside the palisade gradually increased.

At length the whole party, numbering 350 or 400 men, was assembled in the street. Every prisoner had a gray linen bag in which were stored his scanty personal effects; many of them were provided with copper kettles which dangled from the leather belts that supported their leg-fetter chains; and one convict was carrying to the mines in his arms a small brown dog.

When the whole party had again been counted, and while the gray bags were being put into telegas, I availed myself of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity to talk with the prisoners. In a moment, to my great surprise, I was addressed by one of them in good English.

"Who are you?" I inquired in astonishment.

"I am a vagabond," he said quietly and seriously.

"What is your name?"

"Ivan Dontremember," he replied; and then glancing around and seeing that none of the convoy officers were near, he added in a low tone, "My real name is John Anderson, and I am from Riga."

"How do you happen to know English?" I asked.

"I am of English descent; and, besides that, I was once a sailor, and I have been in English ports."

At this point the approach of Captain Gudeem put a stop to our colloquy. The number of "brodyags," or vagabonds, in this party was very large, and nearly all of them were runaway convicts of the "Dontremember" family, who had been recaptured in Western Siberia, or had surrendered themselves during the previous winter in order to escape starvation.

"I have no doubt," said Captain Gudeem to me, "that there are brodyags in this very party who have escaped and been sent back to the mines half a dozen times."

"Boys!" he shouted suddenly, "how many of you are now going to the mines for the sixth time?"

"Mnogo yest" ["There are lots of them"], replied several voices; and finally one gray-bearded convict in leg-fetters came forward and admitted that he had made four escapes from the mines, and that he was going into

penal servitude for the fifth time. In other words, this man had traversed eight times on foot the distance of nearly 2000 miles between Tomsk and the mines of Kara.

"I know brodyags," said Captain Gudeem, "who have been over this road sixteen times in leg-fetters, and who have come back sixteen times across the steppes and through the woods. God only knows how they live through it!"

When one considers that crossing Eastern Siberia thirty-two times on foot is about equivalent to walking twice the circumference of the globe at the equator, one can appreciate the indomitable resolution of these men, and the strength of the influence that draws them towards home and freedom. In the year 1884, 1360 such brodyags were recaptured in Western Siberia and sent back to the mines of the Trans-Baikal, and hundreds more perished from cold and starvation in the forests. M. I. Orfanof, a Russian officer who served many years in Eastern Siberia, says that he once found 200 "Ivan Dontremembers" in a single prison — the prison of Kaidalova, between Chita and Nerchinsk.[1]

Some of the brodyags with whom I talked were men of intelligence and education. One of them, who was greatly interested in our photographic apparatus, and who seemed to know all about "dry plates," "drop shutters," and "Dallmeyer lenses," asked me how convicts were treated in the United States, and whether they could, by extra work, earn a little money, so as not to leave prison penniless. I replied that in most American penitentiaries they could.

"It is not so," he said, "with us. Naked we go to the mines, and naked we come out of them; and we are flogged, while there, at the whim of every nariadchik."[2]

"Oh, no!" said Captain Gudeem goodnaturedly, "they don't flog at the mines now."

"Yes, they do, your Nobility," replied the brodyag firmly but respectfully. "If you are sick or weak, and can't finish your stent, you are given twenty blows with the cat."

I should have been glad to get further information from the brodyag with regard to his life at the mines, but just at this moment Captain Gudeem asked me if I would not like to see the loading of the sick and infirm, and the conversation was interrupted.

The telegas intended for prisoners physically unable to walk were small one-horse carts, without springs of any kind, and with only one seat, in front, for the driver and the guard. They looked to me like the halves of longitudinally bisected hogsheads mounted upon four low wheels, with their concave sides uppermost. More wretchedly uncomfortable vehicles to ride in were never devised. A small quantity of green grass had been put into each one, to break the jolting a little, and upon this grass, in every cart, were to sit four sick or disabled convicts.

"All prisoners who have certificates from the doctor, step out!" shouted Captain Gudeem, and twenty-five or thirty "incapables" — some old and infirm, some pale and emaciated from sickness — separated themselves from the main body of convicts in the road. An under-officer collected and examined their certificates, and as fast as their cases were approved they climbed into the telegas. One man, although apparently sick, was evidently a malingerer, since, as he took his place in a partly filled telega, he was greeted with a storm of groans and hoots from the whole convict party.[3]

The number of prisoners who, when they leave Tomsk, are unable to walk is sometimes very large. In the year 1884, 658 telegas were loaded there with exiles of this class, and if every telega held four persons, the aggregate number of "incapables" must have exceeded 2500.[4] Such a state of things is, of course, the natural result of the overcrowding of the Tomsk forwarding prison.

When the sick and infirm had all taken the places assigned them in the invalid carts, Captain Gudeem took off his cap, crossed himself, and bowed in the direction of the prison church, and then, turning to the convicts, cried, "Well, boys! Go ahead! A safe journey to you!"

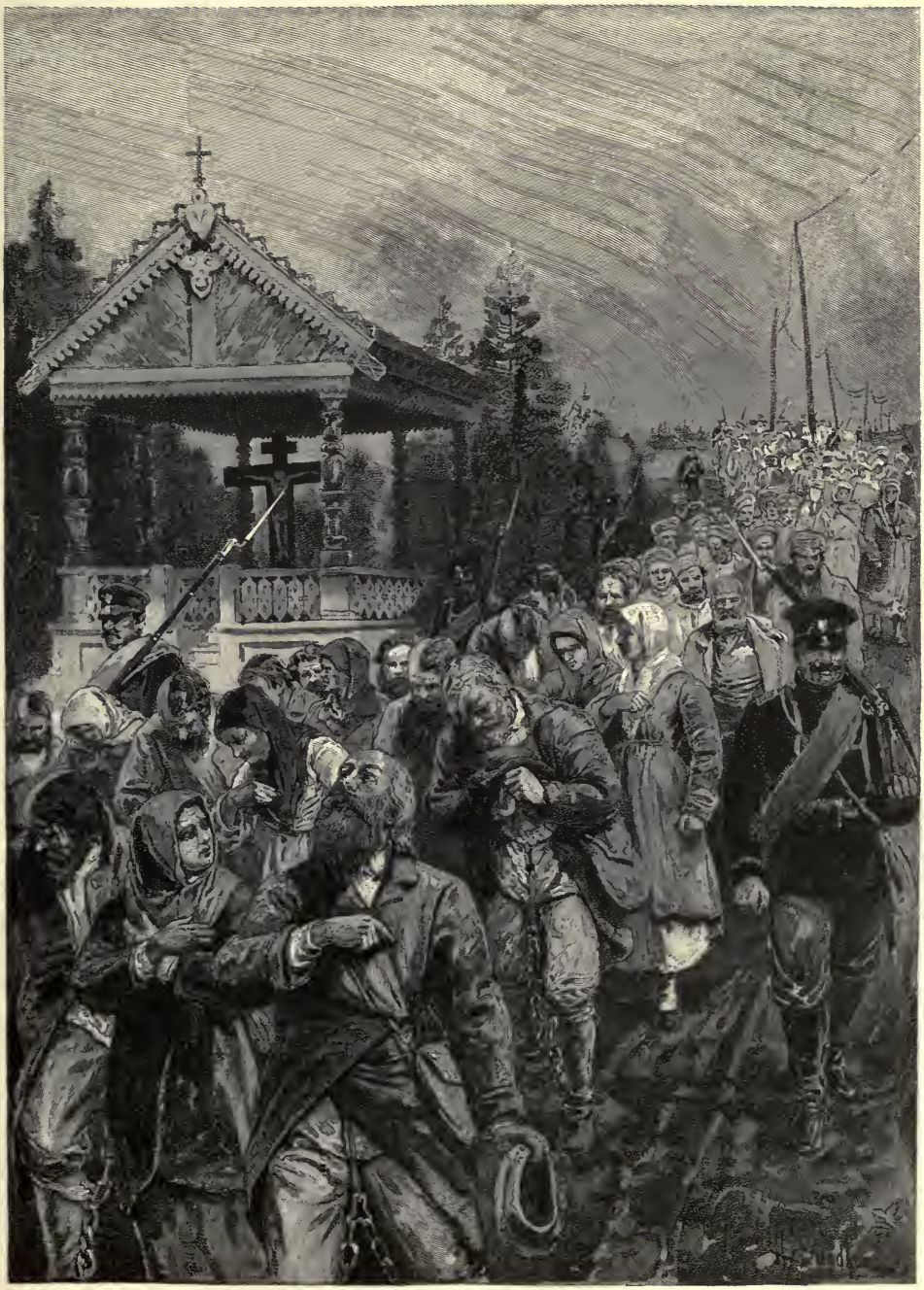
"Party — to the right! Party — march!" shouted one of the under-officers, and with a clinking of chains which sounded like the jingling of innumerable bunches of keys the gray throng, hemmed in by a cordon of soldiers, began its long journey of 1800 miles to the mines of the Trans-Baikal. The marching convicts, who took the lead, were closely followed by the telegas with the sick and the infirm; next came three or four carts loaded with gray linen bags; and finally, in a tarantas behind the rear-guard of soldiers, rode Cap-

1 "Afar" (V' Dalee), by M. I. Orfanof, p. 226. St. Petersburg, 1883.

2 A petty officer who directs the work of the convicts in the "razreiz," or cutting, and who sets their tasks.

3 Some convicts are extremely skillful in counterfeiting the symptoms of disease, and will now and then succeed in deceiving even an experienced prison surgeon. If necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose, they do not hesitate to create artificial swellings by applying irritating decoctions to a slight self-inflicted wound, and they even poison themselves with tobacco and other noxious herbs.

4 Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884, p. 31 of the MS.



A CONVICT PARTY PASSING A SHRINE NEAR TOMSK.

tain Gudeem, the nachalnik of the convoy. The column moved at the rate of about two miles an hour; and long before noon it was enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust raised by the shuffling, fetter-incumbered feet of the prisoners. In warm, dry weather, when there is no wind, dust is a source of great misery to marching parties — particularly to the sick, the women, and the children. There is no possible way of escaping it, and when a prisoner is suffering from one of the diseases of the respiratory organs that are so common in étape life it is simply torture to sit in a cramped position for six or eight hours in an open telega, breathing the dust raised by the feet of 350 men marching in close column just ahead. I have traced the progress of an invisible exile party more than a mile away by the cloud of dust that hung over it in the air.

Five or six miles from Tomsk the party passed a "chasovnaya," or roadside shrine, consisting of an open pavilion, in which hung a ghastly wooden effigy of the crucified Christ. Here, as upon our departure from Tomsk, I noticed that two-thirds of the convicts removed their caps, crossed themselves devoutly, and muttered brief supplications. A Russian peasant may be a highway robber or a murderer, but he continues, nevertheless, to cross himself and say his prayers.

The first halt of the party for rest was made about ten miles from Tomsk, at the entrance to a small village. Here, on a patch of greensward by the roadside, had assembled ten or twelve girls and old women with baskets of provisions, bottles of milk, and jugs of "kvass," or small beer, for sale to the prisoners. At first sight of these preparations for their refreshment, the experienced brodyags, who marched at the head of the column, raised a joyous shout of "Preeval! Preeval!"—the exile's name for the noonday halt. The welcome cry was passed along the line until it reached the last wagon of "incapables," and the whole party perceptibly quickened its pace. A walk of ten miles does not much tire a healthy and unincumbered man; but to convicts who have been in prison without exercise for months, and who are hampered by five-pound leg-fetters united by chains that clash constantly between the legs, it is a trying experience. In less than a minute after the command to halt was given, almost every man in the party was either sitting on the ground or lying upon it at full length. After a short rest, the prisoners began buying food from the provision venders, in the shape of black rye-bread, fish pies, hard-boiled eggs, milk, and kvass, and in half an hour they were all sitting on the ground, singly or in groups, eating their lunch. With the permission of Captain Gudeem, Mr. Frost took a photograph of them, which is here reproduced, and about 2 o'clock the party resumed its journey.

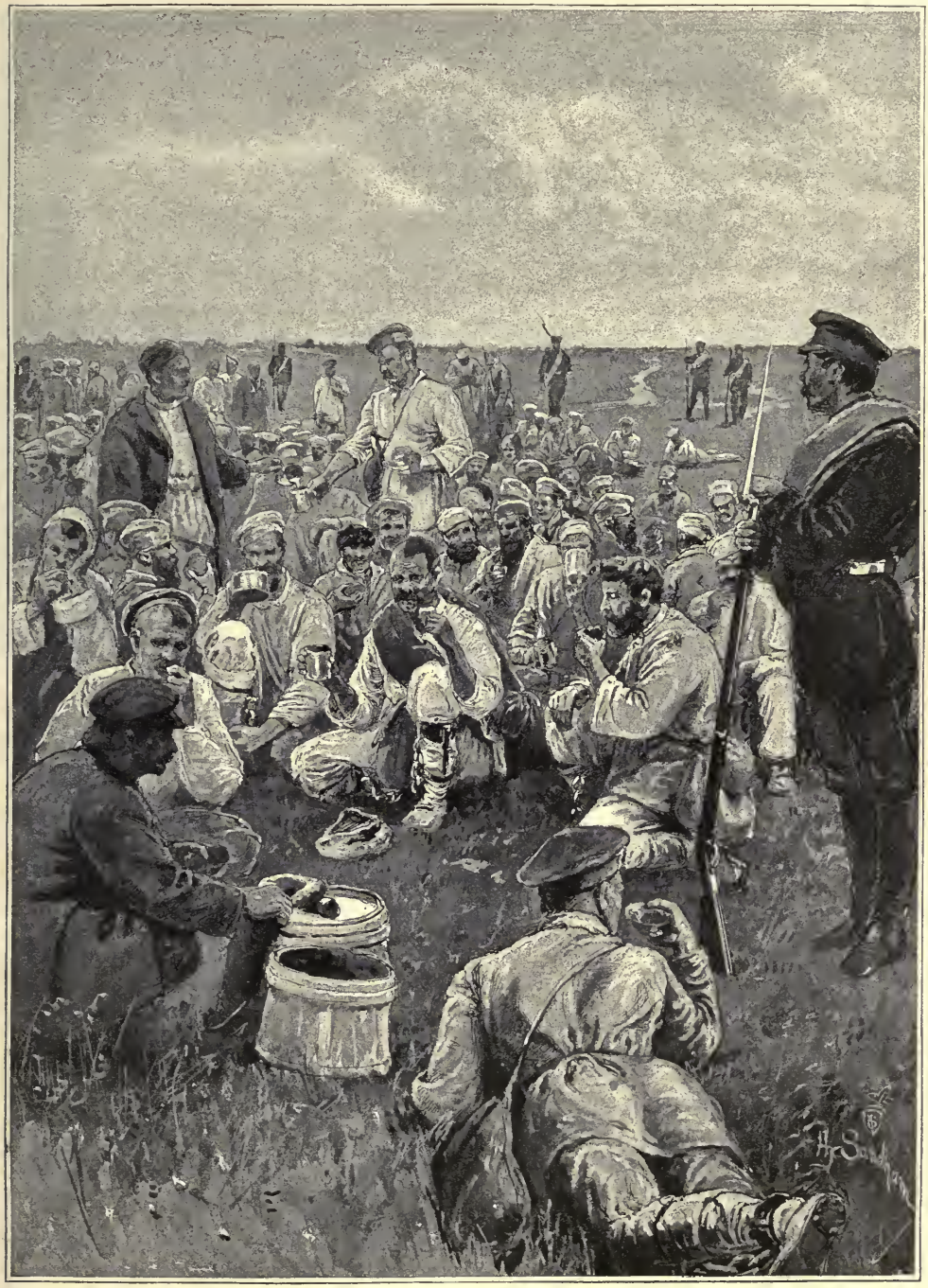
The afternoon march was without noteworthy incident. The brodyags talked constantly as they walked, raising their voices so as to make themselves heard above the jingling of the chains, while the novices generally listened or asked questions. There is the same difference between a brodyag who has been to the mines half a dozen times, and a novice who is going for the first time, that there is between an experienced cowboy and a "tenderfoot." The brodyag knows the road as the tongue knows the mouth; he has an experimental acquaintance with the temper and character of every convoy officer from Tomsk to Kara; and his perilous adventures in the "taiga"— the primeval Siberian forest — have given to him a self-confidence and a decision of character that make him the natural leader in every convict party. It is the boast of the true brodyag that the ostrog (the prison) is his father and the taiga (the wilderness) his mother; and he often spends his whole life in going from one parent to the other. He rarely escapes from Siberia altogether, although he may reach half a dozen times the valley of the Ob. Sooner or later he is almost always recaptured, or is forced by cold and starvation to give himself up. As an étape officer once said to a brodyag rearrested in Western Siberia, "The Tsar's cow-pasture is large, but you can't get out of it; we find you at last if you are not dead."

The conversation of the brodyags in the party that we accompanied related chiefly to their own exploits and adventures at the mines and in the taiga, and it did not seem to be restrained in the least by the presence of the soldiers of the convoy.

The distance from Tomsk to the first poloo-étape is twenty-nine versts (nearly twenty miles), and it was almost dark before the tired prisoners caught sight of the serrated palisade within which they were to spend their first night on the road.

A Siberian poloo-étape, or half-way station, is a stockaded inclosure about 100 feet long by 50 or 75 feet wide, containing two or three low, one-story log buildings. One of these buildings is occupied by the convoy officer, another by the soldiers, and the third and largest by the convicts. The prisoners' kazarm, which is generally painted a dirty yellow,[1] is long and low and contains three or four large kameras, each of which is provided with a brick oven and a double row of plank nares, or sleeping-platforms. According to the last official report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation, which is confirmed by my own observation, "All of the étapes and poloo-étapes on the road between

[1] Yellow is the étape color throughout Siberia.



HALT OF A CONVICT PARTV FOR LUNCH.

Tomsk and Achinsk — with a very few exceptions — are not only too small, but are old and decayed, and demand capital repairs." Their principal defect is that which is characteristic of Siberian prisons generally; namely, lack of adequate room. They were built from 30 to 50 years ago, when exile parties did not number more than 150 men, and they now have to accommodate from 350 to 450. The result, as stated by the Inspector of Exile Transportation, is that "in pleasant weather half the prisoners sleep on the ground in the court-yard, while in



A "POLOO-ÉTAPE" ON THE TOMSK-ACHINSK ROAD.

bad weather they fill all the kameras, lie on the floors in the corridors, and even pack the garrets." The cells are not even as habitable as they might be made with a little care and attention. They are almost always dirty; their windows are so made that they cannot be opened; and notwithstanding the fact that the overcrowding, at certain seasons of the year, is almost beyond belief,[1] no provision whatever has been made in them for ventilation.

When our convicts, after their toilsome march of twenty-nine versts from Tomsk, reached at last the red-roofed poloo-étape of Semiluzhnaya, they were marshaled in rows in front of the palisade and again carefully counted by the under-officers in order to make sure that none had escaped, and then the wooden gate of the court-yard was thrown wide open. With a wild, mad rush and a furious clashing of chains, more than three hundred men made a sudden break for the narrow gateway, struggled, fought, and crowded through it, and then burst into the kameras, in order to secure, by preoccupation, places on the sleeping-platforms. Every man knew that if he did not succeed in preëmpting a section of a nare he would have to lie on the dirty floor, in one of the cold corridors, or out-of-doors; and many prisoners who did not care particularly where they slept sought to secure good places in order to sell them afterward for a few kopecks to less fortunate but more fastidious comrades.

At last the tumult subsided, and the convicts began their preparations for supper. Hot water was furnished by the soldiers of the convoy at an average price of about a cent a teakettleful; "brick" tea was made by the prisoners who were wealthy enough to afford such a luxury;[2] soup was obtained by a few from the soldiers' kitchen; and the tired exiles, sitting on the sleeping-platforms or on the floor, ate the black bread, the fish pies, or the cold boiled meat that they had purchased from the provision venders. The evening meal is sometimes an exceedingly scanty one, on account of the failure of the peasant women to bring to the étape for sale an adequate supply of food. They are not obliged to furnish subsistence to convicts on the road, and the exile

1 The well-known Russian author Maximof cites a case in which 512 human beings were packed into one of these étapes in Western Siberia ("Siberia and Penal Servitude," by S. Maximof, Vol. I., p. 81. St. Petersburg, 1871); and Mr. M. I. Orfanof, a Russian officer who served ten years in Siberia, reports that an East Siberian étape (at Verklini Udinsk), which was intended for 140 prisoners, never contained, when he visited it, less than 500, and sometimes held more than 800 ("Afar," by M. I. Orfanof, p. 220. St. Petersburg, 1883).

2 Brick tea is made of a cheap grade of tea leaves, mixed with stems and a little adhesive gum, and pressed into hard dry cakes about eight inches in length, five inches in width, and an inch and a half in thickness. It resembles in appearance and consistency the blackest kind of "plug" tobacco.

administration attempts no regulation of the commissariat beyond furnishing the prisoners with money for rations, and allowing the peasants or the soldiers of the convoy to act as purveyors. In times of scarcity it is impossible to buy, with the money given to each exile for his subsistence, enough food to satisfy hunger. In one district of Eastern Siberia, where there had been a partial failure of the crops, the exiles could scarcely buy, with five cents a day, a pound and a half of black rye-bread. The étape officers complained bitterly to me of the indifference of the Government to the sufferings of the prisoners, and declared that it was unjust and cruel to give men only a pound and a half of black bread, and at the same time force them to march twenty miles a day in leg-fetters, and in bitterly cold weather.[1]



A KAMERA, OR CELL, IN A "POLOO-ÉTAPE."

After supper the roll of the party was called in the court-yard; a sentry was stationed at each corner of the quadrangular stockade, and another at the gate; a cheap tallow-candle was lighted in each kamera; "parashas," or large uncovered wooden tubs for excrement, were placed in the cells and corridors; and the prisoners were locked up for the night. More than half the party lay on the dirty floors without blankets or pillows, and the atmosphere of the rooms in the course of the night became foul and polluted to an extent that can be imagined only by one who has been present at the opening of the doors in the morning. How human beings, under such conditions, live to reach the mines of Kara, I do not know. It was my intention to ask a friendly étape officer to allow me to spend one night with the convicts in an étape kamera; but after breathing the air of one of those cells when the doors were reopened in the morning, I decided not to make the experiment.

The second day's march of the convict party that left Tomsk on the 24th of August differed little from the first. A hasty and rather scanty breakfast in the kameras was followed by the assembling of the convicts, the morning roll-call, and the departure; the day's journey was again broken by the preeval, or halt for lunch; and early in the afternoon the party reached the first regular étape, where it was to change convoys and stop one day for rest.

The étape differs from the poloo-étape only in size and in the arrangement of its buildings.

[1] This was in the Verkhni Udinsk district of the Trans-Baikal. According to the statements made to me by the étape officers, black bread of the poorest quality cost from six to seven kopecks a pound, and the prisoners received only eleven kopecks a day. This state of affairs existed throughout the entire fall of 1885, growing worse and worse as winter came on. No attention whatever was paid, so far as I know, to the complaints and suggestions of the étape officers, notwithstanding the fact that a circular had been issued by the Prison and Exile Department providing for such an exigency, and requesting the Siberian governors to increase, in times of scarcity, the daily allowance of prisoners on the road. (Circular Letter of the Prison and Exile Department, No. 10,887, December 15, 1880.)

The court-yard is more spacious, and the kameras are a little larger, than in the poloo-étape; but the buildings are old and in bad repair, and there is not room enough in them for half the number of prisoners now forwarded in every party. I will describe the regular étapes briefly in the words of General Anutchin, the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who saw them at their best. This high officer, in a private report to the Tsar marked "Secret," of which I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy,[1] says:

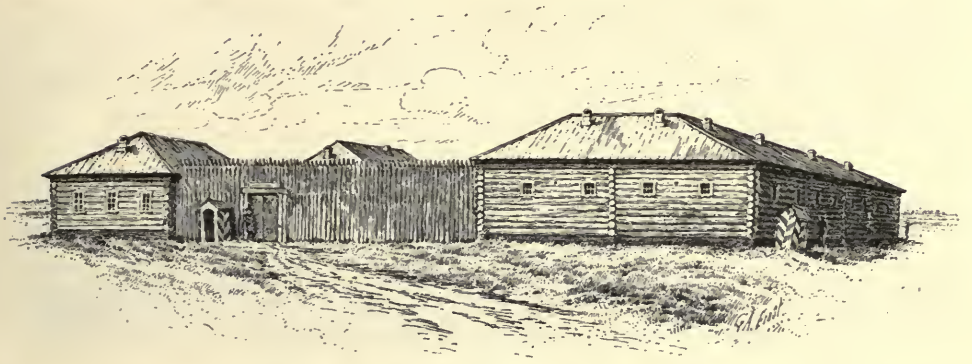
> During my journey to Irkutsk I inspected a great number of penal institutions, including city prisons, forwarding prisons, and étapes; and I regret to have to say that most of them are in a lamentable condition. The étapes are particularly bad. With a very few exceptions they are tumble-down buildings, in bad sanitary condition, cold in winter, saturated with miasm, and offering very little security against escapes.



"BRODYAGS," OR RUNAWAY CONVICTS.

I have not myself said anything worse of étapes than this. If these buildings, after they had been put in the best possible condition for the Governor-General's inspection, made upon him such an impression as this, the reader can imagine what impression they made upon me, when I saw them in their every-

[1] This report was delivered to the Tsar in December, 1880, by Adjutant Kozello, one of General Anutchin's aides.



SKETCH OF AN ÉTAPE ON THE TOMSK-IRKUTSK ROAD.

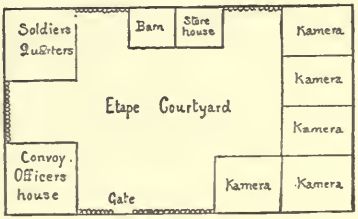
day aspect. I am quite content, however, to let Governor-General Anutchin's description stand as my own, with a few qualifications and exceptions. All of the étapes on the Tomsk-Irkutsk road are not of this character. I examined one at the village of Itatskaya, near Marinsk, which was clean, well cared for, and in perfect order, and I have little doubt that if I had had time to visit every exile station-house on the road, I should have found many to which the Governor-General's description would not fairly apply. In the main, however, it is truthful and accurate.

The "lamentable condition" of the Siberian étapes seems to me to be mainly attributable to corrupt and incapable administration, and to the inherent defects of a bureaucratic system of government. For these very étapes, bad as they are, an immense amount of money has been appropriated; but the greater part of it has been divided between fraudulent contractors and corrupt government officials. An inspector of exile transportation, who had excellent opportunities to know the facts, told me that it was hardly an exaggeration to say that if all the money that had been appropriated for the construction and maintenance of these "tumble-down buildings" could now be gathered together it would be enough to pay for the erection of a line of solid silver étapes along the whole route from Tomsk to the city of Irkutsk. Governor-General Anutchin himself says, in the same report to the Tsar from which I have already quoted:

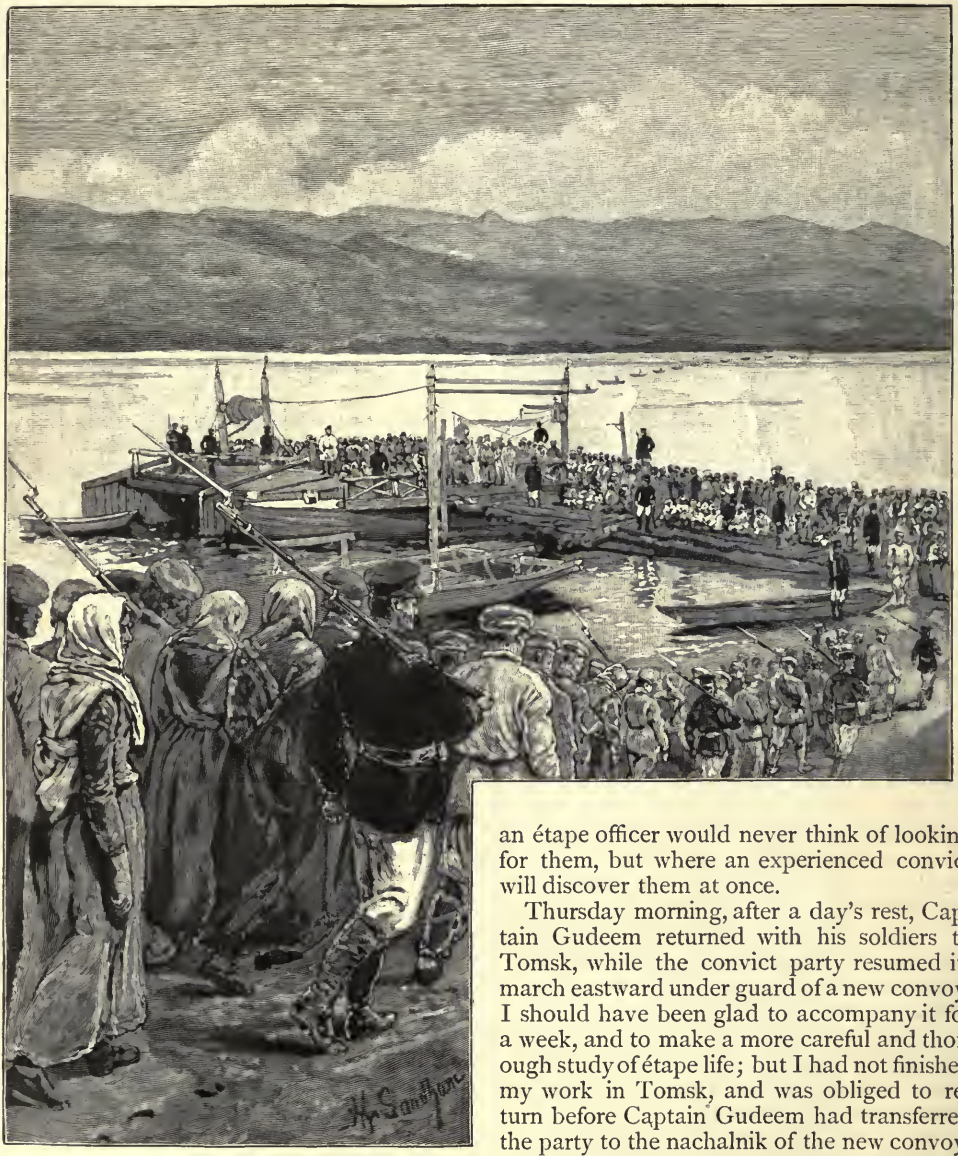
> Large sums of money have been spent in repairs upon these buildings, and 250,000 rubles have recently been appropriated for the construction of new étapes in the province of the Trans-Baikal. I doubt, however, whether, in the existing state of things [or "under existing conditions"], any substantial results can be expected. There is even danger that the new étapes in the province of the Trans-Baikal will share the fate of the étapes in the provinces of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk.

General Anutchin's foreboding has been fully justified. Both the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia, and the assistant chief of the prison department in St. Petersburg, admitted to me that the new étapes in the Trans-Baikal were "very unsatisfactory."

Our convict party spent Tuesday night in the first regular étape at Khaldeyeva, under almost precisely the same conditions that prevailed the previous night in the poloo-étape of Semiluzhnaya. Half the prisoners slept on the floor, under the nares, and in the corridors, breathing all night an atmosphere poisoned by carbonic acid and exhalations from uncovered parashas. Wednesday was a day of rest; and the exiles lounged about all day in the prison court-yard, or studied the "record of current events" on the walls of the étapes. The sleeping-platforms and the walls of every Siberian étape bear countless inscriptions, left there by the exiles of one party for the information or instruction of their comrades in the next. Among such inscriptions are messages and greetings to friends; hints and suggestions for brodyags who meditate escape; names of exiles who have died, broken jail, or been recaptured; and items of news, of all sorts, from the mines and the forwarding prisons. Therefore for the convicts the étape walls are equivalent to so many pages of a daily newspaper, containing an exile directory, open letters, obituary notices, a puzzle department of brodyag ciphers, and a personal intelligence column of the highest interest to all "travelers on government account." One of the first things that an experienced convict does, after his arrival at an étape, is to search the walls for news; and his fortunes not infrequently turn upon the direction, or the warning, contained in a mes-



PLAN OF ABOVE.



CROSSING THE RIVER ON A PENDULUM FERRY-BOAT.

sage that he finds there from a comrade who has preceded him. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, at last has come to appreciate the significance and importance of these mural inscriptions, and has recently ordered étape officers to see that they are carefully erased. I doubt, however, whether the order will secure the desired results. The prison authorities are constantly outwitted by convicts, and the latter will soon learn to write their messages in places where an étape officer would never think of looking for them, but where an experienced convict will discover them at once.

Thursday morning, after a day's rest, Captain Gudeem returned with his soldiers to Tomsk, while the convict party resumed its march eastward under guard of a new convoy. I should have been glad to accompany it for a week, and to make a more careful and thorough study of étape life; but I had not finished my work in Tomsk, and was obliged to return before Captain Gudeem had transferred the party to the nachalnik of the new convoy.

The life of exiles on the road, three days of which I have roughly sketched, continues, with little to break its monotony, for many months. In sunshine and in storm, through dust and through mud, the convicts march slowly but steadily eastward, crossing the great Siberian rivers on pendulum ferry-boats; toiling up the sides of forest-clad mountains in drenching rains; wading through mire in swampy valleys; sleeping every night in the heavy mephitic atmosphere of overcrowded étapes, and drawing nearer, day by day, to the dreaded mines of the Trans-Baikal.

George Kennan.

THE CASKET OF OPALS.

Deep, smoldering colors of the land and sea
Burn in these stones, that, by some mystery,
Wrap fire in sleep and never are consumed.
Scarlet of daybreak, sunset gleams half spent
In thick white cloud; pale moons that may have lent
Light to love's grieving; rose-illumined snows,
And veins of gold no mine depth ever gloomed;
All these, and green of thin-edged waves, are there.
I think a tide of feeling through them flows
With blush and pallor, as if some being of air,—
Some soul once human,— wandering, in the snare
Of passion had been caught and henceforth doomed
In misty crystal here to lie entombed.

And so it is, indeed. Here prisoned sleep
The ardors and the moods and all the pain
That once within a man's heart throbbed. He gave
These opals to the woman whom he loved;
And now, like glinting sunbeams through the rain,
The rays of thought that through his spirit moved
Leap out from these mysterious forms again.

The colors of the jewels laugh and weep
As with his very voice. In them the wave
Of sorrow and joy that, with a changing sweep,
Bore him to misery or else made him blest,
Still surges in melodious, wild unrest.
So when each gem in place I touch and take,
It murmurs what he thought or what he spake.

FIRST OPAL.

My heart is like an opal
Made to lie upon your breast
In dreams of ardor, clouded o'er
By endless joy's unrest.

And forever it shall haunt you
With its mystic, changing ray:
Its light shall live when we lie dead,
With hearts at the heart of day!

SECOND OPAL.

If, from a careless hold,
One gem of these should fall,
No power of art or gold
Its wholeness could recall:
The lustrous wonder dies
In gleams of irised rain,
As light fades out from the eyes
When a soul is crushed by pain.
Take heed that from your hold
My love you do not cast:
Dim, shattered, vapor-cold —
That day would be its last.

II.

THIRD OPAL.

He won her love; and so this opal sings
With all its tints in maze, that seem to quake
And leap in light, as if its heart would break.

Gleam of the sea,
Translucent air,
Where every leaf alive with glee
Glows in the sun without shadow of grief —
You speak of spring,
When earth takes wing
And sunlight, sunlight is everywhere!
Radiant life,
Face so fair —
Crowned with the gracious glory of wife —
Your glance lights all this happy day.
Your tender glow
And murmurs low
Make miracle, miracle, everywhere.

Earth takes wing
With birds — do I care
Whether of sorrow or joy they sing?

No; for they make not my life nor destroy!
My soul awakes
At a smile that breaks
In sun; and sunlight is everywhere!

III.

Then dawned a mood of musing thoughtfulness;
As if he doubted whether he could bless
Her wayward spirit, through each fickle hour,
With love's serenity of flawless power,
Or she remain a vision, as when first
She came to soothe his fancy all athirst.

FOURTH OPAL.

We were alone: the perfumed night,
Moonlighted, like a flower
Grew round us and exhaled delight
To bless that one sweet hour.

You stood where, 'mid the white and gold,
The rose-fire through the gloom
Touched hair and cheek and garment's fold
With soft, ethereal bloom.

And when the vision seemed to swerve,
'T was but the flickering shine
That gave new grace, a lovelier curve,
To every dreamlike line.

O perfect vision! Form and face
Of womanhood complete!
O rare ideal to embrace
And hold, from head to feet!

Could I so hold you ever — could
Your eye still catch the glow
Of mine — it were an endless good:
Together we should grow

One perfect picture of our love! . . .
Alas, the embers old
Fell, and the moonlight fell, above —
Dim, shattered, vapor-cold.

IV.

What ill befell these lovers? Shall I say?
What tragedy of petty care and sorrow?
Ye all know, who have lived and loved: if nay,
Then those will know who live and love to-morrow.
But here at least is what this opal said,
The fifth in number: and the next two bore
My fancy towards the dim world of the dead,
Where men and women dream they live once more:

FIFTH OPAL.

I dreamed my kisses on your hair
Turned into roses. Circling bloom
Crowned the loose-lifted tresses there.
"O Love," I cried, "forever
Dwell wreathed, and perfume-haunted
By my heart's deep honey-breath!"
But even as I bending looked, I saw
The roses were not; and, instead, there lay
Pale, feathered flakes and scentless
Ashes upon your hair!

SIXTH OPAL.

The love I gave, the love I gave,
Wherewith I sought to win you —
Ah, long and close to you it clave
With life and soul and sinew!

My gentleness with scorn you cursed:
You knew not what I gave.
The strongest man may die of thirst:
My love is in its grave!

SEVENTH OPAL.

You say these jewels were accurst —
With evil omen fraught.
You should have known it from the first!
This was the truth they taught:

No treasured thing in heaven or earth
Holds potency more weird
Than our hearts hold, that throb from birth
With wavering flames insphered.

And when from me the gems you took,
On that strange April day,
My nature, too, I gave, that shook
With passion's fateful play.

The mingled fate my love should give
In these mute emblems shone,
That more intensely burn and live —
While I am turned to stone.

V.

Listen now to what is said
By the eighth opal, flashing red
And pale by turns with every breath —
The voice of the lover after death.

EIGHTH OPAL.

I did not know, before,
That we dead could rise and walk;
That our voices, as of yore,
Would blend in gentle talk.

I did not know her eyes
Would so haunt mine after death,
Or that she could hear my sighs,
Low as the harp-string's breath.

But, ah, last night we met!
From our stilly trance we rose,
Thrilled with all the old regret—
The grieving that God knows.

She asked: "Am I forgiven?"—
"And dost thou forgive?" I said.
Ah! how long for joy we 'd striven!
But now our hearts were dead.

Alas, for the lips I kissed
And the sweet hope, long ago!
On her grave chill hangs the mist;
On mine, white lies the snow.

VI.

Hearkening still, I hear this strain
From the ninth opal's varied vein.

NINTH OPAL.

In the mountains of Mexico,
Where the barren volcanoes throw
Their fierce peaks high to the sky,
With the strength of a tawny brute
That sees heaven but to defy,
And the soft, white hand of the snow
Touches and makes them mute,

Firm in the clasp of the ground
The opal is found.
By the struggle of frost and fire
Created, yet caught in a spell
From which only human desire
Can free it, what passion profound
In its dim, sweet bosom may dwell!

So was it with us, I think,
Whose souls were formed on the brink
Of a crater, where rain and flame
Had mingled and crystallized.
One venturous day Love came,
Found us, and bound with a link
Of gold the jewels he prized.

The agonies old of the earth,
Its plenitude and its dearth,
The torrents of flame and of tears,
All these in our souls were inborn.
And we must endure through the years
The glory and burden of birth
That filled us with fire of the morn.

Let the diamond lie in its mine;
Let ruby and topaz shine;
The beryl sleep, and the emerald keep
Its sunned-leaf green! We know
The joy of sufferings deep
That blend with a love divine,
And the hidden warmth of the snow!

TENTH OPAL.

Colors that tremble and perish,
Atoms that follow the law,
You mirror the truth which we cherish,
You mirror the spirit we saw.
Glow of the daybreak tender,
Flushed with an opaline gleam,
And passionate sunset-splendor—
Ye both but embody a dream.
Visions of cloud-hidden glory
Breaking from sources of light
Mimic the mist of life's story,
Mingled of scarlet and white.
Sunset-clouds iridescent,
Opals, and mists of the day,
Are thrilled alike with the crescent
Delight of a deathless ray
Shot through the hesitant trouble
Of particles floating in space,
And touching each wandering bubble
With tints of a rainbowed grace.
So through the veil of emotion
Trembles the light of the truth;
And so may the light of devotion
Glorify life—age and youth.
Sufferings,—pangs that seem cruel,—
These are but atoms adrift:
The light streams through, and a jewel
Is formed for us, Heaven's own gift!

George Parsons Lathrop.

MISTAKEN PREMISES.

AT precisely 10 o'clock of an evening in early spring two figures might have been seen traversing that historic inclosure known as Boston Common.

They walked rather slowly, arm in arm, for the evening was a mild one — for Boston. An east wind had been blowing all day, and another would doubtless set in at sunrise, but just now there was only a soft soughing in the elm-boughs far above their heads. A few stars gleamed palely through the hazy sky, and in still paler reflection upon the cold bosom of the pond. A faint earthy smell filled the air, suggesting thoughts of early violets and crocuses and the thousand and one pleasant things that follow in their train. What it suggested to the minds of this couple, whether they were in any way affected by it, it is impossible to tell.

Certainly in their gait or bearing there was nothing of the sentimental lingering and dallying that spring induces. The most sagacious observer would never have suspected them of being engaged; yet such was the fact. They had borne that interesting relation to each other for more than two years.

Nearly every one who knew them pronounced it a perfect match, and surely no two young people could have seemed to enjoy more complete community of thought, taste, and feeling than the clever young professor of chemistry, Orville Basford, and Electra, daughter of the late eminent scientist, Agamenticus Brown. That lamented man of learning, being denied the happiness of a son, and perceiving at an early date that in his only daughter he possessed uncommon intellectual material, had bestowed upon her the same careful mental training he would have brought to bear upon a boy. Also, with an amount of common sense not common in men of his profession, he had given her as far as possible the same physical training. The result was that Electra had grown to womanhood tall, shapely, and vigorous as to body, keen, thorough, and ambitious as to mind. Her face, while not exactly pretty, was mobile and frank. Her eyes and mouth were particularly good, complexion brilliant, and she had a great quantity of fair hair, brushed smoothly back from her broad, low forehead. This fashion of wearing the hair at the very height of the bang and frizz period, together with an almost nun-like simplicity of dress, gave Electra at once, wherever she appeared, a certain stamp that set her, somehow, apart from other girls of her age, even in intellectual Boston. Young men the world over are a little shy of young women with a reputation for much learning, and in Boston they are no exception. Not that they were not attracted, and strongly, too, by this Juno-shaped, rosy, frankly smiling young creature, but it was not pleasant to see her charming eyes take on a far-away look, or smile suddenly over their very shoulders at some bald and wrinkled old scientist who happened to appear just as they believed they had created a feeling of interest in her breast.

Young Professor Basford was as unique in his way as was Miss Brown in hers. Of frail physique, he had never been able to join to any extent in the vigorous exercise of rowing, skating, fencing, and the like, which had formed no unimportant part of Electra's training. From others, such as archery, his defective eye-sight debarred him. As his doting mother expressed it, "Orville was all brain." And really, his tall figure was so attenuated, his bulging forehead so very conspicuous, that no doubt she was right.

Professor Brown had found him a highly satisfactory pupil. He had shared Electra's private lessons with her father, finding in her a mind that more than kept pace with his own. They were at the same time a spur and a help to each other, and the old professor found intense pleasure in comparing the processes and fostering the growth of these two remarkable young minds.

Yet, although the young man's character was as stainless as his intelligence was fine, Professor Brown would as soon have dreamed of uniting that splendid creature, his daughter, to the skeleton of an ichthyosaurus or megatherium as to poor Basford with his chronic invalidism and morbidness. But nature is stronger than reason, and the poor fellow had a heart in that hollow chest of his that was bound to grow warm under such protracted exposure to the radiant charms of a girl like Electra. At what particular season it lightly turned from logarithms to love, who can tell? It came out — some months after the death of Professor Brown, fortunately — that they were engaged, and, as has been said, the announcement met with almost unanimous approval.

But let us return now to this particularly well-matched couple, who by this time have nearly reached the steps leading into Beacon street, near which was situated the residence of the Browns. They were strangely silent. It might have been the profundities of the lecture to which they had been listening that occupied their minds, or was it love's eloquent silence that possessed them? There was no trembling of the hand that clasped the young man's angular elbow, but now and then a sigh did agitate the breast of his light spring overcoat and mingle with the sighing of the elms, and once he shivered perceptibly.

"Are you cold?" asked Miss Brown.

"Yes, a little," answered Professor Basford. "I think I was a little hasty in resorting to my spring coat."

"I walked eight miles this afternoon," said the girl with a slight, very slight, suggestion of irony in her tone, "and found it warm work. I am *never* cold!"

The professor was silent, but presently was heard to sigh again.

Miss Brown made a little gesture with her fine shoulders that savored strongly of irritation. Not until they stood on the upper step of the tall flight reaching to the door of her home, with the sound of the bell echoing through the hall, was the silence again broken.

"Won't you come in, Orville?" asked the young girl in a manner strangely perfunctory, all things considered.

The young man seemed to hesitate. His head was bent with a dejected air; his whole frame, in fact, expressed dejection. As a lover he was a depressing spectacle. Miss Brown's foot tapped the step rapidly. She looked as if she might come out with some incisive little question or remark, but just then the door was opened, and without a word Professor Basford followed her into the back parlor.

The servant, after turning up the gas, left them alone, standing on the hearth-rug opposite each other. Miss Brown, putting one neatly booted foot on the fender, leaned against the mantel and gazed with a kind yet quizzical look at her lover. Seen by gaslight his appearance was even less exhilarating than before, in the dim light of the street. Always pale, his thin face was now haggard, and showed the working of some agitating thought, and beneath his sparse, sandy mustache his lips were seen to quiver.

As she looked at him the girl's inclination towards irony vanished. Accustomed as she was to her lover's supersensitiveness, and aptness for needless suffering, she saw that something unusual was troubling him now; so she put her hand on his shoulder, saying kindly:

"What is it, Orville?"

The young man's face took on a look of relief. The question had helped him somewhat. He threw his head back, flushing a little, as if preparing for a conflict.

"I have something to say to you, Electra," he said, turning towards the little sofa they generally occupied together. "Sit here by me, dear."

"Won't you lay aside your overcoat? You might take more cold going out, you know."

"It does n't matter," he answered absently.

Electra, however, divested herself of her wraps before taking her place at his side. For a while he sat silent, steadily staring at his own long, narrow feet incased in arctics. The girl on her part looked as steadily at the slim, drab-clad figure by her side, the close-cropped head, sallow, pointed face, and spectacled, downcast eyes. Electra's taste, though severe, was in the right direction always. It occurred to her for the hundredth time that Orville should not wear drab clothes, and she made up her mind to tell him so at once.

There was something in her cool scrutiny eminently disconcerting, and each time poor Basford looked up, the words he would have uttered died on his lips.

"Well," said Electra, again noticing his agitation, "what is it?"

Now he faced her with a sickly smile. "You make it hard for me, Electra," he said, his voice shaking.

"How so?" she asked. Really there must be something unusual under all this agitation; something more than a morbid fancy. "Orville, you frighten me!" she went on, fully in earnest now. "What *is* the matter?"

Basford seized both her hands, and leaned towards her with a determined look on his wan features.

"Electra," he said, "tell me, first of all, that you are quite sure of the nature of my love for you; its purity, its strength."

"I never doubted either," she answered with gentleness.

"It has been no ordinary love," he went on in a hoarse voice. "It existed as long ago as I can remember my own existence, and has grown steadily. You always were, you always will be, to me, the queen of womankind, my perfect womanly ideal."

Electra colored at these high words, and looked at her lover with some apprehensiveness. There was a wildness in his glance, a trembling in his voice and his entire form, that made her almost afraid that his mind was unsettled. But after an instant she forced herself to assume a playful air, and to say laughingly:

"If you talk to me in that way, Orville, are you not afraid of developing in me just that

quality you always so deprecated in women? I assure you I feel myself growing vain already."

"I have no fear of that, Electra," answered Basford solemnly, keeping his large glittering eyes fixed upon her. "My fears are of another nature."

"Indeed!" returned Electra, losing her brightness in spite of herself.

"Electra," went on Basford, "since our engagement took place I have bestowed a great deal of earnest thought upon the subject of— of marriage."

"Really!" murmured Electra, trying again to rally. "Really! How very strange!"

"Not upon our marriage alone," rapidly continued Basford, "but upon marriage in the abstract, and upon its diverse action upon the man and the woman. To sum up the result of my observations, I have found that what has always been asserted by champions of your sex is true beyond cavil. Marriage to a man is but an incident of his life, neither making nor marring his career, even by the added sense of responsibility it lays upon him, giving incentive and impetus to his efforts. On the other hand, in woman, marriage by its immense requirements in other directions arrests intellectual development. Cabined, cribbed, confined in the walls of her home, the most gifted, highly organized, and ambitious woman is dwarfed and, as it were, obliterated. The only alternative is neglect of all the sacred claims of maternity, of childhood, of home-keeper. The lot of the average married woman is, I may say—"

Here, to his utter amazement and chagrin, Electra, whose face had undergone a score of changes meantime, interrupted him with a burst of frank, wholesome laughter.

"If I did not see the speaker before me," she said, "I should fancy I was listening to one of Miss Scranton's harangues. Orville, what has come over you to-night?"

Professor Basford did not smile, but shook his head with an air of solemn reproach.

"Miss Scranton is a noble woman," he said; "misunderstood and undervalued by the very objects of her love and heroism. She has told me herself that she finds more sympathy and encouragement among men than among her own sex. Strange paradox! Of course you, Electra, although so immeasurably above most women of your age in mental capacity and acquirement, cannot comprehend the marriage question in all its bearings. It is even — a — undesirable that you should do so. How can one so young, so guarded as you have been from evil, so imbued with lofty thought and sentiment, be made to realize that marriage, while a sacrament, is also a sacrifice, at which man is high-priest and woman the victim?"

Electra had withdrawn her hands from her lover's, and was regarding him now with dilated eyes and heightened color. When he ceased speaking, her eyes fell; and after some hesitation she answered, very softly and earnestly:

"It has always seemed to me that in marriage between two human beings who are thoroughly in sympathy with each other, as we have always been, Orville, there could be no question of sacrifice. And even were it as you say," she added still more softly, "is not sacrifice the very essence and spirit of love?"

"You speak like the true, sweet woman that you are," said Basford in deep emotion. "You prove, if proof were needed, that my estimate of you is the correct one. And for that reason, Electra, because you are all that is grand and lovely in woman, I will not see you wrecked upon the unstable sea of marriage. No, Electra," he cried, starting to his feet and pacing the floor in great excitement; "because I love you far beyond myself, because I perceive your splendid possibilities, because I see in you one who, free to act, may rise to the highest eminence, and become a beacon to her sex and to the world, I refuse to immolate you. You shall see, the world shall see, that I, too, can sacrifice. Electra," he continued, stopping before her — "Electra, I renounce all claim upon your hand. You are free."

The young man was fairly transfigured by emotion. His shoulders no longer stooped, his head was erect, and his really fine features illumined by that most exalted of human passions — the passion of self-immolation.

Electra, white and rigid, sat looking up at him with a bewildered stare. No doubt of her lover's sincerity entered her mind. Basford's conscience was abnormally developed. She had often told him that he was of the stuff that produced martyrs and fanatics. She was too just not to admire his magnanimity, yet far too feminine not to feel the sharpness of being renounced, be the motive ever so high and holy. So, when she at last spoke, after a pause during which poor Basford's sacred fire begun to sink and smolder, her voice had a cold, measured tone that struck into him like a knife.

"Do I understand," she said, "that you wish me to regard our engagement as — broken?"

At this question, so proudly delivered, and accompanied by so cold a glance, the poor fellow's heroic fire again flickered and went suddenly out. He sank limply into the nearest chair.

"You put it in a way," he said tremblingly, "that shows how utterly I have failed to make my motives clear. Electra, I will make another attempt —"

She put up her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"No," she said. "I comprehend you thoroughly, and — and appreciate your motives. Of course" — faltering a little — "of course all this is a surprise to me, and rather overwhelming at first. Not having accustomed myself to look at things in just this light, you cannot expect me to rise to your level at once, you know."

She was not looking at him at all, but at a bust of Sappho which stood at the other side of the room.

The young man himself seemed for some moments too utterly crushed by her words to find any with which to reply. As she was not looking at him he could look at her, long and fixedly, as though taking a sort of inventory of the priceless treasure he was renouncing. That fine head, with its crown of glorious tresses; those deep, bright eyes, soft cheeks, and fresh lips; that symmetrical bust, and those long, classically graceful limbs; more than all these, the rare mind and warm heart that animated them — all, all could be his to hold and keep through life; yet he must renounce, he already had renounced, them forever. Not a shadow of a thought of withdrawing what he had said existed in his mind. The struggle had been going on for months; its fiercest anguish was over. What remained was the sight of Electra's sufferings, and the certain knowledge that, for the present, he must bear her anger and perhaps contempt.

At last he roused himself with a great sigh and rose to his feet, and stood looking down upon her most sadly, with gentle reproach and pleading.

"I will leave you now, Electra," he said, "trusting to your noble heart to acquit me of this seeming cruelty, that is really the purest kindness. I would die by torture, if need be, to spare you a moment's pang. What I am now doing for you will one day appear to you in its true light. Of myself I say nothing. I shall go out into the world and find my work. You, too, Electra, will find yours — some work more worthy of you than any the most favorable marriage could offer. At no distant time you will be ready to thank me on the bended knees of your soul for setting you free. Good-night, Electra."

He took one of her apathetic hands in his cold fingers and touched it with his very icy lips.

"Good-night," murmured the girl frigidly.

A moment later the house-door closed, and the long, drab figure was wending its way through the now falling drizzle to his lonely bachelor lodgings.

ELECTRA looked a little pale and abstracted at breakfast the next morning; but Mrs. Brown, a good little woman of purely domestic habits, respected her superior daughter as she had respected her superior husband, and asked no questions. At the usual hour Electra went to her classes, — she was a teacher of physics in one of the high schools, — and directly after tea retired to the little hall room used by her as study, laboratory, and boudoir in one. But after an hour or so she descended to the back parlor, where Mrs. Brown sat knitting in the society of Belisarius, a Maltese cat of enormous size and warlike character.

For some moments the tall, erect young woman stood by the fire looking down half-absently, half-lovingly, upon the little mother in the easy-chair. The little mother looked up, and their glances met in that composed, confidential, assured way that marks the very closest tie. Mrs. Brown said not a word. She saw that her daughter looked grave, and that she had laid a letter upon the mantel. She knew that something was coming, and bided Electra's time without exhibiting impatience.

"Mother," said the girl quietly, after a while, "would it trouble you very much to know that my engagement to Orville Basford is broken off?"

The knitting fell from Mrs. Brown's fingers upon her black cashmere lap.

"Electra!" was all she said aloud, but her heart gave a sudden cry of "Thank God!" that was a surprise even to herself.

"Yes, mother dear," said Electra; "it is broken off."

"Why — by whom — for what reason?" stammered Mrs. Brown.

"By Orville himself," calmly answered the girl, with a smile.

"Why, I thought he worshiped you!" cried her mother, utterly amazed.

"You thought right, mother. 'Worship' is exactly the word. He has placed me upon a pedestal, and prostrated himself before me. In short, he worships me to the extent of considering me far too good 'for human nature's daily food.'"

Electra's voice sounded a little hard as she said these words, and her smile was more bitter than sweet. Suddenly her manner changed, however, and dropping upon the hassock at her mother's feet she laid her head against her knees, saying, as she had said so many times when a little child about to impart some childish experience:

"I 'll tell you all about it, mother. I had noticed for a long time that Orville was very much disturbed about something, but I thought" — with a little smile, — "it was his nerves, or his digestion, or his eyes; you know he is always conjuring up some bugbear, poor fellow. Last night, however, it all came

out. It was n't his nerves or his digestion; it was his conscience. The sum and substance of the matter is, that he has come to the conclusion that I am far too exalted a being to partake of the common lot of woman—'to spin, bear children, and weep.' I am to climb the highest pinnacle of fame, and sit there in solitary state, instead of having a home like other women, and a husband to take care of me, and little children to love me. In short, my dear mother, Orville refuses to marry me. That is all."

"The fanatic!" cried Mrs. Brown, divided between indignation and wonder. "To give up a girl like you for a theory! The man is mad."

"The world always says that of exceptionally noble people, you know," said Electra.

Mrs. Brown's feelings took another turn.

"My poor darling!" she murmured, lifting the girl's face into view. Then, swiftly changing her tone, she added:

"Electra, my daughter, do I read you correctly? You have had a great shock; you are pained, but—your heart is not broken. Am I right?"

"Entirely so, mother," the girl answered.

The mother folded the pale, tearful, yet smiling face to her bosom.

"Thank God!" she whispered, over and over again. "Thank God!"

She did not say how much of this thankfulness arose from her release from the anxiety that this engagement had ever caused her. With all Basford's fine qualities, he was not the husband that she desired for her glorious daughter. This very act of his proved that she was right. She could not even be angry with him, so intense was her relief. She even began to pity him.

"Poor Orville!" she said aloud. "How has he ever arrived at such a point?" Then, with a deep sigh, she mechanically resumed her knitting. "Electra, you are a strange girl. Do you know, I thought you cared more for Orville; though I could not understand how you could—in that way."

A rich color dyed the girl's cheek and neck as she answered:

"I don't think I understood myself in the matter. I have known him so long, and we were so congenial in our tastes, that it came about in a natural sort of way. It was very pleasant to think that we should always study and work together. I have never thought to question my feelings for him. But last night, after he left me, I could not sleep, and I—I think I found myself out at last. I was shocked and angry with myself at first, when I found how little the thought of—of *not* marrying him disturbed me. In fact"—with a deep blush—"I think it was an actual relief to me that it was not to be. I suffered only because I was not more unhappy, and because he seemed to suffer so, poor fellow. It is right that he should know how I feel, and I have written him all about it. It may help him to be less miserable."

Mrs. Brown smiled dubiously over Electra's head. It struck her that the discovery of the state of Electra's emotions would scarcely prove consolatory, even to a lover of Basford's extraordinary type.

"And so," added the girl, throwing her arms about her mother, "and so it is over, and I hope you are not sorry that I again belong to you entirely."

A week, perhaps, had passed. Again it was evening, and again Mrs. Brown sat knitting before the cozy grate fire, while Belisarius purred slumbrously at her feet. Mrs. Brown was thinking; so deeply that she did not hear the ringing of the door-bell, and was quite startled by the subsequent entrance of a young man. This young man was of medium stature only; yet so well built, and carrying himself so erect, as to appear rather tall than otherwise. There was also something free and graceful in his movements that suggested the athlete. His face, though neither handsome nor intellectual, expressed in a high degree strength, virility, and that quality of chivalrous tenderness, shown most in his soft, dark eyes and smiling mouth, that makes a man irresistible in a woman's eyes. Above all, he looked clean-souled and independent, and, it may be added, was scrupulously well dressed. In short, Richard Fanshawe, attorney by profession, was a man whose entrance into any circle sent the mercury to just that happy figure when good spirits were a matter of course. That he was quite at home in Mrs. Brown's little back parlor was evident, for that lady smiled brightly at him without rising, and pointed at an easy-chair in her close vicinity.

"Now, that is very kind of you, Dick," she said, "to drop in on an old lady like me. I was getting quite dull. Electra is out, you know."

"She is? Then for once in my life I am glad of it, Aunt Fanny. I 've got something on my mind; and I 'm awfully afraid of Electra."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, resting a kind look on his rather embarrassed face, "relieve your mind of its burden, Dick. I am quite alone, except for Belisarius; and you can put him out if his presence annoys you."

But this assurance did not bring about an immediate outpouring of the subject weighing upon Mr. Dick Fanshawe's mind. He seemed to be laboring under a sudden attack of timidity.

"How—a—how is Electra?" he stammered presently.

"Was that what was on your mind? Thank you, Electra is very well. Never better since I can remember."

Mr. Fanshawe bit his lip, looked around, crossed and uncrossed his legs several times, and finally came out abruptly:

"You won't take me for a common gossip, Aunt Fanny, if I tell you that society is meddling a good deal nowadays with the affairs of Electra and Basford. I have barely escaped committing assault and battery several times on her account; and I come to you, as my dear, good friend and Electra's mother, to get your authority for denying these rumors, which people persist in believing."

"What are the rumors?" asked Mrs. Brown, picking up a dropped stitch.

"They say that Electra has thrown Basford over, and that he is all broken up, and about to start for Asia. Of course I don't believe Electra would do anything like that—"

"You have my authority," said a voice from the doorway, "for saying, to any one who takes so deep an interest in my affairs, that the engagement between myself and Professor Basford was broken off at his request, for reasons that concern no one but ourselves."

Whereupon Miss Brown, who had entered with a latch-key just in time to catch the gist of Fanshawe's last remark, swept up the stairs to her room with an air of insulted majesty, and appeared no more during his stay.

Fanshawe had risen in some natural confusion as she appeared so suddenly on the scene. As she vanished he turned towards her mother, the picture of amazement.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Brown, composedly. "Yes; it is true, Dick. Orville Basford broke the engagement himself; peremptorily, I may say. He did not even leave the matter conditional upon Electra's consent. He simply renounced her."

It took some time for this incredible statement to penetrate Fanshawe's understanding. During the process he lost considerable of his amiability of expression.

"Mrs. Brown," he finally exclaimed; "do you mean that that—that flabby mollusk voluntarily gave up a girl like your daughter?"

Mrs. Brown laughed. "It is not nice of you, Dick, to call poor Orville names behind his back."

"I 'd do worse to his face!" muttered Fanshawe, wrathfully.

"You are mistaking the premises, Dick," said Mrs. Brown, who immensely enjoyed the young man's excitement. "Poor Orville deserves your respect and admiration, instead of all this wrath and vengefulness. He has acted from the purest and highest motives in releasing Electra."

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Fanshawe, "that he has at last come to a realizing sense of the pitiful figure he would cut as the husband of such a woman?"

"He goes farther than that, Dick. He thinks Electra should not marry at all—that she should live for humanity at large, and her own sex in particular. And," she added with maternal enthusiasm, "I don't know but he is right. Electra is a grand woman. I am her mother, and yet I see that I scarcely know her. See how she is bearing this."

Yes, truly, there was nothing of the love-lorn maiden in that imposing figure, proud face, and ringing voice. No; decidedly, Electra was not heart-broken. Perhaps she had never loved Basford, after all. How this thought sent the blood rioting through Fanshawe's veins! Electra had been the goddess of his idolatry for many a year. If Basford had been the companion of her studies, he, Dick, had been her chosen friend and comrade during many a happy hour on river or harbor, and on long equestrian or pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country; also her considerate antagonist in the exercise with foils that formed a part of her physical training. "Heavens!" he often said to himself with a delightful thrill, "how handsome that girl is, fencing!"

Remote as was the relationship existing between them, something rather farther removed than third cousin, it was just enough to furnish a pretext for a sort of affectionate familiarity as fascinating as it was dangerous.. He had never attempted to analyze his feelings for Electra. She was his cousin, and by all odds the finest girl he knew. That she was his own superior in many respects, that there were many subjects they had not in common, that she often seemed to look down upon him,—not contemptuously, but graciously and even unconsciously, as one on a higher eminence might regard a dweller on the plain below,—did not in the least imbitter his feelings for her. There was no vanity or masculine arrogance in Fanshawe's nature. He gloried in Electra's extraordinary gifts, although a girl who preferred a lecture on metaphysics to the opera, and found an unknown solution or a mathematical puzzle more absorbing than the latest popular novel, was, and must always remain, an inscrutable mystery to him. Her engagement to Basford had come upon him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It was something incomprehensible and monstrous. He had all a strong man's unreasoning contempt for sickliness and weakness in one of his own sex. It is doubtful if Basford's high

moral and intellectual worth weighed much in Fanshawe's opinion, opposed to a body made up on such a plan as was the unfortunate professor's. He believed that Electra was under some delusion; that it was impossible for such a woman to love such a combination of shattered nerves and imperfect physical faculties as was Basford. Of course he had never breathed a word of this to any living creature; but now, under the excitement of learning what had taken place, moved by a sense of rejoicing that surprised himself, and emboldened by something that he fancied he detected in the face and voice of Mrs. Brown,—something that was not regret,—he broke out with the words:

"She never loved Basford! I knew it! I knew it!"

Mrs. Brown looked at him, and an indefinable satisfaction stole over her and lit up her kindly face. She rose and softly closed the door into the hall; then returned to her seat, and looked at Fanshawe more affectionately than ever. Presently she began talking.

It would be a breach of confidence, also a literary *faux pas*, to repeat the rest of this conversation. It is enough to say that it was quite late when Dick Fanshawe started on his homeward way in an inexplicably joyous mood. His walk might be divided into three stages. At the end of the first he might have been heard to exclaim with much emphasis, "Basford is a fool!" At the end of the second he stopped short, looked upward, and confided to the stars this secret: "I love her!" The third stage terminated at his own door, when again the celestial bodies were required to bear witness to the following vow: "With God's help, I will make her my wife!"

The reader is now required to make a leap of three years and a little over. When this story began, it was spring. Now it is summer, and a rare morning in June. Again the scene is the Common. It is Sunday. The ancient elms are in full leafage, and the home of myriad nesting birds. The pond reflects an azure sky, and a score or two of happy child-faces that are leaning over it watching the fish, while parents and nurses sit gossiping cheerfully under the trees.

It is early. The church-bells have not yet rung; the grass is wet with dew, and the gravel walks are still somewhat damp — so much so that a young woman in a white gown, who is sitting a little apart, finds it desirable to draw her dainty furbelows well up from the ground, and rest her dainty slippers on their high heels only. She has a book of poems in her hand into which she dips now and then between long, delightsome inhalations over the great red roses on her bosom and watching the kaleidoscopic effect of the passing throng on the distant streets, or playing eavesdropper to the sparrows that are war-making and love-making all about her.

Fresh as the morning is the young woman's toilet, and as radiant as the morning her face. No passer who does not give it a second glance.

Three sparrows make a fierce attack upon one in her immediate vicinity. "Fair play!" remarks the young woman firmly, and, stooping, launches a small pebble that sends the disputants off in great flurry. She shows her beautiful white teeth in a smile, and reads another sonnet.

All this time there has been bearing down towards her, from the direction of Tremont street, an extraordinary figure. It is tall; it is meager; and its meagerness is accentuated by a long, belted ulster of a most depressing greenish-drab color. This garment leaves in view only a pair of long, narrow feet incased in drab gaiters, long, narrow hands in gloves of the same shade, and a head covered by one of those preposterous Oriental inventions — a huge yellowish-drab helmet lined with sickly green. This unhappily chosen head-gear shades features with which the reader is familiar. An Asiatic diet has added no fullness to those hollow cheeks; an Asiatic sun has greatly increased their sallowness, and that weakness of vision which has always required the aid of colored glasses of large size and great convexity.

It is, as the reader has already discovered, no other than Professor Orville Basford, but yesterday landed from a European steamer, but this morning arrived in Boston, and now walking across the familiar Common, his heart the prey of conflicting emotions. There is no need to ask what it was that lent impetus to his step. As he caught sight of the young woman in the white gown he started, hesitated, moved on, and again stopped.

It was Elèctra, and yet not Electra. The pose of the stately figure, the turn of head and neck, the clear, rosy-white complexion, were indeed hers; but that gown — frilled, puffed, and set off by pale azure ribbons, these high-heeled, rosetted slippers, that — ye Olympian deities, ye shades of Aristotle, of Epictetus, and Heaven knows how many more lights of philosophy and science, ancient and modern! — that fringe of soft little curls about the throne of that admirable intellect — no, it could *not* be Electra!

The sparrows are at it again. The young woman looks up, frowns, smiles, and turns to look for another pebble.

It *is* Electra, her beauty enhanced by a look of ineffable content, surely never inspired by

the differential calculus or the successful analysis of any unknown solution, unless it be one proposed by the great chemist — Love.

With an exclamation Basford started forward.

"Electra!" he passionately cried, seizing both her hands. "Electra! My own, beautiful, glorious girl!"

Surely the sun of Asia must have burned its way into his veins. His thin blood was molten fire, his sharp features were aflame.

A great blush seemed to suffuse the young woman's whole person as she tried to wring her hands from his grasp. Her very arms glowed through their transparent covering, and she could hardly bring out the one word:

"Orville!"

"Yes!" cried Basford, in an ecstasy of excitement. "Yes, Orville! Come back to you to implore your mercy and forgiveness. Electra!" he went on in rapid, impassioned outpouring, "I have outlived my unreal visions. I am a man — not a dreamer, now. I made a fearful mistake. I cannot give you up. Without you I am a nonentity. Life is divested of all purpose, all incentive, all zest. Let us work together. Electra! Our duality —"

But by this time Electra had succeeded in freeing her hands and recovering her powers of speech, though the blush had receded, leaving her quite pale.

"Professor Basford," she said with dignity, "you must not say these things to me —"

"Oh, why? Why?" broke in Basford, wildly. The sight of this woman, after all those years of martyrdom, was working like madness in his veins.

"Because," said Electra, her color rapidly mounting, "because — I am married."

The professor started back with a smothered cry, and stared, open-mouthed and incredulous, into her face.

"I — I thought you must have heard of my marriage," continued Electra, more gently, seeing his too-evident consternation. "My mother sent you a paper containing the announcement to Bangkok, where we thought you were then — more than two years ago, it was."

"I — I never received it," faltered Basford. "And I had no correspondents who — would have been likely —"

He stopped. His wandering eyes had become fixed upon the jaunty figure of Richard Fanshawe, who was coming up the walk wheeling — yes, actually wheeling a perambulator, containing a magnificent baby about a year old, while the white-capped nurse sauntered along in the rear. Had Basford possessed the power, the earth would have been commanded to swallow him up at once out of sight. As it was, he stood rooted to it, as the little procession approached, scarcely crediting his senses. Electra married, and to Richard Fanshawe — a man whose soul was in his clothes, his dinner, his cigar! For of course he did Fanshawe as little justice as Fanshawe had ever done him.

"Richard," said his wife, going to meet him, and accompanying her words with various cabalistic signs, invisible of course to Basford, her back being turned — "Richard, only think! Here is Professor Basford, just returned from Asia."

"Why, Basford!" cried Fanshawe, after one glare of amazement, seizing the drab-gloved hands — "why, you don't say you 're back! Why, how are you, Basford?"

He could afford to be generous to his former rival — happy fellow!

"I am really delighted to see you," he went on; "and so is Electra, I am sure. And so will Mrs. Brown be. She has often spoken of you. You must come home to dinner with us, Professor. We won't take 'No' for an answer. You must tell us all about your travels, you know. Here, Professor, let me introduce you to my son and heir, 'Richard Agamenticus.' Now, what have you to say to that?"

Poor Basford!

He stared blankly at the child a moment, murmuring some abortive congratulations. The invitation to dinner he declined. He must go at once to his great-aunt in Dorchester. Apparently he was wildly impatient to reach her arms, for with the briefest possible adieux, he rapidly turned his steps in the direction of Tremont street, not once looking backward.

Who can describe his thoughts, if "thoughts" those formless, void sensations that filled his brain could be called? Had not Electra said, in the note she had sent him on the day following his act of renunciation, that she should "never marry"? True, girls often are heard to utter that formula, but then Electra was different. Her words were never lightly uttered. Yet she was married, and a mother, and lost to him forever. And by his own act.

Now here occurred one of those singular coincidences that baffle reason. Professor Basford had reached the exact spot where Richard Fanshawe had made the same remark more than three years previously, and here, with a sudden glow of self-illumination, he uttered the words:

"I am a fool!"

Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe watched the long drab figure up to the vanishing point. Then they turned, looked at each other, and smiled.

"Dick," said his wife, with flushed cheeks

and eyes brimming with mirth, "do you know, he never got the news of our marriage, and he came back to—to take me!"

"He did, did he?" said Mr. Fanshawe, scowling at the place where the drab ulster had disappeared.

Electra broke into a laugh, but turned suddenly grave.

"Indeed, Richard, he was frightfully in earnest," she said. "His vehemence fairly took my breath away."

"Effect of tropical climate," said Fanshawe. "Ah, poor devil! I am sorry for him. How he looks! His liver must be in a fearful state."

"Dick," said Electra, pensively, as they walked towards their pretty home, "you never did Orville Basford justice. He has a fine intellect and an unusually sensitive organization. Of course he is inclined to idealize things. He idealizes woman. He"—very softly—"he idealized me!"

"While I," said Dick fervently—"I only idolize you, my darling!"

Mrs. Fanshawe mentioned Basford only once more on their way home. That was after a long pause, during which her husband had been eying her intense countenance with some anxiety. He was human; and notwithstanding the look with which his wife had answered his lover-like speech, and which was still thrilling along his nerves, a little demon of doubt was trying to make itself felt. Not that he for a moment believed that Electra was regretting Basford; but sometimes the old feeling would come over him that in some of her moods Electra passed into spheres of thought where he, plain matter-of-fact Dick Fanshawe, the partner of her common joys and sorrows, could not follow, and where, if he could, he would feel terribly uncomfortable and out of place. This, in their present relation, gave him a queer sensation of being left outside, and was always accompanied by a little pang, as of losing his wife for the time being. Therefore when that Minerva-like countenance was finally turned towards him, he humbled himself in spirit before the great words which he intuitively felt were coming.

"Dick!" said Mrs. Fanshawe, solemnly, "some woman ought to marry Orville Basford, if only to keep him from wearing that hideous thing on his head."

And to her dying day she will never understand why her husband broke into such sudden and disproportionate laughter, nor why he abused his opportunities by rapturously pressing her hand under cover of the broad apron-strings of the nurse, who walked before them trundling the chariot of the sleeping Richard Agamenticus.

Julia Schayer.

"POVERI! POVERIS!"

"Feed my sheep."

COME, let us ponder; it is fit—
Born of the poor, born to the poor.
The poor of purse, the poor of wit,
Were first to find God's opened door—
Were first to climb the ladder round by round
That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!
God's poor were first to see, to hear,
To feel the light of heaven burst
Full on their faces. Far or near,
His poor were first to follow, first to fall!
What if at last his poor stand first of all?

Joaquin Miller.

COLE AND HIS WORK.

THE POPULARIZATION OF ART.

THE popularization of art in our day has the radical, indeed vital, difference from that of any previous time, that it rests on the doctrine that truth to nature in some shape is the standard of excellence, and that what everybody can see is what anybody must represent. The history of art is full of records of popular enthusiasm over some work which met the ideal of the day—a result always possible when that ideal was one of art, but which is no longer possible since nature has been recognized as the standard; because if any one be capable of enthusiasm over nature, it is not on the copy that that enthusiasm will descend, but on the ever present and more vivid original. Nature does not, *pace* Leonardo, ask any one to hold up a mirror to her, for her glory and perfection are beyond all forms of reflection. The human mind—so far, at least, as it has been subjected to the process of civilization—has become awakened to the reality and importance of nature and the emotions which are derived from her, and in the same degree has become insensible to art and its enthusiasms. This seems to be a necessary stage in human development. The race cools to the whole range of poetic emotions as it grows older in progress. To maintain the sensibility to these requires a special and conservative culture—a conservation in the individual of the uncalculating ways and improvident mind which characterize the true artistic temperament; but to the race in general, in proportion as it develops to the modern ideal of progress, even in the better sense, the entire range of artistic, *i. e.*, emotional, faculties are yielding place to the rational and scientific; and the redevelopment of art in the sense in which it was known in its golden ages is no longer to be hoped for. (I will not say impossible, because "they know not well the subtle ways" the universal mother returns to her beloved seats, or where the inexhaustible fountain may burst out again.) But as art, and not nature, is the seed of a new art, we cannot, in a hypothetical view of such revival, err in attaching great importance to the manner of thought and work of the great artistic epochs of the past, or study too profoundly the traits of the great painters whom we distinguish as the "old masters." Whatever contributes to the better knowledge and keener discrimination of the more subtile traits of the work of the nascent phases of art as distinguished from the mature—the early and struggling Renaissance as compared with the triumphant and complete—is, therefore, a profounder lesson in the philosophy of art, and more important in view of a possible new avatar of the creative spirit in our own day, than any study of perfected results, and necessary as preparation even for the full appreciation of the latter. The intermediation of the former is of vital importance. The art of Giotto is, in this sense, more important to the student than that of Titian; and if, in our modern systems of study, in which the old masters are a means, we have failed to produce anything but palpable imitations, it is because, in adhering to the study of men who had reached the top of the scale, we have lost sight entirely of the steps by which they got there.

To us in America, removed from the facilities of the great galleries and still further removed in spirit from the temper out of which all great former art has sprung, the early masters of art can never be popular as Meissonier and Bouguereau are popular; but what good we can get from them we must get through reproductions, and these reproductions must be made in the spirit of the originals, in the same reverence and unfaltering conscientiousness. It is of no profit here to discuss the conditions of American art: whether we have or have not a proper school, whether we have developed an original motive, is a matter of purely academical platitudes. Our national temper is anti-artistic, and when, if ever, the school comes, there will be the less hesitation in recognizing it as we do not incline that way. The subject must be left for development at length to a study on art-philosophy; but it is necessary to make brief note of this, our unartistic temperament, to be able to develop fully the considerations which concern the forms of art which have taken root with us. Chief of these, according to the admission of all the art world, is our wood-engraving. The modern spirit of fidelity to the visible and material ideal is here entirely appropriate; and when the old subjective creations of art come to be regarded as objective material, the unquestioning and uncompromising exactitude of the modern spirit has found the noblest field it can ever be employed in. The skill which on a wood-block can facsimile an etching is more worthily

employed in reproducing and perpetuating the greatest works of the pencil which time has left us. In absolute exactitude of reproduction of the qualities, primary or secondary, of the original set before it, nothing in reproduction equals this wood-engraving.

If, therefore, it be possible to render early Italian art popular in America, and so to employ it in the furtherance of general art education, nothing could be more useful than a series of reproductions, by the best wood-engravers of America, of the work of the early Italian painters, especially those in whom design and pathos dominated. The leading motive of Venetian art cannot be reproduced in black and white; that of Florentine, Sienese, and Umbrian can. Nothing more important could be undertaken, then, by our engravers than the work of these latter schools.

Beside these relative considerations it must be admitted that, with the modern loss of the great productive impulse, we have, so far as serious students of art are concerned, acquired a wider and more catholic comprehension of the kind of work to the doing of which our day is not moved. We are growing wiser as critics in proportion as we grow less impassioned as poets; and in that limited circle of minds which is slowly acquiring mastery of public opinion, the elder Italian painters in general are more carefully studied and better understood than they ever were before. And as the study of pure art makes its way and molds the art university which may come one day, Giotto and Botticelli, even more than Titian and Raphael, will come forward as the true masters of any possible new art.

The undertaking to which THE CENTURY is devoting its resources, in the series of works on which Mr. Cole has been for several years engaged, is, therefore, in the widest sense of the term, a great educational work, and one than which the head of our school of wood-engravers could find no more profitable object for the devotion of the best years of his life. For such work, on a scale which permits popularization, there is no method comparable to the work of this new school of engravers. In Mr. Cole are combined the firm and unerring hand and subtilely trained eye which give consummate skill, with the profound sympathy and appreciation necessary to the treatment of those masters whose work is the most recondite of all we know in art. A more appreciative lover of the early Italian art than he I have never known. I have followed him at his work, studied with him the pictures to be reproduced, watched his cunning hand develop the forms which were before us, and given the most careful and prolonged scrutiny to the work when finished; and I do not hesitate to record my judgment that wherever the highest degree of subtilty and the finest shade of feeling were required, whether in the intensity of Giotto's Salutation or the evanescent expression in the Giocondo of Da Vinci, there is no work in my knowledge so faithful and so reverential as his. To me it would be a loss to art if ever again he were compelled to give himself up to work less worthy than the reproduction of the best art that the world has known. Work so manly, so true, so devout in its spirit, should have no less object than the preservation of the things most worthy of perpetuity.

MR. COLE'S METHOD.

THE method which Cole follows in these reproductions will interest their admirers. A photograph is first taken of the picture, on which Mr. Cole makes all the corrections needed for the translation of the values of colors into white and black. This is then copied on the wood-block in the following manner: the surface of the block is prepared of an intense black, and on this is laid a sensitive collodion film, such as was used for the once popular ambrotypes or later tintypes, on which the photograph is copied in the camera so that a positive image is produced, reversed in position, but correct in light and dark, the lights being formed by a deposit of metallic silver and the darks by the black ground. The block is then treated as in the case of a drawing on wood, the lights formed by the silver deposit being cut away, showing in turn the pale tint of the wood under the blackened surface, while the shadows are formed by the undisturbed surface. As the cutting progresses the collodion film is removed by india-rubber, leaving the black shadows and gradations of tints in clear black lines as they will be printed. The incised lines being then filled in with finely powdered chalk, the block becomes its own proof and the effect as when printed can be exactly judged.

The actual engraving of this block after receiving the photographic image, except as to unimportant parts which may equally well be executed from a photograph, is done directly from the originals. All the great line engravings which have been made from the old masters have been done from black and white drawings —or at best, in later times, from photographs, no reproduction by engraving directly from the original pictures having ever, before these of Mr. Cole, been attempted. Etching directly from the originals has lately been done, and for landscape work is all that can be desired; but in my judgment wood-cutting affords, for delicately modeled forms and subtile rendering of human expression, greater refinement than is possible in etching, combining the clean line of copper

or steel plate engraving with as great range of texture-rendering as etching allows, and the rapidity and equality of impression which wood-engraving alone permits, and which are necessary to wide dissemination. This *ensemble* of considerations will make evident the great importance of the work in which Mr. Cole is now engaged, probably the most important in respect to sound art education of any undertaken thus far — with, perhaps, the exception of the publications of the Arundel Society, which, however, fail in the requisite of being available for unlimited circulation, owing to their relatively great cost, and which are, to my mind, inferior in subtile fidelity to the work of Mr. Cole.

W. J. Stillman.

THE BYZANTINES.

THE generally accepted idea that the great revival of art took place in the schools of Italy about the time of and under Cimabue is as baseless as some of the scientific theories which date from the same epoch. There has never been any break in the continuity of art development since the early schools of Greece began to differentiate the archaic from the monumental and symbolic forms of sculpture. Art has had its changes and its high and low tides, just as all forms of civilization have had and still have. When the barbarians swept Italy, Byzantium held the traditions, and the statues of Lysippus stood in the public places until they were thrown down by the Venetians to be broken up and made into coin to pay their soldiers. The simplicity and purity of Greek design, which in Italy had given way to the naturalism of portraiture and in Constantinople to a barbarous rudeness of the sculptural element, had had its day and could never have a distinct revival, because it was an art which grew out of a motive which had ceased to exist. The perception of the ideal, *i. e.*, the purely beautiful, as developed in various types, each perhaps referable to some attribute of nature, was only possible, in the perfection in which the Greeks possessed it, in minds whose serene enjoyment of the external world was undisturbed by moral struggles and painful questionings as to the relations of this life with another, such as Christianity introduced,— as it had been impossible with the luxury and sensual degradation which preceded and perhaps led to the conquest of Greece by Alexander and the Romans. That state of humanity in which Greek art was possible may be spoken of as the healthy, ripe childhood of the race, when all the faculties have come into happy activity and the presentiments of decay and death have not crossed with their shadows the sunshine of life. But before Christianity came philosophy had begun to make men think gravely of an eternal life, and broken up the careless existence of those children of Apollo and Minerva. Then came Christianity with its terrible menaces and magnificent promises, and its morbid asceticism, making pleasure sin, and all physical beauty a snare. Naturally, under these circumstances, art, where it still was tolerated, was only the instrument of ecclesiastical discipline or the accompaniment of ascetic ecstasies, and became a sort of hieroglyphic writing.

Architecture kept up, almost alone, a normal evolution, and the formal and merely ceremonial worship of the old state gods had not ceased to demand the tribute of the architect when the new state deity came to command a new form of worship. Temples were re-dedicated to the saints, and the drift of artistic invention set in towards the decoration of the new churches. Mosaic, an invention of the Roman epoch, came in to give a new manner of decoration, and, as always is the case, brought out new forms of design in sympathy with the new material. With this, painting became the inferior method of wall-decoration, true fresco with its breadth and freedom not having been developed.

During this entire period, from the second century after Christ, whose coming coincided approximately with the best period of Græco-Roman art and the complete and final prostration of Greece and the Greek national character, the degradation of the nobler forms of plastic art was continuous. The schools of art in the years between Augustus and Hadrian were numerous, and not contemptible as to technical ability; and we have probably many statues preserved of a survival of Greek art whose age can hardly be determined within two or three centuries.

But as Christianity became the official religion of the whole Roman world, and absorbed all the spiritual, and most of the intellectual, energy of society, the most of that class of men who used to be artists, poets, and philosophers drifted away in the direction of the last light. I do not believe that there was any sudden and violent revulsion against paganism, for such sudden movements are not in keeping with history. Changes of system take place slowly. Faith and the ideals of art changed by imperceptible degrees, but there was a dislocation of the technical traditions of art.

Mosaic and wall-painting were not taught in the same workshops, and what was excellent in an Apollo or a Venus was no longer what was best for the sculptures with which the new churches were adorned. As the element of narrative took the place of the element of abstract ideal and perfection of type, the artist most in demand would naturally be the one who had the most vigorous invention and imagination. Symbolism became more and more important; haste and want of the old technical traditions substituted expressive exaggeration of movement for the old refinement of repose; and so we come to the first motives of what we know as Byzantine art. It was most prominent in the decoration of the churches, mosaic and sculpture of the capitals, friezes, etc.; then it came into the decoration of the sacred books, and these are probably the oldest real precursors of the Italian Renaissance. Without attempting to trace the history of Byzantine art, I wish to point to the fact that, while the sculpture of histories drawn mainly from the Bible in capital and relief for the ornament of the churches led to the Pisani, the traditions of painting preserved in pictures,—of which few remain to us, and none of the earlier centuries,—in miniatures, and in illustrations of manuscripts (of which we have some going back to the eighth and ninth centuries) led by legitimate development to the Italian art of the day of Cimabue. The manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries existing in the National Library at Paris, the Vatican at Rome, and the Laurentian of Florence, as well as the mosaics of St. Sophia, Salonica, and Ravenna, show the state of art centuries before the advent of Cimabue, the miniatures of the great libraries coming down to the so-called revival of art. These not only preserve the essential traditions of composition and ideal of the classical school of painting,—of which we get our most distinct idea from Pompeii,—but they employed a large class of workmen in work which all artists must learn to perform and on which all masterly art is founded: men trained to follow the types and execute the conceptions of the time, just as good house painters and decorators are trained to the execution of decorative work of various kinds, the imitation of woods, graining, etc. They worked by certain rules, and always without direct reference to nature, and thereby acquired great facility of execution and knowledge of the best methods of painting for the work they had to do. The enormous number of churches and monasteries constructed from the time of Constantine to that of Justinian show that an immense number of workmen must have been employed in building, but also that many books must have been needed to supply them all. In these, no doubt, the same luxury of adornment soon obtained as in the architecture. What we have of them is a mere fragment, but the roll of Joshua in the Vatican, and the manuscripts of the National Gallery in Paris, show that, as art, the work of the ninth and tenth centuries was far in advance of that of the age of Cimabue. The devastation of Constantinople by the Crusaders probably destroyed or dispersed the books of what was, to the Latins, a heretical church, and brought to Italy artists and works of art which refreshed the Italian art of that time, as later on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 led to the Renaissance of literature.

The little gospel of the Laurentian Library, A. D. 586, is admirable in the invention of its numerous illustrations, and far beyond the work of the Giottesques in the knowledge of the human figure. The two examples which Mr. Cole has reproduced are of an invention and naturalness such as no Italian artist of the twelfth century was capable of. The mosaics of Ravenna of the sixth century by Byzantine artists have a decorative effect which was for centuries unknown to Italian art, and in the curve of an arch in the Cathedral of Torcello is one remaining design of Byzantine work which, as decoration, in color, in the facility of invention, is beyond all comparison superior to any of the later and more pretentious mosaics of the choir and front wall. These mosaics and many of the illustrations, as well as the capitals of the columns in various churches, St. Mark's at Venice included, show a general knowledge of the resources of art which was the school from which sprung the specially gifted men whose work we shall have to examine later; as from a well-organized army arise the men who are trained first to obey and then to command—with new ideas, but nothing new in the art. To the technical training and knowledge of methods and the sound subjective system of working, derived in part from the ancient Greeks through Byzantium, and handed down to the Italians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we owe the possibility of Cimabue, Duccio, and Giotto.

As decorative art, nothing that we know surpasses certain Byzantine work from the fifth to the eleventh centuries; but art having reached its limit on that side relaxed its efforts, and we shall find the Italian intellect of the age of Dante—doubtless then the first of the entire civilized world—coming to take possession of the artistic faculty and experience preserved by the Byzantine traditions. There is no break in the continuity, for we cannot always distinguish the general work of the contemporaries of Cimabue from that of the hieratic painters



SAINT AGNES.
(BYZANTINE MOSAIC, SIXTH CENTURY. CHURCH OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA.)

of the proper Byzantine school just preceding them. There was a new impulse, intellectual and individual, at this time; that was all.

Byzantine art in its own circle had had a survival, a renaissance, about the eleventh century; but, as applied to the churches, it was like the faith — to a great extent mere formality, with here and there genuine vitality, and always holding the seeds of the future in its organism.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE BYZANTINE MOSAICS.

FLORENCE, June 18, 1887.— The mosaics in Ravenna are the most surprisingly magnificent things I ever saw. I had an idea I should see something in the way of the things to be seen here in Florence in the Baptistery, but my breath was completely taken away on beholding the stupendous decorations of the church of San Apollinare. They are exceeding airy, light, and delicate in color, and wonderfully subtile in the tints and rich in tone.

RAVENNA, July 3, 1887.—Nothing could excel these beautiful mosaics in delicacy and brilliancy of color; as delicate as a breath, and sparkling like an array of tinted gems. I am seated before the procession of the twenty-two virgins and the magi bearing crowns and gifts to the infant Jesus, who is seated on the Madonna's lap with two angels on each side. One of the virgins is Saint Agnes [see cut, p. 61]. The background is gold, delicately shaded with light and dark brown tints. With my opera-glass I can see the separate stones; but without it, and at a proper distance, the tints blend, and the twinkling, bespangled effect of the whole is very pleasing. The leaves on the palm-trees are light and dark green — a light green palm between two dark green ones, and a dark palm between two light green ones, and so on, all varying in shape and nothing repeated but the idea. Some of the green tints of the palms blend imperceptibly into the brownish tints of the background; from the lower stems hang the cones, brownish red in color, each bunch varying in number and shape, and arranged variously. This is the case with the most trifling detail: everything is arranged with the utmost care and thought towards the composition; and viewed as a composition, it is simply a stupendous work. Each virgin carries a crown; no two are on the same level, but the line is beautifully broken up. The action of each virgin varies, and no two heads are posed alike. Sometimes both hands are draped, and again two or three in succession are bare, but in each case the farthermost hand is underneath the drapery; this would be necessary from the action of the white garment. The color of the dark robes is brownish and generally alike in tone, but extremely varied in pattern and arrangement and trimming; the highest lights are gold middle tints, light brownish and dark brown in the folds where it is the darkest. The cool-gray color of the white robes is remarkable, and the light on the folds, as it delicately increases to a higher light and warmer tone, shows that these old fellows had a very subtile sense of color. The flesh tints are warm and pinkish, shading to a brownish tone. The lower part of the background shades into green, but sometimes the green begins abruptly. These portions are usually filled by various designs of flowers: in the St. Agnes it is a lamb. The color of the trunks of the palm-trees is purplish, as in nature. The tone of the whole is gray, like nature. There is an atmospheric softness enveloping all, but the color is fresh all the same. The green of the background is fresh and clear. I forgot to mention the glories around the heads, which are the same in tone generally as the background, but sometimes they are lighter and again darker, and some sparkle more than others. The dark rim on the outer edge is purple, sometimes approaching a reddish tone; the light rim inside is a soft gray. Sometimes the rims are thicker and sometimes thinner, and the glories are not always of the same size, and not perhaps struck off with a compass, though sometimes it appears so; and then it is pleasant to see a perfect circle. The head is not always placed in the center, but the variety in the whole thing is simply endless; and the grace and dignity and symmetry are very lovely. These mosaics are much superior to anything that I have yet seen; those of Florence and Venice are heavy and dull in color compared with these.

FLORENCE, Aug. 5, 1887.— Very fine is the "Good Shepherd," which I have upon the block but could not do for want of time; this is earlier by two centuries. It is probably the most complete thing as an illustration of these mosaics in every way considered, but it would have taken far more time to engrave, and for reasons of time only I selected the other. There, for instance, are the exquisitely finished things of the San Apollinare *outside* the city, which are, however, so marvelously brilliant in color as to make me feel that they have been retouched by some cunning fellow, so out of keeping are they with all the surroundings. Certainly those in San Vitale are all gone over, and are glaring and decidedly inferior in color to those of the former church.

See Vol. I. "History of Christian Art," by Lindsay.

THE BYZANTINE MANUSCRIPT ILLUMINATIONS.



THE VISION. (LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

FLORENCE, July 30, 1887.— I send you these few notes on the early Byzantine manuscript illuminations [in the Laurentian Library]. The manuscript is of the tenth century, entitled *Plutio 6, Codice 23*. If any one wants to consult it he can make a note of the title, for that is necessary for the librarian to know. How wonderfully fresh is the coloring! I can scarcely



THE PASSION. (FROM LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

believe that I am looking into a book that is nearly a thousand years old. Some of the illuminations are so clean and fresh that they seem but lately done — not the slightest taint of yellowness, unless it be in the parchment itself, and what touches of white there are have remained as pure as though put on but yesterday. The fineness of the detail can only be thoroughly appreciated under a magnifying glass,—as in the feet with their sandals and straps, and in the expressions of the faces and hands; the hatchings of gold on the garments and the shrubbery are as delicate as a cobweb. The glories are of gold also. The delicate hatchings of gold are not visible until the light catches the page slantingly, when they shine out in the glories with surprising luster. It was impossible for me to do anything like justice to these wonderfully delicate things in engraving, and my proofs of them are but lifeless things at best. The gold hatchings I could only suggest by the finest possible white lines; but then these mingle up and are lost with the whites in the high lights of the folds. And then the various colors of the garments, green, blue, yellow, red, etc., are all lost in black and white, and the marvelous delicacy of the detail could by no means be approached in wood engraving. You will see these same gold hatchings in the works of Cimabue and Duccio; while the distinction between the apostles and the heretics in the Byzantine, given in the uncovered feet and legs of the former opposed to the black legs of the latter, is alike characteristic of Duccio, as well as the grouping of the figures. Each illumination is designed to tell several progressive stages in the story—as, for instance, in the one I have called "The Passion," the first group is illustrative of the passage, "They went out unto the Mount of Olives" (the Mount is indicated behind Jesus). "Jesus saith unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night." Peter answers, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." Peter is seen bending forward from the group. In the second group the story is continued, and he leaves the disciples and goes aside to pray. The third part, to the right of the tower, shows him in the garden praying; a ray from heaven is descending upon him. The fourth group would seem to tell the moment when he exclaims, "Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." In the other block is seen the moment of the betrayal, the unbelievers being distinguished by their black legs. Peter is shown cutting off the ear of the servant of the high priest. These illuminations are distinguished by great certainty of touch. Those in the first half of the book are much superior to those in the latter half. The initial piece that I have called "The Vision" is from the latter half.

T. Cole.



THE BETRAYAL. (FROM MANUSCRIPT IN LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.)

CIMABUE.

THE early history of any phase or epoch of art is always mingled, to a certain extent, with the mythical; and its legends, which are the foundation of all artistic celebrity, grow until some definite historical authority fixes them, not always in their true relation to fact, but where it found them. These legends are generally based on the achievements that seemed to the people most marvelous, because the legend is always born of popular admiration and imagination; and as a necessary consequence they record the triumphs that strike the common mind, uneducated in art. Fortune, maybe, has favored Zeuxis and Apelles

by having left them the fame accorded by their primitive critics and destroyed all works by which we might have checked it. The taste even of an educated public is only equal to the art it has been trained on, and is, therefore, always behind the best of the day; so that any advance from that is sufficient to excite its enthusiasm, and much more so that of the masses; and the greatest impressibility, and hence the most uncontrolled enthusiasm, accompany invariably the lower state of education in art. The popular triumphs, the processions of admiration, and all the elements which make the legends of early art, are not material enough for the determination of the rank of an artist. What the ignorant wonder at is what a trained taste generally despises; and while it is possible that the development of the art of painting under Zeuxis was worthy of the sculpture of the period, we have no indication of the fact; but, on the contrary, the legends preserved to us indicate that his great successes were those of a very low technical development. To understand this, one has only to note the extravagant admiration which certain very crude efforts of the itinerant portrait-painter excite to-day in rural circles, and even among comparatively educated people with no sound art-training.

With Cimabue we touch the middle ground, where the legendary can be to a slight extent put to proof; and we find, as usual, that what the popular taste fancied worthy of the most unrestrained exaltation — his presumed fidelity to nature — is an illusion, and that his great virtues — the extreme, and perhaps immediately before him unexampled, devotion to his art, and sincerity in technical treatment of his subjects — were never noted by the legend-makers as part of his endowments.

It is doubtful if there has ever been any sudden great advance in art. Accident, perhaps oftener than transcendent merit, has led to certain men being made the personification of the art of their day, while as good or better men have lapsed into oblivion; and this to a certain extent has served the fame of Cimabue.

We, looking at art from the modern and scientific point of view, translate the reputation which Cimabue got in his own day, of bringing art back to nature, as implying that he was, in our sense of the word, naturalistic as compared with his predecessors. To understand his real merits this reputation must be utterly demolished, for it puts him in a false light. Neither he nor his contemporaries or immediate successors ever studied nature in the sense of making direct use of a model or natural object. Their art was traditional, set about by rules both technical and theological, which left the field for distinction mainly in a better and more complete technique, minuter and more facile execution, etc., which probably Cimabue acquired to the extent of an important advance on his masters. But to estimate rightly this phase of Italian art one must recognize the wide difference between Cimabue's education and that which is the object of art schools nowadays. Sacred subjects alone were admissible, and these were treated according to set rules, as they still are in the Byzantine schools of Mt. Athos; only certain poses were permitted to certain subjects, and the types, methods, colors, and compositions were rigidly determined. This education Cimabue conformed to, and in realization, which to us is the meaning of "natural," his pictures had no more to boast of than those of his predecessors and his contemporaries. We have seen, and shall have further evidence, that Cimabue was part of a general quickening of art, and that the revival of painting with which he is identified was one that far outreached his career, retrospectively and prospectively, and was, in fact, the slow reanimation of the hieratic and prescriptive types carried on for generations, and not invented or developed by one mind — Byzantine art, in fact, roused from its lethargy and made progressive by many painters under the influence of the general intellectual awakening of Italy, beginning just before Dante and continuing until the sixteenth century. This awakening was more complete in the active Tuscan brain, stimulated by commercial prosperity and civic independence and possibly by the constant contest for liberty, than in other parts of Italy.

There is a curious parallel to this in the change wrought on Greek sculpture when the archaic, traditional types were carried from the Peloponnesus into the Attic atmosphere and ripened there into the perfected ideal art. And the analogy goes further in the decline of both schools from the ideal to the naturalistic. In the antecedents of the two great revivals the preparation was the same — technical training, mastery of handicrafts, bronze-casting, marble-cutting, and wood-carving in the one, and in the other the processes of tempera and wall-painting; facility of execution being acquired, as it can only be acquired in the greatest excellence, by following and completing the conventional ideals by the aid of more perfect knowledge. Painters and mosaicists of the Byzantine school had been for some time, perhaps for several centuries, at work in Florence, as we know that at Ravenna and Venice they had been at work as early as the eighth century.

To one of these painters Giovanni Cimabue was apprenticed, after the fashion of the time, as he would have been to any other trade. He had been judged to be a clever boy and worthy

to be educated, in a time when only the clever boys were considered worth the trouble and expense of education, and was sent to the convent of Santa Maria Novella to be taught letters. In place of attending to his grammar, he passed his time, like many a school-boy since, in drawing in his books and on other blank spaces "men, horses, houses, and all kinds of fantastic things," which talent, considering that all books were in manuscript and of greater value than our "first readers," and that Solomon was regarded in those days as the head of magisterial wisdom, was most probably recompensed primarily by the rod. But the lad had his own way, for "certain Greek painters," *i. e.*, painters in the Byzantine manner, being called to Florence for public works, Giovanni played the truant to see them at their painting, and passed entire days there. The enthusiasm of the boy leading his father and the Greek masters to judge well of his chance of having an "honorable success" as a painter, as Vasari puts it, he was, to his great delight, sent to them to learn the business properly.

Milanesi, in his commentary on Vasari's life of Cimabue, attempts to discredit the attribution of Cimabue's masters to the Byzantine school; but his contention is illogical and short-sighted, for not only was the only authoritative school of painting at that time the Byzantine, and all contemporary work, including that of Cimabue himself, tinged with the typical Byzantine traits, but the methods employed in painting, the general treatment, the use of golden backgrounds, and the type of face of the Madonna, with its almond-shaped eyes, borrowed from some Eastern ideal, were distinctly characteristic of that school.[1] There is no doubt that, as Milanesi contends, there were Italian painters before Cimabue; but, as Richmond points out in his lectures, the masterhood of all art of those days belonged to the school of Constantinople, then the great Christian empire and the head of civilization, regarding all western Europe as still barbarian and in the darkness of heresy.

That Cimabue was not alone in excellence, and is therefore unjustly regarded as the restorer of art, is, indeed, now generally recognized; and it is probable that his traditional supremacy, which has come down to us, is due rather to the fact that Florence was the literary center of Italy at that time than that his work was so much better than any other. As between the two, I prefer the works of Duccio of Siena, though to the casual observer they seem hardly to be separated as the work of different schools; and the strong similitudes, the elements common to both, and the uniform technical methods are proof even stronger than traditional of a community of origin in the Byzantine school.

It was only when he went to Assisi that, still working under his Greek masters, he began to separate himself from them; for "in these pictures he surpassed greatly the Greek painters; whence taking courage, he began to paint for himself in the church above." (Vasari.) Certainly from this we have a clear right to conclude that up to this time he had not distinguished his manner or treatment of subject from the pure Byzantine; but that, working under the Greek painters, he had come to paint better than they. The way in which the marvelous helped his reputation is shown by the influence on it, even to our own day, of the triumphal procession of his masterpiece, the Madonna of Santa Maria Novella, from his studio to the church, which legend, and Dante's

> Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo,

have given more color to his position as the restorer of art than anything we can now discover of the qualities of his work, and doubtless are in great part responsible for his preëminence in tradition over all his contemporaries. And it is not unlike the spirit of our own time that something was added when royalty in the person of Charles of Anjou was brought to see the picture in the painter's house, and "all the men and all the women of Florence gathered there, with the greatest festivities and the greatest crowd in the world; whence, for the rejoicing which the neighbours had, that place was called Borgo Allegri [the joyous suburb], which, with time inclosed in the city wall, has always since retained the name"; the festivities and the glorification being as much on account of the king as of Cimabue.

The painter of those days, it must be understood, was simply of a superior class of workmen in whom excellence of workmanship was the chief claim to distinction. He probably was paid, according to the magnitude of his work, with an extra allowance for gold for his background; and we see still in Cimabue's madonna that the work was to a great extent such as required merely mechanical dexterity and honest patience. The freedom of action —

[1] Vasari and Lanzi distinctly declare him to have been the pupil of Greek artists, and we know that Greek artists worked then at the Baptistery. Richmond says: "Whether Cimabue was directly a pupil of Greek artists or not is a question of some doubt; but indirectly evidence tends to show that the Greek art of the thirteenth century was far in advance of any Italian art. Consequently the possibility is that Cimabue went for instruction to those artists most highly esteemed. It is, however, perfectly evident that the artistic laws upon which Cimabue founded himself, or was founded, were Greek and not Italian."



CIMABUE'S "MADONNA AND CHILD."
(CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)

Background and glories, gold incrusted; gold hatchings in Infant's dress, ornaments of chair, and fringe of Madonna's dress.

comparative, however — of the child Jesus, which seems the chief variant from the orthodox Byzantine type, appears also in Duccio; and reasoning from analogy and the slight remains of previous art, I am, I think, enabled to understand the preceding art from which the revival took its new departure. Its productions were very closely alike in design, the composition and type of figure and attributes not materially varying, and following, in more or less dexterous execution, ancient types, with color reverentially reproducing, as in our emulations of old masters to-day, the venerable and sacred dinginess of time. The art element had gone out, and pictures were merely a kind of church furniture, more sacred according to age, apparent as well as real.

Probably in the revival religion also awoke a little; and the child Jesus being the object most human and nearest the feeling of the revivalists, the first movement was in the attempt to make him real, more like the children they knew. Then the Tuscan energy of character, always less reverent than the Greek, revolted against the unnatural blackness of the conventional palette, and, delighting in vivid colors, attempted to substitute the brilliancy of the costume of the day. In addition to this general tribute to popular feeling we know that the picture which marks the high tide of Cimabue's glory was the largest which had ever been attempted (on panel, it is to be understood); and this in itself was to the people reason enough, as it is sometimes even yet, to mark him as the greatest painter of the day. Beyond this it is not evident that Cimabue could have gone, and in this he did not go alone. We find in his pictures and those of all his contemporaries the traditional type of Madonna — long-eyed, ill-proportioned, the preternaturally long fingers, the conventional attitudes, the drapery as stiff and as methodically and even mechanically[1] ornamented as the Byzantine.

The modern conception of art, in either the dramatic or the esthetic aspects, was clearly not given to the revivalists. They displayed more minuteness, a more vivid color, a larger scale of work and therefore a more competent workmanship, but always the same aims and the same elements. These they may have had, as compared with the Byzantines, simply as freer and more energetic men, and less respectful to tradition and prescription. And even this advance must be understood as revival rather than discovery, and as contrasted with contemporary Byzantine work, as the Florentines saw it in San Giovanni and elsewhere; but it was still only comparative restoration, as we found in studying the Byzantines, especially in their mosaics.

That Cimabue was, more than his contemporaries, difficult with himself in his work, we may judge from the commentator of Dante, quoted by Vasari:

> Cimabue of Florence was a painter of the time of the author [Dante], greater than men knew [before]; and, beside, was so arrogant and scornful that if any one pointed out any defect in his work, or if he himself saw it, he immediately threw it up, however valuable it might be.

We do not now attach the same meaning to "arrogant" and "scornful" that the commentator did; but that is only one of the changes which time has produced in our standards of men and qualities, and the epithet "greater" as here employed is probably due to the scale of his work. In judging of Cimabue's art and relative position we must not only make allowance for the material obscuration by time, which perhaps tells against him, but of that comparative recession, time's perspective, by which the newcomer pushes the elder into the background, as Dante even then put it:

> Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
> Sì che la fama di colui è oscura.

And this sometimes increases the grandeur of the remote and undefinable. Then he was the countryman of Dante and the master of Giotto, circumstances which unite with those I have noted to explain his exceptional position. As master of Giotto we have generally, I think, given him credit for Giotto's art, which is not justifiable; for Giotto was not a reviver — he was an inventor.

So that, taking all things into consideration, I believe that we are perfectly justified in considering Cimabue to have been overrated from his own day down; that he was simply the ablest painter of his day in Florence, and that his fortune in being the master of Giotto is his greatest claim to our gratitude.

Italian writers, from Vasari down, have tried so to detach him from the Byzantine system that he shall appear as the first great Italian painter; and they have held the field for want of advocates of the other view. Vasari says that the angels around Cimabue's Madonna showed that "while he had still the Greek manner, he approached in some respects the features and method of the modern"; and Richmond, in his Oxford lectures on the early Italian painters, says:

> He [Cimabue] inherited from the Greek severity of design, a grand manner, notwithstanding occasional defects of proportion; the main point of his inheritance being the perfect understanding of the manner proper to wall decoration in mosaic, and directness in telling his story. Up to the time of Cimabue, mosaic

[1] Most of the detail of decoration at this time was done by a kind of stamp or punch, giving great decorative effect without any exercise of the artistic powers, and analogous to our modern ornament in cast iron.



MADONNA AND CHILD (CIMABUE?). IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS (ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI), FLORENCE.

had been chiefly used by the Greek artists in church decoration, and this art was by them perfectly understood, both as regards its requirements and its limitations. Cimabue added many graces to decorative art, but at the same time he clung to the proper maxims inculcated by Greek artists, which no time or alteration in the method of manner or production can change for the better.

Vasari knew perhaps less of Byzantine work than we now know, and besides this is, from his recklessness of statement and carelessness in accepting tradition without examination, no trustworthy witness, though the one on whom, unfortunately, most of our modern views of early art rest.

The Madonna of the Ruccellai Chapel is still one of the chief objects of pilgrimage of lovers of art who go to Italy; and it is still hanging, dingy, and veiled by the dust of centuries, in the unimposing, almost shabby, chapel of Santa Maria Novella, probably where Dante saw it, its panel scarred by nails which have been driven to put the *ex votos* on, split its whole length by time's seasoning, and scaled in patches, the white *gesso* ground showing through the color—so obscured by time that one hardly can see that the Madonna's robe was the canonical blue, the sad mother's face looking out from under the hood, and the pathetic Christ-child blessing the adoring angel at the side. Like all the work of its time, it has a pathos which neither the greater power of modern art nor the enervate elaborateness of modern purism can ever attain. Something in it, by an inexplicable magnetism, tells of the profound devotion, the unhesitating worship, of the religious painter of that day; of faith and prayer, devotion and worship, forever gone out of art. And the aroma of centuries of prayer and trust still gives it, to me, a charm beyond that of art—the sacredness which lingers in the eyes which have looked into the sorrows and aspirations of the thousands of unhappy ones who in the past have laid their hearts before the Madonna of the Borgo Allegri.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Madonna and Child No. 12, formerly 23, of the Belle Arti, Florence, there under the name of Cimabue, cannot be attributed to that master, as can be shown by comparison with his authenticated works. It was among the first that I did when I tumbled fresh into Florence, and as it hung in a pretty good light, sufficiently strong to admit of my engraving it before the original (which unfortunately is not the case with the fine works of Cimabue), I thought it might answer as an illustration of the master; but I was quickly undeceived in this when I showed my finished work to Mr. C. F. Murray, an artist skilled in the old masters, and who was then returned from London. So upon his suggestion I began the detail of the Cimabue of Santa Maria Novella, which of course I could not do before the original, since the chapel in which it is situated is too dark; so I managed it by means of careful notes. And as my quarters were right near the church, I had abundant opportunity to become thoroughly imbued with the original, finding out the particular hour of the day when the light was the best.

On comparing the Madonna No. 12 of the Belle Arti with this one in Santa Maria Novella, the first thing that strikes one is the grand and solemn character of the latter, which is an unfailing quality in all of Cimabue's undoubted works. Cimabue's drawing is always clean, delicate, and decided; his ornamentation, with the gold hatchings of the draperies and high lights, in the flat and conventional Byzantine manner. His fingers are long and the nails neatly drawn in: compare the hands of the two examples. In his faces the nostrils are always firmly and beautifully turned; and along the upper part of the bridge of the nose, where it joins the eyebrows, he makes a ridge of light, sometimes on either side of the nose, and very marked at times. The same is characteristic of the Byzantines. Compare the ear of the Child of the Santa Maria Novella Madonna with the same in the Madonna No. 12 of the Belle Arti. Other marked differences will be noticed upon careful consideration. In Room III. of the Belle Arti, in the farthermost and darkest corner, there is a large Madonna enthroned, by the same master, with angels surrounding it, and four prophets underneath. The fine, energetic, and imaginative quality of the angels' heads forms a good example of Cimabue's power.

FLORENCE, July 30, 1887.—It should be known that the best time for seeing the Cimabue here is between 5 and 6 P. M. of a sunny day in summer, and in winter an hour or so earlier. At that time the sun shines through the windows of the Strozzi Chapel, directly opposite, with such force as to light up the picture admirably, and only then can the fineness of its details be seen. Many visitors coming in the morning to see the picture quit the place summarily, disappointed, and declaring the place too dark for anything. This subject is situated in the Ruccellai Chapel of the Church of Santa Maria Novella. Entering the church from the piazza, you walk straight up towards the high altar, and on your right is the chapel, and the Cimabue facing you over the altar as you enter the chapel from the steps leading up to it. The shape of the picture is oblong, with a cornice-shaped top. In size it is 14¾ feet high from bottom to apex; upright sides, 11½ feet; width, 9⅔ feet.

In a grand chair or throne, over the back of which is stretched a figured drapery, is seated the Madonna, with the infant Jesus on her knee, his arm outstretched in solemn attitude of benediction. Upon

each side of the chair kneel three angels in adoration, one over the other. The glories around the heads, and the background, are gold-gilded and ornamented, the ornamentation being engraved in the flat surface.

On the frame surrounding the whole of the picture are painted thirty medallions of heads of the prophets, apostles, and saints; each medallion being five inches in diameter, and at a distance of a foot apart. The whole is painted on wood, as is usual with all these early works, unless they are frescoes.

The delicacy and cleanness of the engraved work in the glories of these early works used to be a matter of surprise and wonderment to me, as I supposed they were engraved in the wood and then gilded over; and being curious as to how it was done, and with what sort of tools, I carefully examined every glory I came across, until I happened upon one from which the gilding was partly rubbed off, and it revealed a ground of plaster of Paris. In this material I found that it was quite easy to engrave, after the manner of these glories, with any dull-pointed steel instrument, held in the hand as a pencil; the solidity of lines close together, however, being dependent upon the angle with which the tool is held, giving a greater bevel to one side of the line. This kind of work is brought to its highest perfection in the glories of Fra Angelico, especially in that exquisite subject here in the Uffizi, the "Coronation of the Virgin," the gold background of which is engraved with fine lines radiating from the center, the gilded effect of which produces rays of light, movable according to the position of the spectator.

But to return to the Cimabue. Like all these early works it is painted in tempera upon wood, the surface of the wood being previously prepared with a thin ground of *gesso* or plaster of Paris. In technique it is precise and delicate, the details being worked out with the utmost care. In order thoroughly to appreciate the work it is necessary to get as near to it as possible, and this is done by asking any one of the guardians, who are always about, for permission to ascend the altar, which is readily granted. A set of portable steps is always kept in one corner of the chapel: you place the steps against the altar, and having ascended to it, you then lift the steps up after you; and having placed them securely upon the altar, you can ascend still farther. You are then in a position to inspect the detail of the drapery that is stretched upon the chair back of the Madonna. It must have been very beautiful when newly painted, for even now it is rich and full in variety of color and exquisite in finish, though softened by age and requiring a close inspection to discover its beauty. It hangs in folds, though all the patterns are drawn flatly, without respect to the modifications they would undergo in the foreshortening of the folds; the folds are merely painted over them. The Child's dress is illuminated in the Byzantine method of gold hatchings or markings carried in the direction of the folds; the color of the garment is pinkish brown. The lighter undergarment is a grayish yellow, the flesh tints being deeper and more neutral than this latter color. The robe of the Madonna is a dark blue, edged with an ornamental border of gold. The chair is illuminated with markings of gold for the high lights on the many ornamental carvings, flowers, etc., and the feathers in the wings of the angels are all drawn in carefully, with these same gold markings upon a plain brownish ground, as delicate and clean as though done with a pen. The garments of the angels are of light, delicate hues of blue and pink, green and purple, purple and blue, and pink and green. They have gold ornamental bands on their shoulders, and the same through their hair, which is of a nut-brown color and hangs in curls and ringlets, but smooth over their foreheads, generally, with the exception, sometimes, of a few delicate ringlets, falling over. Their expression is sweet and serious; that of the Madonna is retiring, sad, and thoughtful; while the Child is grave beyond his years. The whole, no doubt, was painted in a very light key, for after six centuries of smoke and incense it is yet clear when looked into. It is a grand, impressive work of art, and whoever gives it a little attention must begin to feel its influence.

P. S. I might have added that the tints throughout are of the smoothest possible gradations, no brush-marks being visible unless they be of the faintest possible and most delicate pencilings, as though a small brush were used; and this is characteristic of all these early works.

FLORENCE, August 10, 1888.—For the Cimabue of Santa Maria Novella, see "History of Christian Art," by Lord Lindsay, Vol. I., p. 344, who says of it: "It has a character of its own, and, once seen, stands out from the crowd of madonnas, individual and distinct. The type is still the Byzantine, intellectualized perhaps, yet neither beautiful nor graceful; but there is a dignity and a majesty in her mien, and an expression of inward ponderings and sad anticipation rising from her heart to her eyes as they meet yours, which one cannot forget. The Child, too, blessing with his right hand, is full of the deity, and the first object in the picture, a propriety seldom lost sight of by the elder Christian painters." For the Cimabue No. 12, formerly 23, of the Belle Arti, see "History of Painting in Italy," by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Vol. I., p. 314, note. Also, as an aid to the critical study of the Italian painters, the work of Sig. Giovanni Morelli might be recommended with much profit to the student, viz.: "Italian Masters in German Galleries," translated from the German by Mrs. Louise M. Richter (London, George Bell & Sons). Also that of Marchese Visconti-Venosta: "Una Nuova Critica dell' Antica Pittura Italiana."

T. Cole.



THE NEW REFORMATION.



IF novelty in thought is a disease, it is a contagious disease. Every phase of intellectual activity is afflicted with it. We have a New History, a New Education, a New Astronomy, a New Social Science, a New Political Economy, and a New Theology. Those Athenians who are always looking for some new thing must find in the present aspect of public thought a great deal to exhilarate them, and those quiet spirits who dread agitation and deprecate novelty must find abundant cause for apprehension. For myself I neither dread nor desire novelty; but I desire to understand both the old and the new. My object in this article is neither to condemn nor to commend the concurrent moods of thought of the present century, but to consider their origin and their significance, and thus to afford some data for coming to a just judgment respecting them.

The Lutheran Reformation was not merely a religious protest against ecclesiastical authority: it was a great intellectual awakening. Almost simultaneously with the protests against the Papal authority and the demand for an open Bible were the discovery of a Western continent and a quickened commerce, the invention of the printing-press and a revival and enlargement of literature, the birth of the scientific spirit and its application both to theoretical science and to the practical arts. Shakspere and Cervantes, Gutenberg and Albert Dürer, Columbus and Copernicus, Loyola and Calvin, Xavier and Luther, were almost contemporaries. The first post-office, the first printing-press, the first telescope, the first spinning-wheel, were all nearly contemporaneous with the first open Bible and the first free religious speech. These are not accidents. In truth there are no accidents. The predominant principle of the Reformation — the right of private judgment — was more than a religious principle; certainly it had much more than a theological application. It was a revolt against authority. It threw humanity back upon its own resources. Rights are duties; and the duty of private judgment laid upon mankind the duty of original investigation and inquiry. This right had first to be taught to man, who is always reluctant to take up a new right if it impose a new duty. The opportunity to exercise it had to be won in many a hard battle. It involved the wars in the Netherlands, the massacres in France, the civil wars in England. It cannot be said to be undisputed even now.

But by the beginning of the present century in all Protestant Europe, and even in most of Roman Catholic Europe, the right of man to think for himself had been established. It is still denied; it is still punished with ecclesiastical pains and penalties; but it no longer involves a hazard of life or limb. With the present century there began therefore a new era of intellectual activity — an era of individual and independent thinking. Authority was discarded; not religious authority only, but all authority over intellectual processes. The mind may be fettered or it may be free, but it cannot long be partly fettered and partly free. Freedom is indivisible; and the right to think in either science, politics, or religion carried with it necessarily the right to think in each of the other departments of thought. Liberty to investigate led to investigation. The Baconian philosophy was a natural and necessary production of the Lutheran Reformation; and a new science of life was the natural and necessary production of the Baconian philosophy. A fresh investigation was made into history. Records that had been unquestioned were subject to scrutiny. Niebuhr gave the world a new comprehension, not merely of Roman events, but of all ancient history. Stories that had passed current for generations were subjected to a free, not to say an irreverent, scrutiny. William Tell and King Canute were declared to be myths. Literature fared no better. Homer was abolished, and the Homeric ballads were attributed to an impersonal epoch by the same free spirit which denied the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and the apostolic authority of the Fourth Gospel. Shakspere was reduced from the rank of a poet to that of an actor, and his plays were variously attributed to Bacon and to anonymous authors. Scientific theories which tradition had stamped as current coin in the intellectual realm were cast into the melting-pot for a new assay. Some radical errors were discovered; and each discovery made easier the work of the critic. Every hypothesis was subjected to suspicion. The whole body of scientific tradition was swept away by the same spirit which refused to own allegiance to ecclesiastical tradition. The scientific talmuds were put away on the shelf as antique curiosities; and the world began an independent and direct investigation of phe-

nomena, sometimes incited thereto by a spirit of iconoclastic egotism wholly unscientific, but in the main inspired by a noble curiosity — an appetite for the truth. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood led to a new physiology; a new botany, a new astronomy, and a new biology followed. In the material sciences the text-books of ten years ago are already out of date.

The students of psychology were last to catch the new spirit of the age; but they were not and could not be impervious to it. Plato was for a while closed, though we are beginning to open him again; and the scholars, turning aside from a study of what other scholars had said about man, began to study man himself. Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe discovered the intimate relations of mind and brain, and developed a science of organology which, if it is somewhat crude and has sometimes been diverted to purposes of traveling charlatans, yet represents a profound truth which science is tardily beginning to recognize. Sir William Hamilton set an example of direct study of consciousness which modern psychology is carrying forward with valuable results. It would have been strange indeed if the reaction against the despotic authority of tradition had not produced some unhealthy contempt for it, and this doubtless was the case; but we are getting beyond this first stage of the new era, and the sober-minded thinkers in all departments agree in condemning nihilism as no better in science or religion than in politics, and in commending the aphorism of Mr. Gladstone, "No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its past."

It would have been equally strange if the impulse to original investigation and independent judgment which was derived from the religious life had not in time affected the religious life; if, having learned in the school of conscience the right and duty of private judgment, mankind had made no attempt to exercise it in measuring the truth and value of religious tradition; if, renouncing authority in all other departments of intellectual life, it had bowed submissively to authority in matters of religious belief and moral action; if, in disowning the supremacy of scientific and political creeds, it had not also disowned the supremacy of theological creeds; nay, if in its reaction against them the same spirit of somewhat iconoclastic skepticism which had repudiated Homer should not also show itself in doubts concerning Moses. It was in the nature of things impossible that there should be a New Science, a New Politics, and a New Philosophy, and not also be a New Theology. The one is no more to be dreaded than the other; and the philosophic mind will be equally unready in each instance to rush to the conclusion that it is wholly true or wholly false. I am not of course unaware of Macaulay's famous proposition that in theology there can be nothing new; but I believe it as little as I believe in his correlative proposition that in theology there can be nothing certain. In strictness of speech, no truth is new. It has always been as true as it is now that light is a wave and that the earth and planets move around the sun. But man's apprehension of truth is new, and his apprehension of moral and spiritual truth is quite as much affected by his spiritual development as his apprehension of intellectual truth is affected by his intellectual development. Only the agnostic can consistently deny the fact of theological progress. Even he who gives to the Bible a literal interpretation must yet perceive that man's ability to understand it will depend upon his spiritual conception. The scriptural declaration that God is love does not convey the same meaning to a bushman as to a Madame Guyon or a John Wesley.

At all events, as matter of historic fact, the same spirit of independent thought which set men to original investigation of the phenomena of vegetable, animal, social, and political life moved another class of thinkers to an independent investigation of the source of religious truth and life. And as Protestants regarded the Bible as one of the original sources, — if not the chief source, — the beginning of the present century witnessed in all Protestant Christendom the beginning of an original, systematic, and enthusiastic study of the Bible. It had been studied before, but never with the same spirit manifested in the same degree. It was now for the first time a study of independent investigation. Biblical criticism assumed a new significance and a new importance. The question of the authorship and composition of the books of the Bible, the object of the writers, the circumstances under which they wrote, the audiences to which they spoke, have been studied anew and with valuable results. The libraries of Europe and even the monasteries of the East have been ransacked for manuscripts, and the manuscripts themselves have been collated and compared with an enthusiasm and a painstaking far greater than that bestowed on any secular writers of equal antiquity. The writings have been subjected to a minute and even a microscopic critical examination, and a more comprehensive study of their general tenor has not been neglected. In the theological seminaries, at first in Germany, then in our own country, a new department of biblical theology has been established, and the departments of biblical exegesis and biblical theology are coming to hold a place equal with if not superior to that of systematic theology,

which had before dominated every seminary. New translations of the Scriptures have sprung up in every land; and these have proved themselves in England and America only forerunners of a new revision of the English version, undertaken by representatives of the entire Protestant church. Its scholarly qualities are indubitable, whatever objections to it may be made by a conservative spirit or a literary taste. A new class of commentators on the Scriptures have arisen, and a new class of commentaries have superseded their more polemical and less independent predecessors. Meyer in Germany, Godet in France, and Alford in England may not be abler as thinkers than Augustine, or Calvin, or even Clarke; but their spirit is radically different. They neither attempt to interpret Scripture in harmony with a preconceived theological system, nor even to deduce a theological system from Scripture — hardly to prove that it is self-consistent and harmonious. They simply endeavor to show the reader what the language of the sacred writers, properly interpreted, means, and leave him to educe his own system.[1] Finally the whole Protestant church in Europe and America agreed upon a systematic study of the Bible in the Sabbath-school in a series of pre-arranged lessons; and so wide is the interest in this course of Bible study that every religious newspaper and some secular papers print every week a commentary on the current lesson. These helps are naturally not always very scholarly, the study in the Sabbath-school is not always very thorough, and the selection of the lessons themselves is not above criticism; but the fact that several millions of children are simultaneously engaged in a weekly study of the Bible, and that this Bible study has very generally usurped the place allotted a hundred years ago, or even less, to the catechism, is significant of the movement of the century away from traditional authority towards independent investigation in theology as in all other sciences. More important than all is the concentrated attention which this study of the Church has directed towards the life and character of Christ. One has only to compare Fleetwood's "Life of Christ" with any one of those which are to be found upon any minister's bookshelves to perceive the difference in the theological spirit of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The past half-century has produced above a score of Lives of Christ.[2] Without concord of action they have appeared almost simultaneously in Germany, France, Holland, England, and America. They have been written by Jews, Rationalists, Liberal Christians, and strict Calvinists; they represent every attitude of mind — the coldly critical in Strauss, the rationalistic but reverent in Hooykaas, the dramatic and imaginative in Renan, the critically orthodox in Lange and Ebrard, the historical and scholarly in Geikie and Edersheim, the devout and popular in Hanna and Farrar. It thus appears, from a merely cursory survey of the history of religious thought since the beginning of the present century, that the entire Church has been engaged, to an extent never known before, and in a spirit never possible before, in a study of the Bible, and especially of the life of Christ. It has been engaged in by every school of thought and by every type of mind; by the rationalist and the orthodox, the critical and the devotional mind, the textual and the theological mind, the gray-haired professor and the infant-class. And all of every age and every school have been engaged, though doubtless in different degrees both of independence and earnestness, in an original investigation of the source of Christian truth and life, and with a purpose to ascertain for themselves from the original sources what are Christian truth and Christian life as interpreted by Christ and his immediate disciples.

Now it is impossible that such a study could have been pursued for over half a century and not give us something new in both theology and ethics. It is impossible that such an intellectual activity should exist and not produce some new and profound convictions, some new and clear apprehensions, and some new and crude notions which further study pursued in the same spirit will eventually correct. If half a century of study of the Bible, if especially half a century of study of the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, did nothing to give the Christian student a clearer vision, a wider horizon, and a larger faith, hope, and charity, we might well begin to doubt whether either the Bible was the book or Christ the person we had thought; whether they were not correct who tell us that the world has outgrown the teaching of the one and the example of the other. If I have read aright the signs of the times, what is called the New Theology is not, properly speaking, a theology at all; it is certainly not a New England notion nor a German importation. It is the spirit of original investigation, characteristic of the age, applied to the elucidation of the problems of religious thought and life; it is a desire for a clearer understanding of the Christianity of

1 A striking illustration of this is offered by Dean Alford's frank declaration that there is no authority in the New Testament for the doctrine of apostolic succession. With this contrast Calvin's constant thrust at the papacy in his commentaries, which are as polemically Protestant as his Institutes.

2 I count on my own shelves twenty-five separate Lives of Christ; and of course my collection is far from complete.

Jesus Christ, and a quest for it in the original sources of information. It is accompanied, as all such searchings are, by some strengthening of old convictions and some correction of old errors on the one hand, and on the other by some clearer apprehension of truths but dimly perceived before, and some crude and hasty conclusions which may be safely left to the test of time and further study. I shall not attempt to gather up the results of this half-century of study. To do so would be to frame indeed a "new theology"; and if that should ever be desirable, the time for it has not yet come. But I may indicate the direction in which and the path along which Christian thought seems to me to be traveling.

This has indeed been already partly indicated. Christian thought has broken with ecclesiastical authority; it has substituted therefor original research. To one who lives in the nineteenth century, imbibes its atmosphere, and shares its life, there is no alternative between not thinking at all and thinking under the conditions which the nineteenth century imposes. And the nineteenth century requires original work of all its students. The historian discards the traditions which centuries have accepted unquestioned, and ransacks the archives of old libraries for original documents; the political economist turns unsatisfied away from the dogmatism of Ricardo and asks life what are the actual conditions of industry; the geologist studies the rocks with his hammer in his hand; Wallace catches in his own nets the insects he will describe; the psychologist gathers from a wide field of observation the facts of consciousness. The theologian cannot live in such an age and not go direct to the two sources of Christian faith — the Bible and Christian experience — and interrogate them for himself.[1] The progress of the age is away from traditionalism towards the Scriptures, away from a scholastic towards a vital theology. This is not equivalent to saying that it is away from the beliefs embodied in the old creeds. It is one thing to doubt a statement and quite another thing to question its authority. The most pugnacious Protestant believes the more important statements contained in the Roman Catholic creed, but he denies totally the authority of the creed. The most radical Rationalist believes many of the fundamental principles of the Bible, but he denies that the Bible is an authority. For myself, I believe that the final result of the original research which characterizes the present age will be to confirm all the fundamental statements of belief contained in the ecumenical creeds of Christendom. But they will be believed, not because they are contained in those creeds, but because they have been verified by a fresh and sometimes hostile investigation. At all events, a fresh and sometimes hostile investigation is a characteristic of the age. This spirit of investigation is what makes this an age of skepticism. But surely there is no kinship between the spirit which scoffs at all that is invisible and immaterial and the spirit which refuses to believe anything, visible or invisible, except upon trustworthy evidence and after thorough inquiry. The former is not characteristic of the age. It characterized the age of Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Paine; it does not characterize the age of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. The age is emphatically serious, not scoffing. It questions seriously; it is not content to accept assertion for proof, tradition for investigation, dogma for faith. It investigates everything, and investigation presupposes doubts; but it doubts that it may investigate. It is true that every man cannot be an original investigator. We cannot all catch insects with Wallace, or study the rocks with Lyell, or search the libraries with Motley, or collate industrial statistics with Professor Ely. Nor can we all investigate either the history of Christian life in the Church or collate and compare the disclosure of Christian truth in the several books of the Bible. But in the nineteenth century the only men who speak with authority and exercise leadership are the men who have verified their conclusions by original research. We go to the student of industrial life for our political economy, to the student of the stars for our astronomy, to the student of original documents for our history, and to the student of the Bible and of spiritual experience for our theology. Is the pulpit losing its power? There are pulpits and pulpits. The pulpit which contents itself with repeating old dogmas on the authority of old creeds has lost its power, if indeed it ever had any. But the pulpits that get their knowledge of truth directly from the written word of God, and from that word which he is ever writing in the hearts and lives of men, never had so great a power as now. When men object to doctrinal preaching what they really object to is preaching founded on ecclesiastical authority. The most popular preachers of England and America to-day, from Maurice to Spurgeon in England and from Phillips Brooks to John Hall in America, are

[1] To one who regards the Bible as itself a transcript of the highest spiritual life, recorded both as an inspiration to and a test of religious consciousness, these two sources will appear not to be, as they are sometimes regarded, inconsistent, nor even as they are often regarded, different; but really only different phases of the same original source of all theology and revelation — the inward, spiritual apprehension of the invisible and the divine.

essentially doctrinal preachers;[1] but they are not dogmatic preachers. They are vital; they speak with the authority of teachers whose knowledge of the truth is derived from the original sources by original study.

This tendency to an original investigation of Christianity has compelled the Church to a more careful and continuous study of the character and teachings of its Founder. The evidence of this in the multiplied Lives of Christ I have already adverted to; the results of it are radical changes in Christian thought. It must first be noted that, widely as students of that life differ in their psychology of Christ and in the degree of allegiance which they pay to his teachings, there is a substantial agreement among them that he correctly interpreted the moral laws which bind men together, and that he himself afforded by his life and character the best representative earth has ever possessed of the divine qualities in human action. Voltaire's motive was, *Écrasez l'infame* ("Crush the monster"). Whether the monster was Jesus Christ, or Christianity, or the Roman Catholic Church, has been matter of dispute among his commentators. The truth is, he did not clearly discriminate between the three himself. Contrast this motive of the infidelity of the last century with the following eulogy with which the Dutch Rationalist Hooykaas concludes his "Life of Jesus":

> Rest sweetly from thy toilsome work, thou noble benefactor, deliverer of mankind, great Son of God! Thy triumph is secure. Thy name shall be borne on the breath of the winds through all the world; and with that name no thought except of goodness, nobleness, and love shall link itself in the bosoms of thy brothers who have learned to know thee and what thou art. Thy name shall be the symbol of salvation to the weak and wandering, of restoration to the fallen and the guilty, of hope to all who sink in comfortless despair. Thy name shall be the mighty cry of progress in freedom, in truth, in purity — the living symbol of the dignity of man, the epitome of all that is noble, lofty, and holy upon earth. To thy name shall be inseparably bound that ideal of humanity which thou didst bring into the world, and which can never be rejected from it more. Thy life was short, yet in it thou didst more than any one of all thy brethren to uplift the lives and souls of men. And now that thou art dead, it shall be seen that they for whom thou didst give thyself up to the very death are not ungrateful. From thy cross goes forth a power which is slowly but surely regenerating the world. Thy spirit, which remains behind, shall fulfill thy task. The future is thine own. Thou great deliverer, thou monarch in the realm of truth, of love, of peace, we do thee homage!

This contrast sufficiently indicates the change which has been wrought in what may be called the unbelieving world in the last one hundred years. The change in the Christian church is certainly not so startling; but it is important and significant, and the end is not yet.

Since the days of Augustine the Christian church has possessed no nobler hero than John Calvin; and since the days of Paul no member of that church has rendered it a greater service. The world had become atheistic. It still reverenced God's name, but it did not bow to his authority. Atheism, as Professor Seeley has well shown, is the philosophy of a supreme egotism. In it man says, I am God, and there is none else. Europe was not philosophically atheistic in the sixteenth century; but it was practically egotistic. Humanity owed its supreme allegiance to the king on his throne and to the pope in his chair. It knew no higher authority and acknowledged none. Then it was that John Calvin, following the more pugnacious reformer who had prepared the way for him, arose with his doctrine of Divine sovereignty. There is, he said, no king but one; no father but one: He alone is the universal King, the All-Father. Kings and hierarchies do but play at lawmaking; He is the only lawgiver. Crowns and thrones and chairs are but toys; He is the only crowned and enthroned and sceptered *One*. From Him all authority comes; in Him all authority centers; to Him all allegiance is due; His will is the final, ultimate, absolute fact in the universe. It cannot be questioned; and from it there is no appeal and no escape. This is Calvinism — the doctrine of Divine sovereignty: to be read in the light of the age against whose dormant anarchy, awakening later in the French Revolution, it was a solemn protest. Nor can we say even now, in the United States of America, with its shallow doctrine of popular sovereignty, its cry of *Vox populi, vox dei*, its egotism of democracy, its dead sea fruit of anarchic socialism, that there is no need to listen to and heed this protest of a solemn voice reaffirming the sublime doctrine of the ancient Hebrew prophets and itself reaffirmed by the least religiously minded of modern historians — J. A. Froude.[2]

[1] A most cursory examination of the published volumes of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons will show that he is preëminently a preacher of theology. This is equally true of Channing, Lyman Beecher, Finney, Bishop Simpson, the elder Tyng; in short, of all the more popular of American preachers of the last half-century.

[2] "A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which is applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness."

But sovereignty without love is an awful despotism; and the sovereignty of even John Calvin's Calvinism was a sovereignty not of love but of power — of power hardly even tempered by love. The world is a dull pupil. It never learns more than one lesson at a time. It could not learn at once even Matthew Arnold's simple proposition that there is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. It had first to learn that there is a power not ourselves. That lesson learned, it was prepared to go on and learn that this power makes for righteousness — not only is righteous, but makes for righteousness; a missionary power, working ever through the ages that it may conform all moral life to its own moral perfection. Fifty years' study of the life of Christ has brought this truth to the consciousness of the Christian church. Not that it is a new revelation. Not that it is a peculiar production of any new theology, or even of any Protestant theology. It can be found in the writings of theologians of every age and of every school. Nowhere is it expressed with profounder faith than in the letters of the Roman Catholic Madame Guyon and in the hymns of the hyper-Calvinistic Toplady. But it was not the heart of Christian theology, nor wrought into the life of the Christian church. It will not be questioned that Jonathan Edwards was the most characteristic preacher of the Calvinistic school in New England in the eighteenth century. It is impossible to reconcile his famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" with the belief now wrought into the consciousness of the Christian church that God was in Christ and that Christ is the manifestation of God. "The God," said the Puritan preacher, "that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times as abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours." This was the old theology of New England in the eighteenth century. No minister could utter such sentiments in any pulpit in New England to-day and retain his pastorate. No theologian can reconcile them with that faith in the love, and patience, and longsuffering of God which half a century of study of the life and teachings of Christ has wrought into the life of the Church. To the doctrine of Divine sovereignty we are adding, if we have not already added, the doctrine of Divine love. The Church accepts Jesus Christ not as a manifestation of a particular attribute of God, nor his life and death as part of a special plan to restrain from wrath a God whose anger endureth forever; but as a revelation of the longsuffering love of the universal Father, whose loving-kindnesses and tender mercies are over all his works. "The fatherhood of God" has taken the place occupied half a century ago by the "moral government of God." A good old deacon in the church of my boyhood always used to address God in prayer as "Indulgent Parent." He was wholly innocent of new theology; but all new theology was in that phrase.

What changes are likely to be worked in theological theories by this habit of original investigation into the source of Christian life and this more Christian conception of God as the Father of whom every fatherhood in earth is named, I shall not attempt in this paper to indicate; partly because it would lead me into what is just now a hotly contested field, partly because the time is not yet ripe for anything more than a tentative and doubtful statement, but chiefly because I have reserved these few closing paragraphs for a suggestion of certain practical and spiritual results in the life of the Church which the new Reformation has already produced and is certain to produce more and more in the immediate future.

The present century opened with very little of either religious light or warmth in the Puritan churches of England and America. Aggressive piety was almost confined to the Methodists, who had not yet lost the enthusiasm of their first great love and their first miraculous successes. The philosophy of Locke was the dominant philosophy in England, and was preparing the public mind for the materialism of Maudsley, the agnosticism of Herbert Spencer, and the utilitarianism of Bentham and of Mill.

In the Church of England worship was a dull routine, and preaching a prosaic essay-reading; in the Puritan churches faith was a cold intellectualism, and preaching an exposition of profound metaphysics. The orthodox definition of faith made it synonymous with belief; the orthodox definition of virtue made it synonymous with happiness. Mental philosophy ignored the spiritual element in man; moral philosophy ignored the virtues of self-denial and suffering love. The worship of a God who was only a moral governor developed a stalwart but a rigorous and exacting conscience; the worship of a God who existed for his own glory did nothing to develop a spirit of serving and self-sacrificing love in the worshiper. Luther himself had declared that man lost his freedom by the Fall, and that God had in his secret counsels reserved certain of his children to inevitable reprobation. Calvin, with less tender sympa-

thies and more remorseless logic, had dragged these counsels out from the secret places where Luther left them in hiding and had blazoned them through Europe. The Methodist revolt against fatalism as inconsistent with Scripture and with human consciousness had only intensified Puritan belief in the dangerous dogmas of unconditional decrees and reprobation. This fatalism, borrowed of the Old Reformation, with its ennobling but easily perverted doctrine of Divine sovereignty, had quickened unbelief and deadened piety. There were no revivals — the churches did not believe in them. The minister was a winnower whose gospel was a fan in his hands, with which he selected the eternally chosen grains of wheat while the unalterable chaff was swept away into unquenchable fire. There was no missionary activity at home or abroad. When Dr. Dwight began his famous series of sermons at Yale College, it is said that there were two Thomas Paine societies in the college and but two professing Christians. Slavery was interpreted as a prolongation of the curse of God on the descendants of Canaan, and the drugged conscience of the North gave but feeble answer to the faithful preaching of Dr. Hopkins against it. The practical results of the New Reformation are to be seen in four great contemporaneous and concurrent tendencies, all easily traceable in the history of the present century.

First. In the Oxford movement in England a few earnest men, making quest for that life which the popular philosophy of the day either quietly ignored or dogmatically denied, turned their faces backward, and sought by reviving the mystical doctrines and the elaborate ritual of the half-pagan churches of the early ages to revive the life which had animated both. Under the leadership of such devout souls as the poet Keble and the prophet Newman archæology in religion enjoyed a revival the fruits of which are still to be seen in a revived Anglo-Romanism, an imitative ritualism, and a vigorous and vital work of Christian beneficence among the poor and the outcast. Simultaneously began, though without organism or acknowledged leaders, the Broad Church movement, in which men equally dissatisfied with the superficial philosophy of the age sought for spiritual truth by looking within for a witness of it; a movement whose prophets — Erskine, Maurice, the Hares, Arnold, Robertson, Kingsley, and Stanley — have made their voices heard across the Atlantic, where the spiritual song they sang has been caught up and sung by such poet-prophets as our own Munger, Mulford, Brooks, and a score of others. In the United States, in the death of Emmons, in 1840, there died the last representative of the old school of New England preachers — the purely logical.

A new school is taking its place — the intuitional. That man is a reasonable creature; that the reason is the supreme and divine faculty; that his reason is to be convinced by the truth; that when his reason is convinced his will must obey; that when this result is reached he is a converted being — this was the philosophy which, sometimes avowed, sometimes unrecognized, underlay the preaching of the old school. The whole fabric of the religious life was built by logical processes, with doctrine, on the human reason. But all men are not logical; and all men do not obey the truth, even when it is made clear to their logical understanding. The office of logic is to criticise rather than to enforce, and to enforce rather than to reveal. Spiritual truth is not mined by picks and beaten out by hammers. It is in the heavens, not buried in the earth; to be seen, not mined. It is within, not without; not to be arrived at by slow processes of deduction, but to be apprehended and appreciated upon a mere presentation of it. This far-reaching truth was spoken outside the Church, in England by a Carlyle and in America by an Emerson; its spiritual prophet in the Puritan churches of New England was Horace Bushnell. Misapprehended by his critics, more sadly misapprehended by his disciples, they have too often constructed out of his visions, like those of an ancient Hebrew prophet, dogmas sometimes narrower and shallower than those which aroused his fiery indignation; and in the place of the Dagon which he cast down have put up a doll perhaps less hideous but certainly less venerable. That truth is immediately and directly seen by the soul; that God is no best hypothesis to account for the phenomena of creation, but the soul's best friend, its Father, its intimate personal companion; that inspiration is no remote phenomenon, once attested by miracles, now forever silenced in the grave of a dead God, but the universal and eternal fact of communion between a living God and living souls; that the forgiveness of sins is infinitely more than any theory of atonement, and that no theory of atonement can comprehend the full meaning of forgiveness of sins — these were not the theories of a philosopher; they were the realities, the vital convictions, the personal experiences of the saint, whose sainthood must be in the heart of the critic before he can criticise and in the heart of the disciple before he can comprehend.

Second. In our spiritual faith we are one; in our intellectual definitions and our esthetic expressions there are as many variations as varieties of education and of temperament.

As, therefore, the Christian character has progressed towards a clearer conception of the spiritual truth, which creeds imperfectly define and rituals imperfectly express, they have progressed first towards a larger toleration, then towards a wider sympathy, and finally towards a clearer apprehension that all sectarian differences are superficial and all Christian unity is radical and essential. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a Scotch stone-mason was excommunicated by a Presbyterian church for helping to build an Episcopal church; the Presbyterians justified their act by the Old Testament denunciation of those who built altars to pagan gods in the high places. About the same time a devout Presbyterian woman in Pennsylvania refused one stormy night to give shelter under her roof to the godly Alexander Campbell, the founder of the denomination which popularly bears his name, and thought that she did God service because John had told his readers not to receive into their houses or bid God-speed to those who were transgressors of the law and teaching of Christ. These are typical facts. The older readers of these pages will easily remember when polemically denominational sermons were the rule rather than the exception, and each church appeared to be more anxious to fight the church over the way than to join it in fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. This era of internecine, sectarian warfare has passed away forever, under the influence of the New Reformation with its study of Christian consciousness, of the Bible, and, above all, of the life and teachings of Christ. The Evangelical Alliance was organized in 1845 to give expression to the common faith and spirit of Protestant Christianity. The Young Men's Christian Association, formed to unite all believers in Christ in a common work for him, grew up almost spontaneously from a mustard seed planted in London in 1844. An undenominational religious press has sprung up both in Great Britain and the United States within little if any more than a quarter of a century, with a wide and widening constituency in all denominations. Religious teaching, Christian but unsectarian, is to be found in increasing quantity and improving quality in every form of literature, periodical and permanent. The great dailies, which quarter of a century ago rarely printed a sermon, now publish every Monday morning extracts or full reports of sermons with an absolutely unsectarian impartiality. Protestant Christianity is still divided into sects, and the sectarian organizations appear as strong if not as sectarian as ever; but the movement towards interdenominational comity, if not ecclesiastical union, grows stronger every year. The Pan-Presbyterian Assembly gives promise of a not remote union of all Presbyterian churches in some federal if not organic body. The Congregationalists and Free Baptists are discussing union. The Episcopal church has, in its Triennial Convention and by official utterance, indicated its desire for a united Protestantism, and suggested a doctrinal and hierarchical basis. Whether that basis is broad enough to be practical, I do not need here to consider; the spirit of the age and of the Church is indicated by such a proposition. Sectarian preaching is rare, controversially sectarian preaching is still rarer. The reader may go into any church in any town of the United States on any Sunday morning, and the probability is that he cannot tell the denomination from the contents of the sermon; he may from the manner of the preacher or the conduct of the services, but not from the truths uttered in the public discourse. Under the inspiration of the New Reformation the church of Christ is already one, and is beginning to discern, though only dimly as yet, and to express, though only timidly and with reserve, its spiritual unity.

Third. Simultaneously with this growth in spirituality and unity has come a growth in practical activity, in what is termed, with not altogether felicitous phrase, "aggressive piety." Nearly all the great missionary movements of the present day in the American churches were undertaken since the beginning of the present century. The American Board of Foreign Missions, the mother of American missionary activity, is a little over three-quarters of a century old. In England the Established Church organized a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts as early as 1701, but it was in its earlier history merely a church extension society for work in the colonies of Great Britain, not a truly foreign missionary society. The work of missions in foreign lands, despite some prophetic and sporadic attempts, began substantially with the beginning of the present century.

The missionary movement is not a merely philanthropic movement; it does not derive its power from a mere sentiment of pity for men and of fear for their future. Its inspiration is in a spiritual sense of what it is for a child of God to live in ignorance of his Father and in isolation from him, and in the hopefulness caught from faith in and communion with a God whose faith in the possibilities of man and whose hope for and love towards him are infinite and inexhaustible. As the Church has studied the life and character of Christ it has caught his spirit, it has imbibed his life and followed his example. Whatever may be thought of this explanation, there can be no doubt of the historical fact that the movement

towards the disavowal of ecclesiastical authority, an original and independent study of the Scriptures and of Christian experience, a direct, spiritual appreciation of truth as spiritually discerned, and a unity of the Church in the essentials of faith, hope, and charity has been contemporaneous with, or possibly a little antecedent to, that vital and vigorous missionary movement at home and abroad which is characteristic of the life of the Church in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

Fourth. Equally characteristic of this age is the practical application of the precepts of Christ to the moral and social problems of life; and in my judgment this characteristic is due to the same causes. Certainly the conscience of the American people, I should rather say of the Anglo-Saxon people, never has been so sensitive and never so resolute in dealing with practical life. If the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those uttered in devotional meetings, private journals, and religious biography, it is quite possible that what the theologians call "conviction of sin" was more poignant in the last century than in this; but if the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those embodied in life, the sense of sin and the purpose of reformation have been far more effectively expressed in this century than in the last. Then millions of slaves were held in bondage in America, and other millions under the British flag in its colonies, with only a feeble and wholly ineffective protest. Drunkenness did not lead to social disrepute either in Old or in New England. Churches paid for drinks on occasions of dedications and ordinations, and the minister's sideboard took on the aspect of a public bar.[1] The conscience of England abolished slavery in all English dominions in 1833; that of the United States, moving more slowly and having a more onerous task, accomplished its work thirty years later and at an awful cost. But the task was accomplished. Almost on the very spot where in the first half of this century a Northern missionary was publicly whipped on the bare back, not for circulating antislavery tracts, but for having one in his possession, now stand the buildings of the Fisk University, dedicated to the education of the emancipated negro. If drinking has not been diminished,—upon that question social statisticians are not agreed,—drunkenness certainly has decreased, both in England and in the United States; and the conscience of the people, awakened to the enormity of a social crime which costs more in both men and money than either war or pestilence, is seeking to find a way to bring the destruction of this enemy to a perpetual end. It has not yet found the way; but it has found, or is fast finding, the will. And where there is a will there is a way.

In 1850 the American Congress organized the polygamous Mormons into a Territory of the United States, and President Fillmore appointed the chief polygamist of them all governor of the Territory. In 1887 the House of Representatives, without a division or a roll-call, passed a law declaring polygamy a felony and disfranchising any one who practiced it. Without entering upon either the question of Irish home rule or of American socialism, it is safe to say that both movements derive all their strength from a public sense of justice. That the English movement in favor of granting Irish home rule is inspired, not by political selfishness, cupidity, lust of power, or other basilar motives, but by a high sense of righteousness, will hardly be denied even by its opponents; and that whenever the English people have determined what is the true measure of righteousness they will grant whatever it demands will hardly be doubted by any student of current English history. Between the good and the evil in modern socialism it is more difficult to discriminate. A movement which involves principles so divergent and even antagonistic as those of the Christian socialists of England on the one hand, represented by such prophets of a nobler social life as Maurice and Hughes, and those of the Anarchists on the other, represented by such extravagants as Élisée Reclus and Prince Krapotkin, cannot be justly characterized in a single paragraph. Yet the candid student of our national life, who measures currents, not by the driftwood they carry on their surface but by the direction which they take, will hardly question James Russell Lowell's interpretation of the phenomenon of modern socialism: "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy; the giving to the hands, not so large a share as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction."

In short, the New Reformation in bringing into theology as central the Fatherhood of God

[1] "When the Consociation arrived, they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand and wait as people do when they go to mill. There was a decanter of spirits also on the dinner table to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and evening as they felt the need — some more, some less; and the sideboard, with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. None of the Consociation were drunk; but that there was not, at times, a considerable amount of exhilaration I cannot affirm." [Lyman Beecher's Autobiography, Vol. I., p. 245.]

is bringing into political economy the Brotherhood of Man. A new theology and a new sociology go hand in hand. Their advocates and interpreters are the same. The same causes have produced them, they represent the same intellectual and spiritual aspirations, and they are marred by similar errors, extravagances, and destructive criticisms.

The reader will perhaps permit me, in bringing this paper to a close, to sum up in a sentence its conclusions. The Protestant Reformation, denying all human authority over beliefs, and confining such authority to the sphere of human and mainly of social action, threw humanity back upon itself and drove it to an independent investigation of the sources of Christian faith. These sources are Christian experience in the history of the Church, and the Bible, especially the life and teachings of Christ. The result was inevitable — a disavowal of all ecclesiastical authority in matters of opinion, often mistaken for skepticism, and a disavowal of all beliefs founded on such authority, often mistaken for infidelity. But its result was also a clearer spiritual vision of spiritual truth; that is, a clearer faith, a stronger and more hopeful purpose of propagating and diffusing that faith, and an application of faith's teachings, both more practical and more earnest, to the actual problems of human life. This movement thus interpreted is neither temporary nor local; it is a part of the great historic movement of the human race under the inspiring influence of the Christian revelation. It is not free from those hasty hypotheses and crude generalities which characterize all human thought. But it is a progress towards a clearer light and a diviner life; one to be thankful for, not to be regretted; to be aided by the Christian clergy, not restrained; guided, not repressed. If any one who has kindly read this paper through to its end is inclined to lay it down with a smile, saying its author is an optimist, I shall not dispute him. Believing in the inspiration of him who is the greatest optimist of history, except our Divine Master, and who wrote, "Now abideth these three: faith, hope, and charity," I trust that so long as my faith in God and my charity to my fellow-men abide, there may abide with them a joyful hope in a glorious future for the human race.

Lyman Abbott.



FREDERICK III.

THERE fell a king. Not king alone in blood,
Nor royal throne, by right of which he reigned,
But by the royalty of soul unstained,
And heart that beat but for his people's good.

A warrior, yet beyond the battlefield
The larger victories of peace he saw:
His life a pledge to freedom, progress, law,
Most patient suffering divinely sealed.

There fell a king. Nay, there a king arose.
Stars do not set in night, though night goes down;
Steadfast they gleam in heaven's eternal crown,
Though days in nights, and nights in days may close.

"Lord of himself," — that greatest conqueror,—
No nobler form in all his noble house.
Dead, the imperial crown still sits his brows,
And past the grave he still is emperor.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.

PREFACE BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.



HE exploit which forms the basis of the following story is one of the most notable feats of arms in American annals, and it is as real as it is romantic.

The chief personages of the tale — except, always, the heroine — were actual men and women two and a quarter centuries ago, and Adam Dollard was no whit less a hero than he is represented by the writer, though it is true that as regards his position, his past career, and, above all, his love affairs, romance supplies some information which history denies us. The brave Huron Annahotaha also is historical. Even Jouaneaux, the servant of the hospital nuns, was once a living man, whose curious story is faithfully set forth; and Sisters Brésolles, Maçé, and Maillet were genuine Sisters of the old Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, with traits much like those assigned to them in the story.

The author is a pioneer in what may be called a new departure in American fiction. Fenimore Cooper, in his fresh and manly way, sometimes touches Canadian subjects and introduces us to French soldiers and bush-rangers; but he knew Canada only from the outside, having no means of making its acquaintance from within, and it is only from within that its quality as material for romance can be appreciated. The hard and practical features of English colonization seem to frown down every excursion of fancy as pitilessly as puritanism itself did in its day. A feudal society, on the other hand, with its contrasted lights and shadows, its rivalries and passions, is the natural theme of romance; and when to lord and vassal is joined a dominant hierarchy with its patient martyrs and its spiritual despots, side by side with savage chiefs and warriors jostling the representatives of the most gorgeous civilization of modern times,— the whole strange scene set in an environment of primeval forests,— the spectacle is as striking as it is unique.

The realism of our time has its place and function; but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such fare as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story.

Francis Parkman.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.



HE province of Canada, or New France, under the reign of Louis XIV., presented the same panorama of lakes, mountains, rivers, rapids, that it does to-day; but it was then a background for heroes, and the French population which has become concentrated in the larger province of Quebec was then thinly dripped along the river borders. Such figures as Samuel de Champlain, the Chevalier La Salle, impetuous Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, are seen against that dim past; and the names of men who lived, fought, and suffered for that province are stamped on streams, lakes, streets, and towns.

All localities have their romance, their unseen or possible life, which is hinted to the maker of stories alone. But Canada is teeming with such suggestions — its picturesque French dwellers in remote valleys are to-day a hundred or two hundred years behind the rush of the age.

Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, stands distinct against the background of two centuries and a quarter ago. His name and the names of his companions may yet be seen on the parish register of Villemarie — so its founders called Montreal. His exploit and its success are matters of history, as well authenticated as any event of our late civil war. While the story of Thermopylæ continues to be loved by men, the story of Dollard cannot die. It is that picture of stalwart heroism which all nations admire. It is the possible greatness of man — set in this instance in blue Canadian distances, with the somber and everlasting Laurentines for its witnesses. The phase is medieval, is clothed in the garb of religious chivalry; but the spirit is a part of the universal man.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.*

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

I.

A SHIP FROM FRANCE.



N April of the year 1660, on a morning when no rain drizzled above the humid rock of Quebec, two young men walked along the single street by the river. The houses of this Lower Town were a row of small buildings with stone gables, their cedar-shingled roofs curving upward at the eaves in Norman fashion. High in north air swelled the mighty natural fortress of rock, feebly crowned by the little fort of St. Louis displaying the lilies of France. Farther away the cathedral set its cross against the sky. And where now a tangle of streets, bisected by the city wall, climb steeply from Lower to Upper Town, then a rough path straggled.

The St. Lawrence, blue with Atlantic tide-water, spread like a sea betwixt its north shore and the high palisades of Port Levi on the opposite bank. Sail-boats and skiffs were ranged in a row at the water's edge. And where now the steamers of all nations may be seen resting at anchor, on that day one solitary ship from France discharged her cargo and was viewed with lingering interest by every colonist in Quebec. She had arrived the previous day, the first vessel of spring, and bore marks of rough weather during her voyage.

Even merchants' wives had gathered from their shops in Lower Town, and stood near the river's edge, watching the ship unload, their hands rolled in their aprons and their square head-covers flaring in the wind.

"How many did she bring over this time?" cried a woman to her neighbor in the teeth of the breeze.

"A hundred and fifty, my husband told me," the neighbor replied in the same nipped and provincialized French. And she produced one hand from her apron to bridge it over her eyes that she might more unreservedly absorb the ship. "Ah, to think these cables held her to French soil but two months ago! Whenever I hear the Iroquois are about Montreal or St. Anne's, my heart leaps out of my breast towards France."

"It is better here for us," returned the other, "who are common people. So another demoiselle was shipped with this load. The king is our father. But look you! even daughters of the nobles are glad to come to New France."

"And have you heard," the second exclaimed, "that she is of the house of Laval-Montmorency and cousin of the vicar-apostolic?"

"The cousin of our holy bishop? Then she comes to found some sisterhood for the comfort of Quebec. And that will be a thorn to Montreal."

"No, she comes to be the bride of the governor-general. We shall soon see her the Vicomtesse d'Argenson, spreading her pretintailles as she goes in to mass. Well would I like a look through her caskets at new court fashions. These Laval-Montmorencys are princes in France. V'là, soldiers!" the woman exclaimed, with that facile play of gesture which seems to expand all Canadian speech, as she indicated the two men from Montreal.

"Yes, every seigniory will be sending out its men to the wife market. If I could not marry without traveling three thousand miles for a husband, and then going to live with him in one of the river côtes, I would be a nun."

"Still, there must be wives for all these bachelors," the other woman argued. "And his Majesty bears the expense. The poor sea-sick girls, they looked so glad to come ashore!"

These chatting voices, blown by the east wind, dropped disjointed words on the passers' ears, but the passers were themselves busy in talk.

Both were young men, but the younger was evidently his elder's feudal master. He was muscular and tall, with hazel eyes, and dark hair which clustered. His high features were cut in clear, sharp lines. He had the enthusiast's front, a face full of action, fire, and vision-seeing. He wore the dress of a French officer and carried his sword by his side.

"I think we have come in good time, Jacques," he said to his man, who stumped stolidly along at his left hand.

Jacques was a faithful-looking fellow, short and strong, with stiff black hair and somber black eyes. His lower garments looked home-spun, the breeches clasping a huge coarse stocking at the knee, while remnants of military glory clothed his upper person. Jacques was plainly

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a soldier settler, and if his spear had not become a pruning-hook it was because he had Indians yet to fight. His hereditary lord in France, his late commander and his present seignior under whom he held his grant of land, was walking with him up the rock of Quebec.

This Jacques was not the roaring, noisy type of soldier who usually came in droves to be married when Louis' ship-load of girls arrived. Besides, the painstaking creature had now a weight upon his soul. He answered:

"Yes, m'sieur. She will hardly be anchored twenty-four hours."

"In four hours we must turn our backs on Quebec with your new wife aboard, and with the stream against us this time."

"Yes, m'sieur. But if none of them will have me, or they all turn out unfit?"

His seignior laughed.

"From a hundred and fifty sizes, colors, and dispositions you can surely pick yourself one mate, my man."

"But the honesty of them," demurred Jacques, "and their obedience after you are at the trouble of getting them home; though girls from Rouen were always good girls. I have not made this long voyage to pick a Rouen wife, to go back again empty of hand. M'sieur, it is certainly your affair as much as mine; and if you see me open my mouth to gaze at a rouged woman who will eat up our provender and bring us no profit, give me a punch with your scabbard. What I want is a good hearty peasant girl from Rouen, who can milk, and hoe, and cut hay, and help grind in the mill, and wait on Mademoiselle de Granville without taking fright."

"And one whom I can bless as my joint heir with you, my Jacques," said the young commandant, turning a pleasant face over his subaltern. "Ultimately you will be my heirs, when Renée is done with St. Bernard and the other islands of the seigniory. Therefore — yes — I want a very good girl indeed, from Rouen, to perpetuate a line of my father's peasantry on Adam Dollard's estate in New France."

"Yes, m'sieur," responded Jacques dejectedly as he plodded upward.

It grieved him that a light leg and a high bright face like Dollard's were sworn to certain destruction. His pride in the house of Des Ormeaux was great, but his love for the last male of its line was greater. This Adam Daulac, popularly called Dollard, was too mighty a spirit for him to wrestle with; so all his dissent was silent. When he recalled the cavalier's gay beginning in France, he could not join it to the serious purpose of the same man in New France.

Jacques climbed with his face towards the ground, but Dollard gazed over the St. Lawrence's upper flood where misty headlands were touched with spring grayness. The river, like an elongated sea, wound out of distances. There had been an early thaw that year, and no drowned fragments of ice toppled about in the current.

So vast a reach of sight was like the beginning of one of St. John's visions.

II.

LAVAL.

THE convent of the Ursulines had received and infolded the lambs sent out by Louis XIV. to help stock his wilderness. This convent, though substantially built of stone, was too small for all the purposes of the importation, and a larger structure, not far from it, had been prepared as a bazar in which to sort and arrange the ship-load.

The good nuns, while they waited on their crowd of miscellaneous guests, took no notice of that profane building; and only their superior, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, accompanied and marshaled future brides to the marriage market.

Squads began to cross the court soon after matins. The girls were rested by one night's sleep upon land, the balsam odor of pines, and the clear air on Quebec heights. They must begin taking husbands at once. The spring sowing was near. Time and the chemistry of nature wait on no woman's caprices. And in general there was little coyness among these girls. They had come to New France to settle themselves and naturally wished to make a good bargain of it. Some faces wore the stamp of vice, but these were the exceptions. A stolid herd of peasantry, varying in shape and complexion but little, were there to mother posterity in Canada. Some delicate outlines and auburn tresses offset the monotony of somber black eyes and stout waists. Clucking all the way across the court her gentle instructions and repressions, Mother Mary led squad after squad.

There were hilarious girls, girls staring with large interest at the oddities of this new world while they remarked in provincial French, and girls folding their hands about their crucifixes and looking down. The coquettish had arrayed themselves coquettishly, and the sober had folded their shoulder-collars quite high about their throats.

"But," dropped Mother Mary into the ear of Madame Bourdon, who stood at the mouth of the matrimonial pen, receiving and placing each squad, "these are mixed goods!" To which frolicsome remark from a strict devotee Madame Bourdon replied with assenting shrug.

The minds of both, however, quite separated the goods on display from one item of the cargo then standing in the convent parlor before the real bishop of Canada. This item was a slim young girl, very high-bred in appearance, richly plain in apparel. She held a long, dull-colored cloak around her with hands so soft and white of flesh that one's eye traced over and over the flexible curve of wrist and finger. Her eyes were darkly brown, yet they had a tendency towards topaz lights which gave them moments of absolute yellowness; while her hair had a dazzling white quality that the powders of a later period could not impart. Bits of it straying from her high roll of curls suggested a nimbus around the forehead. Her lower face was full, the lips most delicately round. Courage and tears stood forth in her face and encountered the bishop.

François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, then vicar-apostolic of the province, with the power rather than name of bishop, was a tall noble, priestly through entire length of rusty cassock and height of intellectual temples. He regarded the girl with bloodless patience. He had a large nose, which drooped towards a mouth cut in human granite; his lean, fine hands, wasted by self-abasement and voluntary privations, were smaller than a woman's. Though not yet forty, he looked old, and his little black skull-cap aged him more. The clear Montmorency eye had in him gained, from asceticism and rigid devotion, a brightness which penetrated.

His young relative's presence and distress annoyed him. For her soul's salvation, he would have borne unstinted agony; for any human happiness she craved, he was not prepared to lift a little finger.

"Reverend father," the girl began their interview, "I have come to New France."

"Strangely escorted," said Laval.

"The reverend father cannot be thinking of Madame Bourdon: Madame Bourdon was the best of duennas on the voyage."

Laval shook his chin, and for reply rested a glance upon his cousin's attendant as a type of the company she had kept on ship-board. The attendant was a sedate and pretty young girl, whose black hair looked pinched so tightly in her cap as to draw her eyebrows up, while modesty hung upon her lashes and drew her lids down. The result was an unusual expanse of veined eyelid.

"If you mean Louise Bibelot," the young lady responded, "she is my foster-sister. Her mother nursed me. Louise bears papers from the curé of her parish to strangers, but she should hardly need such passports to the head of our house."

"In brief, daughter," said Laval, passing to the point, "what brings you to this savage country — fit enough to be the arena of young men, or of those who lay self upon the altar of the Church, but most unfit for females tenderly brought up to enjoy the pleasures of the world?"

"Has my bringing-up been so tender, reverend father? I have passed nearly all my years an orphan in a convent."

"But what brings you to New France?"

"I came to appeal against your successor in the estates."

"My successor in the estates has nothing to do with you."

"He has to marry me, reverend father."

"Well, and has he not made a suitable marriage for you?"

Her face burned hotly.

"I do not wish him to make any marriage for me. I refused all the suitors he selected, and that is what determined him to marry me to the last one."

"You are deeply prejudiced against marriage?"

"Yes, reverend father."

"Against any marriage?"

"Yes, reverend father."

"This must be why you come with the king's girls to the marriage market."

Her face burned in deeper flames.

"The court of Louis," pursued Laval, "would furnish a better mate for you than any wild coureur de bois on the St. Lawrence."

"I have not come to any marriage market," she stammered.

"You are in the marriage market, Mademoiselle Laval. His Majesty, in his care for New France, sends out these girls to mate with soldiers and peasants here. It is good, and will confirm the true faith upon the soil. What I cannot understand is your presence among them."

Her face sank upon her breast.

"I did not know what to do."

"So, being at a loss, you took shipping to the ends of the earth?"

"Other women of good families have come out here."

"As holy missionaries: as good women should come. Do you intend leading such a life of self-sacrifice? Is that your purpose?" said Laval, penetrating her with his glance.

Her angelic beauty, drowned in red shame, could not move him. "Rash" and "froward" were the terms to be applied to her. She had no defense except the murmur:

"I thought of devoting myself to a holy life. Everybody was then willing to help me escape the marriage."

"Were there, then, no convents in France



"YOU ARE DEEPLY PREJUDICED AGAINST MARRIAGE?"

able to bound your zeal? Did you feel pushed to make this perilous voyage and to take up the hard life of saintly women here?"

"I am myself a Laval-Montmorency," said mademoiselle, rearing her neck in her last stronghold. "The Bishop of Petræa[1] may not have inherited all the heroism of the present generation."

He smiled slowly: his mouth was not facile at relaxing.

"In your convent they failed to curb the tongue. This step that you have taken is, I fear, a very rash one, my daughter."

"Reverend father, I am a young girl without parents, but with fortune enough to make suitors troublesome. How can I take none but wise steps? I want to be let alone to think my thoughts, and that was not permitted me in France."

"We will have further talk to-morrow and next week," concluded the bishop. "We will see how your resolution holds out. At this hour I go to the governor's council. Receive my benediction."

He abruptly lifted his hands and placed them above her bowed head for an instant's articulation of Latin, then left the room. As long as his elastic, quick tread could be heard, Mademoiselle Laval stood still. It died away. She turned around and faced her companion with a long breath.

"That is over! Louise, do you think after fifteen years of convent life I shall cease to have blood in me?"

"Not at all, Mademoiselle Claire," responded

[1] Another of Laval's titles.

Louise literally. "As long as we live we have blood."

"He is terrible."

"He is such a holy man, mademoiselle; how can he help being terrible? You know Madame Bourdon told us he ate rotten meat to mortify his flesh, and his servant has orders never to make his bed or pick the fleas out of it. I myself have no vocation to be holy, mademoiselle. I so much like being comfortable and clean."

Claire sat down upon the only bench which furnished ease to this convent parlor. Louise was leaning against the stone wall near her. Such luxuries as came out from France at that date were not for nuns or missionary priests, though the Church was then laying deep foundations in vast grants of land which have enriched it.

"I do not love the dirty side of holiness myself," said Claire. "They must pick the fleas out of my bed if I endow this convent. And I do not like trotting, fussy nuns who tell tales of each other and interfere with one. But, O Louise! how I could adore a saint — a saint who would lead me in some high act which I could perform!"

"The best thing next to a live saint," remarked Louise, "is a dead saint's bone which will heal maladies. But, mademoiselle,—the Virgin forgive me! — I would rather see my own mother this day than any saint, alive or dead."

"The good Marguerite! How strange it must seem to her that you and I have been driven this long journey — if the dead know anything about us."

"She would be glad I was in the ship to wait upon you, mademoiselle. And I must have done poorly for myself in Rouen. Our curé said great matches were made out here."

"Now, tell me, Louise, have you the courage for this?"

"I am here and must do my duty, mademoiselle."

"But can you marry a strange man this evening or to-morrow morning and go off with him to his strange home, to bear whatever he may inflict on you?"

"My mother told me," imparted Louise, gazing at the floor, where lay two or three rugs made by the nuns themselves, "that the worst thing about a man is his relatives. And if he lives by himself in the woods, these drawbacks will be away."

"You have no terror of the man himself?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. I can hardly tell at sight whether a man is inclined to be thrifty or not. It would be cruel to come so far and then fare worse than at Rouen. But since my mother is not here to make the marriage, I must do the best I can."

"Hé, Louise! Never will you see me bending my neck to the yoke!"

"It is not necessary for you to marry, mademoiselle. You are not poor Louise Bibelot."

"I meant nothing of the kind. We played together, my child. Why should you accuse me of a taunt? — me who have so little command of my own fortune that I cannot lay down a dozen gold pieces to your dower. No! I have passed the ordeal of meeting the bishop. My spirits rise. I am glad to dip in this new experience. Do you know that if they send me back it cannot be for many months? One who comes to this colony may only return by permission of the king. The bishop himself would be powerless there. And now I shall hear no more about husbands!"

"Louise Bibelot," summoned Mother Mary, appearing at the door, "come now to the hall. Mademoiselle Laval will dispense with thee. The young men are going about making their selections. Come and get thee a good honest husband."

III.

THE KING'S DEMOISELLE.

BETRAYING in her face some disposition to pry into the customs of the New World, Claire inquired:

"What is this marriage market like, reverend mother?"

"It is too much like an unholy fair," answered Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with mild severity. "The gallants stalk about and gaze when they should be closing contracts. The girls clatter with their tongues; they seem not to know what a charm lies in silence."

Mademoiselle Laval stood up and closed her cloak.

"With your permission, reverend mother, I will walk through the fair with you."

"Not *you*, mademoiselle!"

"Why not?"

"You are not here to select a husband. The holy cloister is thy shelter. Common soldiers and peasant farmers are not the sights for thee to meet."

"Reverend mother, I must inure myself to the rough aspect of things in New France, for it is probable I am tossed here to stay. You and Madame Bourdon gaze upon these evil things, and my poor Louise is exposed to them."

"I do not say they are evil. I only say they are not befitting thee."

"Dear and reverend mother," urged Claire, with a cajoling lift of the chin and a cooing of the voice which had been effective with other abbesses, "when the nausea was so great on shipboard and poor Louise nursed me so well, I did not think to turn my back on her in her most trying ordeal."

"We will say nothing more, mademoiselle," replied Mother Mary, shaking her black-bound head. "Without orders from his reverence the vicar, I should never think of taking thee into the marriage market." She went directly away with Louise Bibelot.

As Louise left the door she cast back a keen look of distress at her mistress. It was merely her protest against the snapping of the last shred which bound her to France. But Claire received it as the appeal of dependent to superior; and more, as the appeal of maid to maid. She unlatched a swinging pane no larger than her hand, hinged like a diminutive door in glass of the window overlooking the court. The glass was poor and distorted, and this appeared a loop-hole which the sisters provided for themselves through the scale-armor Canadian winters set upon their casement.

"Poor child!" murmured Claire to the back of Louise Bibelot's square cap as Louise trotted beside the gliding nun. She did not estimate the amount of impetus which Louise's look gave to other impulses that may have been lurking in her mind. She arose and rebelled with the usual swiftness of her erratic nature.

Scarcely had nun and bride-elect disappeared within the bazar when Claire Laval entered behind them. Mother Mary unconsciously escorted her betwixt rows of suitors and haggling damsels. Louise was to be placed in the upper hall among select young women.

Benches were provided on which the girls sat, some laughing and whispering, others block-like as sphinxes, except that they moved their dark eyes among the offering husbands. Sturdy peasant girls they were, and all of them in demand, for they could work like oxen. If there was uniformity of appearance among them, the men presented contrast enough.

Stout coureurs de bois were there, half-renegades, who had made the woods their home and the Indian their foster-brother; who had shirked the toils of agriculture and depended on rod and gun: loving lazy wigwam life and the dense balmy twilight of summer woods which steeped them in pale green air; loving the winter trapping, the forbidden beaver-skin, the tracking of moose; loving to surprise the secrets of the pines, to catch ground-hog or sable at lunch on cast-off moose-horns; loving to stand above their knees in boiling trout-streams to lure those angels of the water with well-cast hook as they lay dreaming in palpitating colors.

Ever thus was the provincial government luring back to domestic life and agriculture the coureurs de bois themselves. They were paid bounties and made tenants on seigniories if they would take wives of the king's girls and return to colonial civilization. Most of these young men retained marks of their wild life in Indian trinket, caribou moccasin, deer-skin leggin, or eagle feathers fastened to their hats; not to speak of those marks of brief Indian marriages left on their memories.

The habitant, or censitaire, the true cultivator of the soil, was a very different type. Groups from lower seigniories, from Cap Rouge and even from Three Rivers, shuffled about selecting partners. They had none of the audacity of their renegade brethren, and their decoration was less pronounced, yet they appeared to please the girls from France.

The most successful wooers among these two or three hundred wife-seekers, however, were soldiers holding grants under their former officers. They pushed ahead of the slow habitant, and held their rights above the rights of any bush-ranger. Their minds were made up at a glance, and their proposals followed with military directness. So prompt and brief were their measures that couples were formed in a line for a march to the altar. Thirty at a time were paired and mustered upon the world by notary and priest.

The notary had his small table, his ink-horn and quills, his books, papers, and assistant scrivener, in an angle of the lower hall. To find the priest it was necessary to open a door into a temporary chapel created in one of those closet-like offshoots which people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries dignified by the name of rooms. Here fifteen pairs at a time were packed, their breath making a perceptible cloud in the chill, stone-inclosed air as the long ceremony proceeded.

Madame Bourdon rustled from upper to lower hall, repeating instructions to her charges. They were not forced to accept any offer which did not please them. They might question a suitor. And in some cases their questioning seemed exhaustive; for though a sacred propriety radiated throughout the bazar from nun and matron, here and there a young man sat on the bench beside a damsel, holding her hand and pressing it and his suit.

The sun penetrated dust and cobweb on narrow high windows, finding through one a stone fire-place and wasting the light of several logs which lay piled in stages of roseate coals and sap-sobbing wood-rind.

Madame Bourdon encountered Claire with surprise; but as she followed Mother Mary, it was evident that the abbess sanctioned her presence, so nothing was to be said on the subject. In all that buzz and trampling the abbess could not hear her demoiselle's silken step, and she was herself a woman who never turned gazing about, but kept her modest eyes cast down as she advanced.

The instant that Claire entered this lower



"CHOOSE NOW BETWEEN THESE TWO MEN," SAID MADAME BOURDON, STERNLY.

hall she recoiled, feeling degraded in the results of her disobedience. She shaded her face. But the pride and stubbornness of her blood held her to her ground, though from mouth to mouth flew a whispered sentence, and she heard it, comprehending how current tattle was misrepresenting her in New France.

"The king's demoiselle! V'là! See you? There she goes to choose her husband — the king's demoiselle!"

IV.

THE HUSBAND.

CHÂTEAU of St. Louis though the government building of Canada was called, it had none of the substantial strength of Jesuit and Ursuline possessions; but was a low, wooden structure, roofed with shingles, and formed one side of the fort. Galleries, or pillared porches, with which Latin stock love to surround themselves in any climate, were built at the front, whence the governor could look down many sheer feet at the cabins of Lower Town.

Dollard paused before entering the Château of St. Louis to say to Jacques Goffinet:

"Will you not push your business now while I attend to mine, Jacques? Yonder is the building you want to enter. Go and examine the cargo, and I will be there to help you single out your bale."

"M'sieur, unless these are orders, I will wait here for you. I am not in a hurry to trot myself before a hundred and fifty women."

"But hurry you must," said Dollard, laughing. "I have no time to spare Quebec, and you know the consequences if we give our Indians a chance to get as drunk as they can."

"Dispatch is the word, Sieur des Ormeaux. I 'll attack the first woman in the hall if you but stand by to give the word of command."

"Very well, then. But you will remember, not a breath of my sworn purpose to any of the varlets within here."

Jacques pulled off his cap, and holding it in air stood in the mute attitude of taking an oath. Dollard flung his fingers backward, dismissing the subject.

They entered the Château of St. Louis, where Jacques waited in an anteroom among noisy valets and men-at-arms. He was put to question by the governor's joking, card-playing servants as soon as they understood that he was from Montreal; but he said little and sat in lowering suspense until Dollard came out of the council-chamber.

What Dollard's brief business was with the governor of Canada has never been set down. That it held importance either for himself or for the enterprise he had in hand is evident from his making a perilous journey in the midst of Indian alarms; but that he made no mention of this enterprise to the governor is also evident, from the fact that it was completed before Quebec had even known of it. His garrison at Montreal and the sub-governor Maisonneuve may have known why he made this voyage, which he accomplished in the astonishing space of ten days, both output and return. This century separates Montreal and Quebec by a single night's steaming. But voyagers then going up-stream sometimes hovered two weeks on the way. Dollard had for his oarsmen four stout Huron Indians, full of river skill, knowing the St. Lawrence like a brother. He returned through the anteroom, his visionary face unchanged by high company, and with Jacques at his heels walked briskly across Quebec Heights.

Spread gloriously before him was St. Lawrence's lower flood, parted by the island of Orleans. The rock palisades of Levi looked purple even under the forenoon sunlight. He could have turned his head over his left shoulder and caught a glimpse of those slopes of Abraham where the French were to lose Canada after he had given himself to her welfare. Not looking over his shoulder, but straight ahead, he encountered the mightiest priest in New France, stout Dollier de Casson, head of the order of St. Sulpice in Montreal. His rosy face shone full of good-will. There shone, also, the record of hardy, desperate mission work, jovial famine, and high forgetfulness of Dollier de Casson. His cassock sat on him like a Roman toga, masculine in every line. He took Dollard's hand and floated him in a flood-tide of good feeling while they spoke together an instant.

"You here, commandant? Where are the Iroquois?"

"Not yet at Quebec."

"But there have been alarms. The people around Ste. Anne's[1] are said to be starting to the fort."

"Jacques," exclaimed Dollard, "you must hasten this affair of your marriage. We are here too long."

"The sun is scarce an hour higher than when we landed," muttered Jacques.

"Does n't the king ship enough maids to Montreal?" inquired the priest, smiling at Jacques's downcast figure. "It is a strain on loyalty when a bachelor has to travel so far to wive himself, to say nothing of putting a scandal upon our own town, to the glorifying of Quebec."

"I came with my seignior," muttered the

[1] Ste. Anne de Beaupré, twenty miles east of Quebec. "The favorite saint appears to be Ste. Anne, whose name appears constantly on the banks of the St. Lawrence." [J. G. Bourinot.]

censitaire, "and this ship-load was promised from Rouen."

"My bride is my sword," said Dollard. "The poor lad may perhaps find one as sharp. Anyhow, he must grab his Sabine and be gone."

"Come, my son," rallied Father de Casson, dropping a hand on the subaltern's shoulder, "marriage is an honorable state, and the risks of it are surely no worse than we take daily with the Iroquois. Pluck up heart, pick thee a fine, stout, black-eyed maid, and if the king's priest have his hands over-full to make that haste which the commandant desires, bring her to the cathedral presently, and there will I join ye. And thus will Montreal Sulpitians steal one church service out of the hands of Quebec Jesuits!"

"Are you returning directly up river, father?" inquired Dollard over Jacques's mumble.

"Yes, my son; but this day only so far as the remote edge of one of our parishes, lying this side of Three Rivers."

"Why not go in our company? It will be safer."

"Much safer," said Dollier de Casson. "I have only my servant who rows the boat."

"I know you are a company of men in yourself, father."

"Military escort is a luxury we priests esteem when we can get it, my son. Do you leave at once?"

"As soon as Jacques's business is over. We shall find you, then, in Notre Dame?"

"In Notre Dame."

Dollier de Casson made the sign of benediction and let them pass.

When Dollard strode into the lower bazar it was boiling in turmoil around two wrangling men who had laid claim on one maid. The most placid girls from the remotest benches left their seats to tiptoe and look over each other's shoulders at the demure prize, who, though she kept her eyes upon the floor and tried to withdraw her wrists from both suitors, laughed slyly.

"It is that Madeleine," the outer girls who were not quarreled over whispered to each other with shrugs. But all the men in delight urged on the fray, uttering partisan cries, "She is thine, brave Picot!" "Keep to thy rights, my little Jean Debois!" to the distress of Madame Bourdon. She spread her hands before the combatants, she commanded them to be at peace and hear her, but they would not have her for their Solomon.

"I made my proposals, madame," cried one. "I but stepped to the notary's table an instant, when comes this renegade from the woods and snatches my bride. Madame, he hath no second pair of leather breeches. Is he a fit man to espouse a wife? The king must needs support his family. Ah, let me get at thee with my fist, thou hound of Indian camps!"

"Come on, peasant," swelled the coureur de bois. "I 'll show thee how to ruffle at thy master. Mademoiselle has taken me for her husband. She but engaged thee as a servant."

The two men sprang at each other, but were restrained by their delighted companions.

"Holy saints!" gasped Madame Bourdon, "must the governor be sent for to silence these rioters? My good men, there are a hundred and fifty girls to choose from."

"I have chosen this one," hissed red Picot.

"I have chosen this one," scowled black Jean Debois.

"Now thou seest," said Madame Bourdon, presenting her homily to the spectators, "the evil of levity in girls."

"Mademoiselle," urged Picot at the right ear of the culprit, who still smilingly gazed down her cheeks, "I have the most excellent grant in New France. There is the mill of the seignior. And our priest comes much oftener than is the case in up-river côtes."

"Mademoiselle," whispered the coureur de bois at her other ear, "thou hast the prettiest face in the hall. Wilt thou deck that clod-turner's hut with it when a man of spirit wooes thee? The choice is simply this: to yoke thee to an ox, or mate with a trader who can bring wealth out of the woods when the ground fails."

"And an Indian wife from every village," blazed Picot.

"Even there thou couldst never find thee one!" retorted Jean Debois. They menaced each other again.

"Choose now between these two men," said Madame Bourdon, sternly. "Must the garrison of the fort be brought hither to arrest them?"

The girl lifted her eyes as a young soldier hurriedly entered the outer door, carrying a parcel. He wore several long pistols, and was deeply scarred across the nose. Pushing through to the object of dispute, he shook some merchandise out of his bundle and threw it into her hands as she met him.

"This is my husband," the bashful maid said to Madame Bourdon; "I promised him before the others spoke, and he had but gone to the merchant's."

The soldier stared at the beaten suitors; he led his bride to the notary.

All around the hall laughter rising to a shout drove Picot and Jean Debois out of the door through which the soldier had come in, the wood-ranger bearing himself in retreat with even less bravado than the habitant.

"Was there ever such improvidence as among our settlers!" sighed Madame Bourdon, feeling her unvented disapproval take other channels as she gazed after the couple

seeking marriage. "They spend their last coin for finery that they may deck out their wedding, and begin life on the king's bounty. But who could expect a jilt and trifler to counsel her husband to any kind of prudence?"

Dollard presented his man's credentials to Madame Bourdon, and she heard with satisfaction of their haste. It was evident that the best of the cargo would be demanded by this suitor; so she led them up one of those pinched and twisted staircases in which early builders on this continent seemed to take delight. Above this uneasy ascent were the outer vestibule, where bride traffic went on as briskly as below, and an inner sanctum, the counterpart of the first flagged hall, to which the cream of the French importation had risen.

"Here are excellent girls," said Madame Bourdon, spreading her hands to include the collection. "They bring the best of papers from the curés of their own parishes."

In this hall the cobwebby dimness, the log-fire, and the waiting figures seemed to repeat what the seekers had glanced through below; though there was less noise, and the suitors seemed more anxious.

"Here 's your fate, Jacques," whispered Dollard, indicating the fattest maid of the inclosure, who sat in peaceful slumber with a purr like a contented cat.

Jacques, carrying his cap in both hands, craned around Dollard.

"No, m'sieur. She 's a fine creature to look at, but a man must not wed for his eyes alone. His stomach craves a wife that will not doze by his fire and let the soup burn."

"Here, then, my child, behold the other extreme. What activity must be embodied in that nymph watching us from the corner!"

"Holy saints, m'sieur! There be not eels enough in the St. Lawrence to fill her ribs and cover her hulk. I have a low-spirited turn, m'sieur, but not to the length of putting up a death's-head in my kitchen. A man's feelings go against bones."

"These girls here have been instructed," said Madame Bourdon at the ear of the suitor. "These girls are not canaille from the streets of Paris."

"Do they come from Rouen, madame?" inquired Jacques.

"Some of them came from Rouen. See! Here is a girl from Rouen at this end of the room."

"Now, m'sieur," whispered Dollard's vassal, squeezing his cap in agitated hands, "I shall have to make my proposals. I see the girl. Will you have the goodness to tell me how I must begin?"

"First, hold up your head as if about to salute your military superior."

"M'sieur, it would never do to call a woman your military superior."

"Then say to her, 'Mademoiselle, you are the most beautiful woman in the world.'"

Again Jacques shook his head.

"Pardon, m'sieur. You have had experience, but you never had to marry one of them and take the consequences of your fair talk. I wish to be cautious. Perhaps if I allow her the first shot in this business she may yield me the last word hereafter."

So, following Madame Bourdon's beckoning hand, he made his shamefaced way towards Louise Bibelot. Mother Mary stood beside the log-fire some distance away, in the act of administering dignified rebuke to a girl in a long mantle, who, with her back turned to the hall, heard the abbess in silence. When the abbess moved away in stately dudgeon, the girl kept her place as if in reverie, her fair, unusual hand stretched towards the fire.

"Here, Louise Bibelot," said the good shepherdess of the king's flock, "comes Jacques Goffinet to seek a wife — Jacques Goffinet, recommended by Monsieur Daulac, the Sieur des Ormeaux, commandant of the fort at Montreal, and seignior of the islands about St. Bernard."

Louise made her reverence to Madame Bourdon and the suitor, and Jacques held his cap in tense fists. He thought regretfully of Turkish battle-fields which he had escaped. Louise swept him in one black-eyed look terminating on her folded hands, and he repented ever coming to New France at all.

The pair were left to court. Around them arose murmur and tinkle of voices, the tread of passing feet, and the bolder noise of the lower hall, to which Madame Bourdon hastened back that she might repress a too-frolic Cupid.

Jacques noted Louise's trim apparel, her nicely kept hair and excellent red lips. But she asserted no claim to the first word, and after five leaden minutes he began to fear she did not want to talk to him at all. This would be a calamity, and, moreover, a waste of the commandant's time. It seemed that Jacques must himself put forth the first word, and he suffered in the act of creating something to say. But out of this chaotic darkness a luminous thought streamed across his brain like the silent flash of the northern aurora.

"Mademoiselle, you like cabbage, is it not so?"

"Yes, monsieur," responded Louise, without lifting her eyes.

"Cabbage is a very good vegetable.— My seignior is in somewhat of a hurry. We must be married and start back to Montreal directly. Do you wish to be married?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"I, in fact, wish it myself. When you go as a soldier you don't want a wife. But when you settle down *en censive*, then, mademoiselle, it is convenient to have a woman to work and help dig."

"Have you a house and farm, monsieur?" murmured Louise.

Jacques spread his hands, the cap pendant from one of them.

"I have the island of St. Bernard under my seignior, mademoiselle. It is a vast estate, almost a league in extent. The house is a mansion of stone, mademoiselle, strong as a fort, and equal to some castles in Rouen. You come from Rouen, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And there is Mademoiselle de Granville, my lord's half-sister, but nobody else to wait upon. For Sieur des Ormeaux, when not at his fortress, may go on expeditions. We never yet took refuge at Montreal from the Indians, so strong is St. Bernard. The house is of rock cemented together and built against a rock. Do you ever drink brandy, mademoiselle?"

"*I*, monsieur! Never in my life!"

"That must be a good thing in a woman," commented Jacques, with a nod of satisfaction.

"Are you at all thriftless or lazy, monsieur?" the demure girl took her turn to inquire.

"No, mademoiselle; I make my clothes do year after year. And had you seen the frozen fish and eels, the venison, the cabbage, beets, and onions I stored in our cellar for winter, you would not ask if I am lazy."

Louise smiled her bashful approval upon him, and said in explanation:

"I should not like a thriftless, lazy husband."

"Mademoiselle, we are cut out of the same caribou-skin, and match like a pair of moccasins. Shall we go to the notary?"

"If you wish, monsieur."

"You accept me as your husband?"

"If you please, monsieur."

"Then let us get married. I forget your name."

"Louise Bibelot."

"My name is Jacques Goffinet. When we are married we can get better acquainted."

Flushed with success, Jacques turned to display a signal of victory to his seignior, and was astounded to see Dollard standing by the fireplace in earnest conversation with a beautiful girl. It was evident that no further countenance and support could be expected from Dollard. So Jacques took his bride in tow as a tug may now be seen guiding some yacht of goodly proportions through a crowded harbor, and set out to find the notary.

When Dollard fell into an easy posture to enjoy his man's courtship, he cast a preliminary glance about the hall, that other amusing things might not escape him. At once his attitude became tense, his ears buzzed, and the blood rose like wine to his head. The woman of his constant thoughts was warming her hand at the fire. He could not be mistaken; there was nothing else like the glory of her youthful white hair in either hemisphere; and without an instant's hesitation he brought himself before her, bowing, hat in hand, until his plume lay on the floor.

The demoiselle made a like stately obeisance.

Dumb, then, they stood, just as the peasant couple had done; but in this case too bounteous speech choked itself. It seemed to both that their hearts beat aloud. Dollard felt himself vibrate from head to foot with the action of his blood-valves. The pair looked up and stammered to cover such noise within, speaking together, and instantly begged each other's pardon, then looked down and were silent again.

"How is it possible," said Dollard, carefully modulating his voice, "that I see you here, Mademoiselle Laval!"

"The Sieur des Ormeaux takes me for a king's girl! How is it possible I see *you* here, monsieur?"

"I came to keep my man in countenance, while he picked himself a wife. This instant is a drop from Paradise!"

"Monsieur is easily satisfied if he can call such surroundings a paradise," said Claire, smiling at the grim hall.

"Mademoiselle, when did you come from France?"

"Yesterday we arrived, Sieur des Ormeaux."

"Then you came in the king's ship?"

"Without a doubt."

"This is wonderful! I thought you three thousand miles away from me."

"Did you honor me with a thought at the other extremity of that distance?" she asked carelessly, pushing towards the fire with the point of her foot a bit of bark which its own steam had burst off a log.

"Claire!" he said, pressing his hand on his eyes.

"Monsieur, the abbess is near," the young lady responded in tremor.

"You are not here to be a nun?"

"Why not?"

"But are you?"

"Monsieur, you have penetration. That is said to be my errand."

"But why do you come to New France?"

"That is what the bishop said. I hope we may choose our convents, we poor nuns."

"O Claire! I cannot endure this," Dollard sobbed in his throat. It was a hoarse note of

masculine anguish, but the girl observed him with radiant eyes.

"I never was a man fit to touch the tip of your white finger. Mademoiselle, have you forgotten those messages that I sent you by my cousin when she was with you at the convent?"

"It was very improper, Sieur des Ormeaux. Yes, indeed, I have forgotten every one of them."

"You have not thought of me, and I have lived on thoughts of you. I hoped to ennoble myself in your eyes — and you are thrown in my way to turn me mad at the last instant!"

"Forgive my misfortune which throws me in your way, monsieur," she said sedately. "I am driven here a fugitive."

"From what?" Dollard's hand caught the hilt of his sword.

"From something very unpleasant. In fact, from marriage."

His face cleared, and he laughed aloud with satisfaction.

"Do you hate marriage?"

"I detest it."

"You came to live under the bishop's protection?"

"His penance and discipline, you mean."

"This is a rude country for you. How often have I presumed to plan your life and mine together, arranging the minutest points of our perfect happiness! I have loved you and been yours since the first moment I saw you. And how I have followed your abbess's carriage when it contained you! I was to distinguish myself in military service, and become able to demand your hand of your guardian. But that takes so long! There was a rumor that you were to be married. Angel! I could throw myself on the floor with my cheek against your foot!"

"O Sieur des Ormeaux! do not say that. It is a surprise to find you in this country, though it is very natural that you should be here. I must now go back to the convent."

"Wait. Do not go for a moment. Let me speak to you. Remember how long I have done without seeing you."

"Oh, I only came in a moment because I was curious."

"Then stay a moment because you are merciful."

"But I must go back to the convent, Sieur des Ormeaux," she urged, her throat swelling, her face filling with blood. "Because —"

"Because what?"

"Because I must go back to the convent. It is the best place for me, monsieur. And you will soon forget."

The two poor things stood trembling, though Dollard's face gathered splendor.

"Claire, you are mine. You know that you are mine! This is love! O saints!"

He threw himself on his knees before her without a thought of any spectator, his sword clanking against the flags of the hearth.

"Monsieur —"

"Say 'My husband!'"

"My husband," she did whisper; and at that word he rose up and took her in his arms.

V.

JACQUES HAS SCRUPLES.

ALL other business in the hall was suspended. Perhaps the fire and success of Dollard's courtship kindled envy in ruder breasts; but in Mother Mary's it kindled that beacon which a vestal keeps ready against the inroads of the cloister's despoilers.

Pallid and stately she placed herself before the pair. And during this conference she made dabs forward with her head, as a poor hen may be seen to do when the hawk has stolen her chicken.

"We did not understand, monsieur, that the commandant of Montreal sought a wife."

"Reverend mother," said Dollard, shielding the side of Claire's face with his hand as he held her head against him, "I never dared seek such a blessing as this. The saints have given it to me."

"But mademoiselle is not here to be married, monsieur."

"I understand that, reverend mother."

"And do you understand that she is the cousin of the Bishop of New France?"

"All Mademoiselle Laval's history is known to me. I have adored her a life-time."

"And was it to meet this young seignior, mademoiselle, that you insisted on coming into the wife market?"

"Reverend mother," replied Dollard, himself glowing as he felt Claire's face burn under his hand, "blame the saints, not us. We have been flung together from the ends of the earth. It is a blessed miracle."

Mother Mary made a dab with her head which meant, "Do not be deceived, my son."

Dollard understood a movement Claire made, and gave her his arm to lead her away.

"And the demoiselle takes this young commandant for her husband?"

"I do, reverend mother," the demoiselle replied, lifting up a countenance set in the family cast of stern stubbornness.

"It will be my duty to send an instant message to the bishop."

"The bishop may still be found at the council. I have just been with him," said Dollard. "Let your messenger make haste, reverend mother, for I leave Quebec directly."

"Then there is no need of haste. The Sieur des Ormeaux can present his suit to the bishop next time he comes to Quebec."

"I shall never come to Quebec again, reverend mother."

Claire looked above the level of her own eyes to understand this riddle.

Dollard was scarcely twenty-five years old. His crystal love, so strong that it had him in possession, shone through a face set in lines of despair.

"Surely you can come again in a week?"

"My darling, it may take nearly that long to reach Montreal. How little you know of distances in this savage country!"

"Monsieur, I will send for the bishop," said Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

As her black robe moved away, the other people in the hall, seeing nothing further to gaze at, resumed their wooing and bargaining.

"What did you mean when you said you shall never come to Quebec again?" inquired Claire.

Dollard penetrated her with his look.

"Will you marry me this moment?"

"Monsieur, how can I marry you this moment?"

"By going to the notary, who has a table down-stairs, and afterward to Father de Casson, who, fortunately, is waiting for me in the cathedral now. I see what will happen if I wait to demand you in marriage of the bishop. There will be delays and obstacles, if not a flat refusal."

"The commandant truly takes me for a king's girl," she said, her teeth showing in laughter, though her black eyelashes started into crescent-like prominence on whitening cheeks.

"Have you I will, however I take you; the whole world shall not prevent that now. And listen: suppose I had taken vows,—wait!—honorable vows. It will surely be as well with you after my pledges are fulfilled as it was before we met here. This hard convent life in New France, you cannot endure that. You will be the lady of my poor seigniory, and perhaps I may add some glory to the name. My Claire, do you love me?"

"Sieur des Ormeaux, is not that enough to admit in one day?"

"No, it is not. When was a day ever granted to us before? If we lose this point of time, the dead wall of separation will rise again, and I shall be robbed of you forever."

"But why can you not come back again?"

"Because the bounds are set for me. Yet, if I could come again, would I prosper any better? Claire, if my suit is even listened to, there will be messages to the king, and to the Montmorency in France, and a year's or two years' delay. As for me, I shall be dead long before then. We can go to the notary this moment. We can go to the cathedral to Father de Casson. We can go forthwith to my boat and start up the St. Lawrence. O my love!"—Dollard's voice was searching and deep in pleading,—"can you not stoop to this haste for me? I shall carry you into hardship, but carry you like the cross. While we stand here the abbess sends for the bishop; the bishop comes and says, 'Go back, fair cousin, into the convent; and you, Dollard, whoever you may be, get yourself off to Montreal.' I could not then urge you against your kinsman's authority. But now the word is unspoken. Shall we stand here and wait until it is spoken?"

"I see no reason why we should, monsieur," she replied, pink as a flower.

"Then you will consent to be married at once?"

"There is, I believe, but one staircase," said Claire. "It would not be pleasant to meet the bishop or Mother Mary of the Incarnation as we go down."

"Let us make haste, therefore," he deduced from her evasive reply; and haste they made, so that several pairs were kept waiting by the notarial table while the commandant was served.

The cathedral of Notre Dame in Quebec stood, and still stands, on the opposite side of the square. It was a massive pile of masonry, compared to the cabins of Lower Town, and held its cross far up in their northern sky. Within were holy dimness and silence, broken only by the footfalls of occasionally coming and going devotees. Though not yet rich in altars and shrines, paintings, and glittering crystal and metal, the young cathedral had its sacred saint's joint or other worthy relic, and its humble offerings of tinsel and ribbon-tied paper flowers. The merchant people from Lower Town, and peasants from adjacent river côtes and Laval's great seigniory, came here to bathe their souls in thoughts of heaven, and to kneel on the pavement beside governor or high dame.

At this hour of morning only two persons sat in the church as if waiting for some kind of service.

There were three nuns, indeed, kneeling in a row before the chancel rail, their three small red noses just appearing beyond their black veils—noses expressing quiet sanctity. And a confessional was perhaps occupied.

But the pair who waited were neither nuns nor penitents. They had taken the usual moisture from the font of holy water, wherein many devout fingers had deposited considerable sediment. They had bowed towards the altar and told their prayers from station to station, and were now anxious to be joined in matrimony

lest Dollard should arrive and cut off all chance of collecting the governor's bounty by his impatient haste.

Still, as no priest appeared, Jacques and Louise sat in repose with their eyes cast down. The feverish activity of this new world would never touch their veins or quicken the blood of any of their descendants. How many generations before them had been calmed into this pastoral peace on sun-soaked lands! Years of dwelling among pines and mountains and azure lakes, of skimming on snow-shoes over boundless winter whiteness, of shooting rapids and of standing on peaks, would all fail to overexhilarate blood so kindly bovine and unhurried in its action.

The penitent came out of the confessional closet and stalked away—an Algonquin Indian, with some slight smell of rum about him and a rebuked expression of countenance. A fringe or thread of his blanket trailed on the pavement as he went. Then Dollier de Casson, who never omitted confessing any sinner that appealed to him, strode out of the confessional himself on gigantic soles, though with the soft tread which nature and training impart to a priest. He saw the waiting couple, and as serenely as he would have prepared for such an office in some river cabin, he took his stole out of a large inner pocket of his cassock and invested himself in it.

During this pause Dollard came hastily into the cathedral with a muffled lady on his arm. He took her at once to Father de Casson, and beckoned Jacques to follow them to the altar.

Jacques followed with Louise, his face waxing in anxiety, until a heavy heart brought down his knees with a bump behind Dollard and that unknown dame.

"How is this, my son?" inquired Father de Casson of Dollard as he rested his eyes on the commandant's bride.

"Father, let the service go on at once, and I will make all due explanation when there is more time. The civil marriage is completed."

Father de Casson took his book to administer the sacrament of marriage to these two pairs, when Jacques, walking on his knees, brought himself behind Dollard's ear.

"Father," he whispered to the priest, the hisses of his suppressed voice scattering through the place, "I have on my mind what must first be said to my master."

"When did ye all confess last?" inquired Dollier de Casson.

"Father," urged Dollard, "believe me, we are all prepared for the sacrament of marriage."

"But, m'sieur," anxiously hissed Jacques at his ear, "I did not know you were going to take a wife too."

"Suppose you did n't know," exclaimed Dollard, turning towards him in impatience; "what is it to you?"

"You will have to change your will, m'sieur."

"Certainly I will have to change my will; but you shall not be injured."

"That 's not it, m'sieur," persisted Jacques. "Whatever is right to you will be right to me. But here 's this girl. I 've nearly promised her the seigniory, and what will she say when she 's cut out of it?"

"Get back to your place and let the service go on," said Dollard, half rising in menace.

"But I ought to take her out and explain this to her first," insisted Jacques. "Then if she chooses to go into the marriage she can blame no one but herself."

"Will you get back to your place and cease your interruption," whispered Dollard with fierceness, "or must I take you by the neck and toss you out of the cathedral?"

"No, m'sieur, I 'll not interrupt it. I 'll marry her. But what she will do with me afterwards is the load upon my mind."

So, rubbing his knees on the pavement, Jacques returned like a crab to his immovable bride, and dejectedly bore his part in the service. Yet before this ordeal of marriage was over, the pastoral peace had returned to his countenance, and solemn relief appeared in his eyes. As Louise Bibelot became transmuted into Louise Goffinet, he said within himself:

"Now, if she be well contented with the commandant's change of mind, all will go right. But if she turns rebellious at these new orders, threatening to desert, and wanting the entire earth with the seigniory thrown in, there 'll be only one thing for me to do. I 'll whip her!"

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE "ORIENT."

'T WAS a pleasant Sunday morning while the spring was in its glory,
English spring of gentle glory; smoking by his cottage door,
Florid-faced, the man-o'-war's-man told his white-head boy the story,
Noble story of Aboukir, told a hundred times before.

"Here, the *Theseus*—here, the *Vanguard*"; as he spoke each name sonorous,—
Minotaur, *Defence*, *Majestic*, stanch old comrades of the brine,
That against the ships of Brueys made their broadsides roar in chorus,—
Ranging daisies on his door-stone, deft he mapped the battle-line.

Mapped the curve of tall three-deckers, deft as might a man left-handed,
Who had given an arm to England later on at Trafalgar.
While he poured the praise of Nelson to the child with eyes expanded,
Bright athwart his honest forehead blushed the scarlet cutlass-scar.

For he served aboard the *Vanguard*, saw the Admiral blind and bleeding
Borne below by silent sailors, borne to die as then they deemed.
Every stout heart sick but stubborn, fought the sea-dogs on unheeding,
Guns were cleared and manned and cleared, the battle thundered, flashed, and screamed.

Till a cry swelled loud and louder,—towered on fire the *Orient* stately,
Brueys' flag-ship, she that carried guns a hundred and a score;
Then came groping up the hatchway he they counted dead but lately,
Came the little one-armed Admiral to guide the fight once more.

"'Lower the boats!' was Nelson's order."—But the listening boy beside him,
Who had followed all his motions with an eager wide blue eye,
Nursed upon the name of Nelson till he half had deified him,
Here, with childhood's crude consistence, broke the tale to question "Why?"

For by children facts go streaming in a throng that never pauses,
Noted not, till, of a sudden, thought, a sunbeam, gilds the motes.
All at once the known words quicken, and the child would deal with causes.
Since to kill the French was righteous, why bade Nelson lower the boats?

Quick the man put by the question. "But the *Orient*, none could save her;
We could see the ships, the ensigns, clear as daylight by the flare;
And a many leaped and left her; but, God rest 'em! some were braver;
Some held by her, firing steady till she blew to God knows where."

At the shock, he said, the *Vanguard* shook through all her timbers oaken;
It was like the shock of Doomsday,—not a tar but shuddered hard.
All was hushed for one strange moment; then that awful calm was broken
By the heavy plash that answered the descent of mast and yard.

So, her cannon still defying, and her colors flaming, flying,
In her pit her wounded helpless, on her deck her Admiral dead,
Soared the *Orient* into darkness with her living and her dying:
"Yet our lads made shift to rescue three-score souls," the seaman said.

Long the boy with knit brows wondered o'er that friending of the foeman;
Long the man with shut lips pondered; powerless he to tell the cause
Why the brother in his bosom that desired the death of no man,
In the crash of battle wakened, snapped the bonds of hate like straws.

While he mused, his toddling maiden drew the daisies to a posy;
Mild the bells of Sunday morning rang across the church-yard sod;
And, helped on by tender hands, with sturdy feet all bare and rosy,
Climbed his babe to mother's breast, as climbs the slow world up to God.

Helen Gray Cone.

BIRD MUSIC: THE LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.
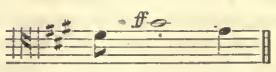
THE loon is not a singer, but his calls and shoutings exhibit so great a variety of vocal qualities that we must consider him a member of Nature's orchestra.

In the summer of 1887 I spent a few weeks on the borders of Trout Lake, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. This beautiful little island-dotted lake, some three miles long, has been inhabited for years by three or four pairs of loons. There they lay their eggs and rear their young, and there I found a good opportunity to study them. On one occasion a small party of us discovered a nest. When we were yet a good way off, the wary sitter slid from sight into the water, darted along beneath our boat, and was far out into the lake before she came to the surface. The nest, simply a little cavity in dry muck, was on the ruins of an old muskrat house, not more than eight or ten inches above the water. There were two very dark eggs in it,—never more than two are found in the nest of the loon,—nearly as large as those of a goose.

The time of sitting, as I was informed, is four weeks. Wilson says of the loons that "they light upon their nests"; but a careful observer, who had several times seen the female make her way from the water to her nest, told me that they shove themselves to it on their breasts, very much as they push themselves in the water. I was also informed that the young are never fed upon the nest, but are taken to the water on the back of the mother, where they remain and are fed for a time, and then are launched upon the waves for life. At this age one can row up to them and take them in the hand, which they delight in giving hard nips with their long and limber bills; but when a month old they seem as wild and cunning as their parents.
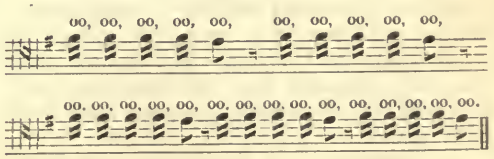
I had several lively frolics with a pair about that age which were already expert divers and could swim many rods under water. As we neared them in the boat great excitement was manifested by both old and young; the little ones dived in a flash and the parents made off rapidly, shouting for us to follow them. How they knew the direction the young ones took under water I cannot say; but they were sure to take quite another course. After learning their trick we turned to go from them, when suddenly there was a furious dashing and splashing just behind us, and in a moment more one of them rushed by, very near us, both flying and swimming, with wings in the air and feet in the water. He swept by us with a noise like a steamboat, but no boat could equal his speed. At every stroke of his wings he smote the water as well as the air. It is the opinion of many that the loon uses the wings under water, and it now seems to me possible if not probable.

When the family discovered that we were only at play with them, they became quiet for a few moments; but presently there went up a strange, wild cry of three tones, the second one being long and loud, and all so much like the call of the human voice that no sensitive person could hear them without surprise and emotion. These notes represent them:



Wilson thought the European divers were of a different species from the American divers, they differed so much in size. He cites a European specimen that weighed sixteen pounds, against the usual weight of our divers, which he puts at eight and a half pounds. The point of size would not seem to be well taken, for I have seen in the collection of Mr. Vickary, the taxidermist of Lynn, the body of one of our divers which weighed twelve pounds; and Mr. Vickary informs me that one was once sent to him which weighed seventeen pounds.

The loon is a born aristocrat. He is no trifler: everything he does bears an intellectual stamp. A solitary, mating only with the elements, he is master of winds and waves, sitting the waters with sovereign grace and dignity, equally unconcerned in calm and tempest. Surprised by danger, he dives fearlessly and swims the depths with incredible swiftness and for an astonishing length of time, finally emerging far away in triumph and in defiance of his pursuers. Then, if the attractions of his other element inspire him, he rises and flies rapidly through the upper air, shouting over and over his most characteristic five tones:



Simeon Pease Cheney.

WHERE WAS "THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY"?

IN the morning of the first day that our party spent in Jerusalem, as soon as the tents were pitched out upon the hill near the Russian convent, and a home thus established for the week's sojourn, three of us set forth for a walk around the city, with but a small sense of the force of hot sunshine falling upon white paths and glowing walls when the full strength of a Syrian noontide should be attained. We entered the town by the Damascus gate and pursued our way along the narrow and tortuous streets until we came out through St. Stephen's gate upon the slope leading down across the Kidron valley: we followed the path that passes the Tomb of the Virgin Mary and the Garden of Gethsemane, working our steps up the middle road to the very top of Mount Olivet.

The story of this trip appears quite simple, and one would hardly suppose that we should find its accomplishment so fatiguing. It is a surprise to most tourists to discover the steepness of some of these paths: that which runs down from the spot where one tradition says that Stephen was stoned is actually precipitous; the track for horses is cut in angular zigzags with acute turnings so as to render it possible for the animals to climb up, or to keep from slipping headlong on the descent.

We were conducted in this instance by a young man from the mission of the English Church, an Armenian by birth but a Protestant by belief and experience, being one of the converts God has given for the fidelity of those laborers in the Gospel who so long have been working in Jerusalem. He wore his usual costume — a long worsted robe of a maroon color, girt around the waist, and edged with a variegated border. He could understand and speak our language readily, and was constantly of help to us in giving us the names of localities and buildings along the course. His strength was terribly tested by the sinewy impetuosity and tirelessness of our enthusiasm; and long before we relaxed that zeal of exploration which only Americans exercise, we discovered pitifully that his lagging limbs sought rest at every chance pause for conversation and debate. He was cheerful on every demand; but, like Eastern people generally in that region, enervate and weak in his muscles.

Our little trio was made up of Professor John A. Paine of Robert College in Constantinople, Mr. Alfred H. Hall, then a student in preparation for the ministry, and, since, the able and well-known pastor of one of the Congregational churches in Connecticut, in company with the writer of this article. We agreed in the interest we took in the amiable young man who showed us the objects of common investigation. When, in the years that have since flitted away, we have talked over that walk, the conversation has often turned upon his pleasant, gentle manner, with an affectionate recollection of his simple-minded faith and trustful joyousness of spirit. He was entirely free, so far as we could observe, from any superstition or formality, and his regard for Jesus as his Saviour was personal and devout; and I am bound to say that intimacy with him on that occasion led me into a more satisfied and a less exacting mood concerning what are reported as Christian converts in an ordinary course of missionary endeavor in heathen countries.

At last we reached the small church building planted professedly — quite mistakenly as to locality, however — to mark the spot of Christ's ascension to heaven. We mounted the dirty staircase, and worried ourselves along into a little chairless room in the steeple, where a quiet old man gave us an awkward welcome to a seat on the floor. I pulled up a piece of straw matting for our seat, and so we ranged ourselves close to a narrow window looking down on the entire city. An inimitably fine view is that spread out before one who is studying details of streets, walls, domes, minarets, public edifices, hills, and valleys.

Directly in front lay "the joy of the whole earth." The exclamation which one first makes concerning this pathetic old town has only wonder in it — Where are the suburbs? The buildings run up to the wall in most places, though in one or two of the corners they do not appear to reach it quite. Outside of the inclosure there are no houses to be seen at all: the slopes of Zion, Ophel, Bezetha, are really attractive as sites, but no such thing as a villa has been erected upon them. It looks as if all the people had, from time immemorial, lived on the inside of a stone line of masonry; in literal as well as scriptural language, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."

And now, for a small space in this article, the narration has to become somewhat personal — more so than pleases the writer. But I

must put myself in the place of a witness for the object I have in view.

I confessed afterwards to my companions that I had purposely brought them to this outlook, and that I now led the conversation with the utmost semblance of artlessness, for a single reason. We talked a little while about the points of compass, the lay of the land, the elevations of the surrounding hills, the towers and walls, the gates and sites; and so in the sweep of our eyes we came around to the north side of the parallelogram on the plan of which the place is outlined. Suddenly, in a tranquil sort of comment, as if a conceit had struck his fancy, Mr. Hall said, "That is a very curious conformation of rocks off there beyond the Damascus gate." We turned our eyes in the direction he indicated. "It looks as much like a skull as anything I ever saw," continued he. Professor Paine, alert and eager as ever after, in the days when he identified Mount Nebo, sprang to his feet, straining his gaze with amazement, and positively quivering with the passionate thought that he had made a new discovery.

What we all saw was this: in the immediate vicinity of that gate he mentioned, the yellow wall of the city appeared to have been built steeply up over what seemed a quarried cliff, through the strata of which was cut a path, leading on the outside around to the main road crossing from east to west along the north frontier, down out of vision from where we sat. We had to look over the corner of the city, across the angle formed by the east wall and the north, in order to see it. A deep excavation had been made, the bottom of which, leveled for the use of men and beasts, we could not reach; we could only trace the lines of cutting on the stone. The bare face of the precipice opposite the entrance was distinctly exposed; and the top — that is, the original surface of the hill — was rounded so as to present against the sky the almost exact outline of a human skull. Moreover, there were visible two cavities or holes in the rock; these served as eyeless sockets. Thus a sort of side view, the forehead fronting south-west, was offered. The name of Golgotha came at once to our remembrance. This must have been "the place of a skull," if likeness to a skull was enough to prove it.

So startling was this resemblance that it made a deep impression on the minds of all of us. I had noticed the same thing some years before, on the occasion of my first visit to Jerusalem, in 1867. And this was just my purpose in bringing those intelligent observers out on the hillside that clear morning, without warning or explanation. I intended to test their accuracy and quickness in discovering for themselves the configuration and markings of that singular spot, without the prompting of any suggestion of my own. I said to Professor Paine: "Sit down and quiet yourself now. This is what I gave you your tough walk for: I had a letter just before I left home in Paris, which I want to read to you."

This communication had been addressed to me by an old and trusted friend in the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Fisher Howe. He had been known and loved for many years as an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of that place, of which I was the pastor at the time. Sir J. William Dawson has referred to Mr. Howe with merited commendation, and evidently with sincere respect. But that he does not know just who he was, a mere mention of his name reveals; twice he calls him "Dr. Fisher Howe." My good and dear friend had cultivation and education, and some erudite acquisitions that were worth having; but he never bore anything like a literary or professional title growing out of an advanced college honor or degree. But, practically, he was a good scholar in New Testament Greek, and could manage Hebrew as well as some clergymen who have misused better chances. He read widely in the best sorts of reading, and what he read he generally kept where it was available. He died several years ago, having done what he could for his generation in all such ways of usefulness as are open to genuine zeal. But he never expected to be put into literature by the President of the British Association. He was simply a gentleman of wealth, high social position, real intellectual force, self-educated in the matters of advanced scholarship he loved to study, refined in manners, enthusiastic in Oriental travel — as any one grows to be who has journeyed through the countries of the Bible — and has given to the world a book full of his gains and his wistful wishes. As I write now there lies before me a copy of a volume he issued in 1853, entitled "Oriental and Sacred Scenes." It was published by M. W. Dodd of New York City, and was welcomed as a good book. A notable fact is this in the present discussion; for that work shows he then was eagerly planning and studying about the true site of Calvary. Still, he was an active business man through his life; in his late and maturer years he was President of the Brooklyn White Lead Company, and honored in the City of Churches as one of the best citizens it claimed for worth and public spirit. But in literature he was only a layman.

That letter which I referred to, and which now I read to my companions, was written to me with a definite purpose by Mr. Howe; he desired me to make some observations and report to him the results. The subject that

interested him most was this identification of Calvary as the place of our Lord's crucifixion. We had talked it over more than a hundred times together during the three or four years previous to this journey I was then making in the East. The paragraph explains itself. He says:

> I may have mentioned to you, previous to your first visit to Jerusalem, a lingering thought in regard to the *place of crucifixion*. When we lodged on Acra, we had from the roof of our house a full view of the rocky eminence near the Damascus gate; it is known by designation as the Grotto of Jeremiah. I believe it lies outside of what was the line of the second wall, but "nigh" unto it; and that it may not have been materially changed during the last eighteen centuries. As seen from a distance, the elevation is a "*kranion*" in shape, and might well, in common parlance, have the cognomen of "a skull."
>
> Now, all this may seem childish as seen by you, for I am not certain when the thought got into my head. I did examine the locality of the Damascus gate in regard to the evidences of the second wall, and well remember to have noted the wide and deep excavations between the present wall and the knoll referred to, and to have marked the curvatures of the strata of limestone rock; and came to the conclusion that the excavation dated back to the Christian era. The curvatures are marked on either side, showing the same original formation; and with the evidence then before me, I believed that the present wall at the place in question occupied the line of the second wall.

This is all that needs quoting from that particular letter. But as we read it over up there on the hillside, we could not forbear surprise and compliment at the evidence of careful observation and tenacious memory in his thus giving minute details of a visit that had been made so many years before. The reply which I sent to this letter when the conclusions of our little party had been reached was embodied partly in the book that Mr. Howe published the next year. This was called "The True Site of Calvary." It was a thin octavo of sixty-eight pages, issued by A. D. F. Randolph, New York City, 1871. So modest was it in look and size that it raised no popular enthusiasm in the notice taken of it, and after the first edition was exhausted it fell out of print. Of late it has been called for again; for now the site seems to be actually accepted, and there is a sort of competition among explorers as to the credit of having first suggested the knoll by the Damascus gate as being probably the exact place where our Lord was crucified.

Mr. Howe's object in his publication was to set forth the plainest arguments for his conjecture in the plainest way. No one can make light of his work; he writes calmly, and attempts nothing eloquent — is, indeed, rather too terse and dry for popular rhetoric. But Sir J. William Dawson testifies to his having summed up the Scripture proofs for his purpose "with great care," and calls his argument "able." If real students choose to read what he has said, they will go with him to his conclusions now; but when he wrote that volume all the world seemed afraid to challenge the absurd tradition which fixed the crucifixion up in the air over a graded hill, under the roof of an old structure that contains everything, and the burial-place of Jesus not far from it, beneath the same dome. Mr. Howe was in Jerusalem in 1853. For eighteen years thereafter he was occupied with studying all the authorities that he could find upon the subject; his mind was full of the theme. In 1870 he writes that he does not know how long ago the thoughts got into his mind; and within a twelvemonth he lays his book before the public. It is simply candid to assert that he was first in the field with his orderly proofs, seven or eight years before any of those who now seek to pass his volume by had given their slow adhesion to his arguments and begun to claim the credit of having supplied them to the public.

The necessity of this case required in the outset that he should state what the evangelists have to say, and what other allusions found in the New Testament demand in reference to the site. He makes, with a conspicuous italicizing of his words, six points in their turn:

First. That the place of the crucifixion was outside the walls of Jerusalem; and he adduces Hebrews xiii. 12; Matthew xxvii. 31, 32; John xix. 16, 17, with parallel passages from other gospels saying the same.

Second. That this place was nigh to the city. (John xix. 20.)

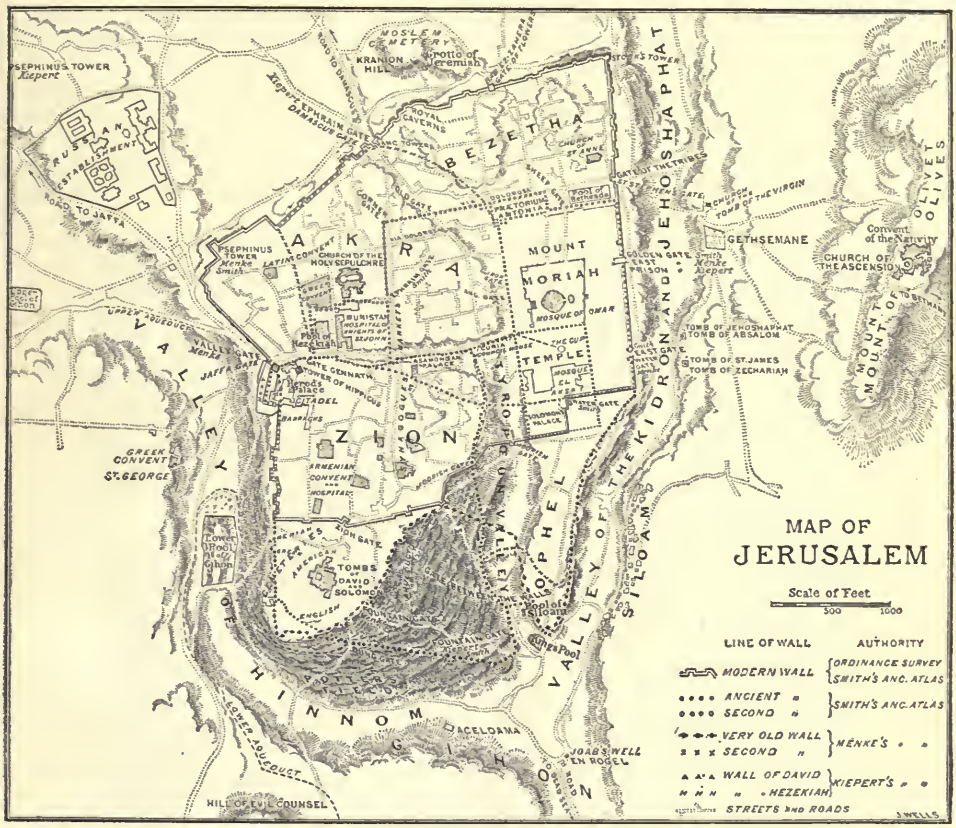
Third. That it was popularly known under the general designation of *Kranion*. He notes the meaning of *Golgotha* and of *Calvary*, and then he quotes Matthew xxvii. 33; Luke xxiii. 33; and John xix. 20.

Fourth. That it was obviously nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares to and from Jerusalem. (Matthew xxvii. 39; Mark xv. 29.)

Fifth. That this spot was very conspicuous; that is, it could be seen by those at a distance. (Matthew xxvii. 55; Luke xxiii. 35; John xix. 20.)

Sixth. That it was nigh to, not only sepulchers, but also gardens. (John xix. 38–42.) Then to these enumerations of proofs he adds his entire conclusion: "No sophistry, or interposed traditional authority or belief, can be allowed to evade these plain demands of the written word of God. Failure to meet one of them is proper ground for suspicion; failure in all is good cause for rejecting any site, traditional or hypothetical." With these propositions he proceeds to apply his tests.

Of course, therefore, the earliest thing this author was obliged to set himself definitely to accomplish was to destroy the force of an



established tradition in favor of the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulcher. He marshaled his proofs to show that this building could not be reckoned as ever having been outside of the city. Hence he entered into the controversy about the walls of that historic old capital with a map and a Bible in his hands. And it is precisely there that an article like this for a popular magazine will be shy in attempting to go along his tracks. The map which accompanies this sketch of Mr. Howe's process of reasoning is a great deal better than the one he copied from a guide-book of his time. It will do its own work in exhibiting how utterly impossible it is to twist Jerusalem into a straggling figure of awkwardness sufficiently wretched to allow of that rambling and mysterious piece of architecture being considered outside the wall. If one would take his stand upon the knoll by the Damascus gate and look over on the city, finding the domes and towers of the church conspicuous in the grouping almost at the center of the town, he would own the difficulty instantly. Mr. Howe discusses this in his "Oriental and Sacred Scenes," and throws all his force against that traditional theory even from the beginning. It is useless here to waste space in argument; it is enough to say that nobody has ever answered the objections of such scholars as Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. William M. Thomson, and scores of other writers of more or less repute. It is impossible to meet the scriptural conditions with that locality; and there is no other in Jerusalem which will meet them except that by the Grotto of Jeremiah.

The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both — since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor — had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bedizenments of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses — a decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one — are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space left by

grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled: "Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee." The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.



GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.

Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more — something else at least — shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough: it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?

Mr. James Fergusson, certainly one of the highest authorities on all architectural subjects, says plainly he thinks that the idea of an interior building like that of the Church of the

Sepulcher containing the site of the crucifixion and burial is too absurd to merit serious refutation; and he does not believe it would require it but for the open admission in all opposing arguments of the lack of any one's being able to say, or even to hint, where the true site is. To this remark he is willing to add his conviction that the present traditional notion will never be broken up until this practical want is supplied. Here is the real flaw in the logic: "Men will twist and torment facts and evidence until they make it quite clear, to their own minds, that what they wish to be true must be so." It is not necessary to accept this conclusion as absolute; some delusions concerning sites have been surrendered, and still the places emptied of them in the popular folly have not been as yet authentically filled. There is a positive advantage always in the settlement which common sense makes in putting down an imposture, just for its own sake; and we hope this has become possible, in these later times, with that church of Helena's building in the city of Jerusalem.

But there is still greater gain in putting down an imposture and erecting in the place of it a truth and a fact. In his bright book of letters from Palestine entitled "Haifa," Mr. Laurence Oliphant offers the results of modern observation and discussion with swift and intelligible words that are very welcome; especially in this instance it is worth our while to find and note the present posture of thought. He says:

> Every indication goes to show that Golgotha, or Calvary, was a knoll outside the Damascus gate, exactly in the opposite direction to that affixed by Christian tradition, and which would do away with the *Via Dolorosa* as a sacred thoroughfare, the street shown as that along which Christ bore his cross on his way to execution. It is only probable that Calvary was the ordinary execution ground of Jerusalem, which is called in the Talmud "the House of Stoning" about A. D. 150, and which current tradition among the Jews identifies with this knoll — a tradition borne out by the account of it contained in the *Mishnah*, or text of the Talmud, which describes a cliff over which the condemned was thrown by the first witness. If he was not killed by the fall, the second witness cast a stone upon him, and the crowd on the cliff, or beneath it, completed his execution. It was outside the gate, at some distance from the judgment-hall. The knoll in question is just outside the gate, with a cliff about fifty feet high. Moreover, we are informed that sometimes they sunk a beam in the ground, and a cross-beam extended from it, and they bound his hands one over the other, and hung him up. Thus the House of Stoning was a recognized place of crucifixion. It is curious that an early Christian tradition pointed to this site as the place of stoning of Stephen, the proto-martyr. The vicinity has apparently always been considered unlucky. An Arab writer in the Middle Ages pronounces a barren tract adjoining accursed and haunted, so that the traveler should not pass at night.

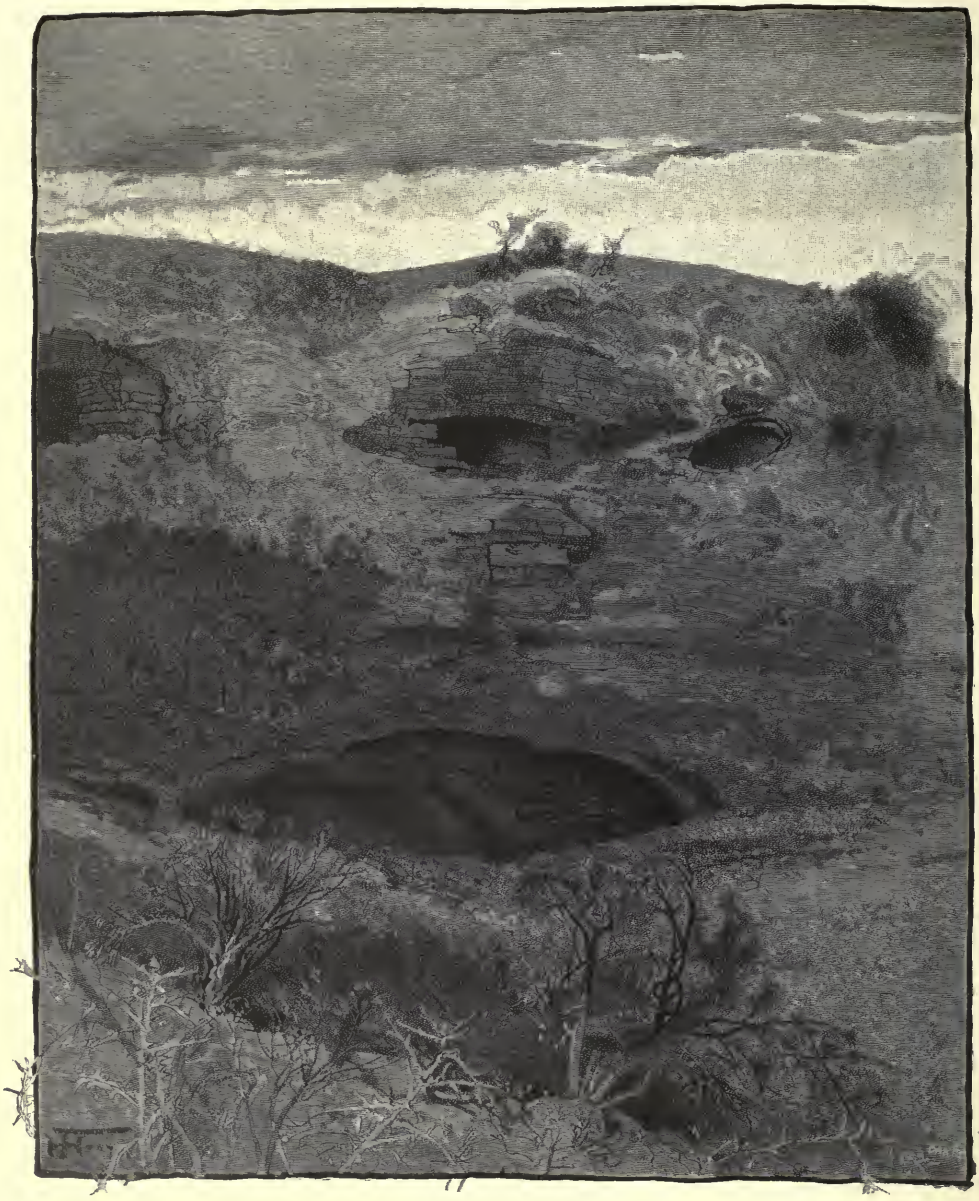
Many modern explorers have accepted the conclusion noted above; most of those who have written on the theme have marshaled their arguments to give it proof. And what is remarkable beyond anything else is the fact that these arguments are the same as those used by my old and dear friend Mr. Fisher Howe more than a quarter of a century ago.

The spot has been named the "Grotto of Jeremiah" for no reason that has any sense in it. The story was that the old prophet lived inside of the strange cavern at the base, as a hermit would live in some cleft of the hillside; that he penned his commentaries there, and composed his prophetic book, and sang his melancholy Lamentations. Still, this proves nothing; and history says that this prophet lived in Egypt for the later years of his career, and wrote his messages back to his loved people who exiled him, dwelling in Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes.

But the cave is wonderfully extensive; some say it is a hundred feet deep. Indeed, the excavations under the entire hill must have been the work of ages, and would be considered a wonder anywhere else than in the vicinity of Jerusalem. The cliff is shorn sheer down, as if cut with a chisel, and presents a perpendicular façade fifty feet high. Close by it are many graves, and underneath the so-called grotto are vast cisterns of pure water. The whole hillside is venerable and majestic. It looks like one of the oldest and most imperishable landmarks of that suburb, and could not fail to have been from time immemorial a notable place to all who went out or in by the gate leading towards the north.

Among those who have written most ably and most recently on this subject is Dr. Selah Merrill, for some time the American consul at Jerusalem. He there enjoyed very rare opportunities for his study, and whatever he offers is worthy of profound respect. This testimony is from his pen:

> For some years past there has been a growing conviction that the hill in which Jeremiah's Grotto is shown, situated a little to the north-east of the Damascus gate, satisfied the conditions as to the site of Calvary better than any other spot in or around Jerusalem. Indeed, a large number of competent scholars have already accepted this hill as Golgotha. From the Mount of Olives and Scopus, from the road leading north past the Russian buildings west of the city, from many points north of the town, and from many of the house-tops within Jerusalem itself, this hill attracts the eye by its prominence. On the north slope of the hill the slaughter-house of Jerusalem stood until two years since (1883), when it was removed to a more suitable locality north-east of the town. In its place two buildings have been erected, one of which is used as a residence. From these a high wall has been constructed, running past the large "Meis" tree still standing there, which many will remember, and on towards the foot of the hill on the west. The western slope is composed of barren earth and broken rock, but at the bottom on this side there is a large garden, where, some feet below the surface of the



PLACE OF THE SKULL.

ground, ruins have been found which are marked in the maps as an "asnerie"—a term, however, which conveys no adequate idea of the extent and character of the ruins.

The south face is vertical, and has in it the so-called "Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther along in this southern face, which does not run in a straight line, great quantities of stone have been quarried within the past few years. Towards the east the hill does not fall in a single slope, but, as it were, in two terraces. The hill may be said to be prolonged in this direction, the eastern knoll or second terrace being a little lower than the other.

The entire summit of the hill is covered with Moslem graves. This fact has no doubt prevented the hill from being bought up and built upon hitherto, and this alone still prevents the ground from passing into the hands of foreigners. This graveyard is an old one; and who can say that the hand of Providence is not specially visible in the preservation of this spot, in this strange manner, from the disgusting and degrading monkish traditions which would otherwise have sprung up about it?

The brisk rehearsal of Mr. Howe's argument is, therefore, all that at present is needed to complete the exhibition I have been trying to make of what he has done in the direction of establishment and proofs.

First. This spot is certainly outside the walls of the city. No one will ever have to make crooked pictures, and distort circumvallations, in order with such a site to meet this text: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Second. The place of the crucifixion was nigh to the city. No time needs to be lost in saying that this knoll is close beside the gate on the north, which has for unreckoned years been unchanged and changeless in location. All the lay of the land there is as old as any part of Jerusalem can be. Historic proof can be offered that this wide chasm was fashioned by the engineers of King Hezekiah himself long and long before Jesus Christ was born. The conformation of that "skull shape" must have existed just so for ages. All scholars are agreed that the rock, cut through at that time for the path, is the original base of the wall. So lofty are the parapets in this direction that besiegers never have ventured an attack on the northern side. The structures, therefore, are almost unbroken. Wall and hill together form a perpendicular face seventy or eighty feet high. Hence armies, in all the fitful fortunes of Jerusalem, have chosen easier places for undertaking breaches of entrance. And the cliff directly facing the wall, with its rounded cranium and its black sockets, suggesting a skull now so plainly, has been there in all the years to make the same suggestion.

Third. The hill is noticeably skull shaped, so that in popular habit it may have been called by the name. It is well enough to say just at this point that the revisers of the New Testament have done, of their own accord, what Mr. Howe used often to tell me ought to have been done before. They have changed the Latin designation for the proper English in the gospel of Luke (xxiii. 33): "And when they came unto the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him." So in Matthew's story (xxvii. 33): "And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha," the article is changed to definite instead of indefinite — "*the* place called Golgotha." It was a known spot, — "in the place was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher," — as if close by and familiar.

I choose to touch this point with a single illustration. We are all acquainted with these curious freaks of nature that after long ages become landmarks just because of their singularity. Who will ever forget the "Profile" in the White Mountains? One has to go to the exact spot, however, in order to see it, or it will evade his observation in every case, and he will have to join the innumerable throng of incredulous tourists who insist that there is no semblance of a face in the cliff, or anywhere else outside of the imagination of some young people. The portrait of the "White Horse" across the Saco River in front of the fine Intervale House in North Conway affords another example. It is visible and intelligible to everybody; and yet it has to be looked for and looked at when the sunlight strikes it at a particular angle. For unreckoned years these two landmarks have been there in the rocks, and they will stay there until doomsday, for all we know. Because they are so odd, popular imagination takes them up, and makes use of them forever. There is nothing more certain and unalterable than the "Pulpit," or the "Cathedral," or the "Old Man of the Mountain," to fix a site and a name.

So Mr. Howe used to consider this shape of a *kranion*, there in an elevated conspicuousness beside the Damascus gate, one of his strongest arguments for the spot he preferred. I might perhaps add that the only way to catch the whole effect is to choose a position of some reach of distance away to the southeast. Afterward, on another walk, with the rest of our company to give further witness, we found that the observation was more successful from near the point where our Lord looked down upon Jerusalem when he wept over the prospect of its destruction. There are three roads that appear on the map as leading across the summit of the Mount of Olives: the southern one goes around rather than over the ridge, taking a sharp bend almost like a right-angle; it is just there that the full view of Jerusalem bursts most gloriously on the sight. We thought the appearance of the skull shape was more distinct at this point than even at the belfry of the Church of the Ascension.

Now it is freely admitted by everybody that there is no documentary or historic proof that this place bore such a name at the time when Jesus was crucified. But some place there was close by and just outside of Jerusalem which did bear that name then. Where was it? Our Sunday-school teachers are all told in the popular commentaries to answer the children, when they ask why the spot where Jesus was crucified was called *Golgotha*, that it was either because the place was shaped like a skull, or because — being the ordinary place of execution or burial of criminals — skulls might be discovered there. Both of these may have been true; and both of these are true of this knoll of the Damascus gate, so far as the shape and graves are concerned.

Fourth. This place must have been nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares of Jerusalem. The passers-by "railed on him." These persons, in all likelihood, were the ordinary traffic-people, or the villagers coming in and out, or



JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT CALVARY.

the sojourners who were in the suburbs in tents or booths, having journeyed up to the feast. The northern road, reaching out over the country towards Shechem, Tyre, Damascus, was one of the oldest and most fixed in Palestine. The Damascus gate was named after it.

Fifth. The site of the crucifixion must have been very conspicuous. "And the people stood beholding." Some of these were females, to whom it would have been perilous to force their way through the crowds of soldiers and coarse creatures present at crucifixions. Possibly an anxious few of such as had been helped and healed by the Lord were desiring to keep watch of the sad spectacle: "There were also women looking on afar off." There is an excellent diorama now upon exhibition in New York showing, in the modern form of half-picture and half-figure, the crucifixion scene; and the most striking feature of the representation, so far as the populace is concerned, is the crowd upon the long reach of wall, gazing off at those crosses on the knoll. The unusually elevated portion of the fortifications at the Damascus gate affords an outlook to be found nowhere else in the city. Indeed, this spot satisfies all the needs of the sacred narrative. It is a high, conspicuous place, at no very great distance from the governor's house. The way to it would be along the streets of the city, where the crowds would be met, the daughters of Jerusalem thronging Jesus as he passed. It is situated precisely where he, sinking under his cross, would most need help. The hill in front of the Damascus gate is so steep that the path winds in order to get up to the top of the knoll; and there is where the countryman, Simon the Cyrenean, would be caught, just as he was entering, and forced to aid in carrying the cross up the slope.

Sixth. The place of crucifixion must have been nigh to gardens and sepulchers. Sir J. William Dawson says he visited the vicinity in the company of Dr. Selah Merrill, and found that to this day small gardens occupy the level ground at the foot of the skull-shaped knoll, and upon the borders of such gardens are tombs. This same writer, in common with others, dwells forcibly upon the fact that, when Jesus was raised, two angels appeared standing at the head and foot of the sepulcher, so as to be visible to those who came to the place; moreover, the door of the opening was low, so that one had to stoop to look into it, and the great stone which kept the mouth closed was rolled along in grooves to fall into its position. Such structures, it is claimed, are not to be found anywhere else in the suburbs of Jerusalem; but some have been in later times found on that hill beside the Damascus gate. The customary manner of building the places of interment was to fashion a series of long, narrow receptacles, not dissimilar to our own way in vaults of cemeteries — chambers into which the bodies were slid with the head far back in utter darkness, and only the feet seen when the door was opened. Much importance is attached to this statement; and it is generally accepted as quite true as a matter of fact by those who know best.

With this rehearsal it is well enough to leave the argument just where Mr. Fisher Howe left it. One characteristic of his unpretending volume will be noticeable upon each page of it — the author was devoted to his task, and emboldened by his enthusiasm to deliver a little book in its behalf; but he was personally diffident, and almost painfully a modest man in literature. He tried his hardest, from the beginning to the end of the volume, to commit somebody or anybody responsibly to an indorsement of his conviction. He never wished to make a sensation in such a matter; what he desired was that people should give up the former absurdities as to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and accept this sane and sensible

conclusion that Jesus Christ was crucified on that elevated spot beside the Damascus gate. If only he could have forced words out of old Dr. Edward Robinson's tomes declaring the truth of what the heart of hearts within him believed, he would have given over the matter gladly to him. This will explain some crude allusions to authors and public men of repute that appear among his quotations. Dr. Selah Merrill has published this little paragraph in an excellent article:

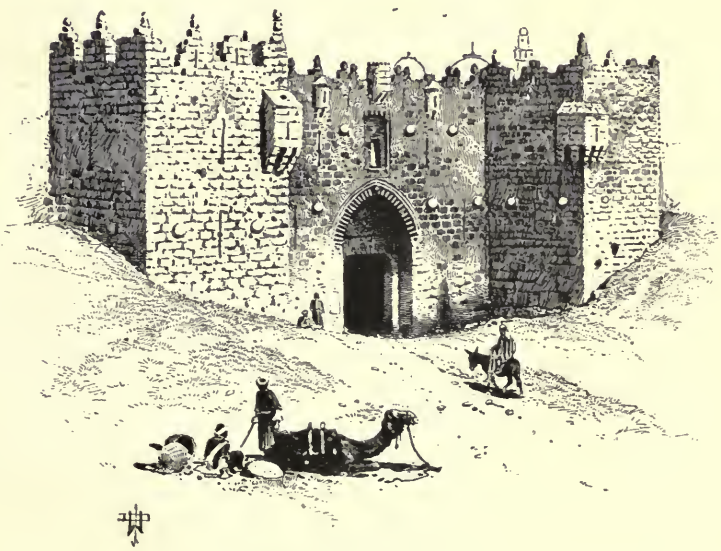
> As regards the question, Who first suggested the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto as the probable site of the crucifixion? it may be that this honor belongs to an American who was distinguished in quite another department than that of biblical geography, namely, to the eminent Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., who, when walking out of the Damascus gate, in the year 1845, in company with his friend Dr. Eli Smith, pointed to this hill, and spoke of it to his companion as in his judgment the site of the true Calvary.

It would be a matter of interest to know how he became acquainted with such a fact. All the authority that is in existence, I think, is in Mr. Fisher Howe's volume. The reference is so peculiar that one grows interested to know the whole of it. Mr. Howe wrote to Dr. Rufus Anderson, as he wrote to me, and to many others, doubtless, seeking an understanding with them, sympathy and information; communicating recklessly and exhaustively everything he knew, and asking for some pleasant interchange. And I knew him well enough to be sure, now as I write these words, that he told his correspondents tenfold more than he ever got back. I have an affectionate appreciation of the delight he felt when he had put this brilliant testimonial and corroboration into type on his final page, and linked together two names he so truly honored.

But I say unhesitatingly that Dr. Anderson knew what he was then writing when he said, "I thank you for *your suggestions* with regard to the true Calvary." Mr. Howe had been writing and studying for enthusiastic years before he received the knowledge of Dr. Anderson's tentative remark to Dr. Smith; he did not know that any one had ever spoken even casually about such a thing; and he was glad to have it published that so great a man had made the remark to another man so great.

I end this notice of a very valuable small book, and this affectionate reminiscence of a beloved friend, by saying in all simplicity that, since Dr. Anderson died without the sign, and Dr. Eli Smith died without the sign, and Mr. Fisher Howe, having made the best sign he could, then died (*nulli flebilior quam mihi*), I sometimes have had a wish that before he died he might have known a little of the grateful gladness with which the world is now mentioning his name as the one who first gave out the orderly argument to establish what good men now believe is "The True Site of Calvary."

Charles S. Robinson.



THE DAMASCUS GATE.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

LOOKING FOR CAMP.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.

I. LOOKING FOR CAMP.

IN that portion of the arid belt which lies within the borders of Idaho between the rich irrigated valleys and the mining-camps of the mountains there is a region whereon those who occupy it have never labored — the beautiful "hill-country," the lap of the mountain-ranges, the free pastures of the plains. Here, without help of hands, are sown and harvested the standing crops of wild grass which constitute the wealth of the cattle-men in the valleys.

Of all the monotonous phases of the Western landscape these high, solitary pastures are the most poetic. Nothing human is suggested by the plains except processions of tired people passing over, tribal movements, war-parties, discoverers, and fortune-seekers. But the sentiment of the hills is restful. Their stillness is not lifeless; it is as if these warm-bosomed slopes were listening, like a mother to her child's breathing, for sounds from all the shy, wild communities which they feed and shelter — the slow tread of grazing herds, the call of a bird, the rustle of the stiff grass on the hill-slopes, the lapsing trickle of water in gulches hidden by willows, and traced by their winding green from far off across the dry slopes.

All the life of the hills tends downwards at night; the cattle, which always graze upwards, go down to the gulches to drink; the hunter makes his camp there when darkness overtakes him. He may travel late over the hills in the twilight, prolonged and colored by the sunset. There is seldom a cloud to vary the slow, deep gradation where the sun has gone down and the dusty valley still smolders in orange and crimson, with a cold substratum of pale blue mist above the river channel. Through a break in the line of the hills, or from a steep rise, one can track the sun from setting to setting till he is gone at last, and the flaming sky colors the opposite hilltops so that they glow even after the rising moon casts shadows. At this hour the stillness is so intense that the faintest breeze can be heard, creeping along the hill-slopes and stirring the dry, reed-like grasses with a sound like that of a muted string.

* * *

EVENING AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS.

SING of the valley and plain that toil has made fertile and green,
Sing of the worshipful mountains where heavenly presences lean,
But slight not the friendly low hills that offer glad service between.

Their raiment is tufted wild grass, warm-colored like harvest-time wheat,—
All golden, in summer content, they wait at the mountains' feet,
Yielding the hospice where rover from highland and valley may meet.

Here is the fold that gathers at evening the far-ranging herd;
Drinketh the deer, where faintly the mirror-like water is stirred,
Where rustles the blade or the branch, there stoopeth the flight of the bird.

The willows have taken the wood-dove and lark to watch and to ward;
The partridge is safe, nestled down in the warm, dry, moon-silvered sward
That, moved by the soft night wind, wakes the sound of a muted chord.

Follow thou too, O hunter! tired of the sun and the height;
Follow, and choose thine own of these chambers open to-night,
Nor count thyself lonely, companioned by many a slumberer light.

Come, tracing thy way by the flame that is loath to die out of the west;
Tether thy steed by the streamside — thy couch already is dressed;
Sleep, with the friendly low foot-hills around thee guarding thy rest.

Edith M. Thomas.

STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

I. 1888. HOW I GOT THEM.



RUE stories are not often good art. The relations and experiences of real men and women rarely fall in such symmetrical order as to make an artistic whole. Until they have had such treatment as we give stone in the quarry or gems in the rough they seldom group themselves with that harmony of values and brilliant unity of interest that result when art comes in—not so much to transcend nature as to make nature transcend herself.

Yet I have learned to believe that good stories happen oftener than once I thought they did. Within the last few years there have dropped into my hands by one accident or another a number of these natural crystals, whose charms, never the same in any two, are in each and all enough at least to warn off all tampering of the fictionist. Happily, moreover, without being necessary one to another, they yet have a coherent sequence, and follow one another like the days of a week. They are mine only by right of discovery. From various necessities of the case I am sometimes the story-teller, and sometimes, in the reader's interest, have to abridge; but I add no fact and trim naught of value away. Here are no "restorations," not one. In time, place, circumstance, in every essential feature, I give them as I got them—strange stories that truly happened, all partly, some wholly, in Louisiana.

In the spring of 1883, being one night the guest of my friend Dr. Francis Bacon, in New Haven, Connecticut, and the conversation turning, at the close of the evening, upon wonderful and romantic true happenings, he said:

"You are from New Orleans; did you never hear of Salome Müller?"

"No."

Thereupon he told the story, and a few weeks later sent me by mail, to my home in New Orleans, whither I had returned, a transcription, which he had most generously made, of a brief summary of the case—it would be right to say tragedy instead of case—as printed in "The Law Reporter" some forty years ago. That transcription lies before me now, beginning, "The Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana has lately been called upon to investigate and decide one of the most interesting cases which has ever come under the cognizance of a judicial tribunal." This episode, which had been the cause of public excitement within the memory of men still living on the scene, a native resident of New Orleans and student of its history stumbled upon for the first time nearly two thousand miles from home.

I mentioned it to a number of lawyers of New Orleans, one after another. None remembered ever having heard of it. I appealed to a former chief-justice of the State, who had a lively personal remembrance of every member of the bench and the bar concerned in the case; but of the case he had no recollection. One of the medical experts called in by the court for evidence upon which the whole merits of the case seemed to hang was still living—the distinguished Creole physician Dr. Armand Mercier. He could not recall the matter until I recounted the story, and then only in the vaguest way. Yet when my friend the former chief-justice kindly took down from his shelves and beat free of dust the right volume of supreme court decisions, there was the terse, cold record, No. 5623. I went to the old newspaper files under the roof of the city hall and had the pleasure speedily to find, under the dates of 1818 and 1844, such passing allusions to the strange facts of which I was in search as one might hope to find in those days when a serious riot was likely to receive no mention, and a steamboat explosion dangerously near the editorial rooms would be recorded in ten lines of colorless statement. I went to the courts, and after following and abandoning several false trails through two days' search, found that the books of record containing the object of my quest had been lost, having unaccountably disappeared in—if I remember aright—1870.

There was one chance left; it was to find the original papers. I employed an intelligent gentleman at so much a day to search till he should find them. In the dusty garret of one of the court buildings—the old Spanish Ca-

bildo that faces Jackson Square—he rummaged for ten days, finding now one desired document and now another, until he had gathered all but one. Several he drew out of a great heap of papers lying in the middle of the floor, as if it were a pile of rubbish; but this one he never found. Yet I was content. Through the perseverance of this gentleman and the intervention of a friend in the legal profession, and by the courtesy of the court, I held in my hand the whole forgotten story of the poor lost and found Salome Müller. How through the courtesy of some of the reportorial staff of the "New Orleans Picayune" I found and conversed with three of Salome's still surviving relatives and friends, I shall not stop to tell.

WHILE I was still in search of these things the editor of the "New Orleans Times-Democrat" handed me a thick manuscript, asking me to examine and pronounce upon its merits. It was written wholly in French, in a small, cramped, feminine hand. I replied, when I could, that it seemed to me unfit for the purposes of transient newspaper publication, yet if he declined it I should probably buy it myself. He replied that he had already examined it and decided to decline it, and it was only to know whether I, not he, could use it that I had been asked to read it.

I took it to an attorney, and requested him, under certain strict conditions, to obtain it for me with all its rights.

"What is it?"

"It is the minute account, written by one of the travelers, a pretty little Creole maiden of seventeen, of an adventurous journey made in 1795 from New Orleans through the wilds of Louisiana, taking six weeks to complete a tour that could now be made in less than two days."

"But this is written by some one else; see, it says, 'Voyage de ma Grand'mère.'"

"Yes, it purports to be a copy. We must have the little grandmother's original manuscript, written in 1822; that or nothing."

So a correspondence sprang up with a gentle and refined old Creole lady with whom I later had the honor to become acquainted and now count among my esteemed friends — granddaughter of the grandmother who, after innumerable recountings by word of mouth to mother, sisters, brothers, friends, husband, children, and children's children through twenty-seven years of advancing life, sat down at last and wrote the ofttold tale for her little grandchildren, one of whom, inheriting her literary instinct and herself become an aged grandmother, discovers the manuscript among some old family papers and recognizes its value. The first exchange of letters disclosed the fact that the "New Orleans Bee" ("L'Abeille") had bought the right to publish the manuscript in French; but the moment its editors had proper assurance that there was impending another arrangement more profitable to her, they chivalrously yielded all they had bought, on merely being reimbursed.

The condition that required the delivery of the original manuscript, written over sixty years before, was not so easily met. First came the assurance that its spelling was hideous, its writing bad and dimmed by time, and the sheets tattered and torn. Later followed the disclosure that an aged and infirm mother of the grandmother owned it, and that she had some time before compelled its return to the private drawer from which the relic-loving daughter had abstracted it. Still later came a letter saying that since the attorney was so relentlessly exacting, she had written to her mother praying her to part with the manuscript. Then followed another communication,—six large, closely written pages of despair,—inclosing a letter from the mother. The wad of papers, always more and more in the way and always "smelling bad," had been put into the fire. But a telegram followed on the heels of the mail, crying joy! An old letter had been found and forwarded which would prove that such a manuscript had existed. But it was not in time to intercept the attorney's letter saying that, the original manuscript being destroyed, there could be no purchase or any need of further correspondence. The old letter came. It was genuine beyond a doubt, had been written by one of the party making the journey, and was itself forty-seven years old. The paper was poor and sallow, and the orthography!—"Ma bien chair niaice je ressoit ta lette ce mattin," etc. But let us translate:

st. john baptist[1] 10 august 1836

MY VERY DEAR NIECE. I received your letter this morning in which you ask me to tell you what I remember of the journey to Attakapas made in 1795 by papa, M. ——, [and] my younger sister Françoise afterward your grandmother. If it were with my tongue I could answer more favorably; but writing is not my forte; I was never calculated for a public writer, as your grandmother was. By the way, she wrote the journey, and very prettily; what have you done with it? It is a pity to lose so pretty a piece of writing. . . . We left New Orleans to go to the Attakapas in the month of May, 1795, and in an old barge ["vieux chalant qui senté le rat mord a plien nez"]. We were Françoise and I Suzanne, pearl of the family, and Papa, who went to buy lands; and

[1] Name of the parish, or county.

one Joseph Charpentier and his dear and pretty little wife Alix [whom] I love so much; 3 Irish, father mother and son [fice]; lastly Mario, whom you knew, with Celeste, formerly lady's maid to Marianne — who is now my sister-in-law. . . . If I knew better how to write I would tell you our adventures the alligators tried to devour us. We barely escaped perishing in Lake Chicot and many other things. . . . At last we arrived at a pretty village St. Martinville called also little Paris and full of barons, marquises, counts and countesses[1] that were an offense to my nose and my stomach. your grandmother was in raptures. it was there we met the beautiful Tonton, your aunt by marriage. I have a bad finger and must stop. . . . Your loving aunty [ta tantine qui temme]

Suzanne —— née ——

The kind of letter to expect from one who as a girl of eighteen could shoot and swim and was called by her father "my son"; the antipode of her sister Françoise. The attorney wrote that the evidence was sufficient.

His letter had hardly got into the mail-bag when another telegram cried hold! that a few pages of the original manuscript had been found and forwarded by post. They came. They were only nine in all — old, yellow, ragged, torn, leaves of a plantation account-book whose red-ruled columns had long ago faded to a faint brown, one side of two or three of them preoccupied with charges in bad French of yards of cottonade, "mouslin à dames," "jaconad," dozens of soap, pounds of tobacco, pairs of stockings, lace, etc.; but to our great pleasure each page corresponding closely, save in orthography and syntax, with a page of the new manuscript, and the page numbers of the old running higher than those of the new! Here was evidence which one could lay before a skeptical world that the transcriber had not expanded the work of the original memoirist. The manuscript passed into my possession, our Creole lady-correspondent reiterating to the end her inability to divine what could be wanted with "an almost illegible scrawl" (griffonage), full of bad spelling and of rather inelegant diction. But if old manuscript was the object of desire, why, here was something else; the very document alluded to by Françoise in her memoir of travel — the autobiography of the dear little countess, her beloved Alix de Morainville, made fatherless and a widow by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

"Was that all?" inquired my agent, craftily, his suspicions aroused by the promptness with which the supply met the demand. "Had she not other old and valuable manuscripts?"

"No, alas! only that one."

Thus reassured, he became its purchaser. It lies before me now, in an inner wrapper of queer old black paper, beside its little tight-fitting bag or case of a kind of bright, large-flowered silken stuff not made in these days, and its outer wrapper of old, discolored brief-paper; a pretty little document of sixty-eight small pages in a refined feminine hand, perfect in its slightly archaic grammar, gracefully composed, and, in spite of its flimsy yellowed paper, as legible as print: "Histoire d'Alix de Morainville écrite à la Louisiane ce 22 Aout 1795. Pour mes chères amies, Suzanne et Françoise Bossier."

One day I told the story to Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University. He generously offered to see if he could find the name of the Comte de Morainville on any of the lists of persons guillotined during the French Revolution. He made the search, but wrote, "I am sorry to say that I have not been able to find it either in Prudhomme, 'Dictionnaire des Individues envoyés à la Mort judiciairement, 1789–1796,' or in the list given by Wallon in the sixth volume of his very interesting 'Histoire du Tribunal Revolutionnaire de Paris.' Possibly he was not put to death in Paris," etc. And later he kindly wrote again that he had made some hours' further search, but in vain.

Here was distress. I turned to the little manuscript roll of which I had become so fond and searched its pages anew for evidence of either genuineness or its opposite. The wrapper of black paper and the close-fitting silken bag had not been sufficient to keep it from taking on the yellowness of age. It was at least no modern counterfeit. Presently I noticed the total absence of quotation marks from its passages of conversation. But at the close of the last century, as I understand, quotation marks were just beginning to come into use. Their entire absence from a manuscript of sixty-eight pages abounding in conversations meant either age or cunning pretense. But would the pretender carry his or her cunning to the extreme of fortifying the manuscript in every possible way against the sallowing touch of time, lay it away in a trunk of old papers, lie down and die without mentioning it, and leave it for some one in the second or third generation afterward to find? I turned the leaves once more, and lo! one leaf that had had a large corner torn off had lost that much of its text; it had been written upon before it was torn; while on the other torn leaf, for there are two, the writing reads — as you shall see — uninterruptedly around the torn edge; the writing has been done after the corner was torn off. The manuscript is

[1] Royalist refugees of '93.

genuine. Maybe the name De Morainville is not, but was a convenient fiction of Alix herself, well understood as such by Françoise and Suzanne. Everything points that way, as was suggested at once by Madame Sidonie de la Houssaye— There! I have let slip the name of my Creole friend, and can only pray her to forgive me! "Tout porte à le croire," she writes; although she also doubts, with reason, I should say, the exhaustive completeness of those lists of the guillotined. "I recall," she writes in French, "that my husband has often told me the two uncles of his father, or grandfather, were guillotined in the Revolution; but though search was made by an advocate, no trace of them was found in any records."

But to come back to my own attorney.

While his grave negotiations were still going on, there met me one evening at my own gate a lady in black, seeking advice concerning her wish to sell to some publisher a private diary never intended for publication.

"That kind is the best," I said. "Did you write it during the late war?" I added at a guess.

"Yes."

"I suppose, then, it contains a careful record of each day's public events."

"No, I 'm sorry to say—"

"Nay, don't be sorry; that lack may save it from the waste-basket." Then my heart spoke. "Ah! madam, if you had only done what no woman seems to have seen the importance of doing—written the women's side of that awful war—"

"That 's just what I have done," she interrupted. "I was a Union woman, in the Confederacy. I could n't talk; I had to write. I was in the siege of Vicksburg from beginning to end."

"Leave your manuscript with me," I said. "If, on examining it, I find I can recommend it to a publisher, I will do so. But remember what I have already told you—the passage of an unknown writer's work through an older author's hands is of no benefit to it whatever. It is a bad sign rather than a good one. Your chances of acceptance will be at least no less if you send this to the publishers yourself."

No, she would like me to intervene.

How my attorney friend and I took a two-days' journey by rail, reading the manuscript to each other in the Pullman car; how a young newly married couple next us across the aisle, pretending not to notice, listened with all their might; how my friend the attorney now and then stopped to choke down tears; and how the young stranger opposite came at last, with apologies, asking where this matter would be published and under what title, I need not tell. At length I was intercessor for a manuscript that publishers would not likely decline. I bought it for my little museum of true stories, at a price beyond what I believe any magazine would have paid—an amount that must have filled the widow's heart with joy, but as certainly was not beyond its worth to me. I have already contributed a part of this manuscript to The Century as one of its "War papers."[1]

Judge Farrar, with whom I enjoyed a slight but valued acquaintance, stopped me one day in Carondelet street, New Orleans, saying, "I have a true story that I want you to tell. You can dress it out—"

I arrested him with a shake of the head. "Dress me no dresses. Story me no stories. There 's not one of a hundred of them that does not lack something essential, for want of which they are good for naught. Keep them for after-dinner chat; but for the novelist they are good to smell, not to eat. And yet—tell me your story. I have a use for it—a cabinet of true things that have never had and shall not have a literary tool lifted up against them; virgin shells from the beach of the sea of human events. It may be I shall find a place for it there." So he told me the true story which I have called "Attalie Brouillard," because, having forgotten the woman's real name, it pleased his fancy to use that name in recounting the tale: "Attalie Brouillard." I repeated the story to a friend, a gentleman of much reading.

His reply dismayed me. "I have a faint impression," he said, "that you will find something very much like that in one of Lever's novels."

But later I thought, "Even so, what then? Good stories repeat themselves." I remembered having twice had experiences in my own life the accounts of which, when given, would have been great successes only that they were old anecdotes—great in their day, but long worn out in the club-rooms and abandoned to clergymen's reunions. The wise thing was not to find out or care whether Lever had somewhere told something like it, but whether the story was ever a real event in New Orleans, and, if so, to add it to my now, to me, priceless collection. Meeting the young judge again, I asked boldly for the story's full authentication. He said promptly that the man who told it of his own knowledge was the late Judge T. Wharton Collins; that the incidents occurred about 1855, and that Judge McCaleb could doubtless give the name of the notary public who had been an actor in the affair. "Let us go to his office right now," said my obliging friend.

[1] See The Century for September, 1885, p. 767.

We went, found him, told our errand. He remembered the story, was confident of its entire verity, and gave a name, which, however, he begged I would submit for verification to an aged notary public in another street, a gentleman of the pure old Creole type. I went to him. He heard the story through in solemn silence. From first to last I mentioned no name, but at the end I asked:

"Now, can you tell me the name of the notary in that case?"

"Yes."

I felt a delicious tingling as I waited for the disclosure. He slowly said:

"Dthere eeze wan troub' 'bout dat. To *which* case do you *riffer?* *'Cause, you know, dey got t'ree, four case' like dat.* An' you better not mention no name, 'cause you don't want git nobody in troub', you know. Now dthere 's dthe case of ——. And dthere 's dthe case of ——. And dthere 's dthe case of ——. *He* had to go away; yes; 'cause when *he* make dthe dade man make his will, he git *behine* dthe dade man in bade, an' hole 'im up in dthe bade."

I thanked him and departed, with but the one regret that the tale was true so many more times than was necessary.

In all this collection the story of the so-called haunted house in Royal street is the only one that must ask a place in literature as partly a twice-told tale. The history of the house is known to thousands in the old French quarter, and that portion which antedates the late war was told in brief by Harriet Martineau as far back as when she wrote her book of American travel. In printing it here I fulfill an oft repeated promise; for many a one has asked me if I would not, or, at least, why I did not, tell its dark story.

So I have inventoried my entire exhibit — save one small matter. It turned out after all that the dear old Creole lady who had sold us the ancient manuscript, finding old paper commanding so much more per ton than it ever had commanded before, raked together three or four more leaves — stray chips of her lovely little ancestress Françoise's workshop, or rather the shakings of her basket of cherished records, — to wit, three Creole African songs, which I have used elsewhere; one or two other scraps, of no value; and, finally, a long letter telling its writer's own short story — a story so tragic and so sad that I can only say pass it, if you will. It stands first because it antedates the rest. As you will see, its time is something more than a hundred years ago. The writing was very difficult to read, owing entirely to the badness — mainly the softness — of the paper. I have tried in vain to find exactly where Fort Latourette was situated. All along the Gulf shore the sites and remains of the small forts once held by the Spaniards are known traditionally and indiscriminately as "Spanish Fort." When John Law, author of that famed Mississippi Bubble, — which was in Paris what the South Sea Bubble was in London, — failed in his efforts at colonization on the Arkansas, his Arkansas settlers came down the Mississippi to within some sixty miles of New Orleans and established themselves in a colony at first called the *Côte Allemande* (German Coast), and later, owing to its prosperity, the *Côte d'Or*, or Golden Coast. Thus the banks of the Mississippi became known on the Rhine, a goodly part of our Louisiana Creoles received a German tincture, and the father and the aunt of Suzanne and Françoise were not the only Alsatians we shall meet in these wild stories of wild times in Louisiana.

II. 1782. THE YOUNG AUNT WITH WHITE HAIR.

THE date of this letter — I hold it in one hand as I write, and for the first time notice that it has never in its hundred years been sealed or folded, but only doubled once, lightly, and rolled in the hand, just as the young Spanish officer might have carried it when he rode so hard to bear it to its destination — its date is the last year but one of our American Revolution. France, Spain, and the thirteen colonies were at war with Great Britain, and the Indians were on both sides.

Galvez, the heroic young governor of Louisiana, had just been decorated by his king and made a count for taking the forts at Manchac, Baton Rouge, Natchez, and Mobile, and besieging and capturing the stronghold of Pensacola, thus winning all west Florida, from the Mississippi to the Appalachicola, for Spain. But this vast wilderness was not made safe; Fort Panmure (Natchez) changed hands twice, and the land was full of Indians, partly hireling friends and partly enemies. The waters about the Bahamas and the Greater and Lesser Antilles were fields for the movements of hostile fleets, corsairs, and privateers. Yet the writer of this letter was tempted to run the gauntlet of these perils, expecting, if all went well, to arrive in Louisiana in midsummer.

"How many times," says the memorandum of her brother's now aged great-granddaughter, — "How many times during my childhood has been told me the story of my aunt Louise. It was not until several years after the death of my grandmother that, on examining the contents of the basket which she had given me, I

found at the bottom of a little black-silk bag the letter written by my grand-aunt to her brother, my own ancestor. Frankly, I doubt that my grandmother had intended to give it to me, so highly did she prize it, though it was very difficult to read. The orthography is perfect; the difficulty is all owing to the paper and, moreover, to the situation of the poor wounded sufferer." It is in French:

To my brother mister Pierre Bossier.
In the parish[1] *of St. James.*

FORT LATOURETTE,
The 5 August, 1782.

MY GOOD DEAR BROTHER: Ah! how shall I tell you the frightful position in which I am placed! I would that I were dead! I seem to be the prey of a horrible nightmare! O Pierre! my brother! hasten with all speed to me. When you left Germany, your little sister was a blooming girl, very beautiful in your eyes, very happy! and to-day! ah! to-day, my brother, come see for yourself.

After having received your letter, not only my husband and I decided to leave our village and go to join you, but twelve of our friends united with us, and the 10 May, 1782, we quitted Strasbourg on the little vessel *North Star* [Étoile du Nord],[2] which set sail for New Orleans, where you had promised to come to meet us. Let me tell you the names of my fellow-travelers. O brother! what courage I need to write this account: first my husband, Leonard Cheval, and my son Pierre, poor little angel who was not yet two years old! Fritz Newman, his wife Nina, and their three children; Irwin Vizey; William Hugo, his wife, and their little daughter; Jacques Lewis, his daughter, and his son Henry. We were full of hope: we hoped to find fortune in this new country of which you spoke with so much enthusiasm. How in that moment did I bless my parents, and you my brother, for the education you had procured me. You know how good a musician my Leonard was, and our intention was on arriving to open a boarding-school in New Orleans; in your last letter you encouraged the project — all of us, movables with us, all our savings, everything we owned in this world.

This paper is very bad, brother, but the captain of the fort says it is all he has; and I write lying down, I am so uncomfortable.

The earlier days of the voyage passed without accident, without disturbance, but often Leonard spoke to me of his fears. The vessel was old, small, and very poorly supplied. The captain was a drunkard [here the writer attempted to turn the sheet and write on the back of it], who often incapacitated himself with his first officers [word badly blotted]; and then the management of the vessel fell to the mate, who was densely ignorant. Moreover, we knew that the seas were infested with pirates. I must stop, the paper is too bad.

The captain has brought me another sheet.

Our uneasiness was great. Often we emigrants assembled on deck and told each other our anxieties. Living on the frontier of France, we spoke German and French equally well; and when the sailors heard us, they, who spoke only English, swore at us, accused us of plotting against them, and called us Saurkrouts. At such times I pressed my child to my heart and drew nearer to Leonard, more dead than alive. A whole month passed in this constant anguish. At its close, fevers broke out among us, and we discovered, to our horror, there was not a drop of medicine on board. We had them lightly, some of us, but only a few; and [bad blot] Newman's son and William Hugo's little daughter died, ... and the poor mother soon followed her child. My God! but it was sad. And the provisions ran low, and the captain refused to turn back to get more.

One evening, when the captain, his lieutenant, and two other officers were shut in their cabin drinking, the mate, of whom I had always such fear, presented himself before us surrounded by six sailors armed, like himself, to the teeth, and ordered us to surrender all the money we had. To resist would have been madness; we had to yield. They searched our trunks and took away all that we possessed: they left us nothing, absolutely nothing. Ah! why am I not dead? Profiting by the absence of their chiefs they seized the [or some — the word is blotted] boats and abandoned us to our fate. When, the next day, the captain appeared on deck quite sober, and saw the cruelty of our plight, he told us, to console us, that we were very near the mouth of the Mississippi, and that within two days we should be at New Orleans. Alas! all that day passed without seeing any land,[3] but towards evening the vessel, after incredible efforts, had just come to a stop — at what I supposed should be the mouth of the river. We were so happy to have arrived that we begged Captain Andrieux to sail all night. He replied that our men, who had worked all day in place of the sailors, were tired and did not understand at all sufficiently the handling of a vessel to sail by night. He wanted to get drunk again. As in fact our men were worn out, we went, all of us, to bed. O great God! give me strength to go on. All at

1 County.

2 If this was an English ship,—for her crew was English and her master's name seems to have been Andrews,—she was probably not under British colors.

3 The treeless marshes of the Delta would be very slow coming into view.

once we were wakened by horrible cries, not human sounds: we thought ourselves surrounded by ferocious beasts. We poor women clasped our children to our breasts, while our husbands armed themselves with whatever came to hand and dashed forward to meet the danger. My God! my God! we saw ourselves hemmed in by a multitude of savages yelling and lifting over us their horrible arms, grasping hatchets, knives, and tomahawks. The first to fall was my husband, my dear Leonard; all, except Irwin Vizey, who had the fortune to jump into the water unseen, all were massacred by the monsters. One Indian tore my child from me while another fastened my arms behind my back. In response to my cries, to my prayers, the monster who held my son took him by one foot and, swinging him several times around, shattered his head against the wall. And I live to write these horrors! . . . . I fainted, without doubt, for on opening my eyes I found I was on land [blot], firmly fastened to a stake. Nina Newman and Kate Lewis were fastened as I was: the latter was covered with blood and appeared to be dangerously wounded. About daylight three Indians came looking for them and took them God knows where! Alas! I have never since heard of either of them or their children.

I remained fastened to the stake in a state of delirium, which saved me doubtless from the horrors of my situation. I recall one thing: that is, having seen those savages eat human flesh, the members of a child — at least it seemed so. Ah! you see plainly I must have been mad to have seen all that without dying! They had stripped me of my clothing and I remained exposed, half naked, to a July sun and to clouds of mosquitoes. An Indian who spoke French informed me that, as I was young and fat, they were reserving me for the dinner of the chief, who was to arrive next day. In a moment I was dead with terror; in that instant I lost all feeling. I had become indifferent to all. I saw nothing, I heard nothing. Towards evening one of the sub-chiefs approached and gave me some water in a gourd. I drank without knowing what I did; thereupon he set himself to examine me as the butcher examines the lamb that he is about to kill; he seemed to find me worthy to be served on the table of the head-chief, but as he was hungry and did not wish to wait [blot], he drew from its sheath the knife that he carried at his belt and before I had had time to guess what he intended to do [Enough to say, in place of literal translation, that the savage, from the outside of her right thigh, flayed off a large piece of her flesh.] It must be supposed that I again lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I was lying some paces away from the stake of torture on a heap of cloaks, and a soldier was kneeling beside me, while I was surrounded by about a hundred others. The ground was strewed with dead Indians. I learned later that Vizey had reached the woods and by chance had stumbled into Fort Latourette, full of troops. Without loss of time, the brave soldiers set out, and arrived just in time to save me. A physician dressed my wound, they put me into an ambulance and brought me away to Fort Latourette, where I still am. A fierce fever took possession of me. My generous protectors did not know to whom to write; they watched over me and showed every care imaginable.

Now that I am better, I write you, my brother, and close with these words: I await you! Make all haste!

Your sister, LOUISA CHEVAL.

"My grandmother," resumes the memorandum of the Creole great-grandniece, "had often read this letter, and had recounted to me the incidents that followed its reception. She was then but three years old, but as her aunt lived three years in her (*i. e.*, the aunt's) brother's family, my grandmother had known her, and described her to me as a young woman with white hair and walking with a staff. It was with difficulty that she used her right leg. My great-grandfather used to tell his children that his sister Louise had been blooming and gay, and spoke especially of her beautiful blonde hair. A few hours had sufficed to change it to snow, and on the once charming countenance of the poor invalid to stamp an expression of grief and despair.

"It was Lieutenant Rosello, a young Spaniard, who came on horseback from Fort Latourette to carry to my great-grandfather his sister's letter. . . . Not to lose a moment, he [the brother] began, like Lieutenant Rosello, the journey on horseback, procuring a large ambulance as he passed through New Orleans. . . . He did all he could to lighten the despair of his poor sister. . . . . All the members of the family lavished upon her every possible care and attention; but alas! the blow she had received was too terrible. She lingered three years, and at the end of that time passed peaceably away in the arms of her brother, the last words on her lips being 'Leonard! — my child!'"

So WE make way for the bright and happy story of how Françoise made Evangeline's journey through the dark wilds of Atchafalaya.

George W. Cable.

GRAVELOTTE WITNESSED AND REVISITED.



THE gayety of the French nation was suddenly eclipsed in July, 1870, by the gloom of the cloud of war with Germany. It is the common story that the war news was received in Paris with light-hearted enthusiasm, but it was my observation that the popular demonstrations of joyous excitement were superficial and artificial, while public opinion was exceedingly apprehensive, and the popular expression bitterly grave. The frivolity that appeared in those days of destiny came from the courageous vanity of the people, whose pride was enlisted in laughing while facing the fates that grin but never smile. Few of the French and none of the strangers within their gates knew that the imperial army was in a pitiful state of unreadiness. I had just satisfied myself with the fascinating experience of making the acquaintance of Paris, and, instead of going to Switzerland as the next scene of a summer in Europe, entered upon service as a war correspondent, as a first step soliciting through the American minister, Mr. Washburne, authorization from the War Office to accompany Marshal McMahon. Without waiting for the decision upon my application, I hastened to Metz, where the Emperor Napoleon III. had his headquarters. On the way I was informed that the correspondents of foreign journals who presented themselves would certainly not be received and probably would be arrested; but the warning was disregarded, and I speedily found myself under police surveillance, and so restrained and annoyed that I proceeded to Strasburg. An exchange of telegrams with Mr. Washburne, I had reason to believe, prevented my imprisonment at Metz, and a long letter written in that city, referring to the want of organization and ominous confusion in the army, was confiscated. The activity of the police was so great in Strasburg that I concluded to try my fortunes with the Germans, and did so by passing through Switzerland and obtaining papers of identification and authorization from the War Minister of Baden at Carlsruhe. Thus equipped, and accompanied by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, then of London, and now of New York, we crossed the Rhine at Mannheim with a division of German troops and pushed on to the invasion of France. Our plan of campaign was to stick to the railroad, confident that the vast forces in motion must follow the lines of rails. We came up with King William and Bismarck at St. Avold, which was then about three miles within the French frontier. There, sleeping on the floor of the wine-room in the Hôtel de Paris, I was aroused late in the night by a heated and spurred and dusty messenger inquiring for General Moltke, and ascertained that I was under the same roof with the brains of the invading army.

The King bowed graciously from a window of the post-office to the two American tramps; and a tall man wearing high boots and a small cap, and a big sword in a steel scabbard, stalked

along, receiving many salutations; and regarding this object of interest, whose appearance seemed familiar, behold, the likeness to a French caricature revealed the mighty Bismarck, much sunburnt, his mouth grim, and his eyes fierce. That he was a close observer presently appeared in his sudden approach to Mr. Conway and me, saying, "I am told you are American editors." I answered that he was correctly informed, and he said he was glad to see us — that there were millions of friends of German blood in America who would be interested in war history written on the spot. I expressed gratitude for his good-will, and he asked how we were attached and "getting along." We were not attached at all, and getting along poorly. He said if we came to the King's headquarters at any time we should have something to eat. Then I made known my desire to be allowed to purchase a horse, and he said that could hardly be done, as, in the midst of military operations, the horses were all taken for the use of the army; and he assented with a sudden deepening of tone and gravity of manner to the proposition that it was "hard that the one thing we wanted was the one thing that could not be had." Even his gigantic experience had not seemed to lack that fatality. He told me where to find a man to ask about the horse, and said I might mention that he had directed me, but he did not think I could get a horse; and I did not. As a military man, Bismarck was an unimportant subordinate.

The next day, walking along the railroad, there was a train of freight cars filled with troops awaiting its turn to go on; and in one of the doors sat an officer reading intently a small volume which I saw, in passing, as he held it to the light under my eyes, was an English copy of Shakspere. I ventured to speak to him, and found that he was pleased to talk English. He was kind, and his intervention gave us a chance to go along with the division of the telegraph corps whose duty it was to connect the headquarters of the King every night with Berlin. This position had its advantages. We soon swung to the left from the railroad which ran direct to Metz, and after a march through a fine country crossed the river Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson, about nineteen miles south of Metz. This swing was the famous turning movement by which the German army was thrown upon the line of retreat of the French, and caught them on the flank, staying their march until the forces arrived to fight the battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, and drive Bazaine within the fortifications, from which he and his army emerged prisoners of war. I have felt at liberty to believe that the messenger who asked me at the Hôtel de Paris in St. Avold where Moltke was to be found must have been the one to convey to him the information that the French had left the passes of the Moselle unprotected. They had not blown up a railroad bridge nor torn up a rail, and they had left the telegraph in such good order that few halts were required to make repairs, and the wires could be strung faster than the march was made. Unacquainted with the meaning of the German movement, I lingered in Pont-à-Mousson watching the enormous masses of Prince Frederick Carl's army pass through, and sought one bright morning the top of a beautiful conical mountain from which the cathedral at Metz was to be seen outlined like a great bird-cage against the northern sky. There was a rumor that the French had made a rush and were to attack the Germans where we were, and the mountain seemed a wonderful position from which to look upon a great battle fought in the lovely valley below. But the French were not thinking of aggression, and Mr. Conway and I found ourselves in the hands of a party of peasants who were looking for spies, and if it had not been for the big red seal with tricolored ribbon, and the eagle on my passport, handled with alertness on our part, aided by a little strategy that led the peasantry to deceive themselves as to the course we intended to take,— a deception by which we evaded an ambuscade,— we would have paid with our lives for our curiosity in ascending Mount Mousson. It will be remembered that killing alleged spies was an amusement of the period.

We heard in Pont-à-Mousson of the bloody struggle of August 16, and saw the dreadful procession of wounded, but had no guiding intelligence to take us to the fields of deadly strife. The King's headquarters remained in the town and our telegraphic company was unemployed. We were far from the cars that we had purposed to campaign in, and about at the end of our resources — without horses or any home in the army, and getting into the enemy's country where the continued existence of straggling spectators would not have been insured for a day at a high premium, even by a canvassing life-assurance agent.

On the evening of the 17th of August there was a sharp knock on my door — the apartment was over the shop of a hair-dresser on the main street leading from the great bridge to the open square in the center of the town — and a tall Prussian officer strode in, the proprietor following in a deprecating way. When the officer was informed that English was the language preferred, he said he had a card for that room. I replied that I had been told the army cards did not cover apartments regularly rented and occupied, and he said that was so. Mr. Conway and I were paying five francs a

day for the room, and told him the fact. Upon this the officer demanded another place, and got it a story higher. As he came downstairs, having made sure of his bed, I asked him to walk in and take a glass of wine. There was plenty of good wine and not much other nourishment to be had. The officer partook of food in a liquid form and wanted to know what I was doing at the seat of war. He knew something of the requirements and the eccentricities of journalism, and presumed that the primary object was to see a great battle. This was assented to, and we parted and were soon in bed. After 2 o'clock there was a jarring knock that aroused me, and when my door was opened, there was my tall friend of the evening before, his buttons blazing in the light of the candle I held high, to see what sort of caller we had; and he said he judged from the orders received that if we made our way as early in the day as practicable to the village of Gorze and beyond, we would "witness a military operation." I thanked him, and he bowed and disappeared.

It was a raw sort of morning for the season, and there was a faint low mist in the valley and floating over the pale river. Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, Napoleon said, was the rarest; and that morning I confess it did not seem to me a very agreeable recreation to get up and wander off to witness the shock of embattled legions, reflecting at the same time that in modern warfare the small-arms of precision and rifled artillery were in the habit of slinging lead and iron about the country with carelessness and profusion, and raising the dust at astonishing distances. However, it would not do to go so far to see a battle and not take the chance. If we had made an appointment to be shot, we had to keep it. We breakfasted on a bit of chocolate cake and a sip of wine and a rank and rough cigar, and after a toilsome march, broken by the chance that the telegraph wagons happened to be going our way a few miles, we reached Gorze some minutes after 10 o'clock, and saw a Frenchman hanging by the neck beside a well, his breast torn by rifle-shots — a ghastly spectacle, to warn the people that they must not pollute the water to prevent the German soldiery from drinking it. We pushed on, a shade sickened by an object so repulsive. A beautiful bronze figure of an angel, the signal of the establishment of a benevolent sisterhood, appeared above low trees on the right. There was a remote rattle of musketry in the same direction, and occasionally the grumbling, beyond wooded hills, of cannon.

Soon we were on the edge of the field of combat in which the foremost German division had struck headlong the flank of the, then on the ground, immensely superior forces of the French, and clung to them with desperate tenacity; and the trees began to be whitened with fresh splinters showing where the fire hail had stricken them, and dead men and horses were in the way. As we emerged from the wooded ravine and neared the plain, now famous and marked with a multitude of monuments recording the names of the glorious dead, so far as the officers are concerned, and the numbers of the sacrificed soldiers, a horseman who seemed to be confused accosted us and asked if we could render assistance to wounded who were sheltered in the leafy brush a little way off; but we were not skilled in surgery or able to do more than take care of ourselves. Another horseman appeared riding in the direction we were going and asked whether we had seen the King. We had not for some days been favored with a view of his Majesty, but it seemed likely that the inquiry might be a valuable pointer. The noble field, superb, widespread, lined far and near with Lombardy poplars standing in endless and lofty ranks along the white roads, opened before us as we mounted the crest of the Moselle hills from which the Romans built, when they were rulers of the world, an aqueduct far across the valley of that river, as a row of venerable broken arches still strangely testifies.

We were on the battle-field of Mars-la-Tour, and about us were strewn, "like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown," knapsacks and letters, caps and helmets and canteens, and there were furrows that cannon-balls had plowed, and occasionally an unexploded shell, its copper nipples shining in the dust, but few dead soldiers or horses; for the burial parties had been busy, and we had not reached that part of the stricken field where the slaughter by cavalry and artillery had taken place. An ambulance had been shattered by a shell, and out of the wreck had tumbled an armchair in good condition. This I picked up and carried along, and was now equipped with this chair, which seemed to give me confidence, a field-glass a foot long, a bag containing writing-materials and a cake and a half of chocolate, with a small bit of boiled mutton reserved for emergencies.

On a gentle ridge of the easily rolling landscape to the north we observed a group, evidently officers, with three carriages a few rods to the rear, and upon inspecting them with the big glass, I saw that one of the carriages was that of the King, whose postilions were readily distinguished by their high silk hats covered with black silk oilcloth. We moved, as rapidly as our fatigue permitted, to join his Majesty, thinking he had chosen at least as good a position for observation as we were likely to find for our-

selves. Besides, we thought, in our untutored way, that there would be a rational care taken of his personal safety. Drawing nigh, we saw the famous staff around the King and Moltke. They had halted on the way from Rezonville to Gravelotte, at a point from which could be observed the movements of the right wing of the German army, and there they remained three hours. Bismarck was reclining on a blanket doubled and thrown on the dusty ground, where there were remnants of stalks of clover. He had a French knapsack made of calf-skin with the hair on for a pillow, and his head was sheltered by a strip of French tent, held by two wooden spikes. His attitude was that of dejection as well as weariness. The King wore a very long light blue overcoat and his helmet, and was erect and alert. A colored servant was in charge of his carriage. The three carriages belonged respectively to the King, Bismarck, and Moltke. Standing near the King, his feet wide apart, and holding a field-glass to his eyes, was General Philip H. Sheridan, who was Bismarck's guest, and had ridden to the field in the carriage of the Chancellor. The old uniform of Sheridan was dingy beside the new clothes worn by the German leaders, who had been in the field but three weeks, and had not encountered many rain and dust storms. The hour was twenty minutes after eleven, and the sounds of battle began to thicken and deepen. The scattering shots of the skirmishers were lost in the roar of firing by regiments, and the tremendous German artillery began to play like some sublime orchestra. There were many dead horses and many blood-stains about, and a penetrating, sour smell came from them. Between two swollen monsters I located my cherished chair, and, taking the only "reserved seat" at that stupendous performance, adjusted my field-glass, and was soon absorbed in one of the grandest scenes that mortal ever gazed upon. It occurred to me at the moment that no descriptive language could be better than that employed by Henry J. Raymond in writing of the battle of Solferino. He said that two storm-clouds seemed to have descended to the earth, and to be pouring their lightnings and thunderings into each other. The masses of pearly white gunpowder smoke—here pillars of fleecy snow rising to the skies, and there whirling abysses of vapor, vibrating as if electrified—were darkly streaked by burning villages, and the sky over the French lines where the iron rain of the German artillery fell was spotted with the tiny clouds puffed by the exploding shells. I could see the galloping of horsemen bearing orders through the fiery mist—the surging march of the troops, block after block of the blue divisions of Germany crowding to the left—the sparkle of steel and of the helmets, like flashes of starlight on a raging sea—the long darts of fire from the breech-loading cannon of the Germans, which were each discharged at times almost as fast as a cowboy fires his revolver—I could discern the French positions for near three miles outlined by flickering fire, and billows of smoke that seemed to swell from a series of Niagaras; and I heard the awful uproar comprehending a thousand stunning shocks, rising at times to a majesty that was beyond all faculty of measurement, and reminded one of a transcendent burst of music—but there was nothing in all the wonderful pyrotechnics and monstrous clamor to tell how the battle was going.

That which confounded me was the German army facing towards Germany. How that could have happened came conjecturally and slowly. Mr. Conway was missing from my side for a while, and returned with a rough plan of the battle, drawn on an envelope by an obliging staff-officer, a Grand Duke, I believe. He explained thus: "The fight on the day before yesterday was for the road from Metz to Paris. The road forked at the village yonder, where you can see the spire of the church through the fleecy smoke. There is the village of Gravelotte, which will name the battle. The northern branch leads to Verdun. The fight to-day is to drive the French into Metz. That will prevent the concentration of their forces between us and Paris."

The French front was near six miles long, beginning at a turn of high ground beyond a deep ravine east of Gravelotte, and extending to St. Privat and Doncourt, with several stone houses and villages, notably Amanvilliers and Mosku, for points of support. The German plan was as simple as swinging a gate. It was to hold the French firmly all along their position and then crush their right flank. This task was assigned to the Guards. The French were placed very much as to selection of ground as the English were at Waterloo, though covering five times the space, behind what might be termed a crest, a wrinkle in the ample plain with a long, easy slope in front, giving their Chassepot rifles—a better weapon than that of the German—a broad, clear sweep.

At three points the impetuosity of the Germans carried them too fast and exposed them to a murderous reception. Steinmetz thought the French yielding on their left, which was really invulnerable, and rushed his masses of brave men to hopeless slaughter. He suffered for this the stern displeasure of the King and disappeared from history. The Saxons, a mile and a half farther north, were premature and



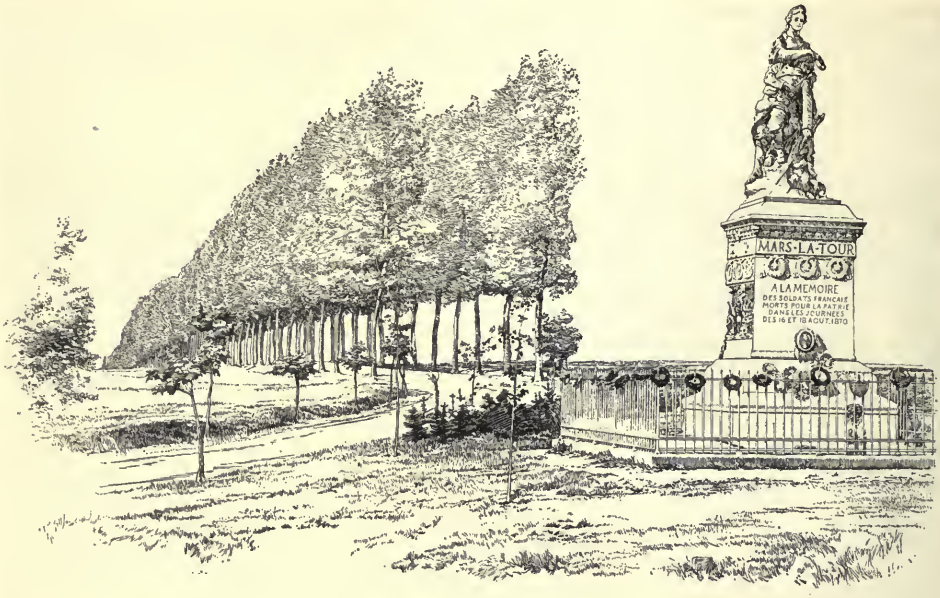
RAVINE OF GRAVELOTTE.

endured shocking losses, holding their costly gains of bloody ground but making no serious impression. Their artillery did surprising work, as we could see, but was sorely shattered. The Guards too, carrying out the flanking movement in the northern portion of the field, were cut down in thousands, their slain literally covering the field. This massacre of the flower of the army was the most memorable incident of the day, and the valor of the French at St. Privat is one of the comforts of their broken country. Far away to the north were visible, from my point of observation, two mingling clouds, a mountainous mass of yellowish mist, and vast white pillars of smoke like the steam that swells from Vesuvius in eruption, and frothy specks that told of the splutter of shells. The French stood up to their work manfully. In spite of all the frauds of the Empire they had one real army, and with the huge fortress of Lorraine behind them, they did their duty with a devoted courage that redeemed the fighting reputation of their race.

Marshal Bazaine was a good but not a great soldier, faithful to the Empire but not truly loyal, under the test of misfortune, to France. His army was well placed and bravely fought, but he made one mistake that seems unpardonable and cost him the final disaster of the day. He could not divest himself of the erroneous opinion that the point of peril was on the left — that the purpose of the Germans was to turn his left instead of his right flank, and to thrust their columns between him and the river and the city. He was protected in that quarter by fortifications that were far too strong for assault or even for bombardment; and though the impending blow on his right had been announced unmistakably, one would think, by the whole movement of the German army, he held his reserves for the imaginary stroke on the left until it was too late to save the right, which was his flank in the air, and they could only cover the disorderly retreat of the troops that, after standing so successfully against the Guards, were at last overwhelmed and thrust by main force, with intolerable fire and pressure of steel, from the field they had made glorious forever. If Bazaine had used his reserves in time on the right, or had put them in support of an aggressive movement on the left, the fortunes of the day, it is the judgment of military men, might have been changed; but such was the superiority of the German army that there was hardly a chance, even with management the most consummate,



MONUMENT TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO DIED UNDER THE WALLS FOR THEIR COUNTRY.



ROAD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD TO PARIS.

to inflict upon it such a defeat as to impair its organization, or to throw it back into the valley of the Moselle through the scarred and blood-stained ravines of Gorze.

Late in the afternoon the declining sun shone like a globe of dull red fire through the dust rising above the twinkling bayonets and helmet spikes of a long column of German reenforcements who perplexed us extremely by turning up from the west. The King with Bismarck, Sheridan, and the staff mounted their horses and rode forward at a rapid trot, and my companion and I, attempting to follow on foot, found that the farther we advanced the less we could see; so, exhausted with the exertions and excitements of the long, sultry day, we returned to the spot the King had abandoned to go into a place that we afterward learned was too warm for his Majesty, causing dismay at the prospect of his personal danger. Sheridan's keen eye had detected the gravity of the situation from a monarchial point of view, but the old man would have his way, and had the good fortune to sleep that night unharmed in a dingy little stone house in Gravelotte that bears an inscription telling the story. Upon that part of the field which I could see, the French, though hard pressed, held their lines unflinchingly until night, and defended them when it grew dark with bursts of fire that played along the low, dusky ridge like summer lightning on a cloudy horizon. But they had lost the grim game. Their right was smashed and gone, and the rest must go, and the next morning they were out of the way of the main body of the invaders, and "bottled up" in Metz. The Germans had paid a frightful price for their victory, many thousands of brave men having fallen in their ranks who might have been spared had the generalship that directed them been less mechanical, and if they had not in their confident course committed the dangerous mistake of underrating their enemy.



MONUMENT TO SILESIAN GRENADIER REGIMENT, NO. 11, NEAR GORZE.

As we retired from the field, wondering how we were to pass the night, tired, faint with hunger and parched with thirst, shaken by the enormous tragedy we had seen as in a vision,— feeling as if we had witnessed a combination of earthquakes and tornadoes,— the musketry still crackling and the artillery at intervals bursting forth in prodigious volleys, we had the fortune to encounter an artist for a German illustrated newspaper, sketching the murky scene over which hovered dust and smoke, dimly and fantastically lighted by the flames of burning houses, while the air was filled with the marvelous murmur and hum and clang of the voices and arms of myriads of men in eager and angry motion. The artist hailed us, and his friendly words were a joyful surprise. He knew we must belong to the press— for we did not look as if we could have any

other business — and wanted to know where we were going to sleep and to get supper. If there was anything in the wide and gloomy world we did not know, that was it; and our artist friend invited us — and I never prized an invitation more — to go to his room in Gorze and take his bed, for he should sit up all night with his work. We accepted that invitation in part, had mutton-chops and coffee — luxuries that an hour before would have been incredible — and were too happy to sleep on a carpeted floor, where there was neither dust nor dew, to think of going to bed.

The following morning we returned to the field not knowing whether the battle was to be renewed, for we knew nothing of the decisive defeat of the French on their right. The first man we encountered was the distinguished war correspondent Archibald Forbes, not then, as now, a man famous for writing history under fire. He had a skeleton horse that tottered when he trotted, and soon helped himself to a fine saddle that had belonged to a French officer — the horse and his rider were "in one red burial blent." Forbes was an old soldier, and not satisfied until he got to the ragged edge of the front, where the skirmish line was drawn, and had a chat with the skirmishers. The information to be gleaned in that quarter did not occur to Mr. Conway and me to be worth the effort, though there was no display of marksmanship just taking place, and we quietly, but I may say resolutely, parted with our adventurous friend. While walking on the side of the road where the sacrifice of cavalry had been made by the superheated Steinmetz, four men rode by,— two officers followed by orderlies,— and at a glance Bismarck and Sheridan were recognized; and the latter, who had n't known that I was looking after the army, wanted, with an uncommon want in his tone, to know what I was doing there and what I meant by doing so. I answered that I was there because it seemed to be an interesting part of the country. Bismarck laughed heartily at this exchange of Americanisms, and graciously — his lips, but not his eyes, smiling — bowed to his St. Avold acquaintance who had wanted to buy a horse and had given the Chancellor his confidence. I said to Sheridan, "Please tell me what happened yesterday." "Did n't you see the fight?" he replied. "Yes," said I, "as much as I could of it; but I know nothing about it except that the French held on well for the day, but must have fallen back in the night." "Ah," said he, "the Germans won, though the French held their ground along here. Bazaine is driven into Metz — headquarters goes back to-night to Pont-à-Mousson; the Crown Prince is on the march to Paris." Sheridan's report made matters plain. We spent some hours looking over portions of the stricken field, which was far too extensive to be comprehended within one day's walk, and witnessed many harrowing scenes of the burial of the dead and the agonies of



MONUMENT TO THE 29TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, NEAR ST. HUBERT.



MONUMENT TO THE 45TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, AND COLUMBARY.

the wounded and the dying. That night we made our way painfully and drearily back to Pont-à-Mousson, walking much of the distance, and for the rest hiring a wretched carriage with an exhausted horse and a sleepy driver. Tramping near one of the sinister villages through which the road ran, we had to get out of the way of a carriage with high-stepping horses and humming wheels, guarded by a squad of lancers riding in twos; and as the party whirled and clattered by, on the back seat we made out, through the shadows of the night, the white flannel cap and portly form of Bismarck and the burly figure of Phil Sheridan. I thought of calling and asking if Conway and I could n't take the front seat, and some years after inquired of Sheridan what would have been the response to such a call, and he said, "Why, we would have taken you in." That would have saved leg-ache, but I was too modest. Many things would have been changed but for that.

Seventeen years after, on the anniversary of the battle of Mars-la-Tour, I returned to the field in a carriage, with a French guide and a driver, all found in Metz, and spent two days studying the ground, with the aid of maps, seeking to revive and verify memories, and keenly relishing the contrast of the occasions. Metz is a dismal city. In the hotels as many swords as hats are hanging in the halls. The boots displayed in the windows are decorated with spurs. By night and by day the roll of drums and the bugle-calls, the tramp of battalions of infantry and the clatter of squadrons of cavalry, are almost incessantly heard. The beautiful park, adorned with chestnut-trees, that overlooks the broad and shining expanse of the valley of the Moselle, and from which the blue knots of lofty hills far up the river are seen, is deserted by the French and at night is inexpressibly lonesome. The statue of Marshal Ney, musket in hand, as he fired on the banks of the Beresina the last shot of the Grand Army on the retreat from Russia, glitters somberly under an electric light, solitary and alone in gloomy state. Looking at Ney's striking figure in the lonely night, his attitude seems to be one of a defiant listener, who expects a signal that shall be a speedy summons to heroic and mighty deeds. Who shall say what may some time stir again that ominous air?



AMBULANCE CEMETERY AT BOULAY.

There are very strong fatigue parties of German soldiers marched out every morning to work on the fortifications, which have been modernized and extended in every direction, and can never be reduced save as they were taken from the French — by blockade. The garrison of Metz is an army ready for instantaneous active service. There is a camp of thousands of cavalry that could be mustered for a charge in a few minutes. On the way into the city from the battle-fields on the west — the walls of the memorable place are surrounded on all sides by the scenes of combats — I met within a mile and a half three cavalry patrols, equipped and vigilant, as if in expectation of immediate action. The neighboring villages are intensely French, and one sees in the sad, severe faces of the people hopes of vengeance miserably deferred, but cherished without a shadow of turning or remorse. The German conquerors are not diffident or delicate in their ways. They are not unwilling the conquered shall feel that the yoke is heavy, and that the fetters are tempered and sharpened steel. One thing to their credit is, that they insist upon the education of the children of the people, and the little French boys growing up for the massacres of the future go about with their school-books, as if the highly paternal form of government was looking after them closely and really expected to Germanize them.



MONUMENT TO PRUSSIAN GUARDS, NEAR ST. PRIVAT.

During my two-days' second visit to the fields of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour I began at St. Privat, which I had not seen before, and followed the French line to Point de Jour, which ended the first day's exploration.

The next day I followed my own track to the field as closely as practicable, passing through Gorze, recognizing the golden angel on the hill as an old and charming friend, and the ravines where we first saw officers who had been slain, lying with their caps



SCENE OF THE FAMOUS CAVALRY FIGHTING OF AUGUST 16, 1870.

covering their distorted faces; and pushed on zealously, seeking landmarks and recovering, so far as might be, the vanished recollection of the broad and picturesque landscape, as enchanting in its loveliness—for there is no land in this world that is fairer than this—as it is distinguished in its history.

The same strips of woods; the long, white roads; the rows of feathery poplars, their towering plumes touching the skies; the sunny sweeps of fertile and fenceless fields; the softly rolling hills; the dusky villages, their low-plastered walls roofed with red tiles—all were there, but how mysteriously great the change! The armies had gone their ways. I could not find the house in Gorze where I had slept, and the town was three times as large as I had thought, and no new house to account for the increase. The distances from place to place were greater than I had believed them, and the roads were to me so misplaced as to escape identification. There are a multitude of monuments dotting and dominating the immense plateau—hundreds of simple iron crosses, and many imposing structures, some of them strikingly artistic; and as it was the anniversary of the death of tens of thousands, all the crosses and more ambitious memorials were decorated with wreaths. Several of the graves bore records of the burial of hundreds of men in each, and there were long lists of the officers who were moldering where they perished. In a field that had just been closely harvested I could not find a trace of a trench—not a mark—where I had seen more than a thousand Frenchmen laid in a ditch and the earth shoveled upon them. Or, if there was a sign of that huge grave, it must have been in the blood-red poppies that bloomed on low stems in the golden stubble. I thought that the spot where I had placed my chair, while the world was in a tremor from the booming batteries, and where I had drawn my field-glass and looked upon the vivid and startling panorama of the battle of the giants, in which one empire fell and another arose, was indelibly fixed in my memory. There I had been for hours on a day that decided the destiny of nations, within a few yards of the victorious King and the Field-Marshal and the Chancellor, and each tree and house and hill should be familiar; but I could not find the place, and after an effort, absurdly prolonged to make sure, gave it up. And while I never had been boastful that I knew much of the battle, from



MONUMENT AT
ST. MARIE-AUX-CHÊNES.



STREET IN GRAVELOTTE.

the accident of being an eye-witness, it was a surprise, when I compared some of my impressions with the charts exactly locating the forces on both sides, to find how far off I had been as to the verities, and how little I knew of that which I saw, or thought I saw, in an atmosphere of miraculous transformations.

The battle-fields, though far within France in war time, are all included within what is called German territory; but the village from which the combat of Mars-la-Tour takes its portentous name is on the French side of the new line, and I reached it to obtain luncheon and to see a monument erected to the "immortal memory" of the French soldiers who fell on the 16th and 18th of August, 1870, at Rezonville-Vionville — as France names the earlier contests — and Gravelotte in defense of their country. The monument is impressive, and was loaded with decorations and surrounded by a swarm of people, fierce with passionate enthusiasm for their gallant dead and for the revenges they believe in and never forget. It was the anniversary day for that field, and in their way the French on the frontier were celebrating it with tears of grievous rage and frantic exclamations. The walls of the church in this place are filled with plain tablets giving in long array the names of officers who died for France and were entered upon the rolls of glory seventeen years before, as they and those who loved them fondly hold in their religion, that teaches the worship of France.

In the door of one of the houses of this village was seated a boy of ten years with a bright face, typically French, waving a tiny tricolored flag, and singing a song that called it the flag of glory — "*O le drapeau de gloire!*"

As I passed beyond the ravine behind Gravelotte, on the road to Metz, the sky was black with a storm that had been rising and muttering several hours, and the lurid cloud that at last rushed from the west threw the grand field of battle into the deepest shadow, when along its formidable front blazed with tropical intensity streams of lightning, followed with ringing grandeur by an outburst, that seemed to shake the historic hills, of the artillery of the heavens; and as the reverberations rolled, I closed my eyes and almost persuaded myself that the old time had returned and the battle was on again, and that I could hear once more "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

NOTE. — In the Franco-Prussian war there were three battles west of Metz before the investment of that city. The first was August 14, 1870. This was a blow by the advance of the Germans, which had passed the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson, upon the flank of the French retreating from Metz, stopping their march. It was a swift stroke, made with great resolution and a sacrifice of blood by the Germans, to gain a position from which the retreat of the French army could be stayed. Five German brigades fought against 5 French divisions, and lost 5000 men, including 222 officers. The French loss was 3608 men, including 200 officers. In this contest the Germans did not reach the roads by which the French were moving. The great combat of Mars-la-Tour took place on the 16th. It was a gallant struggle, the French outnumbering the Germans,

whose forces were coming up by desperate marches. The German loss was 15,790 men, including 711 officers, and the French loss 17,007 men, including 879 officers. There was nothing decisive when night ended the battle, but in the night the French fell back and lost the roads to Paris. The Germans had headed off the French and were facing east, and their next move was to strike the French with all their force and hurl them back upon Metz. Bazaine retired to the Gravelotte position, and the Germans with superior numbers attacked them on the 18th, and succeeded in their object, but paid a frightful price for it. There were several costly moves on the German side, and their loss during the day was about 20,000 men, of whom 900 were officers; but the French loss was much less, as they clung to their ground, which was well chosen, except at the right — but that was vital. It was there that the Prussian Guard lost 307 officers and nearly 8000 men in half an hour. The French army exceeded 150,000 and the German 230,000 men, making a total of nearly 400,000 combatants. The three battle-fields of the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August, 1870, are one vast and beautiful field, decorated with monuments and crosses almost innumerable.

Murat Halstead.



25TH HESSIAN DIVISION.

A SECRET SONG.

O SNOWBIRD! snowbird!
Welcome thy note when maple boughs are bare;
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air,
What time the radiant flakes begin to fall.
We know thy secret. When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!
O snowbird, snowbird, wherefore hide thy song?

O snowbird! snowbird!
Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory? Nay, too glad the note!
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,
Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float.
We hear thy tender ecstasy, and cry:
"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill!"
Under the splendors of the winter sky,
O snowbird, snowbird, carol to us still.

Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts.





MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY.

SUMMER ROCKING-SONG, ABOUT 11 A. M.

By the author of "Two Runaways."

WHO all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time stealin' Ole Massa's dinner-horn?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she tek 'im in 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who tek 'e stick 'n' hit ole possum dog so hard?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En climb up en 'er lap,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she wipe es li'l' eyes,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, scoot fer yer mammy
En she hide yer f'om yer ma,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er sight?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e run ter es mammy
Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can' play,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e come ter es mammy
Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo!

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo!
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo,
Shoo . . . .

Deir now, lay right down on Mammy's bed en go 'long back ter sleep,— shoo-shoo! . . . Look hyah, nigger, go way f'om dat do'! You wake dis chile up wid dat jewsharp, en I 'll wear yer out ter frazzles! — Sh-h-h-h —

H. S. Edwards.

A LAKE MEMORY.

THE lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain
Across these flats, athwart the sunset's glow.
I see her face, I know her voice again,
Her lips, her breath, O God, as long ago.

To live the sweet past over I would fain,
As lives the day in the red sunset's fire,
That all these wild wan marshlands now would stain,
With the dawn's memories, loves, and flushed desire.

I call her back across the vanished years,
Nor vain — a white-armed phantom fills her place;
Its eyes the wind-blown sunset fires, its tears
This rain of spray that blows about my face.

William Wilfred Campbell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

JACKSON'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN, AND THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

AS we have seen, it was the intention of the Administration to dispatch the whole of McDowell's corps to reënforce McClellan, as soon as the situation in northern Virginia would permit. Franklin's division was so dispatched, in ample time to have taken part in the operations against Yorktown, though General McClellan made no use whatever of that fine body of troops until Yorktown was evacuated. Preparations were vigorously made by the Government for the march of McDowell towards Richmond; and Shields's division, one of the best in Banks's corps, was ordered to reënforce him. The most important results were expected from such an attack as an officer of McDowell's ability and zeal would have made upon the left flank of the Confederate forces in front of Richmond. It is one of the admitted misfortunes of the war that this attack was never made, and the question as to who was responsible for it has given rise to much heated and more or less disingenuous discussion.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, commonly called "Stonewall," had won great credit at the battle of Bull Run, but his first independent campaign resulted in signal defeat. In April, 1862, he was ordered by General Johnston to occupy the attention of Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He advanced rapidly in pursuance of what he understood to be the spirit of his orders, and came in view of Shields's division at Kernstown, near Winchester, on the 22d of April. A brief skirmish took place that evening, in the course of which General Shields was severely wounded, his arm being broken by the fragment of a shell. He retired to Winchester, and General Nathan Kimball remained on the field in active command of the division. The next day, although it was Sunday, Jackson, thinking he had his enemy at a disadvantage, and unaware either of his numbers or of his disposition, attacked Kimball with great impetuosity, but met with a severe repulse. Kimball, who was ably seconded by Colonels Carroll and Tyler, not only beat off the attack of Jackson from both his flanks, but at the right moment assumed the offensive, and after a hotly contested fight, lasting two hours, as night was closing in he completely defeated the Confederates, who were driven from the field, leaving their dead and wounded and several guns. Banks, coming down from Harper's

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Ferry the next day, continued the pursuit up the valley as far as Mount Jackson. Shields's division in this action numbered about 7000; Jackson reported his own force as between 3000 and 4000. The losses reported on each side are: Shields 590, Jackson 718. Jackson frankly acknowledged his defeat, saying to Johnston:

I engaged the enemy yesterday, about 3 P.M., near Winchester, and fought until dusk; but his forces were so superior to mine that he repulsed me with the loss of valuable officers and men killed and wounded. But from the obstinacy with which our troops fought, and from their advantageous position, I am of the opinion that his loss was greater than mine in troops, but I lost one piece of artillery and three caissons.

Jackson's second campaign in the Shenandoah, which gained him in full measure that fame and position which were so near to his heart, occupied about a month. It may be said to have begun in his attack upon General Milroy's forces at McDowell on the 8th of May. In this affair, as in every battle of this famous campaign, he had much larger forces than those opposed to him — a fact entirely to his credit; there were Union troops enough in the department, if they had been properly brought together, to have overwhelmed him. After a fight of several hours he defeated Milroy, who fell back to join Frémont at the town of Franklin, while Jackson moved eastward to Harrisonburg. On the way he sent dispatches to Richmond, detailing the position of the Union troops, and asking permission to attack them. This was granted, and he at once began a swift and stealthy march through New Market and Luray to Front Royal. It was at this time that McClellan was daily clamoring for reënforcements from Washington; and the Government, yielding to his importunity, had promised that McDowell's corps should march overland to join him. The reasons why this promise could not be kept are best set forth in the following dispatch from Mr. Lincoln, whose communications to his generals were always clearer and more definite than any that he received from them. It is dated May 25:

General Banks was at Strasburg with about 6000 men, Shields having been taken from him to swell a column for McDowell to aid you at Richmond, and the rest of his force scattered in various places. On the 23d a rebel force of 7000 to 10,000 fell upon one regiment and two companies guarding the bridge at Front Royal, destroying it entirely; crossed the Shenandoah, and on the 24th pushed on to get north of Banks, on the road to Winchester. General Banks ran a race with them, beating them into Winchester yesterday evening. This morning a battle ensued between the two forces, in which General Banks was beaten back in full retreat towards Martinsburg, and probably is broken up into a total rout. Geary, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, just now reports that Jackson is now near Front Royal with 10,000 troops, following up and supporting, as I understand, the force now pursuing Banks. Also that another force of 10,000 is near Orleans, following on in the same direction. [In this Geary was mistaken. Jackson's and Ewell's forces amounted to about 16,000.] Stripped bare, as we are here, I will do all we can to prevent them crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry or above. McDowell has about 20,000 of his forces moving back to the vicinity of Front Royal, and Frémont, who was at Franklin, is moving to Harrisonburg; both these movements intended to get in the enemy's rear.

One more of McDowell's brigades is ordered through here to Harper's Ferry; the rest of his force remain for the present at Fredericksburg. We are sending such regiments and dribs from here and Baltimore as we can spare to Harper's Ferry, supplying their places in some sort by calling in militia from the adjacent States. We also have eighteen cannon on the road to Harper's Ferry, of which arm there is not a single one at that point. This is now our situation.

If McDowell's force was now beyond our reach, we should be entirely helpless. Apprehensions of something like this, and no unwillingness to sustain you, have always been my reason for withholding McDowell's forces from you. Please understand this, and do the best you can with the forces you have.[1]

Later in the day, the President, now sure that a large and formidable army was drawing near the Potomac, wrote a sharp dispatch to McClellan urging him either to take this opportunity "to attack Richmond, or give up the job"; to which the general, who was never disturbed by the presence of the enemy anywhere out of his sight, replied calmly that "the object of the movement was probably to prevent reënforcements being sent him," and that the time was very near when he would attack Richmond.

The campaign, opened thus inauspiciously for the Union arms, went rapidly from bad to worse. A series of doleful mischances succeeded, unrelieved by a ray of good fortune or good conduct. Mr. Lincoln, at Washington, was exerting himself to the utmost, sending a dozen dispatches a day to Banks, Frémont, McDowell, and McClellan — all admirable in clearness, intelligence, and temper, always directing the right thing to be done and the best way of doing it; but nothing seemed to avail.

The original surprise was inexcusable. On the 20th of May,[1] Frémont had reported to Banks that Jackson was on the way to attack him, but no proper preparation was made. After the defeat at Front Royal on the 23d, and at Winchester on the 25th, while Banks was in retreat to the Potomac, the only thought of the President was to stop Jackson at the river, and to detain him until a sufficient force could be gathered in the neighborhood of Strasburg to destroy or capture him on his return. Frémont was ordered to cross the mountains to Harrisonburg and come north down the valley with his force. McDowell, with a competent detachment under Shields, was ordered to Front Royal; a considerable army met the victorious forces of Jackson at the Potomac. These last were mostly of raw lev-

[1] War Records.

ies, not inured to marching or to fighting; but they accomplished their purpose of delaying for the moment the advance of Jackson towards Washington. His own intention, as well as his orders from Richmond, were, in the language of General Dabney,[1] "to press the enemy at Harper's Ferry, threaten an invasion of Maryland, and an assault upon the Federal capital." But on the 29th, while at Halltown,[2] preparing for an attack upon Harper's Ferry, he received information of the movement of troops that had been ordered by the President, which, as Dabney says, "imperiously required him to give up that attack and provide for his own safety." He then began his precipitate retreat up the valley, which by its celerity and success gained him even more credit than did his audacious advance.

It ought not to have been allowed to succeed; it was perfectly feasible to prevent it. Had the plain orders of the President been obeyed, Jackson could not have escaped from the predicament where his headlong energy and his contempt for his adversaries had placed him. It is idle to talk of his invincibility; he was generally whipped, like other men, when the conditions were not favorable to him. He was defeated severely at Kernstown in March, when he had been confident of victory; later, at Gaines's Mills, he did not particularly distinguish himself above others; Banks, with one-third his force, gave him all the work he could do at Cedar Mountain; while at Malvern Hill and White Oak Swamp his inefficiency in large tactics was recognized and severely criticized by generals on his own side. If Frémont and McDowell had met him at Strasburg, and Banks had followed upon his heels, as Mr. Lincoln had clearly and explicitly ordered, nothing could have prevented the capture or destruction of his entire command. Each of these generals had his task assigned him; it was in each case perfectly practicable. It involved only an expeditious march to the neighborhood of Strasburg, over roads more or less rough, undisturbed by the presence of an enemy in any considerable force.

General McDowell's part of the work was performed with his habitual energy and promptitude, notwithstanding the chagrin and displeasure with which he received his orders. On the evening of the 24th of May[3] the President sent him a dispatch informing him that Frémont had been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg, to relieve Banks, and to capture or destroy Jackson's or Ewell's forces. Mr. Lincoln continues:

> You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put 20,000 men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line, or in advance of the line, of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Your object will be to capture the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in coöperation with General Frémont, or, in case want of supplies or of transportation interferes with his movements, it is believed that the force with which you move will be sufficient to accomplish this object alone. The information thus far received here makes it probable that if the enemy operate actively against General Banks you will not be able to count upon much assistance from him, but may even have to release him.

It is remarkable that the President saw the situation with such accuracy the day before Banks's defeat at Winchester.

This order McDowell, though he called it "a crushing blow,"[3] obeyed at once, directing Shields to take up his march to Catlett's, a station on the Orange and Alexandria road, about half-way between Fredericksburg and Front Royal, and reporting that he had done so. The President sent him an acknowledgment of his alacrity, at the same time expressing his regret at the change of his orders, and adding, "Everything now depends upon the celerity and vigor of your movements."[3] This encouraged the general to make an earnest though respectful protest, which he sent the same night to the President, setting forth his belief that coöperation between himself and Frémont was not to be counted upon; that it would take him a week or ten days to get to the valley; that by that time the enemy would have retired. We shall see later that these forebodings at least were not realized. At the same time he telegraphed to Wadsworth, in command at Washington, his deep disgust; he did not think the rebel force in the mountains amounted to five thousand men. But with all this grumbling his deeds were better than his words; he pushed Shields forward with the greatest celerity. Shields, who was burning to go to Richmond, marched obediently, but in very bad humor. The dispatches of this officer read like a burlesque of those of his superior. He is loud in contempt of both armies in the Shenandoah. He thought when the movement first began that there was nothing in it; that the enemy would never come north; that if they did, they would be hemmed in and destroyed. As late as the 10th of May he was sure "they were not there to fight."[3] As he went forward to Front Royal his boasting spirit asserted itself more and more. "I want no assistance," he said. He promised to "give Jackson a bloody reception," to "drive the enemy from the Shenandoah," and wanted to know if there was anything else he could do for the President — the task in question being unworthy of his powers.[4]

But neither the chagrin of McDowell nor the gasconading of Shields prevented them

[1] Dabney, p. 386. [2] Ibid., p. 387. [3] War Records. [4] May 26 and 27.

from striving with all their might to do the work assigned them. The President kept McDowell constantly informed of the condition of affairs, detailing the progress of Jackson northward, and urging the value and importance of the service expected of the Union troops. McDowell showed himself, as he always was, worthy of the confidence reposed in him. In spite of all obstacles,— accidents by rail, bad roads, and rough weather,— he got Shields's advance into Front Royal on the 30th of May; that is, in little more than half the time he thought he should require for the purpose. The same day the President sent him a dispatch from Frémont saying that he would be at Strasburg, or where the enemy was, at 4 P. M., May 31; and another from Saxton at Harper's Ferry, indicating that the enemy was still there. The President added, with justifiable exultation, "It seems the game is before you."

It remains to be seen how General Frémont executed his share of the task. On the 24th the President gave him an urgent order to move at once, by way of Harrisonburg, to the relief of Banks. He promptly replied that he "would move as ordered"; but made the unfortunate error of choosing an entirely different route from the one assigned him.[1] Thinking the road to Harrisonburg was more or less obstructed, and off his line of supplies, he moved northward by way of Petersburg and Moorefield, in the great valley lying west of the Shenandoah Mountains, and did not even inform the President of this discretionary modification of his orders, so that, on the 27th, when they were anxiously expecting at Washington to hear from him at Harrisonburg, they were astounded at receiving tidings from him at Moorefield, two good days' march from the line of Jackson's retreat, and separated by two counties and the Shenandoah range from the place where he was desired and expected to be. In response to the President's peremptory question why he was at Moorefield when he was ordered to Harrisonburg, he made an unsatisfactory reply, alleging the necessity of his choice of route, and his assumed discretion as to his orders. Dropping this matter, the President began again urging him forward to Strasburg. There was still time to repair the original error. Jackson was on the Potomac, much farther from the rendezvous than Frémont. But the latter could not be made to see the vital necessity of immediate action — his men were weary, his supplies were deficient, the roads were bad; Blenker's corps was straggling badly. Finally, on the 29th, his medical director told him his army needed a whole day's rest. He promptly accepted this suggestion, and wasted twenty-four hours in this manner, while Jackson was rushing his ragged troops, who had known no rest for a month, up the narrow valley that formed his only outlet from destruction or captivity. In one day, says Major Dabney, the Stonewall Brigade marched "from Halltown to the neighborhood of Newton, a distance of thirty-five miles; and the 2d Virginia accomplished a march of forty miles without rations, over muddy roads and amidst continual showers." The race was to the swift. As Frémont's advance entered Strasburg on the 1st of June the rear-guard of Jackson's force was still in sight, leaving the place. The plan of the President, well combined and reasonable as it was, had failed through no fault of his, and Jackson had escaped. It is the contention of General McClellan and his partisans that the plan could not possibly have succeeded. One critic[2] disposes of the matter by a sneer at the thought of "trapping that wily fox, who knew every gorge and pass of the mountain." But an army of 16,000 men of all arms is not a fox; it must have roads to cross mountains, and bridges to pass over rivers. If Frémont had obeyed orders and had been where he should have been on the 30th of May, and if Banks and Saxton had kept a closer watch at Harper's Ferry and followed more immediately upon Jackson's rear, Jackson would have been surrounded at Strasburg by three times his own force, and would have been captured or his army dispersed and destroyed. This would have been richly worth all its cost, and the most captious or malevolent critic would have had nothing to say against the President who ordered it.

There was little prospect of defeating Jackson after he had slipped through the gap between Frémont and McDowell at Strasburg; but nevertheless an energetic pursuit was begun by Frémont up the Shenandoah and by part of Shields's division up the Luray Valley on the east, the former harassing Jackson's rear with almost daily skirmishes, and the latter running a race with him on a parallel line. There was hardly a possibility now of regaining the lost opportunity. No matter how severely pressed, it was almost surely in Jackson's power to escape across Brown's Gap to Albemarle County, where he would for a time be safe from pursuit; and this course, says Major Dabney, was in his mind as a final resort.[3] But he was not even driven to this. There was one last chance of inflicting great damage upon him. One of Shields's brigades arrived at the bridge at Port Republic before him, and either should have taken and held or destroyed it.[4] The officer in

[1] War Records.
[2] Swinton, "Army of the Potomac."
[3] Dabney, p. 404.
[4] War Records.

command did neither, and the bridge immediately after fell into Jackson's hands, giving him command of both sides of the river. The Confederate general and his adjutant and biographer ascribed the capture of this important position to supernatural means.[1]

> As soon as Jackson uttered his command [to seize the bridge] he drew up his horse, and, dropping the reins upon his neck, raised both his hands towards the heavens, while the fire of battle in his face changed into a look of reverential awe. Even while he prayed, the God of battles heard; or ever he had withdrawn his uplifted hands, the bridge was gained.

It would perhaps be irreverent to add that the bridge was not defended. On the same day, June 8, he fought a sharp but indecisive battle with Frémont at Cross Keys, and retiring in the night, he attacked and defeated Shields's small detachment at Port Republic. The mismanagement of the Union generals had opposed to him on both days forces greatly inferior to his own. Before these battles were fought the President, seeing that further pursuit was useless, had ordered Shields back to McDowell, Frémont to halt at Harrisonburg for orders, and Banks to guard the posts of Port Royal and Luray. The orders came too late to prevent two unfortunate engagements, but they showed that the civilian at Washington was wiser than the two generals at the front. They both passed thereafter into the ranks of the malcontents — the men with grievances. Shields went back to Washington, where he was received with open arms by the habitual critics of the President. Among them were those of his own household; for we read in Mr. Chase's diary that Shields told him, when he was ordered back, that "Jackson's capture was certain," and the general and the Secretary held harmonious council together over the "terrible mistakes" of the President.[2] This was the last important service of Frémont. He remained in charge of his department a few weeks longer, until he was placed, with others of similar rank, under the general command of Pope. He refused to serve under his junior, and was relieved, not appearing again in any conspicuous position, except for a moment in the summer of 1864, as a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Lincoln.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

After the battle of Fair Oaks, as well as before it, General McClellan kept up his continual cry for reënforcements. The hallucination that the enemy's force was double his own had become fixed upon him, and all his plans and combinations were poisoned by this fatal error. The President did everything in his power to satisfy the general's unreasonable demands. He resolved to give him absolute control of all the troops on the Peninsula; and knowing that General Wool would never consent to being placed under McClellan's orders,— that veteran having expressed himself with characteristic severity in regard to his junior's insatiable demand for troops,— the President thought best to remove General Wool to Baltimore, transferring General Dix to Fort Monroe and placing him under the direct command of McClellan — a proceeding which greatly displeased General Dix, but to which he yielded under protest.[3] His displeasure did not interfere with his convictions of duty. Immediately on arriving at Fort Monroe he sent to General McClellan a reënforcement of ten of the best regiments there.[3] No efforts were spared to help and to encourage McClellan; both the President and the Secretary of War were perpetually sending him kind and complimentary messages in addition to the troops and guns which they gathered in from every quarter for him. A few days after Fair Oaks, in response to his repeated entreaties, McCall's division of McDowell's corps, a splendid body of about ten thousand men, was dispatched to him. He was for the moment delighted at hearing that these troops were coming; and having thus obtained the greater part of McDowell's corps, he was quite gracious in his acknowledgments to the Government. He said, June 7:

> I am glad to learn that you are pressing forward reënforcements so vigorously. I shall be in perfect readiness to move forward and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here and the ground will admit the passage of artillery.

McCall and his perfectly appointed division of ten thousand men and five batteries of artillery began to arrive on the 11th, and were all present for duty on the 13th; and as if Providence were uniting with the Government to satisfy both the general's requirements, he was able to telegraph on the 12th that the weather was good and the roads and the ground were rapidly drying. The weather continued remarkably fine for several days; General Keyes on the 15th reported White Oak Swamp dried up so as to be fordable in many places.[3] But the dry spell did not last forever, and on the night of the 15th General McClellan sends to Washington a note of lamentation[3] saying that the rain has begun again, which will "retard his movements somewhat." It is characteristic of him that he always regarded bad weather as exclusively injurious to him, and never to the other side. The President once said of him that he seemed to think, in defiance of Scripture, that Heaven sent its rain only on

1 Dabney, p. 413.
2 Warden, "Life of Salmon P. Chase," pp. 444, 445.
3 War Records.

the just and not on the unjust. To an energetic general all kinds of weather have their uses. Johnston had embraced with alacrity the opportunity afforded by the terrible storm of May 30, and made it his ally in his attack on the 31st.

It must not be forgotten that, although McClellan and his apologists have been for years denouncing the Government for having withheld from him McDowell's corps, the best part of that corps was actually sent to him. Franklin's magnificent division went to him in April, and no use whatever was made of it for several weeks; McCall's equally fine division was dispatched to him before the middle of June. In each case he said he only awaited the arrival of that division to undertake immediate active operations; and in each case, on the arrival of the eagerly demanded reënforcements, he did nothing but wait the good pleasure of the enemy. His own official reports show that he received by way of reënforcements, after his arrival in the Peninsula and prior to the 15th of June, not less than 39,441 men, of whom there were 32,360 present for duty.[1] Yet all this counted for nothing with him; he let hardly a day pass without clamoring for more. He was not even inclined to allow the Administration any discretion in regard to the manner in which he was to be reënforced. He insisted that McDowell should be sent to him by water, and not by land, so that he should come in by his rear instead of by his right flank; and when he was informed that McCall's force was expected to be restored to McDowell's corps, when that army joined him, he bitterly resented it. He said it did not show a proper spirit in McDowell; and added sullenly, "If I cannot fully control all his troops, I want none of them; but would prefer to fight the battle with what I have, and let others be responsible for the results."[2] These selfish and petulant outbursts were met with unwearied patience and kindness on the part of the President. On the 15th of June he wrote:

> The Secretary of War has turned over to me your dispatch about sending McDowell to you by water, instead of by land. I now fear he cannot get to you either way in time. Shields's division has got so terribly out of shape, out at elbows, and out at toes, that it will require a long time to get it in again. I expect to see McDowell within a day or two, when I will again talk with him about the mode of moving. McCall's division has nearly or quite reached you by now. This, with what you get from General Wool's old command, and the new regiments sent you, must give you an increase, since the late battles, of over twenty thousand. Doubtless the battles, and other causes, have decreased you half as much in the same time; but then the enemy have lost as many in the same way. I believe I would come and see you were it not that I fear my presence might divert you and the army from more important matters.[3]

From this it will be seen that McClellan had no right to delay operations an hour after McCall's arrival from any pretended expectation of the immediate coming of McDowell; and, indeed, he admits in his report[4] that as early as the 7th of June he had given up any such expectation. With no reason, therefore, for delay, but with every conceivable incentive to action, with an army amounting, after McCall joined him, to the imposing figure of 156,838, of whom an aggregate present of 127,327 is reported by McClellan himself as of the 20th of June,— though he makes a reduction to 114,691 of those "present for duty equipped," — he wasted the month of June in a busy and bustling activity which was in its results equivalent to mere idleness. He was directly invited to attack by the fine weather of the middle of the month, which he describes as "splendid" in a dispatch of the 17th, and by the absence of Stonewall Jackson in the valley with his 16,000 veterans, reënforced by 10,000 troops from Lee's army, as McClellan himself believed and reported on the 18th. The President, by a dispatch of the same date, urged him to take advantage of this opportunity, saying:

> If this is true, it is as good as a reënforcement to you of an equal force. I could better dispose of things if I could know about what day you can attack Richmond, and would be glad to be informed, if you think you can inform me with safety.

The terms in which General McClellan answered this inquiry are worthy of quotation as an illustration of that false air of energy and determination which he so often introduced into the expression of his intentions, while leaving, as in the last lines of this dispatch, a loophole for indefinite delay:[5]

> Our army is well over the Chickahominy, except the very considerable forces necessary to protect our flanks and communications. Our whole line of pickets in front runs within six miles of Richmond. The rebel line runs within musket range of ours. Each has heavy support at hand. A general engagement may take place any hour. An advance by us involves a battle more or less decisive. The enemy exhibits at every point a readiness to meet us. They certainly have great numbers and extensive works. If 10,000 or 15,000 men have left Richmond to reënforce Jackson, it illustrates their strength and confidence.

This is a singularly characteristic view. The fact of a large detachment having left Lee affords him no encouragement; it simply impresses him all the more with the idea of his enemy's strength.

1 War Records. 2 McClellan's Report, June 14.
3 Lincoln, MS.
4 "As I did not think it probable that any reënforcements would be sent me in time for the advance on Richmond, I stated in the foregoing dispatch (of June 7) that I should be ready to move when General McCall's division joined me." War Records.
5 June 18.

After to-morrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit. We shall await only a favorable condition of the earth and sky, and the completion of some necessary preliminaries.[1]

With these vague platitudes the President was forced to be content, and to wait, with the general, to see what Providence would ordain the day after to-morrow — or the next day.

As usual, it was the enemy that startled McClellan out of his procrastination. On the 13th of June, General J. E. B. Stuart, with some 1200 Confederate cavalry and a few guns, started to ride around McClellan's army; touching on his way the South Anna Railroad bridge, Hanover Court House, Tunstall's Station on the York River Railway, and thence to Jones's Bridge on the Chickahominy, which he stopped to repair, crossing it on the 15th, and entering Richmond by the river road the next day. It has rarely been the fortune of a general to inflict such an insult, without injury, upon an opponent. General McClellan did not seem to feel that any discredit attached to him for this performance. On the contrary he congratulated himself that Stuart had done so little harm.

The burning of two schooners laden with forage, and fourteen Government wagons, the destruction of some sutlers' stores, the killing of several of the guard and teamsters at Garlick's Landing, some little damage done at Tunstall's Station, and a little *éclat*, were the precise results of this expedition.[2]

McClellan had for some time been vaguely meditating a change of base to the James River, and this raid of Stuart seems to have somewhat strengthened this purpose. Fitz John Porter, who more than any other possessed his confidence, says that he desired to effect this movement as soon as he gave up looking for McDowell to join him, which, we have seen from his report, was in the first week of June. "As early as June 18," Porter says, "he sent vessels loaded with supplies to the James River."[3] It is not intended to intimate that he was fully resolved upon this course; but he appears to have kept it constantly before him, in his undecided, irresolute way, all through the month. His communication with Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded on the James, indicates a purpose to move to some point on that river. He says on the 24th:

In a few days I hope to gain such a position as to enable me to place a force above Ball's and Drewry's bluffs, so that we can remove the obstructions and place ourselves in communication with you so that you can coöperate in the final attack. In the mean time please keep me some gun-boats as near Drewry's Bluff as prudence will permit.[1]

1 War Records.
2 McClellan's Report. War Records.
3 "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 325.
4 Webb, "The Peninsula," pp. 119, 120.

On the 25th he pushed forward his picket line in front of Seven Pines to within four miles of Richmond, a point farther in advance than he had yet reached. At the same time he issued orders to his corps commanders south of the river that they were not to regard these new positions as their field of battle, but were to fall back, if attacked, to their old intrenchments.[1] He had by this time heard of the arrival of Jackson's corps, and also credited a false and impossible rumor of the arrival of Beauregard and his troops from the West. He was fully informed of the attack threatened within a few hours, and yet he sent to Washington for more troops.[1] "If I had another good division I could laugh at Jackson,"[1] he said, while he knew that Jackson was marching upon his right. He made his usual complaint and threat of putting the responsibility where it belonged. These wanton accusations at such a time moved the President, not to anger, but to genuine sorrow. Yet he answered with almost incredible patience:

Your three dispatches of yesterday in relation to the affair, ending with the statement that you completely succeeded in making your point, are very gratifying. The latter one, suggesting the probability of your being overwhelmed by 200,000, and talking of where the responsibility will belong, pains me very much. I give you all I can, and act on the presumption that you will do the best with what you have; while you continue, ungenerously I think, to assume that I could give you more if I would. I have omitted, and shall omit, no opportunity to send you reënforcements whenever I possibly can.

It is impossible to say how long his desultory preparations would have lasted if General McClellan had been left to himself; but after the 23d of June, the power of deciding upon what day he should attack had already passed out of his hands. General Lee had made, at his leisure, all his arrangements for attacking the Union army, and had chosen the time and the manner of onset,— as Johnston did a month before,— without the slightest reference to any possible initiative of McClellan. He had, during the month allowed him by the inactivity of his opponent, brought together from every available source a great army, almost equal in numbers to the Army of the Potomac. Though there is a great disparity in the accounts of the different Confederate officers who have written upon this subject, there is no reason to doubt that the official estimate quoted with approval by General Webb, which states Lee's force as 80,762, is substantially correct. Webb says that McClellan's effective force for the "seven days' battles" was 92,500[4] — considerably less than his own official report of the 20th of June gives him. The Confederate forces were, like the army opposed to them, of the best material the country could furnish;

and no better men ever went to war, in any age or region. It is an unsolved and now an insolvable question whether the Confederates had gained or lost by the wounding of Johnston and the substitution of Lee as the commander of their principal army. They were both men of the best ability and highest character that the Southern States could produce; both trained soldiers, of calm temper, and great energy; and both equally honorable and magnanimous in their treatment of their subordinates. But General Lee had a great advantage over his predecessor in possessing the perfect confidence and personal friendship of Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederate Government. He was always sure in his enterprises of what Johnston often lacked, the sincere and zealous support of the Richmond Government. He also enjoyed, to an unusual degree, the warm regard and esteem of those who were brought into personal or official relations with him. His handsome and attractive presence, his dignified yet cordial manner, a certain sincerity and gentleness which was apparent in all his words and actions, endeared him to his associates and made friends of strangers at first sight. Everything he asked for was given him. He had been the favorite of General Scott in the old army; he became the favorite of Mr. Davis in his new command. The army which Johnston gave up to him had been almost doubled in numbers by the time he considered himself ready to employ it against McClellan.[1]

Lee's preparations were promptly and energetically made. Immediately after Stuart's raid was completed he ordered Stonewall Jackson to join him by a letter of the 16th, which gave minute instructions for his march and enjoined upon him the greatest secrecy and swiftness. To mask this movement he ostentatiously sent Jackson two brigades from Richmond, with drums beating and colors flying, a proceeding which was promptly reported to McClellan and caused him at first some perplexity,[2] but which he explained by his usual conclusion that Lee had so overwhelming a force that a few brigades here or there made no difference to him. The manœuvre was of little practical account, however, as McClellan was fully informed of Jackson's approach in time to provide against it, or to anticipate his arrival by taking the offensive. He even knew as early as the 25th that Jackson was to come in on his right and rear,[2] but he made no use of this knowledge except to reproach the Government for not sending him more troops. Jackson reported at Richmond in person on the 23d of June, in advance of his corps; and in a conference with Longstreet and the two Hills the plan of attacking the Federal right wing, north of the Chickahominy, was agreed upon. As Jackson's troops had the greatest distance to march, it was left to him to say when the attack should be made. He named the morning of the 26th of June, giving himself, as it afterwards appeared, too little time.

General Lee matured his plan on the 24th, and issued his orders for the coming campaign. The most striking thing about them is his evident contempt for his opponent. He sent, in effect, almost his entire army to the north side of the Chickahominy to strike McClellan's right wing. The enemy is to be "driven from Mechanicsville"; the Confederates are to

> sweep down the Chickahominy and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge; General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards Cold Harbor. They will then press forward towards the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear, and forcing him down the Chickahominy. Any advance of the enemy towards Richmond will be prevented by rigorously following his rear, and crippling and arresting his progress.

He anticipated the possibility of McClellan's abandoning his intrenchments on the south side of the river, in which case he is to be "closely pursued" by Huger and Magruder. Cavalry are to occupy the roads to arrest his flight "down the Chickahominy." General Lee's plan and expectation was, in short, to herd and drive down the Peninsula a magnificent army, superior in numbers to his own, and not inferior in any other respect — if we except the respective commanders-in-chief, who were at least equally distinguished engineers. In this enterprise he deserved and courted defeat by leaving the bulk of McClellan's army between himself and Richmond. When he laid his plan before Jefferson Davis, the latter saw at once this serious defect in it. He says:

> I pointed out to him that our force and intrenched line between the left flank of the enemy and Richmond was too weak for a protracted resistance; and if McClellan was the man I took him for, . . . as soon as he found that the bulk of our army was on the north side of the Chickahominy he would not stop to try conclusions with it there, but would immediately move upon his objective point, the city of Richmond. If, on the other hand, he should behave like an engineer officer, and deem it his first duty to protect his line of communication, I thought the plan proposed was not only the best, but would be a success. Something of his old *esprit de corps* manifested itself in General Lee's first reponse that he did not know engineer officers were more likely than others to make such mistakes; but immediately passing to the main subject, he added, "If you will hold him as long as you can at the intrenchments, and then fall back on the detached works around the city, I will be upon the enemy's heels before he gets there."[3]

But everything shows that he anticipated no

[1] Johnston's "Narrative," pp. 145, 146.
[2] War Records.
[3] Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 132.

such action on the part of McClellan. All his orders, all his dispositions, indicate clearly that he thought of nothing but driving him down the Chickahominy towards Yorktown, and capturing or dispersing his army. The measure of success he met with will always be, in the general judgment, a justification of his plan; but the opinion of the best military critics on both sides is that it never could have succeeded had it not been for McClellan's hallucination as to the numbers opposed to him. From the hour that Lee crossed his troops over the Chickahominy, leaving that river and McClellan's army between him and Richmond, he risked the fate of the Confederacy upon his belief that the Union general would make no forward movement. His confidence grew with every step of McClellan's retreat from Beaver Dam Creek to Malvern Hill, and was dearly paid for in the blood of his soldiers.

The first meeting between the two armies resulted in a terrible defeat for the Confederates. About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th, the rebel forces, commanded by Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and A. P. Hill, attacked the Union troops in position on the east side of Beaver Dam Creek, commanded by General McCall, whose division had been added to Fitz John Porter's corps, ably assisted by Seymour, Meade, and Reynolds. Of the last two, the one gained an undying fame and the other a glorious death at Gettysburg. The Confederates were in greatly superior force, but the Union troops had the advantage of position; and though both sides fought with equal valor, before night fell the rebels were repulsed with great slaughter. General McClellan visited Fitz John Porter's headquarters at night, after the battle. He found an exultant and victorious army, almost unscathed by the fierce conflict of the day. Porter reports his loss at 250 out of the 5000 engaged, and says the enemy lost nearly 2000 of their 10,000 attacking.[1] If Porter, instead of McClellan, had been in command of the army, Richmond might have been under the Union flag the next day. His soldierly spirit, flushed with the day's success, comprehended the full advantage of the situation. He urged McClellan to seize his opportunity; he proposed "to hold his own at the Beaver Dam line, slightly reënforced, while General McClellan moved the main body of his army upon Richmond."[2] The General-in-Chief had not resolution enough to accept or reject this proposition of his gallant subordinate. He returned to his own headquarters to make up his mind, and about "3 or 4 o'clock in the morning" sent his final order to Porter to retire to a position some four miles east, behind Boatswain Swamp, and there await the further attack of the enemy.

General Porter's personal devotion to McClellan, which was afterwards to bring him into lifelong trouble, has never allowed him to criticise this decision of his chief which overruled his own bold and intelligent plan. Let us see how the ablest and most efficient Confederate general engaged in this campaign regarded it. General Longstreet says:

> In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reënforce Porter's right before Friday morning, the 27th, with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.[3]

It is hard to understand what General McClellan means when he says in his report that the 26th was "the day he had decided on for our final advance." If he thought it safe to attack Richmond with Lee and his army in front of him, how much more advantageous would such an attack have been with Lee and his army engaged in a desperate battle north of the Chickahominy. There is no indication in his orders or dispatches of these days — if we except one order to Porter, hereafter to be mentioned — that he had any more definite purpose than to await the action of the enemy, and retreat to the James, if necessary. His mind was filled with that fantastic idea he had adopted of an army of 200,000 under Lee. In his report, written a year afterwards, he reiterates and dwells upon this absurd and already disproved fiction, basing his persistent belief on the reports of his ridiculous detective service. This is the only explanation possible of his action during this momentous week while he was flying from phantom myriads which existed only in his own brain, and his brave army was turning and checking Lee's pursuing forces at every halt it made.

On the morning of the 27th Porter withdrew to his new position, famous ever thereafter as the battlefield of Gaines's Mill, or of the Chickahominy, as it is called by Southern writers. His ground, like that of the day before, was admirably chosen for defense. He had less

[1] "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 331.

[2] We are here quoting the language of General Webb, whose testimony is beyond question. "The Peninsula," p. 130.

[3] "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 398.

than one-third the number of the host which was marching by every road on the west and north to destroy him.[1] He knew his force was too small to defend so long a line against such numbers, but his appeals to McClellan for reenforcements brought no response until late in the day, when Slocum's division was sent him. With the troops he had he made a magnificent fight, which, in spite of his subsequent history, makes us regret that he had not commanded the entire Army of the Potomac that day.

With the exception of the small detachments left on the south side of the river under Magruder to amuse McClellan, the whole army of General Lee, numbering over 60,000 men, was advancing upon Porter's single corps. It was led by the best generals of the South — Longstreet, the two Hills, Whiting, Hood, Ewell, and the redoubtable Jackson, whose corps, though marching with less than their usual celerity, had turned Beaver Dam Creek the night before, and had now arrived at the post assigned them opposite Porter's right. General Lee commanded on the field in person, and Jefferson Davis contributed whatever his presence was worth.

The battle began at noon, and as evening fell upon the desperately fought field the entire Confederate army, by a simultaneous advance, forced back the Union troops, overcome by numbers and wearied with seven hours of constant fighting.[2] There was no confusion except at the point on the right where Morell's line had been pierced by Hood's brigade, where two regiments were made prisoners. Everywhere else the Union soldiers retired fighting, turning from time to time to beat back the enemy, until night put an end to the conflict. Porter had lost 4000 in killed and wounded, one-sixth of his men; Lee something more, about one-twelfth of his. Lee had absolutely failed in his object — to dislodge the Union army from its position and "drive it down the Chickahominy."

Of the heroic valor of this sanguinary day's work there can be no question. There is much question of the wisdom of it. If McClellan had made up his mind to retreat to the James, he might have withdrawn Porter to the south side of the Chickahominy during the night of the 26th, after his signal victory at Beaver Dam.[3] But, as we have seen, he gave no definite orders until 3 o'clock the next morning, when he directed Porter to retire to Gaines's Mill. During all the terrible conflict of the 27th, he left his gallant subordinate to fight three times his force, with no intimation of his ultimate purpose. Porter had a right to think that the price of his tremendous sacrifice was to be the capture of Richmond. McClellan's orders to him on the 23d included these words:

> The troops on this side will be held ready either to support you directly or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement which will determine the fate of Richmond.

In addition to this we have the most unimpeachable authority for saying that Porter on the battlefield was left with the same impression. General Webb, who was present with General Porter during the fight, ordered to that duty from McClellan's headquarters, says:

> He carried with him to General Porter the distinct impression, then prevailing at the headquarters of the army, that he was to hold this large force of the enemy on the left bank of the Chickahominy in order that General McClellan, with the main army, might break through and take Richmond.

It was this inspiring thought which moved Porter and his 20,000 to such a prodigious feat of arms. General Webb says:

> The sacrifice at Gaines's Mill . . . was warranted, if we were to gain Richmond by making it; and the troops engaged in carrying out this plan, conceiving it to be the wish of the general commanding, were successful in holding the rebels on the left bank.[4]

But the general commanding was simply incapable of the effort of will necessary to carry

1 "Porter's force consisted of Morell's, McCall's, and Sykes's divisions; in all, 17,330 infantry for duty. There were present with him 2534 artillery, of which, from the nature of the ground, but a small portion could be used; and 671 of the regular cavalry guarded the bridges." [Webb, "The Peninsula," p. 129.]

2 Porter says: "The forces in this battle were: Union, 50 regiments, 20 batteries; in all, about 27,000 men [including the reënforcements received during the day]. Confederate, 129 regiments, 19 batteries; in all, about 65,000."

3 "At last a moment came when action was imperative. The enemy assumed the initiative, and we had warning of when and where he was to strike. Had Porter been withdrawn the night of the 26th, our army would have been concentrated on the right bank, while two corps at least of the enemy's force were on the left bank. Whatever course we then took, whether to strike at Richmond and the portion of the enemy on the right bank, or move at once for the James, we would have had a concentrated army, and a fair chance of a brilliant result in the first place; and in the second, if we accomplished nothing, we would have been in the same case on the morning of the 27th as we were on that of the 28th — minus a lost battle and a compulsory retreat; or, had the fortified lines (thrown up expressly for the object) been held by 20,000 men (as they could have been), we could have fought on the other side with 80,000 men instead of 27,000; or, finally, had the lines been abandoned, with our hold on the right bank of the Chickahominy, we might have fought and crushed the enemy on the left bank, reopened our communications, and then returned and taken Richmond." [From Report of General Barnard, Chief of Engineers, Army of the Potomac. War Records.]

4 Webb, "The Peninsula," p. 187.

out his share of the plan. He gives us to understand, in his report, and in subsequent articles, that he resolved upon his retreat to the James on the 25th of June. General Webb adopts this theory, and adds that McClellan thought that the capture of Richmond, with Lee beyond the Chickahominy, was not a proper military movement. It is not in the competence of any one to judge what were General McClellan's thoughts and intentions from the 23d to the 27th of June. So late as 8 o'clock on the night of the 27th, a dispatch from him to the War Department indicates that he thought the attack of Magruder on the right bank was more serious than that upon Porter on the left. "I may be forced," he says, "to give up my position during the night, but will not if it is possible to avoid it"; and as a matter of course the usual refrain follows: "Had I twenty thousand fresh and good troops, we would be sure of a splendid victory to-morrow."[1] Magruder, who had been left to guard Richmond with a thin curtain of troops, had been all day repeating the devices which were so successful at Yorktown. He had rattled about McClellan's entire front with so much noise and smoke as to create the impression of overwhelming numbers. Even the seasoned corps commanders were not unaffected by it. Franklin thought it not prudent to send any reënforcements from his line to Porter. Sumner offered to send two brigades, but thought it would be hazardous. The real state of the case can best be seen from Magruder's own report. He says:

> From Friday night until Sunday morning I considered the situation of our army as extremely critical and perilous. The larger portion of it was on the opposite side of the Chickahominy. The bridges had been all destroyed; but one was rebuilt (the New Bridge), which was commanded fully by the enemy's guns from Golding's; and there were but 25,000 men between his army of 100,000 and Richmond. . . . Had McClellan massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against any point of our line of battle,—as was done at Austerlitz, under similar circumstances, by the greatest captain of any age,—though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have insured him success; and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently the city, might have been his reward. His failure to do so is the best evidence that our wise commander fully understood the character of his opponent.[1]

D. H. Hill says the same thing:[2]

> During Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan. . . . The fortifications around Richmond at that time were very slight. McClellan could have captured the city with very little loss of life. The want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him as soon as possible, with all the disadvantages of a precipitated movement.[3]

General McClellan did not visit the field of battle during the day.[4] At night he summoned Porter across the river, and there made known to him and the other corps commanders, for the first time, his intention to change his base to the James. Porter was ordered to retire to the south bank, and destroy the bridges after him. This was accomplished safely and in good order, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th. The movement to the James once resolved upon, it was executed with great energy and ability. General Keyes moved his corps, with artillery and baggage, across the White Oak Swamp, and possessed himself of the ground on the other side, for the covering of the passage of the other troops and the trains, by noon of the 28th. General Porter's corps, during the same day and night, crossed the White Oak Swamp, and established itself in positions that covered the roads from Richmond. Franklin withdrew from the extreme right after a skirmish at Golding's Farm. Keyes and Porter continued in the advance, and established their two corps safely at Malvern Hill, thus securing the extreme left flank of the army in a commanding and important situation.

This movement took General Lee completely by surprise. Anticipating nothing but a retreat down the Chickahominy,[5] he had thrown his left wing and his entire cavalry force in that direction; and when he became aware of his mistake, a good deal of precious time was already lost, and he was deprived,

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1 War Records.

2 "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 361.

3 The following shows the opinion of two of the most prominent Confederate officers upon this matter. It is an extract from a letter of General J. E. Johnston to General Beauregard, dated Amelia Springs, August 4, 1862, immediately after the Seven Days' Battles:

"But for my confidence in McClellan's want of enterprise, I should on Thursday night, after three-fourths of the troops had crossed the Chickahominy, have apprehended that he would adopt the course you suggest for him. Had he done so, he might have been in Richmond on Friday before midday. By concentrating his troops on the south side of the river before daybreak on Friday he would have been between our main body and the city, with only one-fourth of our force in his way. This fraction he could have beaten in four hours, and marched to Richmond in two hours more." [Published in the "New York Times," June 17, 1883.]

4 "*Question.* Were you with the right or left wing of the army during the battle of Gaines's Mill?

"*Answer.* [General McClellan.] I was on the right bank of the river, at Dr. Trent's house, as the most central position." [Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.]

5 "General Lee, presuming that the Federalists would continue to withdraw, if overpowered, towards the York River Railroad and the White House, directed General Jackson to proceed with General D. H. Hill to a point a few miles north of Cold Harbor, and thence to march to that place and strike their line of retreat." [Dabney, p. 443.]

during the three days that followed, of Stuart's invaluable services. But having ascertained on the 29th that McClellan was marching to the James, he immediately started in pursuit, sending his whole force by parallel roads to intercept the Army of the Potomac near Charles City Cross-roads, midway between the White Oak Swamp and the James. Longstreet was to march with A. P. Hill by the Long Bridge road; while Huger was to come up at the same time by the Charles City road, and General Holmes was to take up position below him on the river road. Jackson, crossing the Grapevine Bridge, was to come in from the north on the rear of the Federal army.

Even the terrible lessons of Beaver Dam and Gaines's Mill had not convinced General Lee of the danger of attacking the Army of the Potomac in position. These lessons were repeated all along the line of march. Sumner repulsed Magruder at Allen's Farm, and then, retiring to Savage's Station, he and Franklin met another fierce onslaught from the same force, and completely defeated them. It was with the greatest difficulty that Franklin could induce the gallant old general to leave the field. McClellan's orders were positive that the White Oak Swamp must be crossed that night; but to all Franklin's representations Sumner answered: "No, General, you shall not go, nor will I." When shown McClellan's positive orders, he cried out, "McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note. He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory."[1] He only gave way and reluctantly took up his line of march for the southward on the positive orders of an aide-de-camp, who had just left McClellan.[2]

The next day occurred the battle of Glendale, or Frayser's Farm, as it is sometimes called. Jackson, with unusual slowness, had arrived at Savage's Station the day before, too late to take part in the battle there; and when he came to White Oak Swamp the bridge was gone and Franklin occupied the heights beyond. His force was therefore paralyzed during the day. He made once or twice a feeble attempt to cross the swamp, but was promptly met and driven back by Franklin. Huger, on the Charles City road, failed to break through some slight obstruction there. Holmes was in terror of the gunboats near Malvern Hill and could give no assistance; so that Longstreet and A. P. Hill were forced to attack the Union center, at Glendale, on pretty nearly even terms. Here a savage and obstinate conflict took place, which was felt on both sides to be the crisis of the campaign. If the Union center had been pierced, the disaster would have been beyond calculation. On the other hand, if our army had been concentrated at that point, and had defeated the army of Lee, the city of Richmond would have been the prize of victory. General Franklin says that the Prince de Joinville, who was at that moment taking leave of the army to return to Europe, said to him with great earnestness, "Advise General McClellan to center his army at this point and fight the battle to-day. If he does, he will be in Richmond to-morrow." Neither side won the victory that day, though each deserved it by brave and persistent fighting. General McClellan, intent upon securing a defensive position for his army upon the James, left the field before the fighting began; while Longstreet, Lee, and Jefferson Davis himself were under the fire of the Union guns during the afternoon. When darkness put an end to the fighting the Federal generals, left to their discretion, had accomplished their purpose. The enemy had been held in check, the trains and artillery had gone safely forward by the road which the battle had protected, and on the next morning, July 1, the Army of the Potomac was awaiting its enemy in the natural fortress of Malvern Hill. It was at this place that General Lee's contempt for his enemy was to meet its last and severest chastisement.

The position strikingly resembled the battle-field of Gaines's Mill. The Union army was posted on a high position, covered on the right and on the left by swampy streams and winding ravines. Woods in front furnished a cover for the formation of the Confederate columns, but an open space intervening afforded full play for the terrible Federal artillery. It was not the place for a prudent general to attack, and Lee was usually one of the most prudent of generals. But he had his whole army well in hand, Jackson having come up in the night, and he decided to risk the venture. D. H. Hill took the liberty of representing the great strength of McClellan's position, and to give his opinion against an assault. Longstreet, who was present, laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." "It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army," Hill says, "that made our

[1] "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 375.

[2] The corps commanders were left almost entirely without directions, as the following, from the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, shows:

"*Question.* By whom was the battle of Savage's Station fought? Did you yourself direct the movements of the troops, or were they directed by the corps commanders?

"*Answer.* [General McClellan.] I had given general orders for the movements of the troops; but the fighting was done under the direct orders of the corps commanders."

leader risk the attack." Lee evidently thought the position could be carried by a *coup de main*. The order to his generals of division is a curiosity of military literature:

> Batteries have been established to rake the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.

On the part of the Confederates the battle was as ill executed as it was ill conceived. There was a vast amount of blood and valor wasted by them; while on the Union side, under the admirable leadership of Porter, Morell, and Couch, not a drop of blood nor an ounce of powder was thrown away. Successive attacks made by the Confederates from 1 o'clock until 9 were promptly and bravely repulsed by the Union soldiers. Jackson's forces suffered severely in getting into position early in the afternoon. One of Huger's brigades charged upon Couch about 3 o'clock, and was driven back, roughly handled. D. H. Hill waited a long time for the "yell" from Armistead, which was to be his signal for onset. But Armistead's yell in that roar of artillery was but a feeble pipe, and was soon silenced; and when Hill at last heard some shouting on his right and concluded to advance, he was repulsed and fearfully punished by the immovable brigades of Couch and Heintzelman. The most picturesque, perhaps we may say the most sensational, charge of the day was that made by Magruder late in the afternoon. His nine brigades melted away like men of snow under the frightful fire of Sykes's batteries and the muskets of Morell's steadfast infantry. This charge closed the fighting for the day. The Union line had not been broken.

One remarkable feature of the battle of Malvern Hill was that neither of the commanders-in-chief exercised any definite control over the progress of the fight. General Lee, it is true, was on the field, accompanied by Jefferson Davis; but with the exception of that preposterous order about Armistead's yell, he seems to have allowed his corps commanders to fight the battle in their own way. Their reports are filled with angry recriminations, and show a gross lack of discipline and organization. Early in the afternoon Lee ordered Longstreet and Hill to move their forces by the left flank, intending to cut off the expected retreat of McClellan. Longstreet says:

> I issued my orders accordingly for the two division commanders to go around and turn the Federal right, when, in some way unknown to me, the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.

General McClellan was seldom on the field. He left it in the morning before the fighting began and went to his camp at Haxall's, which was under the protection of the gunboats. He came back for a little while in the afternoon, but remained with the right wing, where there was no fighting; he said his anxiety was for the right wing, as he was perfectly sure of the left and the center. In this way he deprived himself of the pleasure of witnessing a great victory won by the troops under the command of his subordinate generals. It is not impossible that if he had seen with his own eyes the magnificent success of the Union arms during the day he would have held the ground which had been so gallantly defended. To judge from the accounts of the officers on both sides, nothing would have been easier. The defeat and consequent demoralization of the Confederate forces surpassed anything seen in the war, and it might have been completed by a vigorous offensive on the morning of the 2d. Even Major Dabney, of Jackson's staff, whose sturdy partisanship usually refuses to recognize the plainest facts unfavorable to his side, gives this picture of the feeling of the division commanders of Jackson's corps the night of the battle:

> After many details of loss and disaster, they all concurred in declaring that McClellan would probably take the aggressive in the morning, and that the Confederate army was in no condition to resist him.[1]

But impressed by the phantasm of 200,000 men before him, McClellan had already resolved to retire still farther down the James to Harrison's Landing, in order, as he says, to reach a point where his supplies could be brought to him with certainty. Commodore Rodgers, with whom he was in constant consultation, thought this could best be done below City Point. The victorious army, therefore, following the habit of the disastrous week, turned its back once more upon its beaten enemy, and established itself that day at Harrison's Bar, in a situation which Lee, having at last gained some information as to the fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac, declined to attack, a decision in which Jackson agreed with him. After several days of reconnaissances he withdrew his army, on the 8th of July, to Richmond, and the Peninsular Campaign was at an end.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

General McClellan was greatly agitated by the battle of Gaines's Mill,[2] and by the emo-

1 Dabney, p. 473.

2 Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. Alexander, of the Corps of Engineers, gave the following sworn evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War [p. 592]. He said he saw, on the evening of the 28th, at General McClellan's headquarters at Savage's Station, an order

tions incident to his forced departure for the James. Under the influence of this feeling he sent to the Secretary of War from Savage's Station, on the 28th of June, an extraordinary dispatch, which we here insert in full, as it seems necessary to the comprehension of his attitude towards, and his relations with, the Government:

I now know the full history of the day. On this side of the river (the right bank) we repulsed several strong attacks. On the left bank our men did all that men could do, all that soldiers could accomplish; but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. The loss on both sides is terrible. I believe it will prove to be the most desperate battle of the war. The sad remnants of my men behave as men. Those battalions who fought most bravely, and suffered most, are still in the best order. My regulars were superb, and I count upon what are left to turn another battle, in company with their gallant comrades of the volunteers. Had I 20,000 or even 10,000 fresh troops to use to-morrow, I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat, and save the material and personnel of the army. If we have lost the day we have yet preserved our honor, and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac. I have lost the battle because my force was too small. I again repeat that I am not responsible for this, and I say it with the earnestness of a general who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed to-day. I still hope to retrieve our fortunes; but to do this the Government must view the matter in the same earnest light that I do. You must send me very large reënforcements, and send them at once. I shall draw back to this side of Chickahominy, and think I can withdraw all our material. Please understand that in this battle we have lost nothing but men, and those the best we have. In addition to what I have already said, I only wish to say to the President that I think he is wrong in regarding me as ungenerous when I said that my force was too weak. I merely intimated a truth which to-day has been too plainly proved. If at this instant I could dispose of 10,000 fresh men, I could gain a victory to-morrow. I know that a few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the Government must not and can not hold me responsible for the result. I feel too earnestly to-night; I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the Government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now, the game is lost. If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.[1]

It is probable that no other general ever retained his commission for twenty-four hours after the receipt of such a communication by his superiors; but it is easy to see the reason why he was never called to account for it. The evident panic and mental perturbation which pierces through its incoherence filled the President with such dismay that its mutinous insolence was entirely overlooked. He could only wonder what terrible catastrophe already accomplished, or to come, could have wrung such an outcry as this from the general commanding. Even the surrender of the army was not an impossible disaster to expect from a general capable of writing such a dispatch. Secretary Chase has left a memorandum showing that some such action was regarded as indicated by General McClellan's dispatches, and that even after his arrival at Harrison's Landing, General Marcy, his father-in-law and chief of staff, in a visit to Washington spoke of it as a possibility.[2] Not knowing the extent of the mischance which had fallen upon the army, the President hastened at once to send a kind and encouraging answer to McClellan's dispatches:

Save your army, at all events. Will send reënforcements as fast as we can. Of course they cannot reach you to-day, to-morrow, or next day. I have not said you were ungenerous for saying you needed reënforcements. I thought you were ungenerous in assuming that I did not send them as fast as I could. I feel any misfortune to you and your army quite as keenly as you feel it yourself. If you have had a drawn battle, or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington. We protected Washington and the enemy concentrated on you. Had we stripped Washington, he would have been upon us before the troops could have gotten to you. Less than a week ago you notified us that reënforcements were leaving Richmond to come in front of us. It is the nature of the case, and neither you nor the Government are to blame. Please tell at once the present condition and aspect of things.[1]

The President also, with the greatest diligence, sent dispatches on the same day to General Dix, at Fort Monroe, to Admiral Goldsborough, commanding the naval forces in the James, and to General Burnside, in North Carolina, directing all three of them to strain every nerve in order to go to McClellan's assistance. At the same time he ordered[3] Halleck to send a large portion of his forces to the rescue.

As the 29th and 30th of June passed with-

directing the destruction of the baggage of the officers and men, and he thought also the camp equipage; appealing to the officers and men to submit to this privation because it would be only for a few days, he thought the order stated. He went to the general at once, and remonstrated with him against allowing any such order to be issued, telling him he thought it would have a bad effect upon the army — would demoralize the officers and men; that it would tell them more plainly than in any other way that they were a defeated army, running for their lives. This led to some discussion among the officers at headquarters, and Colonel Alexander heard afterward that the order was never promulgated, but suppressed.

1 War Records.

2 This is the language of Mr. Chase's memorandum: "General McClellan himself, in his dispatches before reaching Harrison's Landing, referred to the possibility of being obliged to capitulate with his entire army; and after reaching that place, General Marcy, ... who had been sent up to explain personally the situation to the President, spoke of the possibility of his capitulation at once, or within two or three days." [Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 447.]

3 This order was afterwards revoked on Halleck's representation that the detachment of so large a force would be equivalent to the abandonment of Tennessee. [War Records.]

out news of any further catastrophe, the President and the Secretary of War began to think better of the situation, and concluded that it might possibly be improved by change of base to the James. Mr. Stanton telegraphed to General Wool that it looked "more like taking Richmond than at any time before." But on the 1st of July a dispatch, dated at Turkey Bridge, arrived from General McClellan, who was still under the influence of great agitation, announcing that he is "hard pressed by superior numbers," and fearing that he shall be forced to abandon his material and save his men under cover of the gunboats. "If none of us escape, we shall at least have done honor to the country. I shall do my best to save the army. Send more gunboats."[1] While waiting for his troops to come to the new position he had chosen for them, he continued asking for reënforcements. "I need," he says, "50,000 more men, and with them I will retrieve our fortunes." The Secretary of War at once answered that reënforcements were on the way, 5000 from McDowell and 25,000 from Halleck. "Hold your ground," he says encouragingly, "and you will be in Richmond before the month is over."[1] On the morning of the battle of Malvern, McClellan writes again, "I dread the result if we are attacked to-day by fresh troops. . . . I now pray for time." It has been seen that his dread was uncalled for. Meanwhile, before hearing of the battle, the President had telegraphed:

It is impossible to reënforce you for your present emergency. If we had a million of men we could not get them to you in time. We have not the men to send. If you are not strong enough to face the enemy you must find a place of security, and wait, rest, and repair. Maintain your ground if you can, but save the army at all events, even if you fall back to Fort Monroe. We still have strength enough in the country and will bring it out.

On the 2d, the flurry of the week having somewhat subsided, the President sent him the following:

Your dispatch of Tuesday morning induced me to hope your army is having some rest. In this hope allow me to reason with you a moment. When you ask for 50,000 men to be promptly sent you, you surely labor under some gross mistake of fact. Recently you sent papers showing your disposal of forces made last spring for the defense of Washington, and advising a return to that plan. I find it included in and about Washington 75,000 men. Now please be assured I have not men enough to fill that very plan by 15,000. All of Frémont's in the valley, all of Banks's, all of McDowell's not with you, and all in Washington taken together do not exceed, if they reach, 60,000. With Wool and Dix added to those mentioned I have not, outside of your army, 75,000 men east of the mountains. Thus the idea of sending you 50,000, or any other considerable force, promptly is simply absurd. If in your frequent mention of responsibility you have the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that, in like manner, you will not ask impossibilities of me. If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now. Save the army, material, and personnel, and I will strengthen it for the offensive again as fast as I can. The governors of eighteen States offer me a new levy of 300,000, which I accept.

This quiet and reasonable statement produced no effect upon the general. On the 3d he wrote again in a strain of wilder exaggeration than ever. He says:

It is of course impossible to estimate, as yet, our losses; but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors. To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to this rebellion, reënforcements should be sent to me, rather much over than much less than 100,000 men. I beg that you will be fully impressed by the magnitude of the crisis in which we are placed.[1]

The didactic, not to say magisterial, tone of this dispatch formed a not unnatural introduction to the general's next important communication to the President, laying before him an entire body of administrative and political doctrine, in which alone, he intimates, the salvation of the country can be found:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VIRGINIA,
July 7, 1862.

MR. PRESIDENT: You have been fully informed that the rebel army is in our front with the purpose of overwhelming us [2] by attacking our positions or reducing us by blocking our river communications. I cannot but regard our condition as critical, and I earnestly desire, in view of possible contingencies, to lay before your Excellency, for your private consideration, my general views concerning the existing state of the rebellion, although they do not strictly relate to the situation of this army or strictly come within the scope of my official duties. These views amount to convictions, and are deeply impressed upon my mind and heart. Our cause must never be abandoned; it is the cause of free institutions and self-government. The Constitution and the Union must be preserved, whatever may be the cost in time, treasure, and blood. If secession is successful, other dissolutions are clearly to be seen in the future. Let neither military disaster, political faction, nor foreign war shake your settled purpose to enforce the equal operation of the laws of the United States upon the people of every State. The time has come when the Government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble. The responsibility of determining, declaring, and supporting such civil and military policy, and of directing the whole course of national affairs in regard to the rebellion, must now be assumed and exercised by you, or our cause will be lost. The Constitution gives you power sufficient even for the present terrible exigency.

This rebellion has assumed the character of a war. As such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organizations. Neither con-

1 War Records.

2 This was at a time when Lee had given up all thought of attacking the Union army at Harrison's Landing.

fiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organization of States, or forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment.

In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessities of military operations; all private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes, all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist; and oaths not required by enactments — constitutionally made — should be neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights. Military power should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or impairing the authority of the master, except for repressing disorder, as in other cases. Slaves, contraband under the act of Congress, seeking military protection, should receive it. The right of the Government to appropriate permanently to its own service claims to slave labor should be asserted, and the right of the owner to compensation therefor should be recognized. This principle might be extended upon grounds of military necessity and security to all the slaves within a particular State, thus working manumission in such State; and in Missouri, perhaps in western Virginia also, and possibly even in Maryland, the expediency of such a military measure is only a question of time. A system of policy thus constitutional and conservative, and pervaded by the influences of Christianity and freedom, would receive the support of almost all truly loyal men, would deeply impress the rebel masses and all foreign nations, and it might be humbly hoped that it would commend itself to the favor of the Almighty.

Unless the principles governing the further conduct of our struggle shall be made known and approved, the effort to obtain requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies. The policy of the Government must be supported by concentrations of military power. The national forces should not be dispersed in expeditions, posts of occupation, and numerous armies; but should be mainly collected into masses and brought to bear upon the armies of the Confederate States. Those armies thoroughly defeated, the political structure which they support would soon cease to exist.

In carrying out any system of policy which you may form, you will require a commander-in-chief of the army; one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask that place for myself. I am willing to serve you in such position as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate served superior.

I may be on the brink of eternity, and as I hope forgiveness from my Maker, I have written this letter with sincerity towards you and from love of my country. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. B. McClellan,
Major-General Commanding.

His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, *President.*[1]

This letter marks the beginning of General McClellan's distinctively political career. He had always been more or less in sympathy with the Democratic party, and consequently in an attitude of dormant opposition to the Administration; although, after the manner of officers of the regular service, he had taken no pronounced political attitude. In fact, on his first assuming command of the Army of the Potomac, he had seemed to be in full sympathy with the President and Cabinet in the proceedings they thought proper to adopt for the suppression of the rebellion. He had even entered heartily into some of the more extreme measures of the Government. His orders to General Banks directing the arrest of the secessionist members of the Maryland legislature might have been written by a zealous Republican. "When they meet on the 17th," he says, "you will please have everything prepared to arrest the whole party, and be sure that none escape." He urges upon him the "absolute necessity of secrecy and success"; speaks of the exceeding importance of the affair — "If it is successfully carried out it will go far towards breaking the backbone of the rebellion." This was in September, 1861.[2] Later in that year he was repeatedly urged by prominent Democratic politicians to declare himself openly as a member of their party. They thought it would be to his advantage and to theirs to have the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac decidedly with them. At this time he declined their overtures, but they were pressingly repeated at Yorktown and afterwards; and he appears finally to have yielded to their solicitations, and the foregoing letter was the result. It is not at all probable that this document was prepared during the flight from the Chickahominy, or during the first days of doubt and anxiety at Harrison's Landing. It had probably been prepared long before, and is doubtless referred to in the general's dispatch of the 20th of June, in which he says, "I would be glad to have permission to lay before your Excellency my views as to the present state of military affairs throughout the whole country." He had at that time some vague and indefinite hope of taking Richmond; and such a manifesto as this, coming from a general crowned with a great victory, would have had a far different importance and influence from that which it enjoyed issuing from his refuge at Harrison's Bar, after a discrediting retreat. But the choice of occasion was not left to him. The letter could not be delayed forever; and such as it was, it went forth to the country as the political platform of General McClellan, and to the President as a note of defiance and opposition from the general in command of the principal army of the United States. Though more moderate in form, this letter was as mutinous in substance as the dispatch from Savage's Station.

1 Slight errors having crept into this letter in its manifold publications, we print it here from the original manuscript received by the President.

2 McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 153.

He assumes to instruct the President as to his duties and the limits of his constitutional power. He takes it for granted that the President has no definite policy, and proceeds to give him one. Unless his advice is followed, "our cause will be lost." He postures as the protector of the people against threatened arbitrary outrage. He warns the President against any forcible interference with slavery. He lets him know he can have no more troops, except on conditions known and approved. He tells him plainly that "a declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies." Finally, he directs him to appoint a commander-in-chief of the army, and thinks it necessary to inform him that he does not ask the place for himself.

The President, engrossed with more important affairs, paid no attention, then or afterwards, to this letter. He simply passed it by in good-natured silence. General McClellan continued his dispatches, constantly announcing an impending attack upon his position, and constantly asking for reënforcements. He continued this until General Lee withdrew his army to Richmond, a movement which General McClellan at once characterized as "a retreat."

During all the time that McClellan remained at Harrison's Landing his correspondence with the Government was full of recrimination and querulousness; and his private letters, which have been published since his death, show an almost indecent hostility to his superiors. He writes:

> Marcy and I have just been discussing people in Washington, and conclude they are a "mighty trifling set." . . . I begin to believe they wish this army to be destroyed.[1]
>
> When you contrast the policy I urge in my letter to the President with that of Congress and of Mr. Pope, you can readily agree with me that there can be little natural confidence between the Government and myself. We are the antipodes of each other.[2]
>
> I am satisfied that the dolts in Washington are bent on my destruction. . . . Halleck is not a gentleman.[3]

We need not multiply these utterances of a weak and petulant mind. They have already been judged by the highest authority. General Sherman says, referring to this period, "The temper of his correspondence, official and private, was indicative of a spirit not consistent with the duty of the commanding general of a great army."[4]

The President had been much disturbed by the conflicting reports that reached him as to the condition of the Army of the Potomac, and he therefore resolved by a personal visit to satisfy himself of the state of affairs. He reached Harrison's Landing on the 8th of July, and while there conferred freely, not only with General McClellan himself, but with many of the more prominent officers in command. With the exception of General McClellan, not one believed the enemy was then threatening his position. Sumner thought they had retired, much damaged; Keyes, that they had withdrawn to go towards Washington; Porter, that they dared not attack; Heintzelman and Franklin thought they had retired. Franklin and Keyes favored the withdrawal of the army from the James; the rest opposed it. Mr. Lincoln came back bearing a still heavier weight of care. One thing that gave him great trouble was the enormous amount of absenteeism in the army. On returning to Washington he wrote this note to General McClellan, which, like most of his notes, it is impossible to abridge:

> I am told that over 160,000 men have gone into your army on the Peninsula. When I was with you the other day we made out 86,500 remaining, leaving 73,500 to be accounted for. I believe 23,500 will cover all the killed, wounded, and missing in all your battles and skirmishes, leaving 50,000 who have left otherwise. Not more than 5000 of these have died, leaving 45,000 of your army still alive and not with it. I believe half or two-thirds of them are fit for duty to-day. Have you any more perfect knowledge of this than I have? If I am right, and you had these men with you, you could go into Richmond in the next three days. How can they be got to you, and how can they be prevented from getting away in such numbers for the future?

To this note the general replied in a letter which can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory answer to the President's searching questions. He says, in general terms, that there is always a difference between the returns and the effective force of armies. He thinks, but is not certain, that the force given to him is not so much as 160,000, but admits that he has at that moment, present for duty, 88,665; absent by authority, 34,472; without authority, nearly 4000. This is very far from the "50,000 with their colors" which he reported a few days before; and he gives no adequate reason for the vast aggregate of those absent by authority.[5]

But another question, far more important and more grievous, was, what was to be done with the Army of the Potomac? General McClellan would listen to nothing but an enormous reënforcement of his army and another chance to take Richmond. Many of his prominent officers, on the contrary, thought that an advance on Richmond under existing conditions would be ill-advised, and that for the army to remain in its present position during the months of August and September would be more disastrous than an unsuccessful battle. The President had already placed General John Pope at the head of the Army of

[1] July 31. [2] August 2. [3] August 10.
[4] In his paper on "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion," THE CENTURY for February, 1888.
[5] War Records.

Virginia, in front of Washington, and he now resolved to send to Corinth for General Halleck, whom he placed in chief command of the armies of the United States. This was done by an order of the 11th of July, and General Halleck was requested to start at once for Washington. As soon as he could place his command in the hands of General Grant, the next officer in rank in his department, he came on to Washington, assumed command of the army on the 23d, and the very next day was sent to the camp of General McClellan, where he arrived on the 25th. He asked the general his wishes and views in regard to future operations. McClellan answered that he purposed to cross the James River and take Petersburg. Halleck stated his impression of the danger and impracticability of the plan, to which McClellan finally agreed. The General-in-Chief then told him that he regarded it as a military necessity to concentrate Pope's army and his on some point where they could at the same time cover Washington and operate against Richmond; unless it should be that McClellan felt strong enough to take the latter place himself with such reënforcements as would be given him. McClellan thought he would require 30,000 more than he had. Halleck told him that the President could only promise 20,000; and that, if McClellan could not take Richmond with that number, some plan must be devised for withdrawing his troops from their present position to some point where they could unite with General Pope without exposing Washington. McClellan thought that there would be no serious difficulty in withdrawing his forces for that purpose; but he feared the demoralizing influence of such a movement on his troops, and preferred that they should stay where they were until sufficient reënforcements could be sent him. Halleck had no authority to consider that proposition, and told him that he must decide between advising the withdrawal of his forces to meet those of Pope, or an advance upon Richmond with such forces as the President could give him. Halleck gained the impression that McClellan's preference would be to withdraw and unite with General Pope; but after consultation with his officers, he informed Halleck the next morning that he would prefer to take Richmond. He would not say that he thought the probabilities of success were in his favor, but that there was "a chance," and that he was "willing to try it." His officers were divided on the subject of withdrawing or of making an attack upon Richmond. McClellan's delusion as to the number of the enemy had infected many of the most intelligent generals in his command. General Keyes, in a letter to Quartermaster-General Meigs, assured him that the enemy "have 200,000 — more than double our number." At the same time General Meigs himself, simply from reading the Richmond newspapers and using his common sense in connection with their accounts, had formed an estimate of the rebel force very much nearer the truth than that made by the generals in front.[1] He found it to consist of 152 regiments, which, at an average of 700 men,— too high an average,— would give a total force of 105,000. By General McClellan's returns for the 10th of August he himself had an aggregate present of 113,000 men.[1]

Halleck's return to Washington was followed by a shower of telegrams from McClellan urging the reënforcement of his army. "Should it be determined to withdraw it," he says on the 30th of July, "I shall look upon our cause as lost, and the demoralization of the army certain" — a statement which certainly was lacking in reserve. The weight of opinion, however, among the generals of highest rank was on the other side. General Keyes wrote in the strongest terms urging the withdrawal of the army.[1] General Barnard, McClellan's chief of engineers, and General Franklin counseled the immediate withdrawal from the James to reunite with the forces covering the Capital.[1] Upon General Halleck's return to Washington this course was resolved upon. General Halleck's first order in that direction was dated the 30th of July, and requested McClellan to send away his sick as quickly as possible. Four days afterwards, without having taken in the mean while any steps to obey the order, he sent General Hooker to Malvern Hill. He drove the Confederates from there after a sharp cavalry skirmish. This so brightened McClellan's spirits that he telegraphed to Halleck on the 5th that "with reënforcements he could march his army to Richmond in five days" — a suggestion to which Halleck made the curt rejoinder, "I have no reënforcements to send you."[2]

1 War Records.

2 General Hooker told the Committee on the Conduct of the War a curious story about this affair. He said that after General McClellan received his orders to abandon Harrison's Landing he went to him voluntarily and suggested that, with the forces they had there, they could take Richmond, and urged him to do it. So confident was Hooker, that he was willing to take the advance, and so assured McClellan. On reaching his camp, about two hours after that interview, he says he found on his table an order from General McClellan to prepare himself with three days' rations and a supply of ammunition, and be ready to march at 2 o'clock the next day. "I firmly believe," said Hooker, "that order meant Richmond. I had said to McClellan that if we were unsuccessful it would probably cost him his head, but that he might as well die for an old sheep as for a lamb. But before the time arrived for executing that order it was countermanded." [Hooker, Testimony, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.]

The order to dispose of the sick was not promptly obeyed, because General McClellan insisted upon knowing the intentions of the Government in regard to his army; and after being informed that it was to be withdrawn from the James, several days more were wasted in wearisome interchange of dispatches between himself and Halleck, McClellan protesting with the greatest energy and feeling against this movement, and Halleck replying with perfect logic and temper in defense of it. In a long and elaborate dispatch, in which Halleck considered the whole subject, he referred to the representation made to him by McClellan and some of his officers that the enemy's forces around Richmond amounted to 200,000, and that McClellan had reported that they had since received large reënforcements. He adds:

> General Pope's army is only about 40,000; your effective force, about 90,000. You are 30 miles from Richmond and General Pope 80 or 90, with the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers on one or the other as he may elect. Pope's army could not be diminished to reënforce you; if your force is reduced to strengthen Pope, you would be too weak to hold your present position against the enemy. You say your withdrawal from your present position will cause the certain demoralization of the army. I cannot understand why this should be, unless the officers themselves assist in that demoralization, which I am satisfied they will not. You may reply, "Why not reënforce me here so that I can strike Richmond from my present position?" You told me that you would require 30,000 additional troops; you finally said that you would have "some chance of success" with 20,000; but you afterwards telegraphed me you would require 35,000. To keep your army in its present position until it could be so reënforced would almost destroy it in that climate. In the mean time Pope's forces would be exposed to the heavy blows of the enemy without the slightest hope of assistance from you.

He tells McClellan, in conclusion, that a large number of his highest officers are decidedly in favor of the movement.

Weary at last of arguments, Halleck became more and more peremptory in his orders; and this failing to infuse any activity into the movements of McClellan, he had recourse to sharp dispatches of censure which provoked only excuses and recriminations. In some of his replies to Halleck's urgent dispatches, enjoining the greatest haste and representing the grave aspect of affairs in northern Virginia, McClellan replied in terms that indicated as little respect for Halleck as he had shown for the President and the Secretary of War. On the 6th of August, in answer to an order insisting on the immediate dispatch of a battery of artillery to Burnside, he calmly replies, "I will obey the order as soon as circumstances permit. My artillery is none too numerous now." On the 12th, little or no progress having yet been made, he says:

> There shall be no unnecessary delay, but I cannot manufacture vessels. It is not possible for any one to place this army where you wish it, ready to move, in less than a month. If Washington is in danger now, this army could scarcely arrive in time to save it. It is in much better position to do so from here than from Aquia.

At the same time the Quartermaster-General reported that "nearly every available steam vessel in the country was then under the control of General McClellan." Only on the 17th of August was McClellan able to telegraph that he had left his camp at Harrison's Bar, and only on the 27th of the month, when Pope's campaign had reached a critical and perilous stage, did he report himself for orders at Alexandria, near Washington.

"O YE SWEET HEAVENS!"

O YE sweet heavens! your silence is to me
More than all music. With what full delight
I come down to my dwelling by the sea
And look out from the lattice on the night!
There the same glories burn serene and bright
As in my boyhood; and if I am old
Are they not also? Thus my spirit is bold
To think perhaps we are coeval. Who
Can tell when first my faculty began
Of thought? Who knows but I was there with you
When first your Maker's mind, celestial spheres,
Contrived your motion ere I was a man?
Else, wherefore do mine eyes thus fill with tears
As I, O Pleiades! your beauty scan?

T. W. Parsons.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Buell's Criticism on General Mitchel.

IN an article called "Operations in North Alabama," General D. C. Buell, in the second volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,"[1] has summed up the characteristics and qualifications of General O. M. Mitchel, by whom the operations in 1862 were personally conducted, as follows:

> Upon the whole, it is difficult to find satisfaction in an attentive study of General Mitchel's proceedings during the period referred to. The first occupation of the Memphis and Charleston railroad in April was well executed; but everywhere the pleasing impression of an apparently vigorous action is marred by exaggeration . . . . and self-seeking. The most trivial occurrence is reported with the flourish of a great battle. . . . .
>
> But in spite of his peculiarities, General Mitchel was a valuable officer; . . . . a man of good bearing and pure morals, of considerable culture, and some reputation in science, ... having lectured and published entertainingly on astronomy. He was energetic in a certain way, and had some qualification from practical experience, as well as by education, in railroad construction and management, which was often useful in the war. He was not insubordinate, but was restless in ordinary service, ambitious in an ostentatious way, and by temperament unsuited to an important independent command.

With General Buell's opinion of General Mitchel's qualifications I have nothing to do; but as to the data adduced in the paper referred to I beg leave to submit a few remarks.

General Buell attempts to show a "sudden change" on the part of General Mitchel "from easy assurance to anxious uncertainty." In speaking of Mitchel's report to the Secretary of War of the capture of Bridgeport, Buell quotes:

> "This campaign is ended, and I can now occupy Huntsville in perfect security, while all of Alabama north of the Tennessee floats no flag but that of the Union." Stanton [continues Buell] answered his glowing dispatches naturally, "Your spirited operations afford great satisfaction to the President." Three days after Mitchel's dispatch as quoted, he telegraphed Stanton, May 4, in explanation of some unexpected developments of the enemy, and says: "I shall soon have watchful guards among the slaves on the plantations from Bridgeport to Florence, and all who communicate to me valuable information I have promised the protection of my Government. Should my course in this particular be disapproved, it would be impossible for me to hold my position. I must abandon the line of railway, and northern Alabama falls back into the hands of the enemy. No reënforcements have been sent to me, and I am promised none except a regiment of cavalry and a company of scouts, neither of which have reached me. I should esteem it a great military and political misfortune to be compelled to yield up one inch of the territory we have conquered." And again the same day: "I have promised protection to the slaves who have given me valuable assistance and information. If the Government disapproves of what I have done, I must receive heavy reënforcements or abandon my position."

General Buell stops, in quoting, at the pith of Mitchel's dispatch. After the word "position" the dispatch ends: "*With the aid of the negroes in watching the river, I feel myself sufficiently strong to defy the enemy.*"

[1] New York: The Century Co.

Upon these three quotations General Buell bases his assertion of "sudden change from easy assurance to anxious uncertainty." In order to give a clear explanation it will be necessary to quote from another document, not mentioned by General Buell. At Nashville, on March 11, 1862, Buell, in writing on the subject of fugitive slaves in Mitchel's camp, gave Mitchel the following orders ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 31):

> If nothing more, it is necessary that the discipline of your command shall be vindicated. You will therefore cause the negroes, if still in your camp, to be arrested and held until 12 o'clock to-morrow. If in that time the owners or their agents shall call for them, they will be allowed to take them away, and, if necessary, will be protected from harm or molestation. If they do not call for them, you will release and expel the negroes from your camp, and in future no fugitive slaves will be allowed to enter or remain in your lines.

When Mitchel occupied north Alabama a month later he found that this order worked practically against a plan he had devised for insuring the safety of his position. He occupied an immense territory with a very small force. In order to keep open his communications, he operated a railroad, which he had captured with ample rolling stock; but the citizens fired on his trains, cut his telegraph lines, and in one instance sawed the stringers of a bridge in order to wreck a train. He had but five hundred cavalry, which were soon completely run down. If he had spread out his force for outpost duty along his whole front, it would have formed a picket line with no army behind it. He could not hold the country with a picket line alone. He was obliged either to have both a picket line and an army or to abandon the territory. It was not a question with him whether the enemy could spare a force to cut him off, for this he could not certainly know. There would be need of quick information in case the enemy should attempt to do so. Even General Buell, in referring to the work performed by Mitchel's force at this time ("Official Records," Vol. XVI., Part I., p. 32), says:

> It was not the number of the enemy that made its service difficult and creditable, but it was the large extent of country it occupied, the length of the lines it had to guard, and the difficulty of supplying it.

The negroes were loyal, the whites disloyal. Mitchel organized a cordon of negroes along the bank of the Tennessee River. With these negroes to bring quick information, he felt a security that he could not feel without them. But the use of negroes was in direct conflict with General Buell's fugitive-slave order, which compelled Mitchel, when a slave had brought him information, to turn him over to the tender mercies of those of whose movements he had informed.

The first quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 156) closed Mitchel's announcement of the capture of Bridgeport, which closed the campaign. The second quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 162) was not telegraphed to Mr. Stan-

ton, but is taken from a letter from Mitchel to Stanton, speaking of a raid of John Morgan in Mitchel's rear, of the bad disposition of troops guarding his rear, of their not being under his command as unusual in war, and asking the views of the Government as to the use of negroes for information. The third quotation ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 163) is from a telegram sent the same day as the letter, and designed to hasten a decision in the matter of the use of slaves. The whole correspondence means that with the negro picket line Mitchel felt safe in his position. Buell's order rendered such picket line impossible. Without the aid of the negroes Mitchel did not feel assured of being able to hold the territory.

Let us next glance at the reports of the "occurrences" which General Buell says were reported with the "flourish of a great battle." The only occurrences which required report while Mitchel was in north Alabama were the captures of Huntsville and of Bridgeport. Here is Mitchel's dispatch to Buell as to the former:

> After a forced march of incredible difficulty, leaving Fayetteville yesterday at 12 noon, my advanced guard, consisting of Turchin's brigade, Kennett's cavalry, and Simonson's battery, entered Huntsville this morning at 6 o'clock. The city was taken completely by surprise, no one having considered the march practicable in the time. We have captured about two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, a large amount of passenger and box and platform cars, the telegraph apparatus and office, and two Southern mails. We have at length succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway communication between the Southern States. ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 104.)

If I were to rewrite this announcement to-day for publication, there is but one word I would change. Though there were difficulties encountered, the march was especially notable for its rapidity rather than difficulty. Fifty-seven miles were traversed in forty-eight hours. If there is any record of such rapid marching by a body of four thousand infantry and artillery towards the enemy elsewhere during the war, I am not aware of it. As to the capture of Bridgeport: To Buell, after giving the method of his advance, Mitchel says: "Our first fire emptied the redoubt and breastworks, the enemy fleeing across the bridge, with scarcely a show of resistance." ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part I., p. 655.) To Stanton, Mitchel reported, "At our first fire the guard broke and ran." ("Official Records," Vol. X., Part II., p. 155.) There is certainly nothing of the "flourish of a great battle" in any of these reports.

General Buell, in referring to the plan of campaign given by Mitchel to Stanton July 7, 1862, and quoted in the biography, says: "No plan of campaign was proposed to me by General Mitchel; and no such controversy, or discussion, or series of consultations as would be inferred from the biography ever occurred between us." When General Buell arrived at Huntsville, Mitchel besought him, as I have stated in his biography ("Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, Astronomer and General," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), to move forward and occupy Chattanooga and the surrounding territory. I saw General Buell and General Mitchel myself, on the day after Buell's arrival, sitting over their maps from morning till noon at Mitchel's headquarters at Huntsville. I know of one other person who witnessed the scene, and possibly there may be officers or men now living who remember it also. But it matters nothing whether they discussed the question before General Buell at the headquarters of the one or the other. That they discussed it is evident from the manuscript I have in my possession, addressed to the Secretary of War, July 7, 1862. It is in Captain E. W. Mitchel's handwriting, and is signed by General Mitchel himself. It begins, "*At your request* I present herewith a plan of campaign *recently presented by me to General Buell* after his arrival at Huntsville." That the Secretary of War had a right to ask Mitchel's views no one can doubt. Mitchel was then interested in a proposed expedition down the Mississippi River, which it was intended he should command, and had no personal interest in the field he had left. To decline to give his views to the Secretary on account of motives of delicacy towards Buell would have been nothing short of moral cowardice. There is no evidence that General Mitchel ever exerted the slightest influence to General Buell's discredit.

General Grant in his Memoirs has summed up, in these words, the probable advantages which would have accrued on prompt movements after the occupation of Corinth:

> Bragg would then not [*i. e.*, if Buell had been sent from Corinth direct to Chattanooga as rapidly as he could march] have had time to raise an army to contest the possession of middle and east Tennessee and Kentucky; the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga would not necessarily have been fought; Burnside would not have been besieged in Knoxville without power of helping himself or escaping; the battle of Chattanooga would not have been fought. These are the negative advantages, if the term negative is applicable, which would probably have resulted from prompt movements after Corinth fell into possession of the National forces. The positive results might have been: a bloodless advance to Atlanta, to Vicksburg, or to any other desired point south of Corinth in the interior of Mississippi.

These remarks are applicable in this case, for Mitchel recommended a forward movement on July 1, and Bragg did not march into Kentucky till about two months later.

F. A. Mitchel.

General Robertson in the Gettysburg Campaign.

A RE-REJOINDER TO COLONEL MOSBY.

IN his rejoinder in THE CENTURY for December, 1887,[1] in regard to the operations of my cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign, Colonel Mosby brings into prominence the fact that within twenty-four hours after General Stuart started, General Hooker changed from "defensive waiting" to aggressive movement, causing *two days* to be lost to General Stuart and fatally disrupting "all communication with Generals Lee and Ewell."

No matter how I performed the duty assigned to me, I could not have cured the fatal defect which Hooker's movement to the Potomac, so unexpected by General Stuart, had produced. The apparent discrepancy between statements made by me *as to the place* where I received the order from General Lee to hasten forward with my command is due to my reliance on the memory of my aides when writing in 1887 and to my own recollection in 1887. At neither time was I writing from the records, nor did I deem important the place where the

[1] See also THE CENTURY for May, 1887, and also for August, 1887, for the other articles in this discussion.

courier met me. And some apparent inconsistency is made to appear by Colonel Mosby's quotation from my letter in 1877 of the words, "to await further orders," and following them immediately with a quotation from my orders that I was to hold the mountain gaps "as long as the enemy remain in your [my] front in force." This attempt to convict me of contradictory statements fails when the orders are examined which direct me to hold the gaps — "unless otherwise ordered by General R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, or myself [General Stuart]." The orders are set forth in my first communication,[1] and speak for themselves.

Colonel Mosby remarks that I have made "no explanation of *the delay*." There was no delay to explain. Had there been at that critical moment, General Lee would not have passed over so great a delinquency. The time occupied was no more than was required for the performance of the duty imposed by my orders.

The effort of Colonel Mosby to make it appear that I did not obey my orders as to the route I was to take fails when the orders are examined.

While it is true that they directed me to "cross the Potomac and follow the army, keeping on its right and rear," they also directed me to "cross the Potomac *at the different* points crossed by it [the army of General Lee]." It was left therefore to my discretion where I was to cross, according to the circumstances that might arise in the future. I exercised my discretion, and satisfied General Lee.

In paraphrasing General Jones's report, Colonel Mosby has suppressed a part of a short paragraph which I quote from the unpublished records. General Jones says:

The three remaining regiments of the brigade accompanied General Robertson by way of Williamsport and Chambersburg, arriving at Cashtown July 3. Near this point an order from General Lee required a force of cavalry to be sent at once to the vicinity of Fairfield to form a line to the right and rear of our line of battle. In the absence of General Robertson I determined to move my command at once into position, which met with the approbation of the general, *who returned to camp before I was in motion.*

The important words which I have italicized are omitted in the paraphrase, in which Colonel Mosby lays particular stress on my "absence." I have only to notice another innuendo of Colonel Mosby by which he creates a wrong impression. He says: "As soon as the army returned to Virginia, General Robertson, at his own request, was relieved of command." There is enough truth in this statement to make a good false impression. It was in August that I applied for relief from command. Prostrated by illness and advised by my surgeon, Dr. Randolph, that my recovery depended on my getting better quarters and nursing than was possible in the open field near Culpeper Court House, I applied for leave. Accompanying the order detaching me from the Army of Northern Virginia, Major McClellan wrote: "The general [Lee] joins with me and with the other members of the staff in the hope that you may soon be restored to health and duty, and that every success may attend you." My purpose in asking a change was to recover my health. Upon recovery I was ordered to South Carolina.

I have dealt more at length upon Mosby's attack than its author merited, and solely because it was in the publications of THE CENTURY that his articles were to appear.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1888. *B. H. Robertson.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Value of a Presidential Election.

THE month upon which we are entering will bring to a decision the twenty-sixth of our quadrennial Presidential elections; for, although the election is not technically complete until the electors have voted and their votes have been counted, yet public opinion has practically subordinated everything else to this single occasion of the choice of electors by the people. The "campaign" which began in June comes to an end in November: the blare of the brass bands dies away; the unsavory coal-oil torch, the oil-cloth uniforms, the transparencies, and the campaign banners unite in a general procession into another four-years' obscurity; and as we draw breath again we are pressed hard by the recurring question, Is the game worth the candle?

The source of the question is not necessarily in that political pessimism which is affected by so many who think that they thus secure for themselves a place a little higher than the common run of their fellow-citizens; it is much more commonly to be found in the conditions under which modern business is carried on. The actual volume of business has grown to proportions so enormous that the slightest interference with it now causes very heavy losses; and business methods are now so largely those of credit in its various forms that such losses tend to reduplicate themselves in a far more widely spread injury. A "blizzard" of three days' duration was only an annoying experience to our grandfathers: its effects nowadays may be marked in a strongly perceptible fall in the year's volume of business, perhaps in the failure of a number of railroads to pay dividends, in the consequent inability of many of their stockholders to carry out intentions on which other men had relied, and in the reverberation of loss in the most unexpected directions. If a bull in a china-shop is a proverbially undesirable visitant, the business interests of the United States can hardly be expected to welcome the irruption of the Presidential election, with its intense popular excitement, its general suspension of interest in everything else than the routine of business, and its occasional hints of the possibility,

[1] See THE CENTURY for August, 1887.

at least, of further anxiety growing out of the election itself. Under such circumstances, is the Presidential election worth its cost?

Natural as the question is, it ignores the fact that the enormous volume of our modern business has not been self-evolved and is not self-supporting. There are other elements in the national life which are more important than any mere increase of wealth — elements on which the increase of wealth itself depends; and among these the political education of the people holds a very high place. Passing for the moment the question of comparative cost, one can hardly deny the practical efficiency of the Presidential election as a method of political education for the people, and no election in our history has shown this characteristic more clearly than that of this year. The schoolmaster and the college professor are presumed to deal with an audience of a grade rather higher than usual; and yet they are still compelled to resort to examinations and other tests or coercive processes in order to secure interest from unwilling pupils. How much easier their work would become if their pupils should suddenly develop an interest in it so intense as to lead them to hold enthusiastic meetings and processions about it, or to argue, quarrel, and sometimes even fight about it, as the adherents of rival professors are said to have done in some of the universities of the Middle Ages. What other instrumentality could have taken the place of the Presidential election in compelling those most unwilling pupils, the voters of the United States, to study economic questions as they have done this year?

If, then, the superior efficiency of the Presidential election as a means of political education be granted, the vital importance of that result to our system wipes out at once the other question of comparative cost. It is not easy to rate too high the influence which our democratic system, with its high hope of social advancement for the individual or his children, has had upon that working power which has given us so large a part of our overflowing wealth. But an uneducated democracy is the fore-ordained prey of the coming plutocracy; the increase of wealth merely hastens the catastrophe. To reconcile the permanence of democracy with the increase of wealth, the political education of the people is an absolute necessity, and the question of cost disappears in proportion to the increase of the instrument's efficiency. When the instrument is the best of its kind, its cost is no more to be reckoned a dead loss than the individual's expenditure for the clothes, shelter, and food which are essential to his existence and continued activity. If the cost of Presidential elections could be saved for a few decades, the disappearance of democracy, work, and wealth together would show that the "saving" had been altogether illusory.

For such a Presidential election as that of 1888, with its fair and open struggle between two naturally opposed political principles, and its consequent influence as a political educator for the American democracy, there need be nothing but congratulations for the country, let its cost be what it may. There have been elections over which no such congratulations could be uttered — elections in which the cost was as great and the educational results nothing or next to nothing; but no such criticism can be aimed at the election of this year. There are very few voters in this country who have not in November a far larger and more distinct knowledge of the economic principles which underlie their political beliefs than they had six months ago; and, whatever may be the party result of the election, this educational result is, after all, the fundamental reason for the existence of the Presidential election itself. And as we see this result continually coming into greater prominence, we may congratulate ourselves more heartily on the wisdom which gave us such an educational force, and on its new proof that democracy is not the rule of ignorance, but a system of self-education.

The Punishment of Crime.

ENGLISH and American criminal law, in spite of its generally consistent determination to secure the safety of the innocent, exhibits at least one marked eccentricity which is the seed of continual injustice, to say nothing of the warping effect which such an irregularity must inevitably exert upon any system, and upon the popular respect for it. Like every other science, law aims to have a homogeneous and well-rounded development of its own, and to give its general principles the same action and force in one part of the system as in another. The anomaly of our system is that its criminal branch is permitted to ignore altogether certain principles of nature and method which are considered vital to other branches, such as civil law.

The first object of the civil law is the maintenance of the rights of individuals. The fact that the smallest personal right is attacked, or even threatened, is enough to give jurisdiction to some engine of the law; and the law's work is not done effectually until the right, if it proves to be a veritable right, is established and secured. It is not enough that the attempting wrongdoer be stopped at the point which he has reached, be prevented from going further, or even be punished for the past: he and his property are held responsible for the undoing of any wrong that has been done, and for the reëstablishment of the violated right in all its original vigor and security. All this is summed up in the convenient word "damages." Human imperfections very often prevent law from reaching the full consummation of its object; but any such result is always felt to be reason for the law itself to be discontented with its failure.

When we turn to criminal law, we seem to have fallen upon an entirely different atmosphere. Criminal offenses are primarily against the state; and yet, with the exception of such few general crimes as treason and rebellion, each of them involves some violation of an individual's rights. The murderer is hanged because he has violated the command of the state to refrain from committing murder; but the crime has wrongfully extinguished some individual's right to life, as well as the right of his wife, children, or other dependents to support. Yet our criminal law, except in a few minor offenses, makes no effort whatever to vindicate the violated personal rights, or to make "damages" to the victim a component part of the offender's sentence. It may happen that, during the trial or punishment of the thief, the forger, or the counterfeiter, the property obtained by his crime is discovered, and the real owner is permitted to resume the property rights of which he has never been legally

divested; but if no such discovery should be made, the law cares nothing, and is quite content with the punishment of the criminal, without thought or regret for the property rights which have disappeared under its eyes in the process. The boycotter, or the man who does malicious mischief in any form, may be punished; but his violations of personal rights remain unredressed, unless a spasmodic public sympathy assumes the burden of righting them by general subscription. The one object of our criminal system seems to be the punishment of the wrong-doer; and it seems to consider the restoration or satisfaction of individual rights as a mere incident, which may or may not occur, without affecting the success of its legitimate work.

Under such a system, it is perhaps fortunate that the conventional and convenient blindness of Justice prevents her from seeing the full measure of the wrongs which her present theory passes complacently by from day to day. She draws her sword against the merchant or banker who, having been plundered by forger or burglar, ventures to compound the felony in order to get back part of his property; but she does not pretend to conceal from the victim her belief that the recovery of the property in any more legitimate fashion is really no particular affair of hers. The barns and outbuildings of an owner are fired again and again by a concealed enemy, until even insurance becomes impossible: the criminal may at last be caught, indicted, and imprisoned, but the injured man's lost property is not brought back to him by such a punishment of crime. The civil law will see to it that the railway company whose servants by carelessness kill or maim a passenger shall satisfy the lost rights of life or locomotion by a money payment to the injured person or his representatives; but, if the criminal law can catch and punish the ruffian who has killed the father of a family, it seems to care nothing for the children of the murdered man, who are starving or impoverished by the loss of their bread-winner. Criminal courts, which are meant to be "places wherein justice is judicially administered," do in such ways become very commonly, as the scoffers insist, "places where injustice is judicially administered."

Why should it be necessary that such an anomalous feature should mar the fair outlines of human law? Why should Justice ignore in criminal law that which is her controlling motive in civil law — the wrongs of the injured party? Is it not possible to make the very punishment of the criminal nearly as close an approximation to a satisfaction for the violated individual rights as is usually obtained by the civil law? It may be that such a change of the point of view would alter some points of the theory of law; but would not the change be for the better? Very many persons believe intensely and honestly that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him": would not the friends and opponents of capital punishment unite much more readily on a life imprisonment at hard labor for murder, with restrictions on the pardoning power, if the proceeds of the hard labor were to go to the murdered person's representatives? For, after all, the essential injustice of capital punishment is not that it takes away the criminal's forfeited right to life, but that it does so in a way which extinguishes forever the source from which the murdered man's dependents had a moral right to look for recompense for the rights which had been taken from them. In such cases the law, blind, furious, and unreasoning, destroys the life of the guilty without stopping to consider that it thereby makes the injury to the innocent a hopeless, irremediable, permanent injury. Electricity may or may not be a good substitute for the rope: perhaps common sense and even-handed justice might find a better substitute for both.

It seems hardly necessary to supplement or reënforce the case of murder: if the point be well taken there, any number of criminal offenses will suggest themselves to the reader in which the proceeds of the criminal's hard labor could be fairly, justly, and well assigned by the sentencing court to the satisfaction of the personal rights which had been injured or destroyed by the crime. Thus the state would still fulfill its function of punishing crime, but would convert that function into a guardianship of the rights of the innocent and the helpless. In very many classes of crimes, the system itself would supply a convenient and accurate measure of punishment. How long shall the criminal serve? Until the gross proceeds of his labor shall make good the original injury to the individual or the state, with interest.

One may fairly believe, moreover, that such a system would strike at the root of many of the more demagogical objections to the principle of state-prison punishment by hard labor. Many of the labor organizations would almost forbid imprisoned criminals to work at all, since the products of their toil must be sold in market in competition with the work of honest men. The public would be much less impressed or assailed by such an argument if it could see that the criminals were in part working for the support of women and children whom they had wronged. And it ought not to be difficult to see reasons why a body of workmen, unwilling to submit to the annoyance of such a competition so long as its results were only to diminish the general mass of taxation, should submit to it without objection if its object were justice and its beneficiaries those who had been wronged. After all, injustice remains injustice, even though it have the hall-mark of law upon it; and so flagrant an injustice as is tolerated by our criminal law opens it to attack from unexpected quarters, which it might make secure by substituting justice for injustice.

OPEN LETTERS.

An Open Letter by Mr. George Kennan on a Question of Judgment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In a letter printed in a recent number of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," under the heading "A Question of Ethics," Mr. Alexander Hutchins of Brooklyn, N. Y., referring to my article upon Russian political exiles in the August number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, says: "Mr. Kennan's sources of information were not only personal contact with the exiles, but, as he distinctly states, revelations made to him by Russian officers in charge of the exiles. This latter can hardly be overrated for importance, but it is to the reader a very serious ethical question how this revelation of confidence is to react on the personal freedom of the officials whose identity is so thinly veiled. In the August CENTURY is the story of his introduction to them by the Russian officer in charge of the station, and his confidential conversation with the officer himself. Mr. Kennan covers the officer's identity with an assumed name, but any ordinary detective in a police precinct would have no trouble in unearthing him from the tracks given, and the Russian detective office could find him between daylight and dark with the exercise of a little of the powers of arbitrary arrest with which Mr. Kennan himself credits it. Short as is Mr. Kennan's story thus far, several of his entertainers, who have given him their hospitality and confidence, could be in Russian dungeons and on their way to remotest Siberia on Mr. Kennan's own testimony. To the reader this looks like the most grievous violation of hospitality. It looks greatly like the most cruel of treachery."

As Mr. Hutchins may possibly represent a whole class of readers, it is worth while, perhaps, to reply to his open letter. The question involved seems to me to be a question of judgment rather than of ethics. Among the officials who gave me information in Siberia are men whom I respect and esteem as highly as Mr. Hutchins can possibly respect and esteem any friends of his own. That I would intentionally betray such men to the Russian police and requite their hospitality with "cruel treachery," is a supposition that I am sure few readers of THE CENTURY will seriously entertain. The only question, therefore, that I can regard as raised by Mr. Hutchins's letter is a question not of ethics but of prudence and discretion. Have I carelessly, recklessly, or through errors of judgment imperiled the safety of persons in Siberia who gave me information? Mr. Hutchins thinks that I have; but is he a competent judge? Has he any means of knowing whether the identity of the "officer" whose words I quote in the August CENTURY is "thinly veiled" or thickly veiled? Has he any warrant for assuming that a fictitious name is the only screen that I have interposed between the identity of that officer and the eyes of the police? Where does he find in my article the statement that the officer was "in charge of the station"? Does he know how many officers there are in a garrison town like Semipalatinsk, how many such officers we personally met, and how many of them were upon friendly terms with the political exiles? Has he any means of estimating the chances of identification in a given case, or the probable results of such identification if established? Is his judgment likely to be better in such a matter than mine?

The best and safest method of utilizing information furnished to me by political exiles and by Russian officials was a subject of serious and anxious thought long before I returned from Siberia to the United States. It became evident to me at a very early stage of my investigation that prudential considerations would necessitate the complete sacrifice of a considerable part of my Siberian material, and would force me to use a still greater part in such a way as to deprive it of half its value and significance. I was for a long time in doubt whether I should not give fictitious names to all political exiles and disguise them in such a manner as to render personal identification impossible. To involve my narrative, however, in a maze of mystification and misleading description would greatly impair, I thought, its historical value, and turn it into something little better than a nihilistic novel. I decided, therefore, to use real names in all cases where I could do so without manifestly imperiling the safety of the people named; to adhere as closely as possible to absolute truth and fidelity in questions of time and place; and to be silent where I could not state facts without compromising persons. This was the course recommended by most of the political exiles whom I consulted.

"It is indispensable," said one of them to me, "that you should name us, describe us, and give your impressions of us. You are not likely to hurt us. The Government knows all about us already, and we can trust your discretion in the use of what we tell you."

The articles that have thus far appeared in THE CENTURY have been received, read, and criticised by political exiles in various parts of Siberia, and my attention has been called, as yet, to only one imprudent statement. So far as I am aware, no person has been injured by anything that I have written.

In the cases of officials, I have been obliged to avoid, to a much greater extent, the use of names, and in a few instances I have employed misleading artifices to conceal identity; but such artifices do not in any way concern an American reader. Every official whom I have quoted or shall have occasion to quote in these papers was perfectly well aware, at the time when he talked with me, that I was obtaining information for use in print. Some of them had a clear and definite understanding with me that the facts communicated should be used in a particular way and with certain specified precautions; others were satisfied to trust my discretion without conditions; while a third class gave me information as they would hand me a newspaper containing only a record of facts well known to the whole community. All, without exception, knew what I intended to do with the information that I

sought and obtained. I am now using this information in strict compliance with my agreements, or in accordance with my best judgment. I share, of course, the liability to error that is the heritage of mortals; but I have had an opportunity to become fairly well acquainted with the conditions of Russian life; I have studied the working methods of the Russian Government with careful attention; I have had the benefit of suggestions and advice from the persons in Siberia who are most directly interested in my narrative; and I am not likely, I think, to make grievous mistakes in the use of the material intrusted to me, or in the adoption of means to protect my friends.

George Kennan.

Sarcasm of Religion in Fiction.

THAT religion and philosophy are getting to be on good terms, there is no question; one is growing rational and the other is fast becoming religious. Father O'Toole may not be much of a philosopher, and Schopenhauer cannot even by courtesy be regarded as a good Christian; still the two worlds of faith and reason are fast melting into each other, and — contradicting physics — will soon occupy the same space at the same time. Will the same process of mutual approach go on between religion and literature, and the subtle antagonism which has long existed between them fade out into mutual respect? The *religious* suspects the *littérateur*, and the suspicion is more than repaid by contempt. Especially is this so as between religion and fiction. The clergyman and the novelist have much in common, but they do not get on well together: the parson cannot understand the author, and the author makes game of the parson. Will they ever get to be good friends?

The sarcasm of religion in fiction has long been the cause of much complaint and hard feeling. Let us turn the matter over in a few sentences with a view to finding out if it is well or ill.

Often this sarcasm is of a mild character, like that found in the Waverley novels, which bears on the rusticity and extreme simplicity of clergymen and the extravagance of certain sects. It assumes a more serious type in the novels of Charles Kingsley, where sects and theologies are brought into odious contrast. It is severer still in the works of George Eliot, who treats church and dogma with semi-contempt and often puts clergymen at the farthest remove from respect. In Dickens the whole range is covered — from gentlest ridicule, as of the Dean in "Edwin Drood," to stinging contempt, as in Chadband and Stiggins. In MacDonald the same thing is to be found — coupled, however, with such earnestness that it passes beyond sarcasm and becomes protest. The lead of these great authors is followed, and a work of fiction is now the exception in which some question of religious faith or practice is not introduced, and treated, for the most part, with disfavor. If the various churches and creeds were to apportion this criticism they would find but little partiality. The formalism and corruption of the prelatical churches, the dogmatism and austerity of the Puritans, the emotional excesses of the Methodists, the ceremonial emphasis of the Baptists — whatever is most distinctive and conspicuous in all churches has been satirized by fiction. Ridicule and travesty of some form of religious belief or conduct is a part of its stock in trade. The lovers, the catastrophe, the rescue, are not more surely included than is the caricature of some opinion, custom, or character called religious. The most notable example is seen in Dickens, both in the severity of his sarcasm and in its pervasiveness. He not only scourges hypocrisy,— for the most part connected with dissenters,— but, in a less open way, the faithlessness of the whole Church to its trust in caring for the degraded masses. Nearly every book of Dickens sends a keen shaft into the body of the national church, yet with all his courage he did not dare to set up the vices and foibles of the Establishment as a target for ridicule; he stabs it, but not with satire. It may be unfair to criticise an author for what he does not do, but we cannot avoid thinking that Dickens would have left a true exponent of his feelings if he had given the parallels of Stiggins and Chadband to be found in the Established Church, as Thackeray has done in "The Newcomes." In view of the immense field from which Dickens drew his characters, it is strange that he overlooked the English type of clergyman so faithfully drawn by Mr. Curtis in the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese. The Established Church is an ark upon which even Dickens did not venture roughly to lay his hand. Miss Brontë showed a finer courage in her picture of the three Curates, and her works throughout are tinged with slight satire upon traditional forms of religion. We find the same feature in nearly all English and American fiction. Now a sect is ridiculed *en masse*, now certain dogmas, now strictness of religious observance or hypocrisy or bigotry or weak-minded conformity. Forms, dogmas, missions, and revivals are treated almost generally with contempt. A marked exception is found in Hawthorne. That he entertained opinions which, if he had expressed, would have taken this form, some letters quoted by Mr. Fields indicate; but whether a virtue or not, he withheld his pen from sarcastic treatment of religion. The reason is to be found in the superior range of his themes, which are not those of society but of human nature — the abstract rather than the concrete. He is not a Dickens or a Thackeray, but a Shakspere; his romances are subtle discussions of moral problems that have always vexed the human mind — sin, conscience, and the ways of the bare spirit in man. As a literary artist he could not descend from these heights in order to satirize any special form of faith. Had it come within his purpose to depict a religious hypocrite he would not have connected him conspicuously with any church or creed, but would have kept him within the region of psychology — not as in a church, but simply in human nature. Hence in Hawthorne we find a certain bareness of setting that renders him uninteresting to the average reader.

This habit of fiction has, within a few years, changed its objects of attack. First it was sects, then dogmas, now it is certain types of character. Another distinction of the later period is that untruth is treated more severely than fanaticism. Weakness, inconsistency, hypocrisy, are scourged while intensity of belief is comparatively respected. The habit cannot be explained as a trick of the profession, caught by the many from the chance example of the masters; the originality of genius forbids such an explanation. Nor can it be accounted for on the ground of its

availability; it probably tells quite as much against an author as for him, especially in England, where anything like irreligion is unpopular. Nor can it be referred to sectarianism. There is a second-rate class of writers who produce novels in the interest of some church or theology which they bring into favorable relief by very dark shadows thrown upon the opposite side, but they are hardly accorded a place in literature. We cannot recall a work of fiction of the first class in which a character is held up as admirable by virtue of his connection with any church or of holding a definite creed. Such characters are presented for the opposite feeling — certainly not for the readers' sympathy. The solution is largely to be found in the fact that religion, when organized under either forms or dogmas, awakens antagonism in the peculiar genius of the novelist. We qualify our phrase because genius of the purest type is to be found in connection with church and creed. No critic would withhold the name from Augustine, Luther, Wesley, John Henry Newman, Robertson, Stanley, and Bushnell. But it is hard to get poets and novelists within church-doors. No reminiscence of Wordsworth more widely separates him from his class than that of his every Sunday walk over Nab Scar to little St. Oswald's in Grasmere. And Miss Bronté spoke both for herself and for all kindred genius in that exquisite chapter in "Shirley" where she makes Caroline Helstone refuse to enter the church, preferring to remain without and watch nature at her evening prayers. The genius of the novelist, like that of the poet, is impatient of form and definition and organization. Being based on the imagination, and therefore ideal in its operations, it does not consort well with what is fixed and formal. It may use facts and forms, but the argument it enforces is ideal and outside of them. Hence the staple of fiction is love before marriage, or lawless love after it, when it has the liberty of perfecting itself in the imagination — not love after marriage or in true marriage, when the dream is over and fancy yields to fact. Hence established institutions, whether social, ethical, or religious, have seldom been directly strengthened by fiction. It may be doubted if any established government was ever positively helped by imaginative writers; the sympathy is made to turn against what is, and in favor of what may be. The drift is in favor of spontaneousness and excess of liberty, against social custom and settled thought. In the end it may not be unfavorable to social and moral order, but this end is reached through loosening and destructive criticism. It ungirds, but does not find it within its function to rebind. Mrs. Stowe depicts the evils of slavery and hastens a political revolution, but as a literary artist she cannot, in fiction, reconstruct the government. Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke" helps on reform, but only as an antagonist of the existing order. Dickens reveals the horrors of a school system and turns the laughter of the world against the courts of chancery, but he felt no call to picture a well-ordered school or a prompt court of justice. So far as fiction has any vocation besides that of pleasing, it is critical, and it criticises by depicting that which it deems false and unworthy and by suggesting ideals of perfection, not by portraying excellence already gained. When the latter is attempted, the work is tame and flavorless. Were a literary artist to write a political novel, he would compose it of two leading elements — criticism of existing institutions and suggestion of a better order; actual evil against ideal good. Fiction, by its nature, has its standpoint in ideality. Its lifelikeness, whether of good or evil, is based on an ideal beyond the fact. Otherwise it would be mere rehearsal of statistics, or philosophy.

And just here we find an explanation of its treatment of religion. It cannot be set down to the irreligion of the authors: whether irreligious or not, the cause lies back of the artist and in the nature and function of the art itself. If religion has seemed to suffer at the hands of fiction, it has suffered in the company of morals, of domestic life, of social order and all other conservative interests, and for the same reason.

The question of the utility of this criticism is another matter. That it causes pain and awakens concern in the minds of many who have a just claim to be regarded because they represent the best interests of society, there is no doubt. When a member of a not obscurely hinted sect is portrayed as a disgusting hypocrite, or when a hero — as in "Felix Holt" — is made to turn his back upon the Church and all religious observance and Christian belief and is offered to the reader's admiration by reason of virtues developed aside from or in opposition to Christianity, it is generally felt to be an affront or an injury. The sect is hurt through its representative; the faith is slighted by the halo thrown around its contemner. Doubtless much sensibility is wounded and direct moral injury is wrought, for no one will soberly maintain that it is well to weaken the hold of religious institutions upon the people unless they become so perverted as to minister to positive immorality.

But just here two things should be remembered: one is, that all criticism is dangerous in its very nature, and most of all ideal criticism, for it means change, and that means risk; the other is, that in high fiction that for the most part is scourged which deserves it, and that notes of warning are sounded where there is most need of care or reform. We do not defend all fiction that treats of religion, nor do we refer to that ephemeral literature, now so abundant, which is dictated by simple hatred and ignorance; but only say that in the masters of fiction the objects of their criticism in religion are generally well chosen. They may be summed up as hypocrisy, weakness, fanaticism, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness. When dogmas are introduced, it is not their bare essence that is held up to scorn, but a perversion of them that renders the character contemptible. It is the frequency with which religion runs into hypocrisy and dogmas lead to bigotry — producing a type of character specially available in fiction — that leads to their general use. If a novelist would draw a hypocrite he must place him upon a background of religion, else his picture lacks shading; as Othello's jealousy requires the purity of Desdemona. So a religious fanatic in fiction must be put into ecclesiastical garb; otherwise he has no form or setting. But it were hasty to conclude that the writer intends to deride the opinions his hypocrite assumes, or that the sect with which he connects his fanatic is contemptible. Nearly the most odious character drawn by Dickens is Uriah Heep, but no one suspects that he intends to slur humility. Walter Scott often ridicules preachers, but himself wrote two very good sermons.

Nearly all the misconstruction put upon this literary habit is due to the fact that the rules of the art do not allow of explanation or qualification. The first object of the novelist is to awaken sensation in the reader. Hence he must be concrete, rapid, excessive; he must draw with bold outline and upon dark background; he cannot indulge in parenthetical explanation nor ask his readers to tone down his coloring. But what the novelist cannot do, his readers must do for him; they must translate his semi-drama into an essay if they would come at his exact meaning.

Still the question of utility recurs. To explain the writer is not necessarily to justify the writing. It is difficult to strike the balance between good and evil in any great human influence; we see the beginnings but not the ends. The farther off in time we get from leading causes, the plainer it becomes that they work towards a general harmony; that which promised only evil becomes a check upon the perversions of what is counted good, or a spur to yet higher good. In morals, as in nature, the system is one of action and reaction, check and counter-check. We must not hastily reject the criticism of that genius which partakes rather of inspiration than of learning, of insight than of logic. The teachers of the world are not those who enforce precedents, but those who unfold eternal principles. It must be granted that the best fiction, in the main, turns attention from what is false and formal in religion to what is true and essential: however destructive the process, this is the result. Religion, whether under ecclesiastical or dogmatic forms, requires for its own good the keenest and severest criticism. No tendency runs to speedier ultimation than does that of the Church to formalism, of dogma to bigotry, of pledged morality to hypocrisy. Good in themselves, they only continue to be such through the greatest care within and the most watchful criticism without. Our highest faculties and our best conditions are most liable to perversion. The vice of the world is not irreligion, but the divorce of religion from morality; and the tendency, lying in human nature, shows itself in Christianity with more stubbornness because of its perfect standards. Nor is it free from this tendency because it has shaken off medieval superstition and puritanic narrowness. It still needs the watchful care of its own teachers, and it must still accept the rougher and less discriminating criticism of secular literature. Together they will not be more than able to resist a tendency which history teaches as one of its plainest lessons. And if the criticism of fiction — shaped by the rules of its art — takes on the forms of sarcasm, caricature, exaggeration, and general excess, it is still to be accepted, if not with entire composure, yet with the belief that, in the end, it subserves the interests of the hope of mankind.

T. T. Munger.

How Cuban Dances become German Students' Songs, and American Ditties become Italian Mountaineers' Melodies.

SITTING on the piazza, one hot summer's afternoon, at my seaside resort in New Hampshire, I saw two Italian pipers trudging along the road — veritable *pifferari* they looked like, with legs bandaged up to the knee, cross-gartered, and covered with dust. Halloo! I said to myself, here is a chance to note down something fresh from the Tyrol; and as they prepared to play right in front of me I took out pencil and paper and noted down the tune.

My disappointment can be imagined when I found with the exception of the opening eight or ten bars the tune was "Climbing up the Golden Stairs." These fellows had evidently picked up this popular air from hearing the bands at summer hotels play it and moonlight banjo parties sing it; and I have no doubt the pipers have by this time returned to their native land and that the tune will soon return to us as a veritable Italian melody. One fellow played the melody on a kind of oboe, and the other accompanied him on a sort of bagpipe.

This incident made quite an impression upon me; for a little while previous, after playing my own arrangement of a Cuban dance, I was asked by a distinguished New York musical critic why I called it "Cuban," when it was a popular German students' song. Not having seen the notes of the German version, I have no means of knowing whether the two melodies are identical, or merely resemble each other, but have no doubt that my Cuban air has been exported or imported in much the same way that the "Golden Stairs" were "climbing."

Richard Hoffman.

"The University and the Bible."

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE adopted last year a course of Bible study very similar to that suggested by the Rev. T. T. Munger in his article upon "The University and the Bible" in THE CENTURY for September, it being the first American college, I believe, to make such study a part of its curriculum. The system is entirely apart from compulsory attendance at church and chapel services, which is required as before. The course is systematically arranged, and each subject is presented by an instructor competent to treat it in the spirit of advanced scientific thought. In regard to its scope, I quote from the college catalogue for 1887–88:

> For the present, the subject in freshman year is the historic origin of the Bible; in sophomore year, New Testament history; in junior year, the development of the Church as exhibited in the Acts; in senior year, Old Testament history, from the creation to the entrance into Palestine, with special reference to the inspiration and historic and scientific relations of the Scriptures.
>
> At present, but one hour in each week is devoted to this course; but it is intended shortly to develop and extend it. Every student is required to attend these exercises, and it is necessary to maintain as high a standard of scholarship as in other studies in order to obtain a degree.

The aim of the trustees in recommending such a course of study, so far as I know it, was precisely the same as Mr. Munger's idea — to meet the student's increase of culture and critical knowledge with a presentation of Bible truths, in their scientific as well as in their religious aspects. In view of the present attitude of the university to the Bible, this was certainly a very advanced position to take, and I am glad to be able to state that the experiment has thus far succeeded admirably. From the first there was no such opposition on the part of alumni and friends of the college as Mr. Munger would seem to apprehend. Upon the students the effect is already manifest in an increased

respect for the Bible and a deeper interest in its study. The development of this system at Dartmouth will certainly be hopefully watched by all who are interested in this important problem.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS. *Newton M. Hall.*

I HAVE had much pleasure in reading Mr. Munger's article on "The University and the Bible," the more, I suppose, as I have found it to express so well my own convictions (1) that a common worship should be part of the common life of a college, and (2) that no college education can be called complete which does not put the student in the way of knowing how thoughtful men are looking at the really great problems of the day, including the consideration of the Bible and of Christianity "as facts and by the scientific method." But I write not to say this alone,—for it might be well reckoned an impertinence,— but to offer from my own experience testimony in support of what Mr. Munger has written.

In our college curriculum one hour in each week's work of each class is devoted to what is called the department of religious instruction, which includes the reading of parts of the Greek Testament, the study of the history and the literature of the Scriptures, and the examination of the Christian evidences. It has fallen to my lot, for not a few years, to study with the sophomores the history of the Old Testament. This has been done, not as a part of theology nor for homiletic purposes, but as the study of a history possessing great interest both intrinsically and relatively. Of course in some twenty recitations or lectures — for the work of each hour unites both methods — the history cannot be studied with minuteness of detail; but I do not think that any great question in regard to it has been ignored or that any real difficulty has been left unnoticed. The young men have been introduced to the problems which are interesting scholars in regard, *e. g.*, to the composition of the Pentateuch, the interpretation of its earlier parts, the question as to the introduction of allegory and of poetry into the historical narrative, the development and growth of the nation of Israel, and the connection of its history with that of other nations.

I have not thought it necessary — if indeed it were honest — to conceal my own opinion on some of the questions raised, or to confess my ignorance in regard to others. But I have chiefly endeavored to impress upon the young men, in connection with the more purely historical part of the work, (1) something as to the way in which the Old Testament may be studied scientifically with the single desire of learning the truth about it and from it; (2) that fidelity to what we find to be true cannot possibly be irreligious or unchristian, and that they have in no way denied the truth of the Scriptures if they have honestly accepted one rather than another of the interpretations given to many of the passages in it; and (3) that it is not at all strange that there should be many questions raised which cannot be easily answered at once, and some questions the answer to which must be left to future generations.

If I may presume to judge of the effect of this study, I have no hesitation in saying that it is in many ways very wholesome, very useful, and not lacking in interest. And I can well believe that in the hands of a wise and learned instructor such a course of study as that which Mr. Munger suggests would be one of the most valuable parts of a college curriculum.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN. *Samuel Hart.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us.

'T WOULD be a dangerous gift, O potent fay!
Whatever feather-headed poets say,
To stand outside and see our various selves
As we are seen — by mortals and by elves.

Within a certain woodland's blessed shade
There dwells a star-eyed, red-lipped little maid,
Whose glance so arch, so altogether tender,
Would bring a whole battalion to surrender.

By twice ten thousand promises she 's mine;
But did she know her beauty so divine,
Could she but see — as I — the grace that 's in her,
There 'd be no longer hope for this poor sinner.

And had I seen, ere winning this fair creature,
My monstrous ugliness, in form and feature,
As her discarded lovers now do view it,
I never would have had the face to do it.

Elizabeth P. Allan.

The Smile of Mephistopheles.

"ALL evil souls to live in hell"; thus ran
The stern decree. But when Mephisto fell,
For the arch-fiend, arch-punishment: his ban
Must be that he shall like to live in hell.

The Smile of The Vicar.

IF you would put it utterly to rout,
Tell him a grief that your heart has unnerved.
If you would bring its finest sweetness out,
Crush him with sorrow he has not deserved.

The Smile of Olivia.

IT makes the world a rare and gracious place
To dwell in! Yet we need not greatly care
To keep forever on that laughing face
The radiance of a joy so debonair;
Because this lady in bewildering gowns
Is every bit as charming when she frowns.

A. W. R.

O you Fellers in th' City.

TO J. W. R.

O YOU fellers in th' city,
  Think you got it awful fine,
An' you grow consummit witty
  Ez you say how you repine
Fur a trip into th' kentry
  Whur everything is green,
Especially th' gentry —
  Th' kentry folk, you mean.

I ain't hed much experiment
  With ways o' city folk;
But atween th' hot brick pavement
  An' th' clouds o' dust an' smoke
An' the noise o' squawlin' huckster,
  Ez shore 'z th' day my birth
I think it 's jes a picter
  O' th' devil's home on earth.

I like t' take a quiet walk,
  An' watch th' bumble-bee
Go buzzin' in a hollyhock,
  An' tumble 'roun' tel he
Gits yaller with th' golden dus',
  An' s' lazy he falls down,
But gits his wings a-flyin' jes
  Afore he strikes th' groun'.

I like t' set down on th' grass,
  My back agin a tree,
An' watch th' lazy water pass
  (It seems thet way t' me) —
Pass down an' through th' medder
  In th' crookedest o' ways,
Tel it runs into th' river
  An' there I guess it stays.

When work is finished fur th' day,
  An' eatin' 's finished, too,
I like t' smell th' clover-hay
  'At 's moistened with th' dew,
An' watch th' leaves a-movin'
  In a sort o' sleepy way
That 's most confounded soothin';
  An' then I seem t' say:

"I 'm sorry fur you city chaps,
  Like birds kept in a cage
Thet tries t' fly but only flaps
  The'r wings agin th' edge;
But so bein' you city gentry
  Likes city things th' best,
Ef I kin hev th' kentry,
  Why, you kin hev th' rest."

Richard D. Lang.

The Army Wagon.

THE army wagon, the big blue wagon, the six-mule
  wagon, the U. S. wagon,
Was blessed or was cursed, as the best or the worst
Thing a soldier could welcome — or wait for.
It brought his "grub," or, up to the hub, fast in the
  mud
It stuck in the road and blocked the whole train,
While we camped with no supper, and — blessed (?)
  it in vain.
Hard-tack and bacon, candles and soap,
Coffee and sugar, beans, and hope
Of solid comfort, were sheltered over by its canvas
  cover;
Or sacks of grain and bales of hay, or whatever may
Have fed a horse, or stopped the bray of the musical
  mule;
Or ammunition, of any description, for our guns
(Guns big or little); or tent and kettle; all the traps
For "shoulder-straps" might fill the wagons that
Got to camp the very night we had not a bite to eat.

It beat the nation,— many a ration; how it pleased the
  rebels
To capture a train! We did not complain for a sutler's
  wagon
If the "Johnnies" got it,— and him with it,— because
We did not need it and would not heed it; but the
  "sinews of war"
We could not spare, and sometimes a fight for the
  wagon-train
Won the battle, or a whole campaign.

If ever infantry, all tired out, scoffed at cavalry, on the
  rout,
(Who covered their front and flank and rear, and it did
  not appear
How troopers rode while they slumbered, and, often
  outnumbered,
They fought, far away from support, or even hearing,
Of the main force); and if, as, of course, they resent-
  ingly
Would retort unrelentingly, and if the battery folks
Let off their jokes at both — all welcomed each other
On the line of battle; and all hailed the rattle of the
  wheels
Of the six-mule wagon, the big blue wagon, the Gov-
  ernment wagon!

Why? It meant ammunition, forage, and rations;
Supplies of all sorts — boots and trousers, shirts and
  blouses.
New tents and blankets, hats and shoes;
And the longed-for news from home came in the mail
That reached the front with the wagon-train.

Oh, yes! we all hailed the wagons' coming, filled,
Unless we had to stop to build a bridge; or chop
And carry poles to fill mud-holes; or pry out wheels;
Or wade the slush to pile in brush; or, in the rush,
Shoulder fence-rails and logs to make "corduroy."

Were this an ode (by poets' rules), it were not for mules,
  but
For wagons; yet mules had to be there, "wheelers,"
  "swing team,"
And "leaders"; and if any of the six should get out
  of fix
You would hear from the army teamster,— hear from
  him, anyhow!
Ah! you called him "mule-whacker"; begged his to-
  bacco (or stole it);
Sometimes you poked fun at the man with no gun;
  but, then,
You cannot forget that, though sorely beset, he seldom
  yet
Failed to reach camp, some time before morning.
With the big blue wagon, the white-covered wagon,
  the
United States Government army wagon!

C. S. Irwin.

A Supposition.

"Suthin' in the pastoral line."
Lowell.

He had been trying all the winter through
To speak the fateful words; and well she knew
He had been trying — but what could she do?

Most maidenly of little maids was she,
With childlike horror that such thing could be
As that a woman could be "fast" or "free."

And just because he did adore her so,
His tongue would stammer, and his voice would go,
At bare idea of a possible "No."

He had a friend, a learned young professor,
Him he had constituted his confessor,
And general moral gauger and assessor.

To him were told the maiden's simple wiles,
Her pretty blushes and beguiling smiles,
In many words, and various moods and styles.

The swain would boast him to the little maid,
When he of other subjects was afraid,
Of all the learning that his friend displayed.

And so, one evening, when it chanced that she
Was bidden to an "evening company,"
She went, with hope this paragon to see.

And he was there; so, too, her bashful swain,
Who, strangely, did not help her to attain
The introduction which she hoped to gain.

For he had suddenly grown sore afraid
That a professor of so high a grade
Would straight supplant him with his little maid.

She waited long, and then,— most hardily
For one who thought that maids should not be "free,"—
"Will you present me to your friend?" said she.

Now was his chance! Fiercely his pulses hammered,
She 'd surely hear his heart, so loud it clamored;
"I — can't present you — you 're not mine!" he stammered.

"And if you were"— now, that he had begun,
His courage rose — "I 'd keep you, dearest one!"
"Always?" she murmured. "Always!" It was done!

Margaret Vandegrift.

Squire Hobbs's Precepts.

We never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh.

Despair is the gateway to insanity.

Argument will pull a wise man down to the level of a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plane of a wise man.

Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man who is not expecting it.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

While the Clock Strikes.

AT A CARD-PARTY.

Hostess.— Do stop playing a moment! I want you to hear what a beautiful tone my new clock has.

Players.— Yes, do let 's stop to hear the clock strike! We can whisper.

The clock strikes one.

Young Blunt to Miss D.— If I may begin the whispering, Miss D., you are looking unusually handsome to-night.

Miss D.— Yes, but that does not entitle you to hold my hand, Mr. Blunt.

The clock strikes two.

Old Mrs. A. — How strangely young Mr. Blunt is blushing. What can be the cause?

Old Mr. A.— Don't you see? The proximity of a flirt.

The clock strikes three.

Mr. Z. to young Mrs. Z.— Dear! your hand is so soft to-night. You don't mind my holding it under the table, do you?

Young Mrs. Z.— Holding it under the table? I don't understand you.

The clock strikes four.

Miss D. to young Blunt.— Dear Mr. Blunt, really you must release me now. Some one will see us.

Young Blunt.— There is some mistake. I never held a hand in my life — except at whist.

The clock strikes five.

Old Mrs. A.— Mr. Blunt is blushing more than ever. Do offer an explanation.

Old Mr. A.— Well — Miss D. has asked him to marry her.

The clock strikes six.

Young Blunt to Mrs. Z.— I have such a joke! Somebody is holding Miss D.'s hand, and she thinks it 's I.

Young Mrs. Z.— Oh, dear, who *can* it be?

The clock strikes seven.

Hostess to Daughter.—Why is Mrs. Z. making such unearthly faces at her husband?

The Daughter.— Is n't his cravat coming off?

The clock strikes eight.

Mrs. Z. to Mr. Z.— For Heaven's sake, Henry, drop my hand! It is n't mine, it 's Miss D.'s.

Mr. Z.— Saints and martyrs!

The clock strikes nine.

Mrs. Z. urbanely to Miss D.— How nice and warm your hand was, my dear.

Miss D.— Nice and warm? — Why, it was *you*, then!

The clock strikes ten.

Old Mrs. A.— Now Miss D. is blushing too. What *can* it all be about?

Old Mr. A. — Young Blunt has told her he 's sorry, but his heart is another's.

The clock strikes eleven.

Miss D. to young Blunt.— I take it all back, Mr. Blunt. I forgot that you dislike jokes.

Young Blunt.— Ha! ha! I like them first rate. Only I thought you were in earnest, you know.

Miss D.— Oh, how stupid!

The clock strikes twelve.

Hostess (aloud).— There! Confess that you never heard quite such a clock.

All (aloud).— Oh, we never did! So silvery! And so slow!

(The playing goes on again.)

Xenos Clark.

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DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

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THE COMING OF WINTER.

ONE year's occupation of a quarter-section of wild land means but a slight foothold in a new country — a cabin, rude as a magpie's nest; a crop of wild hay, if the settler is near a river-bottom; the tools and stock he brought with him; a few chickens not yet acclimated; a few seeds and slips from the last home; probably a new baby.

Now that the wild-geese are beginning to fly, a chance shot may furnish a meal, where every meal counts. The young wife holds the baby's blanket close to its exposed ear to deaden the report of the gun. She is not so sure of the marksman's aim as she would have been a year before she married him. He is one of an uncertain crop of husbandmen that springs up quickly on new soil, but nowhere strikes deep roots.

The prettiest girl of his native village, somewhere in the South-west, will have fancied him, and have consented to take her place beside him on the front seat of his canvas-topped wagon when the inevitable vague westward impulse seized him. As the miles lengthen behind them and "their garments and their shoes become old by reason of the long journey," she will lose her interest in the forward outlook and spend more and more of her time among the bedquilts and hen-coops in the rear of the wagon, half asleep, or watching listlessly the plains they crawl across and the slow rise and fall of the strange hills they climb.

When the settlers stop, it is not because they have reached the place to which they meant to go, but because they have found a sheltered valley with water and wild grass. The wagon needs mending, they and their cattle are tired. While they rest, they build a rude cabin, the baby is born, summer has passed. It is too late to move that winter.

The home-seeker, with all the West before him, will be wary of the final choice which costs him the freedom of the road. He is like a child in a great toy-shop full of high-priced, remotely imaginable joys, and with but a single penny in his pocket. So long as he nurses the penny unspent he is the potential possessor; a man of much wider scope, much larger resources, than the actual possessor. Birds in the bush that beckon and call are not of the same species as the bird that lies tamely in hand.

Teamsters, toiling across the great lava beds, on their way to the mountain mining-towns, make camp near the cabin in the willow-brake, sit by the settler's fire, and their talk is the large talk of the men of the road — of placer claims on the rivers far to the north, where water is plentiful all the year; of the grass, how rich and tall it grows in Long Valley, and how few stock-men with their herds have got into that region as yet.

The settler's eye is brilliant as he listens. He is losing time; he yearns for the spring, and the dawn of new chances. But he is a restless, not a resolved man, and with spring come back the birds of promise, the valley rings with their music, the seeds are up in the garden, and the baby is learning to walk.

Out of the poorest thousand in Manasseh was Gideon chosen. It may be that the child, so soon escaping out of the languid mother's arms, may be one of the mighty men in the new country where his parents waited to rest awhile before moving farther on. * * *

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THE THREE MARYS. ("HE IS NOT HERE.")
(One of the panels, minus a portion at the top, contained in the large one. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)

DUCCIO.

(BORN ABOUT 1260, DIED ABOUT 1340.)

THE history of one of the best painters of the beginning of the Italian renaissance is almost limited to the evidence in his works. Who his master was is conjectural; but that he belonged to a vigorous school, of which he was, as was Cimabue of the Florentine, a progressive pupil, is clear. We have the same tradition of his Madonna being carried in triumphal procession to the Duomo from the painter's workshop (*bottega*); we have his name in contracts, and know something of the conditions of his working; but of the work itself we have only one panel of settled authenticity — the Madonna which was carried to the Duomo with honor, and one other, accepted as his by the most authoritative opinions and now in the National Gallery at London. But the "Documents for the History of Sienese Art" of Milanesi disclose a state of the arts at Siena of which we have no evidence in Florence; for while in the latter place the Byzantine painters were succeeded practically by Giotto, only the few pupils of Cimabue intervening in the record and no such organization appearing as we find at Siena, we have the written constitution of a guild of painters dated only a few years after Duccio's death, showing that art was probably more earnestly cultivated and patronized in the latter than in the former city. The crown of Siena's civic prosperity antedates that of her great Tuscan rival and ultimate conqueror, and in the days of which we are now examining the record Florence was in the humiliation and exhaustion of the greatest defeat of her history.

There is a constitution of the "Art of Sienese Painters" of the date 1355, which is evidently the codification of the laws under which the school had worked and grown up, and which, as a picture of the spirit of the art of that day, is worth translating. It opens with a solemn invocation:

In the beginning, in the midst, and in the end of doing and saying our order is in the name of the omnipotent God and of his Virgin Mother our Lady Saint Mary. Amen.

Therefore we are, by the grace of God, shewers to common men, who are ignorant of letters, of the miraculous things done by virtue and virtue of the holy faith; and our faith is chiefly founded in worshiping and believing in one God in Trinity and in God and [his] infinite power and infinite wisdom and infinite love and mercy: and no thing, however little, can have beginning or end without these three things; viz., without power and without knowledge and without will with love. And because in God is the sum of all perfection, therefore, in this our however small business, in order that we may have a certain inspiration of good beginning and good end in all our sayings and doings, with great desire we call for the aid of the Divine grace, and we begin our invocation with honor of, and in the name of, the most Holy Trinity. And because spiritual things ought to be, and are, excellently before and preciously above temporal, we begin by declaring how we celebrate our feast of the venerable and glorious master Saint Luke, who was not only the designer [*figuratore*] of the stature and mien of the glorious Virgin Mary, but was writer of her most holy life and of her most holy customs, whence is our art honored.

Then follow the laws of the guild, beginning with the ordinance for the observance of the Feast of St. Luke and of the mutual obligation of the members and their rights and duties. One runs thus:

And we order that no one of the art of painters shall dare or presume to put in the work which he may do other gold, or silver, or color than that which he shall have promised: as, for instance, gold half fine for fine, tin for silver, German blue for ultramarine blue, biadetto or indigo for blue, terra rosa or red lead for vermilion; and who contravenes in the said matters shall be punished and condemned ten pounds for every offense.

Every member was held to rigid obedience to the rector, and the laws relating to good faith and honest dealing with each other and with customers were most stringent. The secrets of the guild were kept, under severe penalties. It was in this guild that Duccio learned his trade.

In 1308 was executed the agreement between Duccio and Jacopo of Siena, son of Gilberto Mariscotti, head-master of the Duomo, for the painting of the picture still there. Jacopo of one part, and Duccio, son of the late Buoninsegna, of the other, agree as follows:

That the said Duccio shall accept from the said master, for painting, a certain picture [panel] to be put on the high altar of the greater church of Saint Mary of Siena. . . . First, that said Duccio promises and agrees with said master Jacopo, etc., to paint and execute said picture to the best of his knowledge and ability and as God may permit him, and to work continuously on said picture such time as he may be able to work on the same, and not to accept or receive any other work to be done until this



THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.
(Detail from a small panel painting. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)

picture shall be completed and made. But said Jacopo promises to give and pay said Duccio for his salary at said work and labor [*operis et laborerii*] sixteen soldi of Sienese money for each day which said Duccio may work with his hands on the said picture, except that if he should lose any day there shall be deducted from the said salary according to the time lost; that said master holds and promises to give said Duccio this salary in this manner: for each month which said Duccio may work on said picture to give said Duccio ten pounds in current silver money and the remainder of said salary to be counted in silver money, which the same Duccio is held to give to the work of St. Mary above mentioned. *Item.*—The said master workman promises in the above-mentioned name to furnish and give all things which may be necessary for working on said picture, so that said Duccio shall be obliged to give nothing except himself and his labor.

The agreement then goes on to prescribe the penalties for failure to observe all its conditions; and in addition Duccio, for greater security, "swore voluntarily on the holy Gospel of God, touching the book bodily, to observe and comply with all and singular in good faith and without fraud in and for all things as above contained."

The picture—or rather pictures, for it includes a Madonna and Child on one side of the panel and on the other a series of small designs from the life of Christ—occupied, according to the chroniclers, three years, and cost over 3000 golden florins; but as the contract was signed on the 9th of October, 1308, and the picture was carried to the Duomo June 9, 1310, it is difficult to see on what evidence they assign this period, as the dates definitely stated make an interval of 20 months. The *festa* of the transportation to the Duomo from the workshop of Duccio was memorable. The Sienese chronicler Tura del Grasso says that it "was the most beautiful picture ever seen or made, and cost more than three thousand golden florins." Another, Bondene, says Duccio painted this picture in three years, and every day "made festa,"—all festas begin with worship, hence our term "holiday" and the Italian *festa* (from Latin *fasta*, sacred or fortunate); and this allusion to Duccio's festas evidently means that he began every day with worship,—and Sundays he went "in great devotion [with great ceremony] to the Duomo," his ordinary daily devotions being probably performed in the Chapel of St. Luke.

An anonymous manuscript in the library of Siena, quoted by Milanesi, has the following account of the picture:

> And in the same time and by the aforesaid Signiory it was provided to make the picture of the high altar, and that which now stands on the altar of St. Boniface, which is called the Madonna of the big eyes and Madonna of thanks [*delle grazie*], was taken away. Now this Madonna was that which was vowed by the people of Siena when the Florentines were broken and defeated at Monte Aperto; and in this manner was changed the said picture, because the new one was made which is much more beautiful and devout and larger, and has at the back the Old and New Testament. And in the day that it was carried to the Duomo the shops were shut and the Bishop ordered a great and devout company of priests and friars with a solemn procession, accompanied by the Signiory of nine and all the functionaries of the Commune and all the people; and hand in hand all the most notable were near the picture with lighted candles in their hands, and then came the women and children with great devotion and accompanied the said picture as far as the Duomo, making the procession around the church, as is the custom, ringing the bell with full peals with reverence for so noble a picture as is this. This picture is by Duccio, son of Niccola, painter (he was son of Buoninsegna), and was made in the house of Muciatti outside the gate of Stalloregi. And all those days he went to prayers with much alms to the poor, praying God and his Mother, who is our Advocate, to defend us by his infinite pity from every disaster and evil and protect us from the hands of traitors and enemies of Siena.

Another contract shows that Duccio was to be paid two and a half florins in gold for each of the little pictures at the back of the great Madonna, thirty-eight in number. But in 1285 a contract had been made between Duccio and the rectors for the brotherhood of St. Mary of Florence providing for a picture for this chapel in Santa Maria Novella, the conditions of which contract are such as to indicate that he was then yet on trial, as might well be the case, he being probably not above twenty-five years of age. These conditions are that the painter is "to paint and ornament said picture with the figure of the blessed Virgin Mary and her omnipotent Son, and other figures at the will and pleasure of the society, and to gild and do all and singular other things which appertain to the beauty of said picture at his own charge and expense"; and that if the picture shall satisfy the society the painter shall receive one hundred and fifty little florins of gold, and if not "beautiful and elaborate to their pleasure" Duccio is to keep the picture himself. This testimony to his reputation in the city of Cimabue and at so early a period in his life, while it does not in the conditions of the contract determine that he was a proved workman in the eyes of the Florentines, is sufficient evidence that his fame, even in those days, was that of a rival of the master of Giotto. The picture painted for Santa Maria Novella is lost, but appears to have satisfied the brotherhood. That in Siena, while prescribing the general character of the Byzantine type so far as the Madonna and Child are concerned, has in the heads of the angels surrounding her a perception of the ideal which is more allied to antique art than



BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN.
(Small panel painting, complete. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)

anything else I know of that epoch, and reminds one of the work of Niccola Pisano, whose influence Duccio must have felt strongly, as Niccola came to Siena in 1266 to 1268, when Duccio was still a boy — if born, as is conjectured, about 1260.

Of his death, as of his birth, we know nothing. He appears for the first time in authentic record in his contract for Santa Maria Novella, and last in a notice of some work done in 1320. The color of his great Madonna is akin to that of the works of the Florentine contemporary school, and shows clearly that a common canon had been the foundation of both schools; and if the remains justify a comparison I should say that the work of Duccio shows more originality of design in his story pictures. But we must remember that for the Madonna and the more important sacred personages the fixed sacred types were imperative, and that less of Duccio's greatness would be seen in such subjects than in those in which precedent was less rigorous, as in the Scripture stories at the back of the panel.

I have little hesitation indeed in saying that in most of the qualities by which Giotto has attained the position assigned him as a renovator of art Duccio rivaled him, and possibly surpassed him in some. How far the subsequent domination of Florence resulted in the neglect or destruction of the works of the masters of the great rival school of Siena we can only conjecture; of the fact that little remains of its early masters we are unfortunately only too sure. Did we possess as full a representation of the work of Duccio as we do of that of Giotto, we might be compelled to give "the cry" to the former. The twenty-six small pictures in the Siena panel have the dramatic power of Giotto with a grave tenderness of expression which is seen in but few of the Florentine painter's pictures, and one of Mr. Cole's selections — the Marys at the tomb — was a classic in the later days, serving as type of the treatment of the subject.

There is nothing to show that in his extraordinary understanding of perspective Giotto was not alone, nor can we find the evidence in what we have of Duccio's work of such amazing intellectual range and power as Giotto's. In perspective the Florentine seems to have had an inspiration, for in his time the science of perspective had no development such as we find in his works; his feeling for it and accuracy in it are, apparently, exceptional. Duccio does not show them: see, for instance, the feet of St. Thomas in the engraving, the nearer foot being that which should be the farther; a fault that no student of the figure in his first year could commit to-day. In the position of Christ in the same picture note the manner in which he is shown to be suspended in the air, the recess being made for the sake of the step, against the perpendicular side of which we see Christ's feet.

We owe to Charles Fairfax Murray, the English painter and connoisseur, the removal of the Duccios from the cathedral, where a satisfactory sight of them was impossible, to the museum of the Opera, where they can be perfectly well seen and studied.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

FLORENCE, September 13, 1887.—I should like to write particularly of the artist Duccio, or rather of his work, which has really fascinated me and held me in thralldom for the past few months. His marvelous subtilties are now discoverable, since he has emerged from his long obscurity in the Duomo to the excellent light of the Opera del Duomo. When away from Duccio I have sometimes wondered whether the high qualities that I was attributing to him were not a little of my own making, and this thought added gusto to my next visit. But I am convinced now that he cannot be praised too highly, and in fact each time that I come away from him it is with a sublimer idea of the man. He is strength and ineffable tenderness artlessly combined, but he must be seen and studied to be believed in. No artist should be without photographs of his works; and here let me add that Lombardi, the photographer of Siena, has offered to do the whole series, thirty-eight in number, for one hundred dollars, and to give three copies of each subject. They have never been photographed directly from the originals, but from tracings of them made by some bungler. These existing photographs are worse than useless: perhaps, since the pictures were hanging in the dark, it was impossible to do them better.

THE THREE MARYS.

THE subject is the twenty-fourth section of the large panel, and tells of the resurrection of Christ and of the particular moment where the angel says to the woman, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay" (Matt. xxviii. 6). The figures in all the series measure about nine inches high. The outlines of the compositions were sketched in the gesso ground with a point, but in the painting in of the subjects these outlines are often diverged from slightly in particular points, as around the hands and faces — modifications of the drawing; so photographs, which always give these original outlines, because of the light catching on one side or the other of the incisions, are often deceptive as to the true outlines.

The colors are lively and transparent, and the skies and glories are gold. The whole is softened and enriched by time, and, save for the innumerable fine cracks in the surface and occasional worm-holes, all is in good preservation. In the reproduction of these early men I discard all scratches, cracks, worn places, and peelings, as the attention is not particularly attracted by such defects when not affecting the expression of any particular part; but should it be a face, for instance, that

was so defaced, I should by all means as carefully reproduce the crack or peeling as I would any other portion of it, out of deference to the intrinsic value of the expression of the whole and the intention of the artist.

In engraving the glories and gold parts I always put them in the highest light; for as the light strikes them sidewise they shine out brightly above the other tints, and this no doubt was one of the most desirable effects gained in the use of gold. In the subject in question, No. 24 of the large panel, the drapery of the foremost figure of the group of three is a light soft tone of vermilion, the underrobe a delicate tone of blue a few degrees darker in tone than the red above it. Her draped hand presses the box of ointment to her breast. The next figure, similarly holding a vase, is clad in light purple, stronger in tone, however, than the red, and the underrobe a warm bluish gray, being a tone of white in shadow. The middle figure in the rear is in green, darker in tone than the red, but lighter than the purple. The flesh tints are soft and luminous and brighter than the garments, but the flesh of the angel is darker, and has a reddish cast. The white garment of the angel is of a soft warm reddish tone, and the tomb partakes of the same tone, but darker. The angel has red stockings. The rocks forming the background are of a warm gray tone in the light portions, clear and deep in the shaded parts. No doubt the defective perspective of the slab on which the angel sits will be noticed by the critical. I have asked several of the uninitiated if they saw anything wrong about the tomb; no one has, however, but all instantly remark upon the calm serenity of the angel. How finely this is contrasted with the awe rather than fear in the group of the three Marys. You could not imagine a grander or simpler composition. I have cut off part of the upper portion of the picture, which takes away the upper part of the rock above the angel's head; this enabled me to do greater justice to the heads, which were thus made larger on the block.

Please note that when I engrave an entire picture, I surround it by a line. A line around a picture is evidence of its completeness; in France a dealer in engravings makes a point of this. So if I cut off a portion of a picture I leave that side from which the part was cut *without a line*, as in the above instance; and if I select a detail from the center of a picture I leave it without a line entirely, as in the case of the Cimabue in Santa Maria Novella.

THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

THE subject is a detail from the "Incredulity of St. Thomas," one of the small panels which adorned the base of the large one of twenty-six. It hangs in the same room as the large one, in the Opera del Duomo. I have selected the principal figures of Christ and Thomas, and the half figure of St. Peter behind. You will be struck, I am sure, with the action of St. Thomas. The way in which Duccio expresses the doubt and hesitation of Thomas is something wonderful. Notice his wavering action — how the left foot comes forward as he goes towards the wall; his timidity as he dares to put his finger into the wound of Christ. But then look at Christ, his calm dignity and mild, reproving manner, his sweetly benignant aspect, and the majesty of his figure with the arm uplifted. There is a gentle, kind, pitiful look in his face that I must confess I have failed to get in my engraving; otherwise my reproduction looks something like it — and this is about as much as I can conscientiously say of all my blocks, though I continually put forth my best effort, for these things are a great inspiration to me. The treatment of the garment of Christ serves as a very good example of the Byzantine method in the miniature illuminations, the gold markings of which were altogether too delicate to reproduce with any effect in engraving. While in the Byzantine miniatures the robe of Christ is always illuminated, Duccio has given it significance by thus treating it only *after the resurrection*, as though he meant thus to typify the glorified garment; for in all the instances before Christ's resurrection his robes are left plain blue and red.

BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN.

NOVEMBER 5, 1887.— The subject is one of the small panels, 18x21 inches, in the Opera del Duomo, Siena, and the legend, or rather the part connected with the illustration, is as follows (I give only that portion of it which is more intimately connected with this particular illustration): "After the dispersion of the apostles, the Blessed Virgin is reported to have dwelt in her house, beside Mount Sion, and to have sedulously visited all the spots of her Son's life and passion so long as she lived; and she is reported to have lived twenty-four years after the ascension of Christ. And when, on a certain day, her heart burnt within her with longing for her Son, so that she broke out into very abundant tears, the angel Gabriel stood beside her and reverently saluted her, and told her, on part of her Son, that after three days she should depart from the flesh and reign with Him forever. And he gave her a branch of palm from Paradise which he commanded should be borne before the bier. And the Virgin, rejoicing, besought two boons of the angel, to wit, that her sons, the apostles, might be assembled at her death, that she might die in their presence; and secondly, that, in expiring, she might not behold Satan. And the angel promised that these things should be. And the palm-branch was green in the stem, but its leaves were like the morning star. And while John was preaching in Ephesus behold it thundered, and a cloud caught him away and set him down at Mary's door, and entering in, Mary marveled and wept for joy. And she told him how she had been sent for by the Lord and that Christ had brought him to her, and she besought him to take charge of her burial and to bear the palm-branch before the bier. And while John was wishing for the presence of his brother apostles, behold they were all transported in clouds from the places where they preached, and collected together before the door of Mary; to whom, while they gazed on each other greatly astonished, John went forth, and warned them of Mary's summons, and admonished them not to weep, nor let it be imputed to them that they who preached the resurrection feared death." (Here I leave out the particular account of Mary's death.)

"For the Lord commanded the apostles that they should carry her body into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and place it in a new tomb that had been dug there, and watch three days beside it till he should return." (Here follows a short eulogy on the purity of the Blessed Virgin.)

"And when the body was laid on the bier, Peter and Paul uplifted it, and the other apostles ranged themselves around it." (Then comes a description of the carrying of the body of Mary to the tomb.)

"*And the apostles laid the body of the Virgin in the tomb.*" (This is the particular portion forming the subject of the picture.) "And they watched beside it three days, and on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels, and raised up Mary, and she was received, body and soul, into heaven."

"According to some accounts," says Lindsay, "the apostle Thomas was not present at the Virgin's assumption"; and this accounts for there being only twelve apostles around the Virgin at her entombment, instead of thirteen, which the addition of Paul would make had Thomas been present.

Speaking of the coloring of Duccio, Eastlake, in a few superficial remarks, says he is "devoid of relief" in this respect. I leave the reader to judge, from the last example shown, how totally at variance with the truth this is. In some instances his coloring is Titianesque — warm, lustrous, and deep. The garment of the Virgin in the entombment is a deep blue, of a most charming hue. That of the apostle next to Peter and immediately above the head of the Virgin is also a blue, but of a different, warmer, and softer tone, so that here, for instance, is a relief of color very subtile and harmonious. That of the apostle John, who holds the palm-branch, is a rose-pink in the high lights, shading to a deeper red. The contrast this makes with the lovely blues is the most pleasing thing imaginable to look upon. Now the garments of the apostle whose head comes just above the stars of the palm-branch are also red, similar in tone to the deep shading in John's garment; but there is a softness of tone about it that gives just the proper relief to the latter. Then the palm-branch, of which the stars are gold, is a delicious soft, tender green, shading gently deeper to one side, and this again is properly relieved against the deeper green of the garment of the apostle the top of whose head comes just behind three of the stars. This apostle, from the type of his face and his long hair, is evidently James, the brother of our Lord. The garment of the one next to him, whose hand comes in proximity with those of the Virgin, is a charming mixture of warm purple and greenish-blue tints. That of the one next to him is of a warm brown, well relieved against the brownish shadows of the rock behind. So on throughout — always a pleasing variety and subtile relief of color. The marble tomb is of a reddish, warm tone, roughly hewn, as I have engraved it. The trees, carefully worked up in detail, are of various shades of lustrous green, and the sky and glories around the heads are gold. The flesh tints are warm brownish yellows, while the flesh of the Virgin is relieved from that of the others, being deader in tone. The whole is a most harmonious combination of color — a true symphony in color.

T. Cole.

LIFE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

THE extension of our acquaintance in Tomsk, on one side with Government officials and on the other with political exiles, led now and then to peculiar and embarrassing situations. A day or two before our departure for Irkutsk, while two of the politicals — Messrs. Volkhofski and Chudnofski — were sitting in our room at the European Hotel, a servant suddenly knocked, threw open the door, and announced his Excellency Actual State Councilor Petukhof, the governor *pro tem.* of the province. My heart, as the Russians say, went into my fingers' ends. I did not know what relations existed between the banished revolutionists and Governor Petukhof. We had called several times upon the latter without referring in any way to our acquaintance with this class of criminals; and in all our intercourse with the Tomsk officials we had treated the subject of political exile with studied indifference, in order to avert suspicion and escape troublesome inquiries. To be then surprised by the governor himself while two prominent politicals were sitting in our room and writing at our table was, to say the least, embarrassing. I had just had time to ask Volkhofski and Chudnofski whether or not I should introduce them to the governor, when the latter, in full uniform, entered the room. There was a curious expression of surprise in his good-humored face as he took in at a glance the situation; but the removal of his heavy overcoat and galoshes gave him an opportunity to recover himself, and as he came forward with outstretched hand to greet Mr. Frost and me there was nothing in his manner to indicate the least annoyance or embarrassment. He shook hands cordially with the two political exiles, who had been condemned by a court of justice to penal servitude; began at once a conversation in which they could join, and behaved generally with so much tact and courtesy, that in five minutes we were all chatting together as unceremoniously as if we were old acquaintances who had met accidentally at a club. It was, however, a strangely constituted group: an American newspaper man; an American artist; two political exiles who had been punished with solitary confinement, leg-fetters, and the strait-jacket; and, finally, the highest provincial representative of the Government that had so dealt with these exiles — all meeting upon the common footing of per-

sonal character, and ignoring, for the time, the peculiar network of interrelations that united them. Whether or not Governor Petukhof reported to the Minister of the Interior that we had made the acquaintance of the political criminals in Tomsk, I do not know — probably not. He seemed to me to be a faithful officer of the Crown, but, at the same time, a man of culture, ability, and good sense; and while he doubtless disapproved of the revolutionary movement, he recognized the fact that among the banished revolutionists were men of education, refinement, and high personal character, who might, naturally enough, attract the attention of foreign travelers.

The number of politicals in Tomsk, at the time of our visit, was about 30, including 6 or 8 women. Some of them were administrative exiles, who had only just arrived from European Russia; some were "poselentse," or forced colonists, who had been banished originally to "the most remote part" of Siberia, but who had finally been allowed to return in broken health to a "less remote part"; while a few were survivors of the famous "193," who had languished for years in the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress, and had then been sent to the plains of Western Siberia.

I was surprised to find among the administrative exiles in Tomsk men and women who had just returned from long terms of banishment in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk. "How did it happen," I said to one of them, "that you, a mere administrative exile, were sent to the worst part of Eastern Siberia? I thought that the province of Yakutsk was reserved as a place of punishment for the more dangerous class of political offenders, and for compulsory colonists from the mines of the Trans-Baikal."

"That is not quite the case," he replied. "It is true that administrative exiles are usually sent to some part of Western Siberia, but they are frequently transferred afterward to the province of Yakutsk. I myself was sent to Western Siberia in the first place, but in 1881 I was transported to Yakutsk because I would not take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III."

"Do you mean," I said, "that the Government, while punishing you for treason, required you to take an oath of loyalty?"

"Precisely," he replied; "and because I could n't and would n't do it, I was banished to a Yakut ooloos."[1]

"But," I exclaimed, "that was not only unjust, but stupid. What was the use of asking a political exile to swear that he was a loyal citizen?"

"There was no use of it," he answered; "but it was done. The Government did not even content itself with exacting an oath of loyalty, but required me to swear that I would tell all I knew about the revolutionary movement; or, in other words, betray my friends. I could not do that, even if I had been changed into a loyal subject by banishment."

Further inquiry elicited the fact, which was then a new one to me, that all administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when Alexander III. came to the throne in 1881 were required by the Minister of the Interior to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar. It was unreasonable, of course, to expect that men who were already undergoing punishment for disloyalty to Alexander II. would stultify themselves by taking an oath of allegiance to Alexander III.; yet the Minister of the Interior either entertained such an expectation, or else made a pretense of it in order to have an excuse for punishing a second time men who had not committed a second offense. If a criminal whose sentence has been pronounced, and who is already in exile, refuses to admit that his criminal act was wrong, such refusal may be a good reason for not setting him at liberty until the expiration of his penal term; but it is hardly a sufficient reason for arbitrarily increasing threefold the severity of his punishment. It would be regarded as a very remarkable proceeding if Governor Oglesby should go to-morrow to the anarchists recently sentenced to state prison in Illinois, require them to declare under oath that they were not anarchists, and then, if they refused, drag them out of their cells and hang them offhand without the ministrations of a clergyman. Yet that is precisely analogous to the action that was taken by the Russian Government in the cases of administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when the present Tsar came to the throne. If the Minister of the Interior did not know that these men were disloyal, he had no right to punish them with exile.

[1] "Ooloos" is the name for a native settlement, consisting perhaps of only one or two earth-covered yourts, situated in the taiga, or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest Russian village and more than 5000 miles from St. Petersburg. The gentleman to whom I here refer was sent to an ooloos in the district of Amga, only five degrees south of the arctic circle, and reached his destination in December, in the midst of an arctic winter. I have a list of names of 79 political offenders who were living in Yakut ooloosses in the year 1882, including the Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, Professor Bogdanovitch, who was formerly instructor in chemistry in a university in Austrian Poland, and M. Linoff, who had lived four or five years in the United States and had taken out his first naturalization papers as an American citizen. The list includes also one Frenchman, one German, and nine educated women. The Frenchman and the German had made appeals for help, I believe, to their own Governments, but without result.

If, on the other hand, he did know that they were disloyal, he acted with cruel injustice in forcing upon them such a choice of alternatives as perjury or a living death in the subarctic province of Yakutsk. Scores of exiled men and women, who had committed no new offense, were sent from Western Siberia to Eastern Siberia, or to Yakut oolooses near the Asiatic pole of cold, simply because they would not perjure themselves and turn informers. One of these unfortunates was the gifted Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko. He had already been banished three times —once to Siberia through an administrative "mistake," and he was then transported to the province of Yakutsk because he would not betray his friends, kiss the mailed hand that had smitten him, and swear that he was a loyal subject of "The Lord's Anointed," Alexander III.

The reader may perhaps think that in describing banishment to a Yakut ooloos as a "living death" I have used too strong an expression. I will therefore describe it as it appears to well-informed and dispassionate Russians. In the early part of the year 1881, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff was in power and when there existed in Russia a limited freedom of the press, Mr. S. A. Priklonski, a well-known author and a gentleman who served at one time on the staff of the governor of the province of Olonets, published in the liberal newspaper "Zemstvo"—which was shortly afterward suppressed—a long and carefully prepared article upon exile by administrative process. In that article—a copy of which now lies before me—Mr. Priklonski, over his own signature, uses the following language with regard to the life of political exiles in Yakut oolooses:

> There exists in the province of Yakutsk a form of exile more severe and more barbarous than anything that the Russian public has yet known, . . . namely, banishment to oolooses. This consists in the assignment of administrative exiles separately to residences in scattered Yakut yourts, situated sometimes many versts one from another. A recent number of the "Russian Gazette" (No. 23), in its correspondence from Yakutsk, publishes the following extract from the letter of an ooloos exile, which graphically describes the awful situation of an educated human being who has been mercilessly thrown into one of the yourts of these arctic savages.
>
> "The Cossacks who had brought me from the town of Yakutsk to my destination soon returned, and I was left alone among Yakuts who do not understand a word of Russian. They watch me constantly, for fear that if I escape they will have to answer for it to the Russian authorities. If I go out of the close atmosphere of the solitary yourt to walk, I am followed by a suspicious Yakut. If I take an ax to cut myself a cane, the Yakut directs me by gestures and pantomime to let it alone and go back into the yourt. I return thither, and before the fireplace I see a Yakut who has stripped himself naked and is hunting for lice in his clothing—a pleasant picture! The Yakuts live in winter in the same buildings with their cattle, and frequently are not separated from the latter even by the thinnest partition. The excrement of the cattle and of the children; the inconceivable disorder and filth; the rotting straw and rags; the myriads of vermin in the bedding; the foul, oppressive air; and the impossibility of speaking a word of Russian—all these things taken together are positively enough to drive one insane. The food of the Yakuts can hardly be eaten. It is carelessly prepared, without salt, often of tainted materials, and the unaccustomed stomach rejects it with nausea. I have no separate dishes or clothing of my own; there are no facilities for bathing, and during the whole winter—eight months—I am as dirty as a Yakut. I cannot go anywhere—least of all to the town, which is two hundred versts distant. I live with the Yakuts by turns—staying with one family for six weeks, and then going for the same length of time to another. I have nothing to read,—neither books nor newspapers,—and I know nothing of what is going on in the world."
>
> Beyond this [says Mr. Priklonski in commenting upon the letter] severity cannot go. Beyond this there remains nothing to do but to tie a man to the tail of a wild horse and drive him into the steppe, or chain him to a corpse and leave him to fate. One does not wish to believe that a human being can be subjected, without trial and by a mere executive order, to such grievous torment—to a punishment which European civilization has banished from its penal code even for the most desperate class of villains whose inhuman crimes have been proved by trial in a criminal court. And yet we are assured by the correspondent of the "Russian Gazette" that up to this time none of the exiles in the province of Yakutsk have been granted any alleviating privileges; ten newly arrived administratives have been distributed,—most of them among the oolooses,—and more are expected in the near future.[1]

The statements made in Mr. Priklonski's article are supported by private letters, now in my possession, from ooloos exiles, by the

[1] Since Mr. Priklonski, the fearless and talented author of this article, is now dead, I may say, without fear of injuring him, that he himself gave me the copy of it that I now have, together with a quantity of other manuscript material relating to exile by administrative process. He was a man of high character and more than ordinary ability, and is well and favorably known in Russia as the author of "Sketches of Self-government," published in 1884; "Popular Life in the North," which appeared in 1886; and a large number of articles upon local self-government and the condition of the Russian peasantry, printed from time to time in the journals "The Week," "Zemstvo," and "Russian Thought." Mr. Priklonski was not a revolutionist, and the article from which I have made quotations was not published in a revolutionary sheet. It appeared in the "Zemstvo," the unofficial organ of the Russian provincial assemblies, which was at that time under the editorial management of the well-known author and publicist Mr. V. U. Skalon. I mention these

concurrent testimony of a large number of politicals who have lived through this experience, and by my own personal observation. I have myself slept in sod-covered Yakut yourts side by side with cattle; I have borne some of the hardships of life in these wretched habitations, and I know how intolerable it must be for a refined and educated human being — and especially for a woman — to spend months or years in the midst of such an environment. It must be said, however, in fairness, that some administrative exiles, who are allowed to receive money from their friends, buy or build houses for themselves, and have a somewhat more endurable existence. The Russian novelist Korolenko occupied a house of his own, apart from the Yakuts, and a number of the returned ooloos exiles whose acquaintance I made in Tomsk told me that, with the aid of friends, they bought, built, or hired log houses in the ooloosses to which they had been banished, and thus escaped the filth and disorder of the Yakut yourts. Some of them too had a few books, and received letters from their relatives once or twice a year through the police. They suffered, nevertheless, great hardships and privations. Mr. Linoff, a cultivated gentleman who had resided several years in the United States and who spoke English well, told me that after his banishment to the province of Yakutsk he sometimes lived for months at a time without bread, subsisting for the most part upon fish and meat. His health was broken down by his experience, and he died at an East Siberian étape in May, 1886, less than six months after I made his acquaintance. That the life of ooloos exiles, even under the most favorable circumstances, is almost an unendurable one sufficiently appears from the frequency with which they escape from it by self-destruction. Of the seventy-nine politicals who were in exile in the province of Yakutsk in 1882, six had committed suicide previous to 1885. How many have died in that way since then I do not know; but of the six to whom I refer, I have the names.

I was struck in Tomsk by the composure with which political exiles would sometimes talk of intolerable injustice and frightful sufferings. The men and women who had been sent to the province of Yakutsk for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., and who had suffered in that arctic wilderness all that human beings can suffer from hunger and cold and sickness and bereavement, did not seem to be conscious that there was anything very extraordinary in their experience. Now and then some man, whose wife had committed suicide in exile, would flush a little and clinch his hands as he spoke of her; or some broken-hearted woman, whose baby had frozen to death in her arms on the road, would sob at intervals as she tried to tell me her story; but, as a rule, both men and women referred to injustice and suffering with perfect composure, as if they were nothing more than the ordinary accidents of life. Mr. X——, one of the politicals in K——, showed me one day, I remember, a large collection of photographs of his revolutionary friends. Whenever a face struck me as being noteworthy, on account of its beauty or character, I would ask whose it was.

"That," Mr. X—— would say quietly, "is Miss A——, once a teacher in a peasant school; she died of prison consumption in Kiev three years ago. The man with the full beard is B——, formerly a justice of the peace in N——; he was hanged at St. Petersburg in 1879. The thin-faced girl is Miss C——, one of the so-called propagandists; she went insane in the House of Preliminary Detention while awaiting trial. The pretty young woman with the cross on the sleeve of her dress is Madame D——, a Red Cross nurse in one of the field hospitals during the late Russo-Turkish war; she was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude and is now at the mines of Kara. The lady opposite her on the same page is Miss E——, formerly a student in the Bestuzhef medical school for women in St. Petersburg; she cut her throat with a piece of broken glass, after two years of solitary confinement in the fortress."

In this way Mr. X—— went through his whole collection of photographs, suggesting, or sketching hastily, in a few dry, matter-of-fact words, the terrible tragedies in which the originals of the portraits had been actors. He did not show the least emotional excitement, and from his manner it might have been supposed that it was the commonest thing in the world for one's friends to be hanged, sent to the mines, driven insane by solitary confinement, or tortured into cutting their throats with broken glass. His composure, however, was not insensibility, nor lack of sympathy. It was rather the natural result of long familiarity with such tragedies. One may become accustomed in time even to the sights and

facts merely to show that if the Russian Government cared anything about the condition of political exiles in the province of Yakutsk, it had no excuse for inaction. Its attention was called to the subject by persons who did not seek to escape responsibility for their words, and by citizens whose abilities and patriotic services entitled them to a respectful hearing. As the Minister of the Interior has continued to send educated human beings to Yakut ooloosses from that time to this, he has made it impossible for the civilized world to draw any other conclusion than that he consciously and deliberately intends to subject men and women, without trial or hearing, to the miseries set forth in the letter from which Mr. Priklonski quotes.

sounds of a field hospital, and the Russian revolutionists have become so accustomed to injustice and misery that they can speak without emotional excitement of things that made my face flush and my heart beat fast with indignation or pity.

"Twice in my life," said a well-known Russian liberal to me, "I have fully realized what it means to be a free citizen. The first time was when I returned to Russia from the United States in 187–, and noticed at the frontier the difference between the attitude taken by the gendarmes towards me and their attitude towards Englishmen who entered the empire with me. The second time was just now, when I saw the effect produced upon you by the story that Mr. B—— was relating to you. That story seemed to you — as I could plainly see from the expression of your face — something awful and almost incredible. To me it was no more surprising or extraordinary than an account of the running-over of a man in the street. As I watched the play of expression in your face — as I was forced to look at the facts, for a moment, from your point of view — I felt again, to the very bottom of my soul, the difference between a free citizen and a citizen of Russia."

The condition of the banished politicals in Tomsk was better than the condition of such offenders in any other part of Siberia that we visited. Prince Krapotkin complained to me of the climate there as trying and unhealthful; but it did not seem to me to be worse, in any respect, than the climate of northern New England. The educated people of the city were liberal and enterprising; the town had a good bookstore, a public library, a theater, a liberal newspaper,— when it was not under sentence of suspension,— and excellent schools; the Government was less oppressive than in the province of Tobolsk; the political exiles could meet one another freely; most of them could write and receive letters without submitting them to the police for supervision, and it seemed to me that their life there was fairly endurable. In view of these facts, the probability that Tomsk will shortly cease to be a place of banishment for political offenders is a subject for profound regret. Since my last article was written, the Russian Government has announced its intention to open one "faculty," or department,— the so-called "medical faculty,"— of the long-talked-of Siberian university, for which a splendid building was erected in Tomsk, chiefly by private subscription, four years ago. The opening of this institution of learning will probably be the signal for the removal of the political exiles to some other part of the province. The Government takes every possible precaution to prevent the students in its universities from getting "dangerous" ideas, and it will hardly venture to assemble a large number of young men in a city where the intelligent class of citizens is so leavened with "untrustworthy" elements as it is in Tomsk. Bright-witted students who are given an opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of such men as Chudnofski and the late Prince Krapotkin are apt to draw, from the fate of the latter, conclusions that are neither conducive to loyalty nor in harmony with the Government's idea of education. It is greatly to be feared, therefore, that if the Minister of the Interior has finally decided, after four years of deliberation, to try the "dangerous" experiment of opening the Tomsk University, he has also decided to send the Tomsk exiles somewhere else.

On Friday, August 28, after bidding goodbye to the politicals in Tomsk and making final calls upon Colonel Yagodkin and one or two other officers who had been particularly kind and hospitable to us, Mr. Frost and I procured a fresh padorozhnaya, climbed once more into our old tarantas, and set out, with a troika of good post horses, for Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, which was distant from Tomsk 1040 miles. Governor Petukhof had promised that he would send us an open letter directing all convoy officers within his jurisdiction to allow us to inspect étapes; but he had forgotten it, or had reconsidered his promise after finding the political exiles in our room at the European Hotel, and we were left to gain admission to étapes as best we could. Our journey of 260 miles to Achinsk, the first town in Eastern Siberia, was not marked by any noteworthy incident. The part of the province of Tomsk through which we passed was generally rolling, or broken by ranges of low hills, and in appearance it suggested at times the thinly settled forest region of eastern Maine, and at others the fertile farming country of western New York. In some places we rode for hours through a dense second growth of birches, poplars, and evergreens which hid from sight everything except the sky and the black muddy road, and then, a dozen miles farther on, we would come out into an extensive open prairie embroidered with daisies, or cross a wide shallow valley whose bottom and sloping sides were covered with an irregular patchwork of cultivated fields. The weather was cool and fall-like, but the mosquitoes were still troublesome, and the flowers continued to be abundant. On the 6th of September I counted thirty-four different kinds of flowers in blossom beside the road, including wild roses, forget-me-nots, crane's-bill, two or three species of aster, goldenrod, wild mustard, monk's-hood, spirea, buttercups, fire-

weed, bluebells, vase pinks, and Kirghis caps. Many of them were blooming out of their proper season and were represented by only a few scattered specimens; but of others we might have picked millions. The most attractive and highly cultivated region that we saw was that lying between the post stations of Itatskaya and Bogotolskaya, about fifty miles west of Achinsk. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the picture presented by the fertile rolling country with its rich autumnal coloring, the clumps of silver birch and poplar here and there in the flowery meadows, the extensive fields of ripe yellow wheat which stretched away up the gentle sunny slopes of the hills, and the groups of men and women in scarlet or blue shirts who were harvesting the grain with clumsy sickles or eating their noonday lunch in the shade of a frost-tinted birch by the roadside, was a picture not unworthy of an artist's pencil, nor of comparison with any rural landscape of like character in the world.

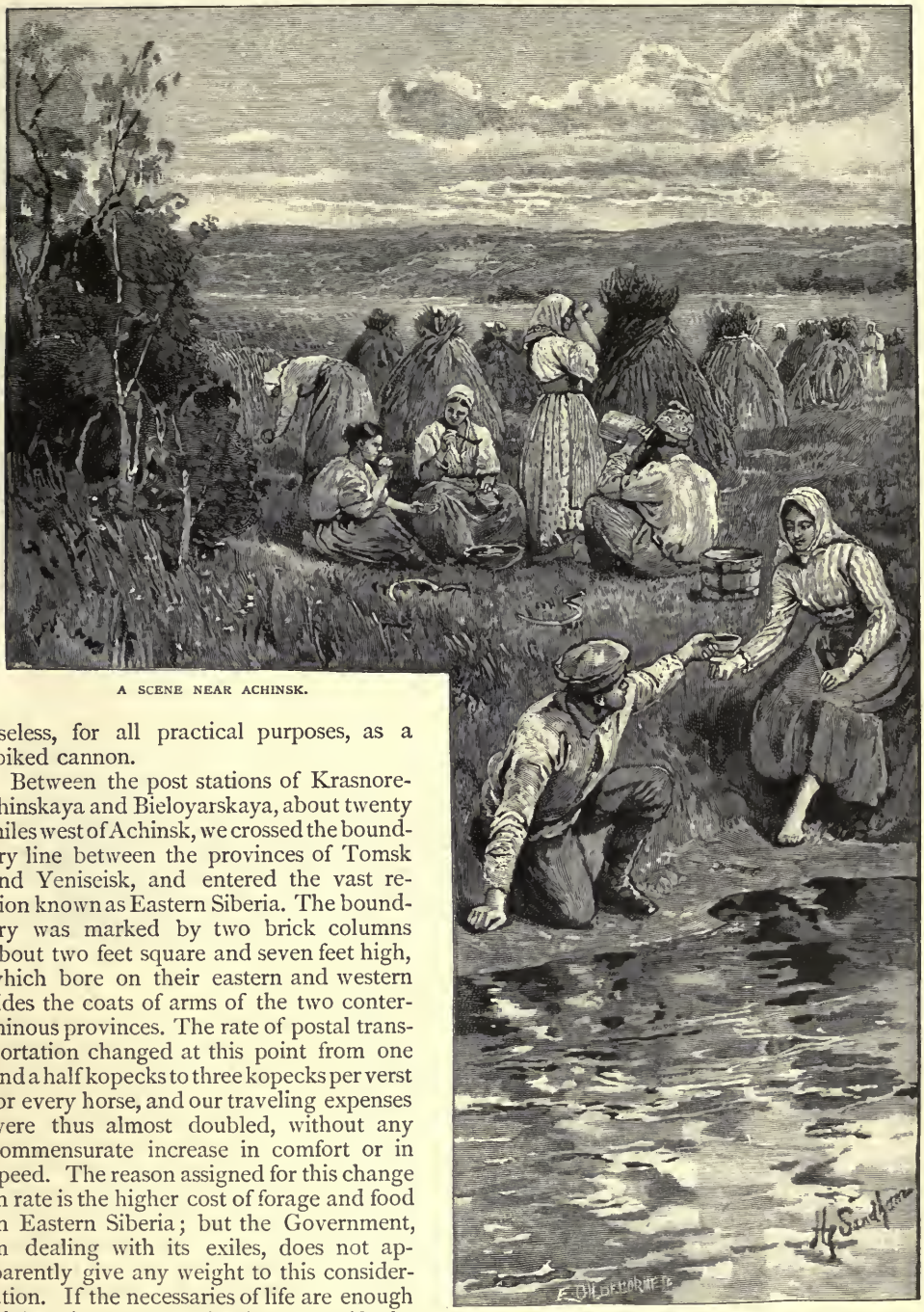
The villages, however, in this part of Siberia were less deserving of commendation than was the scenery. They consisted generally of a double line of gray, unpainted log houses extending sometimes for two or three versts along the miry, chocolate-colored road, without the least sign anywhere of foliage or vegetation, except, perhaps, the leafy branch of a tree nailed up at the door of one of the numerous "kabaks," "Rhine cellars," "drinking establishments," "piteini doms," or "optovi sklads" which in every Siberian village bring revenue to the Government and demoralization to the peasants. These bush-decorated houses are of many different sorts and go by many different names; but they all sell vodka, and, to a great extent, they are responsible for the dirty, slovenly, and poverty-stricken appearance of the peasant villages on the great Siberian road. There are thirty rum-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five rum-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia; and in a country where there exists such a disproportion between the facilities for education and the facilities for intoxication, one cannot reasonably expect to find clean, orderly, or prosperous villages.

The graveyards belonging to the Siberian settlements sometimes seemed to me much more remarkable and noteworthy than the settlements themselves. Near one of the villages that we passed in this part of our journey, I noticed a cemetery in which nearly half the graves were marked by jet-black, three-armed, wooden crosses, covered with narrow A-shaped roofs, and surrounded by red, green, blue, and yellow picket fences. Some of the peculiar black crosses bore the English letters "I. H. S." on one of the arms, while others had painted on them in white the figure of Christ crucified — the legs being made extraordinarily long and thin so as to occupy the whole length of the upright shaft. Anything more remarkable than one of these ghastly white figures, on a black cross, under a gable roof, with a cheerful red, white, and blue picket fence around it, I could hardly imagine; but it furnished a striking proof that the Russian love for crude color triumphs even over death. I do not remember to have seen bright colors used in a graveyard in any other part of the world or among any other people.

Harvesting was in progress all along the road between Tomsk and Achinsk, and in many places the whole population, with the exception of the post station-master and three or four drivers, had gone to the fields. In one village the only inhabitant whom we saw was a flaxen-haired child about five years of age, dressed in a dirty homespun shirt, wearing on a string about its neck a huge cow-bell, and gnawing contentedly at a big raw turnip, as it paddled along the deserted street half-way up to its knees in mud. Whether the cow-bell was one of the child's playthings, or whether the mother had made use of it as a means of finding her offspring when she should return from the harvest field, I do not know; but the combination of child, turnip, and cow-bell, in a village that did not appear to contain another living inhabitant, was novel enough to attract my attention.

In the outskirts of another settlement we were reminded once more that we were in a penal colony by the sight of a handcuffed horse grazing peacefully by the roadside. I knew that the Russian Government had once flogged and exiled to Siberia a free-thinking and insubordinate church-bell [1] because it had not self-control enough to hold its tongue when turned upside down; but I was a little startled, nevertheless, by the idea, which at once suggested itself to me, that the Government had taken to exiling and handcuffing "untrustworthy" horses. Upon making inquiries of the station-master, I was gratified to learn that this was not a horse that had behaved in a manner "prejudicial to public order" by refusing to neigh upon the accession of Alexander III. to the throne, but was merely an animal addicted to vagrancy, whose owner had hoppled him with an old pair of Government handcuffs in order to prevent him from straying. The peasant to whom he belonged had unfortunately lost the key to the handcuffs, and for two or three months the horse had been as

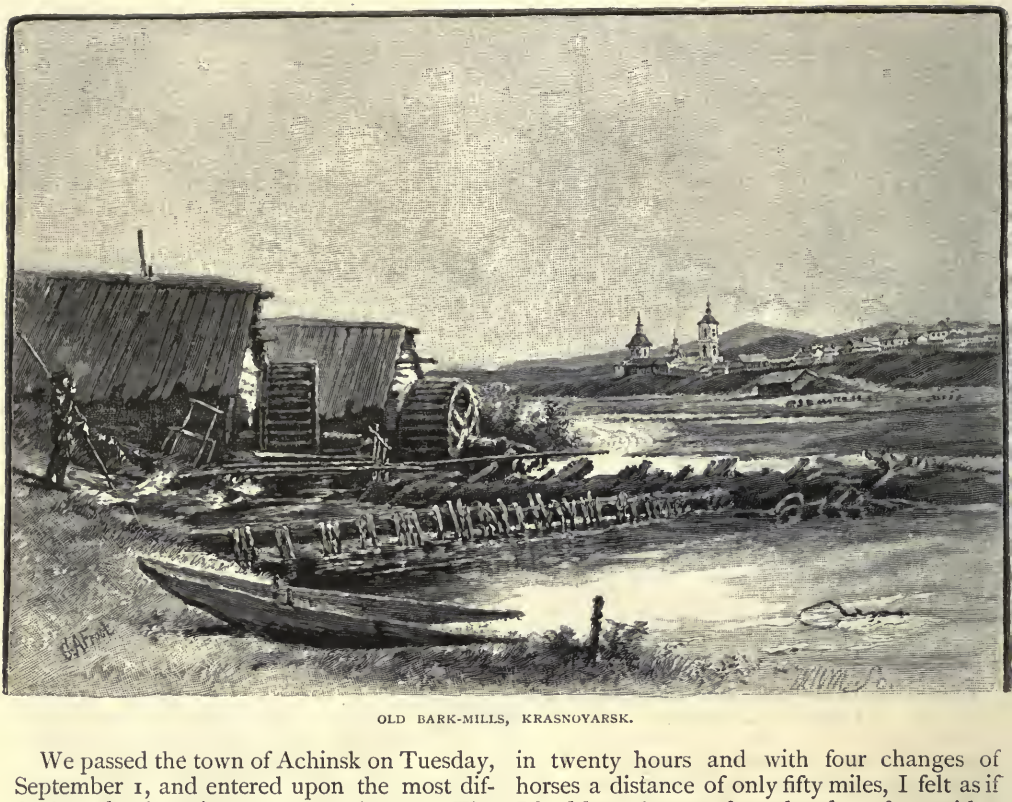
[1] The celebrated bell of Uglitch. It is now in Tobolsk.



A SCENE NEAR ACHINSK.

useless, for all practical purposes, as a spiked cannon.

Between the post stations of Krasnorechinskaya and Bieloyarskaya, about twenty miles west of Achinsk, we crossed the boundary line between the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk, and entered the vast region known as Eastern Siberia. The boundary was marked by two brick columns about two feet square and seven feet high, which bore on their eastern and western sides the coats of arms of the two conterminous provinces. The rate of postal transportation changed at this point from one and a half kopecks to three kopecks per verst for every horse, and our traveling expenses were thus almost doubled, without any commensurate increase in comfort or in speed. The reason assigned for this change in rate is the higher cost of forage and food in Eastern Siberia; but the Government, in dealing with its exiles, does not apparently give any weight to this consideration. If the necessaries of life are enough higher in Eastern Siberia to justify the doubling of the rate for postal transportation, it would seem to follow that they are high enough to require some increase in the ration allowance of the exiles on the road; but no such increase is made. No matter whether it is in Western Siberia or in Eastern Siberia, whether black bread costs two kopecks a pound or seven kopecks a pound, the exile receives neither more nor less than ten kopecks a day. The result of this is that in Western Siberia he generally has enough food to sustain his strength, while in Eastern Siberia, and particularly in the Trans-Baikal, he often suffers from hunger.



OLD BARK-MILLS, KRASNOYARSK.

We passed the town of Achinsk on Tuesday, September 1, and entered upon the most difficult and exhausting part of our journey. The country suddenly became wilder and more mountainous in its character; the road, for a distance of sixty or seventy miles, ran across a series of high wooded ridges, separated one from another by swampy ravines; rain fell almost incessantly; and it was all that five powerful horses could do to drag our heavy tarantas up the steep hills and through the abysses of tenacious semi-liquid clay in the intervening valleys. Even where the road was comparatively hard, it had been cut into deep ruts and hollows by thousands of obozes, or freight wagons; the attempts that had been made here and there to improve it by throwing tree-trunks helter-skelter into the sloughs and quagmires had only rendered it worse; and the swaying, banging, and plunging of the tarantas were something frightful. An American stage-coach would have gone to pieces on such a road before it had made a single station. In the course of the first night after leaving Achinsk, I was thrown violently against the sides or the roof of our tarantas at least three or four hundred times. This incessant jolting, added to sleeplessness and fatigue, brought on a racking headache; I was in a shiver most of the night from cold and lack of nourishing food; and when we reached the station of Ibrulskaya early Wednesday morning, after having made in twenty hours and with four changes of horses a distance of only fifty miles, I felt as if I had been beaten from head to foot with a club and left for dead. Mr. Frost was sick, and had had three severe chills in the night, and he looked so worn and haggard that I became seriously alarmed about him. He did not wish, however, to stop in the post station of Ibrulskaya, which was already full of travelers sleeping on benches or on the floor, and after refreshing ourselves with tea, we pushed on towards Krasnoyarsk.

I cannot remember, in all Siberia, a worse road for wheeled vehicles than that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. I have never, in fact, seen a worse road in my life, and it was not at all surprising that Mr. Frost was prostrated by the jolting, the consequent sleeplessness, and the lack of substantial food. We had been able to get meat at the post stations only once in four days; we had lived almost entirely upon the bread and tea that we carried with us; and for ninety-six hours we had had only such snatches of sleep as we could get in the tarantas at intervals on short stretches of smooth road, or on benches in the station-houses while waiting for horses. It was some satisfaction to learn, at Oostanofskaya, that General Ignatief, the newly appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who passed over the road between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk a few days before us, was so exasperated by its condition that he

ordered the immediate arrest of the contractor who had undertaken to keep it in repair, and directed that he be held in prison to await an investigation. Mr. Frost and I agreed that it was a proper case for the exercise of despotic power.

We arrived in Krasnoyarsk late on the evening of Wednesday, September 2, after a journey from Tomsk of 370 miles, which had occupied a little more than five days of incessant travel. An abundant supper and a good night's rest in a small hotel near the post station restored our tired bodies to something like their normal condition, and Thursday afternoon we changed our travel-stained clothing and called upon Mr. Leo Petrovitch Kuznetsoff, a wealthy gold-mining proprietor to whom we had brought a letter of introduction from St. Petersburg. We little anticipated the luxurious comfort of the house and the delightful social atmosphere of the home circle to which this letter would admit us. The servant who came to the door in response to our ring showed us into one of the most beautiful and tastefully furnished drawing-rooms that we had seen in Russia. It was fully fifty feet in length by thirty-five feet in width and twenty feet high; its inlaid floor of polished oak was hidden here and there by soft oriental rugs; palms, luxuriant ferns, and pots of blossoming plants occupied the lower portions of the high, richly curtained windows; the apparent size of the spacious apartment was increased by long pier-glasses interposed between the masses of greenery and flowers; a cheerful fire of birch wood was burning in an open fireplace under a massive mantel of carved marble; cabinets of polished cherry, filled with rare old china, delicate ivory carvings, bronze Buddhist idols, and all sorts of bric-à-brac, stood here and there against the walls; large oil-paintings by well-known Russian, French, and English artists occupied places of honor at the ends of the room; and at our right, as we entered, was a grand piano, flanked by a carved stand piled high with books and music.

We had hardly had time to recover from the state of astonishment into which we were thrown by the sight of so many unexpected evidences of wealth, culture, and refinement in this remote East Siberian town when a slender, dark-haired, pale-faced young man in correct afternoon dress entered the drawing-room, introduced himself as Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff, and welcomed us in good English to Krasnoyarsk. We were soon made acquainted with the whole Kuznetsoff family, which consisted of three brothers and two sisters, all unmarried, and all living together in this luxurious house. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff and his sisters spoke English fluently; they had traveled in America, and had spent more or less time in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Saratoga, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff's personal acquaintance with the United States was more extensive, indeed, than my own; inasmuch as he had twice crossed the continent; had hunted buffalo on our Western prairies; had met General Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Captain Jack, and other frontier notables; and had even visited regions as remote as Yellowstone Park and the "Staked Plains."



MONASTERY NEAR KRASNOYARSK.



ROAD TO MONASTERY.



A SIBERIAN BLACKSMITH.

How pleasant it was, after months of rough life in dirty post stations or vermin-infested hotels, to come suddenly into such a house as that of the Kuznetsoffs; to find ourselves surrounded by flowers, books, pictures, and innumerable other evidences of cultured taste; to hear good music; to talk with intelligent men and women who did not tell us harrowing stories of imprisonment and exile—all this the reader can hardly imagine. We dined with the Kuznetsoffs every day that we spent in Krasnoyarsk, and met at their table some very attractive and cultivated people. Among the latter I remember particularly Mr. Ivan Savenkoff, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, who had just returned from an archæological excursion up the Yenisei, and who showed us some very interesting tracings and water-color copies of the prehistoric sketches and inscriptions that abound on the "pictured rocks" along that river. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff shared Mr. Savenkoff's interest in archæology, and both gentlemen had valuable collections of objects dating from the stone or the bronze age that had been taken from "kurgans" or tumuli in various parts of the province.

Thursday evening, after dinner, we all drove up the left bank of the river to an old monastery about six versts from the city, where the people of Krasnoyarsk are accustomed to go in summer for picnics. The road, which was a noteworthy triumph of monastic engineering, had been cut out in the steep cliffs that border the Yenisei, or had been carried on trestle-work along the faces of these cliffs high above the water, and at every salient angle it commanded a beautiful view of the majestic river, which, at this point, attains a width of more than a mile and glides swiftly past, between blue picturesque mountains, on its way from the wild fastnesses of Mongolia to the barren coast of the Arctic Ocean.

Our friends in Krasnoyarsk tempted us to remain there a week or two with promises of all sorts of delightful excursions, but at that late season of the year we could not spare the time. It required not a little resolution to turn our backs on picnic parties and boating parties, on archæological excursions up the Yenisei, on such congenial society as we found in the hospitable homes of Mr. Savenkoff and the Kuznetsoffs, and to face again the old miseries of jolting, sleeplessness, cold, hunger, and fatigue on the road; but it was important that we should reach the mines of the Trans-Baikal before winter set in, and we had yet 1200 miles to go.

Saturday afternoon, September 5, we reluctantly ordered post horses; provided ourselves with a fresh supply of bread, tea, and

copper money; repacked our baggage in the old, battered, mud-splashed tarantas, which we were beginning to dread as a once-tortured criminal dreads the rack; and crossing the Yenisei on a pendulum ferry-boat, resumed our journey to Irkutsk. The weather was once more pleasant and sunshiny, but the changing colors of the dying leaves showed that fall was at hand. Many of the poplars had already turned a deep brilliant red, and nearly half of the birches were solid masses of canary yellow, which, when seen against the dark background of the somber evergreens, suggested foliage in a state of incandescence. The vast fields of wheat in the valley of the Yenisei and on the lower slopes of the hills in the neighborhood of Krasnoyarsk were apparently dead ripe, and hundreds of men and women, with horse-hair mosquito-protectors over their heads, were reaping the grain with sickles, binding it into sheaves, and stacking the sheaves by fives in long rows.

We traveled without rest Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, but on Wednesday morning, at the station of Kamyshetskaya, about 350 miles from Irkutsk, we were forced to stop in order to have repairs made to our tarantas. We found the village blacksmith in a little shop near the post station, where, with the aid of his daughter, a robust young woman eighteen or twenty years of age, he was engaged in shoeing a horse. One might infer, from the elaborate precautions taken to prevent the animal from injuring himself or anybody else while being shod, that Siberian horses are more than usually fractious, or Siberian blacksmiths more than usually careless in driving nails. The poor beast had been hoisted into the air by means of two broad belly-bands, and suspended from a stout frame so that he could not touch the ground; three of his legs had then been lashed to an equal number of posts so that he could neither kick nor struggle, and the daring blacksmith was fearlessly putting a shoe on the only hoof that the wretched and humiliated animal could move. We learned, upon inquiry, that Siberian horses are always shod in this way, and we concluded that Siberian blacksmiths must be regarded by accident insurance companies as extra safe and very desirable risks.

While we were waiting for the repairs to our tarantas we were overtaken by the Moscow post. The Russian mails are carried in Siberia in leathern bags or pouches as with us, and are forwarded in telegas under guard of an armed postilion, changing horses and vehicles at every station. There is no limit, so far as I know, to the weight or size of packages that may be sent by post,— I have myself mailed a box weighing forty pounds,— and the mails are consequently very bulky and heavy, filling sometimes a dozen telegas. Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, has a mail from Moscow every day and returns it three times a week; and as the imperial post takes precedence over private travelers, the latter are often forced to wait for hours at post stations because the last horses have been taken by the Government postilion. Such was our fate at Kamyshetskaya. The repairs to our tarantas were soon made,

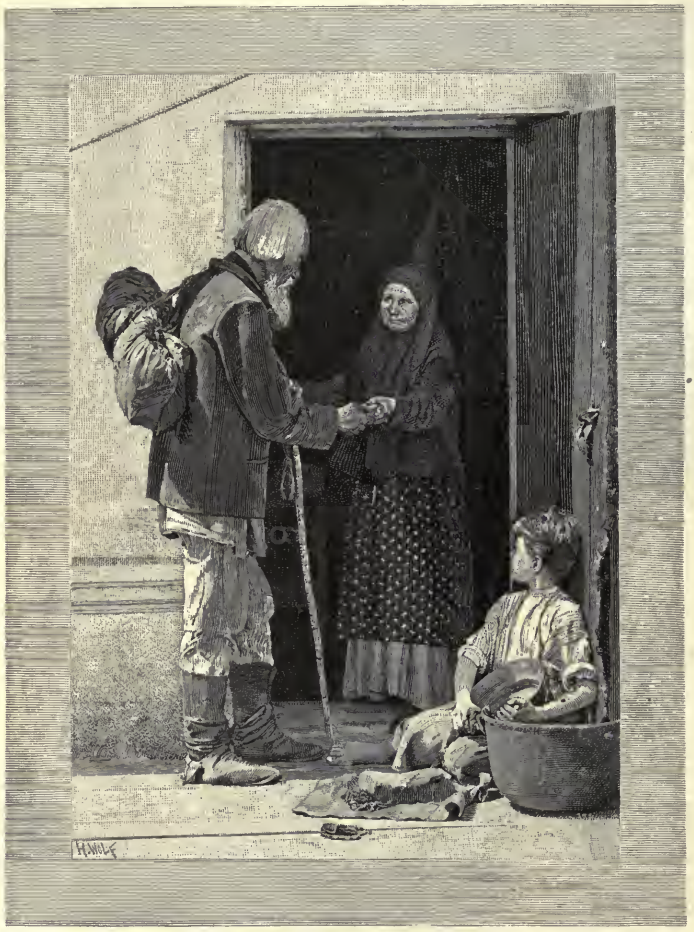


THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAIL.

but in the mean time we had been overtaken by the post, and we were obliged to wait for horses until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

From Kamyshetskaya to Irkutsk we traveled night and day, stopping only now and then to

inspect an étape, or to watch the progress of an exile party, as, with a dismal clinking of chains, it made its way slowly along the road, in a pouring rain, towards the distant mines of the Trans-Baikal. Some of these parties had been more than two months in making the distance from Tomsk that we had traversed in eight days, and none of them would reach their destination until late in the winter. A mere glance at the worn, anxious faces of the men and women was enough to give one an idea of the hardships and privations that they had already endured.



AN OLD BRODYAG BEGGING FOOD.

The life of Siberian exiles on the road is attended by miseries and humiliations of which an American reader can form only a faint conception. I had many opportunities, during our journey from Tomsk to Irkutsk, to see convicts on the march, in sunshine and in rain; to inspect the wretched étapes in which they were herded like cattle at night; to visit the lazarets where they sometimes lie sick for weeks without skilled medical attention or proper care; and to talk with intelligent officers of the prison department who had been familiar for years with every feature of the exile system. The result of my investigation was a deliberate conviction that the suffering involved in the present method of transporting criminals to Siberia is not paralleled by anything of the kind that now exists in the civilized world outside of the Russian Empire. Some of this suffering is due, of course, to negligence, indifference, or official corruption; but a very large part of it is the necessary result of a bad and cruel system, and it can be removed only by the complete abolition of the system itself, and by the substitution for it of imprisonment for life, or for a term of years, in European Russia. Only a moment's reflection is needed to satisfy any one that, even under the most favorable circumstances, six or eight thousand men, women, and children cannot march two thousand miles across such a country as Eastern Siberia with-

out suffering terrible hardships. The physical exposure alone is enough to break down the health and strength of all except the most hardy, and when to such inevitable exposure are added insufficient clothing, bad food, the polluted air of overcrowded étapes, and the almost complete absence of medical care and attention, one is surprised, not that so many die, but that so many get through alive.

The exile parties that leave Tomsk in July and August are overtaken by the frosts and the cold rains of autumn long before they reach Irkutsk. They have not yet been supplied with winter clothing, and most of them have no better protection from rain, sleet, or cold wind than that afforded by a coarse linen shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a gray frieze overcoat. Imagine such a party marching in a cold north-east storm along the road over which we passed between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. Every individual is wet to the skin by the drenching rain, and the nursing women, the small children, and the sick lie shivering on water-soaked straw in small rude telegas, without even a pretense of shelter from the storm. In places the mud is almost knee-deep, and the wagons wallow through it at the rate of about two miles an hour. The bodies of the marching convicts, kept warm by the exertion of walking in heavy leg-fetters, steam a little in the raw, chilly air, but a large number of the men have lost or removed their shoes, and are wading through the freezing mud with bare feet. The Government, influenced, I presume, by considerations of economy, furnishes its exiles in summer and fall with low shoes or slippers called "kottee," instead of with boots. These kottee are made by contract and by the thousand, of the cheapest materials, and by the Government itself are expected to last only six weeks.[1] As a matter of fact they frequently do not last one week.

A high officer of the exile administration told me that it was a common thing to see exiles leave Tomsk or Krasnoyarsk with new kottee and come into the second étape barefooted—their shoes having gone to pieces in less than two days. Even when the kottee hold out for their nominal period of service, they are not fitted to the feet of the wearers; they cannot be secured, because they have no laces; they are so low that they fill with mire and water and are constantly sticking fast or coming off in mud-holes; and on such a road as that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk scores of convicts either remove their shoes and hang them around their necks, or throw them away altogether, and walk for days at a time with bare feet, through mud whose temperature is little above the freezing point.

1 Circular Letter of the Prison Department, No. 180.

As the party, wet, tired, and hungry, approaches one of the little log villages that lie along its route, the "starosta," or head man appointed by the exiles to conduct their negotiations with the authorities, asks the convoy officer to allow them to sing the "begging song" as they pass through the settlement. The desired permission is granted; certain prisoners are designated to receive the expected alms; the convicts all remove their gray caps; and entering the village with a slow, dragging step, as if they hardly had strength enough to crawl along, they begin their mournful appeal for pity.

I shall never forget the emotions roused in me by this song when I heard it for the first time. We were sitting, one cold, raw, autumnal day, in a dirty post station on the great Siberian road, waiting for horses. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering sound which came to us from a distance, and which, although made apparently by human voices, did not resemble anything that I had ever before heard. It was not singing, nor chanting, nor wailing for the dead, but a strange blending of all three. It suggested vaguely the confused and commingled sobs, moans, and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek expression in shrieks or high-pitched cries. As the sound came nearer we went out into the street in front of the station-house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred bare-headed convicts, who, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, were marching slowly through the settlement, singing the "exiles' begging song." No attempt was made by the singers to pitch their voices in harmony, or to pronounce the words in unison; there were no pauses or rests at the ends of the lines; and I could not make out any distinctly marked rhythm. The singers seemed to be constantly breaking in upon one another with slightly modulated variations of the same slow, melancholy air, and the effect produced was that of a rude fugue, or of a funeral chant, so arranged as to be sung like a round or catch by a hundred male voices, each independent of the others in time and melody, but all following a certain scheme of vocalization, and taking up by turns the same dreary, wailing theme. The words were as follows:

Have pity on us, O our fathers!
Don't forget the unwilling travelers,
Don't forget the long-imprisoned.
Feed us, O our fathers—help us!
Feed and help the poor and needy!
Have compassion, O our fathers!
Have compassion, O our mothers!
For the sake of Christ, have mercy
On the prisoners—the shut-up ones!
Behind walls of stone and gratings,



A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Behind oaken doors and padlocks,
Behind bars and locks of iron,
We are held in close confinement.
We have parted from our fathers,
From our mothers;
We from all our kin have parted,
We are prisoners;
Pity us, O our fathers!

If you can imagine these words, half sung, half chanted, slowly, in broken time and on a low key, by a hundred voices, to an accompaniment made by the jingling and clashing of chains, you will have a faint idea of the "Miloserdnaya," or exiles' begging song. Rude, artless, and inharmonious as the appeal

for pity was, I had never in my life heard anything so mournful and depressing. It seemed to be the half-articulate expression of all the grief, the misery, and the despair that had been felt by generations of human beings in the étapes, the forwarding prisons, and the mines.

As the party marched slowly along the muddy street between the lines of gray log houses, children and peasant women appeared at the doors with their hands full of bread, meat, eggs, or other articles of food, which they put into the caps or bags of the three or four shaven-headed convicts who acted as alms-collectors. The jingling of chains and the wailing voices of the exiles grew gradually fainter and fainter as the party passed up the street, and when the sounds finally died away in the distance and we turned to reënter the post station, I felt a strange sense of dejection, as if the day had suddenly grown colder, darker, and more dreary, and the cares and sorrows of life more burdensome and oppressive.

At the first preeval, or halt, that a party makes after passing through a village, the food that has been collected is distributed and eaten, and the convicts, somewhat refreshed, resume their march. Late in the evening they arrive, wet and weary, at an étape, where, after supper and the "pereklitchka," or roll-call, they are locked up in the close, unventilated kameras for the night. Most of them are in a shiver — or, as they sometimes call it, a "gypsy sweat" — from cold and from long exposure to rain; but they have neither dry clothing to put on nor blankets with which to cover themselves, and must lie down upon the hard plank nares, or upon the floor, and seek warmth in close contact with one another. Some of them have, perhaps, a change of clothing in their gray linen bags, but both bags and clothing have been exposed for eight or ten hours to a pouring rain and are completely soaked through. If the Government really cared anything about the comfort or health of exiles on the road, it would furnish convoy officers with tarpaulins or sheets of oilcloth to put over and protect the exiles' baggage in rainy weather. This would add a mere trifle to the cost of exile transportation, and it would make all the difference between life and death to hundreds of weak or half-sick human beings, who come into an étape soaked to the skin after a march of twenty miles in a cold rain, and who have no dry clothing to put on. The very money spent for the burial of the poor wretches who die from croup, pleurisy, or pneumonia, as a result of sleeping in wet clothes on the road, would buy a substantial tarpaulin for every exile baggage wagon in Siberia — and yet the tarpaulins are not bought. If it be asked why, I can only say, because the officials who care have not the power, and the officials who have the power do not care. I went through Siberia with the words "Why so?" and "Why not?" upon my lips, and this, in effect, was the answer that I everywhere received.

"I have recommended again and again," said a high officer of the exile administration to me, "that the convicts be taken to their destinations in summer and in wagons, instead of being obliged to walk throughout the whole year. I have shown conclusively, by exact figures and carefully prepared estimates, that the transportation of exiles from Achinsk to Irkutsk in wagons, and in summer, would not only be infinitely more merciful and humane than the present method of forwarding them on foot the year round, but would actually cost fourteen rubles less per man, on account of the saving in time, food, and winter clothing."

"Why then is it not done?" I inquired.

His only reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I have repeatedly protested," said another exile officer, "against the acceptance, from dishonest contractors, of articles of exile clothing that did not correspond with the specification or the samples; but I have accomplished nothing. Shoes so worthless that they fall to pieces in two days are accepted in place of the good shoes that ought to be furnished, and the exiles go barefooted. All that I can do is to lay before my superiors the facts of the case."

While in the city of Irkutsk, I called one day upon Mr. Petroff, the acting-governor of the province, and found in his office Colonel Zagarin, the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia. The latter had brought to the governor some kottee, or exile shoes, that had just been accepted by the provincial administration, and was exhibiting them side by side with the original samples that had been furnished as models to the contractor. The accepted shoes did not resemble the models, they were perfectly worthless, and might have been made, I think, by the thousand, for ten or fifteen cents a pair. Colonel Zagarin was protesting against the acceptance of such shoes, and was asking for an investigation. The fraud was so manifest and so glaring, and the results of it would be so calamitous to thousands of poor wretches who would wear these kottee for a day or two and then be forced to walk barefooted over icy ground or through freezing mud, that I thought something would certainly be done about it. Upon my return from the mines of the Trans-Baikal five months later, I asked Colonel Zagarin what had been the result of

the protest that he had made to the governor in my presence. He replied, "It had no result."

"And were those shoes issued to marching exile parties?"

"They were."

I asked no more questions.

I could furnish, if there were space, innumerable illustrations of the way in which the life of convicts on the road is made almost intolerable by official indifference or fraud; but it is perhaps unnecessary to do so. The results of that life are shown by the records of the hospitals and lazarets, and by the extraordinarily high rate of mortality in exile parties. Hundreds of prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, fall sick on the road, and after being carried for a week, or perhaps two weeks, in jolting telegas, are finally left to recover or to die in one of the étape lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk. It seems barbarous, and of course it is barbarous, to carry forward in a springless telega, regardless of weather, an unfortunate man or woman who has been taken sick with pneumonia or typhus fever on the road; but, under existing circumstances, there is nothing else for a convoy officer to do. He and his soldiers must go on with the exile party, and he cannot leave the sick for five days in a deserted étape wholly without attendance. He is forced, therefore, to carry them along until they either die or reach one of the widely separated lazarets, where they can be left and cared for.

Many times, on the great Siberian road, when I had been jolted until my pulse had become imperceptible at the wrist from weakness, sleeplessness, and incessant shocks to the spinal cord and the brain, and when it seemed to me that I could endure no more, I maintained my grip by thinking of the hundreds of exiled men and women who, sick unto death, had been carried over this same road in open telegas; who had endured this same jolting while their heads ached and throbbed with the quick pulses of fever; who had lain for many hours at a time on water-soaked straw in a pitiless storm while suffering from pneumonia; and who had nothing to sustain them except the faint hope of reaching at last some fever-infected lazaret. If men can bear all this, I thought, we ought not to complain of our trivial hardships, nor break down under a little unusual fatigue.

The sick who live to reach an étape lazaret may hope to die under shelter and in peace; but, if the reports of the exile administration are to be trusted, they can hardly expect to be restored to health. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, in an official report made recently to the Minister of the Interior, describes the condition of the lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk as follows:

> Up to the year 1885 the lazarets necessary for the accommodation of exiles taken sick on the great exile road had not been built, nor had any provision been made for regular surgeons, or even for feldshers.[1] According to paragraph 5 of section 363 of the "Laws relating to Exiles," it is the duty of civil and military surgeons, in places where étape officers are quartered, to examine the sick and give them necessary aid. Civil surgeons, however, do not live in étape villages, and army surgeons are found only at the étapes of Sheragulskaya, Birusinskaya, and Tiretskaya. In these places there are army lazarets with six beds each, for the accommodation of sick soldiers belonging to the convoy commands. All prisoners taken sick on the road between Achinsk and Irkutsk, up to the year 1885, have been treated at these three étapes[2]—not, however, in the army lazarets, but in the common cells of the étape buildings. There they have been kept, not only without separation according to age, sex, or nature of disease, but without any of the conveniences and appliances that a lazaret should have. In the cells set apart for sick exiles there were neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food.[3]

A sick exile who reaches one of the étapes named in this report, and who is put into a common prison cell where there are "neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food," cannot reasonably entertain a very sanguine expectation of recovery. Most of them do recover, but, nevertheless, the death rate in exile parties during their march from Tomsk to Irkutsk, if carried through an entire year, would amount to from 12 to 15 per cent.[4]

It is not surprising that exiles sometimes endeavor to escape from a life so full of miseries as this by making a break for liberty between étapes. The more experienced brodyags, or recidivists, generally try to get away by exchanging names and identities with some forced colonist who is soon to reach his destination; but now and then two or three daring or desperate convicts attempt to escape "with a hurrah"—that is, by a bold dash through the line of soldiers. They are instantly fired upon,

1 A feldsher is a sort of hospital steward, who, in the absence of a regular surgeon, performs the latter's duties.

2 The distances between these étapes are as follows: Achinsk to Birusinskaya, 352 miles; Birusinskaya to Sheragulskaya, 200 miles; Sheragulskaya to Tiretskaya, 90 miles; Tiretskaya to Irkutsk, 139 miles. A marching party of exiles makes, on an average, about 80 miles a week.

3 Report of Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, for the year 1885.

4 In 1883 seventy exiles died between Tomsk and Achinsk, in the course of a journey that occupies about 21 days. This rate of mortality, if it had been maintained for a year, would have resulted in the death of 1217 exiles out of the whole number of 7865 making the journey. (Vide Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation in Western Siberia for 1884, pp. 32, 33.)

and one or more of them is usually brought to the ground. The soldiers have a saying that "A bullet will find a runaway," and a slug from a Berdan rifle is always the first messenger sent after a fugitive who tries to escape "with a hurrah." Now and then, when the party happens to be passing through a dense forest, the flying convicts get under cover so quickly that the soldiers can only fire into the bushes at random, and in such cases the runaways make good their escape. As soon as they reach a hiding-place they free themselves from their leg-fetters by pounding the circular bands into long ellipses with a stone and slipping them over their heels, and then, while the convict party to which they belonged is making its way slowly eastward towards the mines, they themselves join some detachment of the great army of brodyags which is constantly marching westward through the woods in the direction of the Urals.

George Kennan.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE development of the Anglo-Saxon race, as we rather loosely call the people which has its home in the British Isles, has become, within the last century, the chief factor and central feature in human history. The flux of population, by which new and great centers of human activity are created, has been so overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon that nearly all minor currents are absorbed and assimilated by it. In the new continents over which the race is spreading, the offshoots of other European families for the most part lose their identity, and tend to disappear in the dominant mass. Since it has found space on which to expand it has increased with great rapidity, and seems destined ultimately to surpass, in mere mass of numbers, any other branch of the human stock, while its comparative influence is indefinitely increased by the singular individual energy of its members and the collective energy of its communities. Add to this the fact that it embodies the most aggressive moral forces and the most progressive political and social forces of the world, and we have sufficient grounds on which to predict for it a future of supreme interest, and infinitely greater than its past.

The bifurcation of Anglo-Saxon national life which was caused by the American Revolution is now, after a hundred years, fully recognized as the most important political event in modern history. Hitherto, the fact that it led to the foundation of the American republic has been considered an adequate measure of its vast significance. But immense though that fact is, it is now beginning to be clearly seen that the American Revolution has had another effect of at least equal significance and probable influence upon the world's future. It compelled Great Britain, by the stern teaching of experience, to master the true principles of colonial government, and, as a consequence, to acquire the art of bringing her colonies into essential harmony with the national life. The folly of so-called statesmen, which reft from Great Britain her first great offshoot, left untouched the nation-building energy of her people, and around her has since grown up, in every quarter of the globe, a vast system of dependencies, occupying an eighth of the earth's surface and embracing even now a considerable portion of the world's population, with a capacity for enormous expansion. National development on such a scale is unparalleled in history, and must be pregnant with results. Already, as the process of expansion goes on, it has become manifest that this aggregation of states is slowly but surely outgrowing the system under which it was created. The question of its reconstruction or adaptation to new conditions is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the world-problems now coming up for solution.

In one of his most striking poems Matthew Arnold speaks of England as

> The weary Titan, with deaf
> Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
> Staggering on to her goal,
> Bearing, on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load
> Well-nigh not to be borne
> Of the too vast orb of her fate.

It is not the poet's mind alone which is profoundly moved by this fact of Great Britain's vast expansion; by the question of whether she will continue able to bear her enormous burden of empire. Statesmen have to face the fact in all its gravity; nations in every quarter of the globe know that their future history depends, more than on anything else, on the answer given to the question. For the world at large, civi-

lized and uncivilized, there is not at present, in the whole range of possible political variation, any question of such far-reaching significance as whether Great Britain shall remain a political unit, with effective energy equal to her actual and increasing greatness, or, yielding to some process of disintegration or dismemberment, shall abdicate her present position of world-wide influence, and suffer the great current of her national life to be broken up into many separate channels.

The growing influence, immense interests, and widening aspirations of the greater colonies — the commercial, legislative, and even social exigencies of the whole national system — make it clear that an answer to this great political problem cannot long be delayed. A profound movement of thought upon the subject has for the past few years been going on among British people in every part of the world. More recently, a great stimulus to discussion has been given by the formation of the Imperial Federation League, a society unofficial in its character, but guided or supported by many of the best minds of the empire, and apparently destined to become a rallying-point for a strong national enthusiasm.

Within a short time a remarkable change has come over public opinion in the British Isles themselves. Twenty years ago it almost seemed as if Great Britain was ready voluntarily to throw away her vast colonial empire. A whole school of politicians favored the idea, and seemed to have gained the public ear. "The Times," supposed to reflect public opinion, claimed that England was paying too high a price for enjoying the luxury of colonial loyalty, and warned the colonies to prepare for the separation that was inevitable.

John Bright's eloquence and Goldwin Smith's literary skill were alike employed in the same direction. Under such guidance, intoxicated by the success of free trade, and indulging in dreams of a cosmopolitan future which it was to produce for the nations, the British people seemed for a time to look upon the colonies as burdens which entailed responsibilities without giving any adequate return. All this has now been changed. John Bright in England and Goldwin Smith in Canada still harp on the old string, but get no response from the popular heart, nor even from political parties. Great Britain has found that she still has to fight for her own hand, commercially and politically, and cannot afford to despise her natural allies. The vigor of colonial life, the expansion of colonial trade and power, the greatness of the part which the colonies are manifestly destined to take in affairs, have impressed even the slow British imagination. The integrity of the empire is fast becoming an essential article in the creed of all political parties. The idea appeals to the instincts of Great Britain's new democracy even more strongly than to the pride of her aristocracy, and with better reason, for the vast unoccupied areas of the empire in the colonies offer to the workingman a field of hope when the pressure at home has become too severe. Statesmen of the first rank, such as Earl Rosebery and the late W. E. Forster, have grasped the idea that national consolidation should form the supreme object of national policy, and have done what they could to develop the public sentiment which alone can make it such. The range of the national vision is widening; there is a tendency to look beyond the old ruts of European diplomacy to the nobler work and larger destiny opened up in the Greater Britain beyond the sea.

To the development of this wider view the growth of the United States has contributed largely. It has illustrated on a large scale the expansive energy of our race where the conditions are favorable. It has enlarged our conception of Anglo-Saxon self-governing capacity. It has shown that an unparalleled impulse to a nation's life may be given by vast breadth of territory with variety of climate and production. On the other hand, the British people see in the American Union proof that immense territorial extent is not incompatible, under modern conditions, with that representative system of popular government which had its birth and development in England and its most notable adaptation in America. They are beginning to believe that their political system will safely bear the strain of still further adaptation to wider areas, if the welfare or necessities of the empire demand a change. That they will demand it is a proposition now become so evident that it scarcely requires proof. The home population of Great Britain, which alone exercises national functions in their broadest sense, and bears the full burden of national responsibilities, is about thirty-five millions. This number has practically reached its outside limit of expansion. The Anglo-Saxon population of the empire abroad is already about eleven millions, and is increasing rapidly. It is a population which has already grouped itself into communities of national extent, self-governing, self-reliant, progressive, and with a clear sense of the large place which they are destined to fill in the world. The time cannot be very far distant when, by the flux of population and the process of growth, their numbers will equal or surpass those of the people of the British Isles. There can be no question that long before that period has arrived a readjustment of functions and responsibilities will be essential to the maintenance of the empire as a po-

litical unit. The British people at home cannot continue to bear alone the increasing burden of imperial duties. Great communities like Australia or Canada would disgrace the traditions of the race if they remained permanently content with anything short of an equal share in the largest possible national life. For both mother land and colonies that largest life will unquestionably be found in organic national unity. The weight of public sentiment throughout the empire is at present strongly in favor of such unity, and national interest recommends it.

It is perhaps hard for Americans, imbued with traditions of the struggle by which their country threw off the yoke of an oppressive English government, to understand how completely, and for what strong reasons, the relations between Great Britain and her present colonies are those of profound sympathy and warm affection. The mother land regards with natural pride the energy which is planting free political institutions and extending civilization in so many quarters of the globe; which is opening up such vast areas of virgin soil for British occupation, and which, by so doing, is preparing for her a solution of the difficult problem pressing upon her at home from dense population and limited land — a solution such as no other of the overcrowded nations of Europe can hope for. To the richness of her own past the colonies open a boundless vista of hope for the future. The colonies, on the other hand, feel equally proud of their unbroken connection with the grand traditions of the mother land. Little has occurred to mar the strength of this sentimental attachment. They have enjoyed the advantages of being members of a great empire without, as yet, bearing the severer weight of its burdens. All the perfect freedom of self-government for which they have asked has been ungrudgingly allowed. The population which is flowing into their waste lands comes chiefly from the mother country — not driven out by religious persecution or political tyranny, but the overflow of a fecund race, impelled by the spirit of enterprise, or in search of the larger breathing-space of new continents. In almost every case they come to strengthen the loyalty of the colony. The emigrant is encouraged or even assisted in leaving the old Britain; he is heartily welcomed in the new Britain beyond the seas. For generations afterwards his descendants speak of "going home" without feeling it necessary to explain that by "home" they mean England, Scotland, or Ireland. Great Britain's new colonial policy has thus given a new cohesion to the empire. Even in the case of a distinct race, with strong race instincts, it has achieved a marked success. French-Canadians are not only content with their political condition, but warmly loyal to British connection. Their greatest statesman emphasized, but scarcely exaggerated, this attitude of mind when he described himself as an Englishman speaking French. So high an authority as Cardinal Manning told me not long since that French-Canadian bishops and clergy had over and over again assured him that their people were practically a unit in preferring British to French connection. There is no doubt that in respect of either religious freedom or political security the preference is justified. The lapse of years brings into stronger relief the truth of Montalembert's remark, that the Frenchmen of Canada had gained under British rule a freedom which the Frenchmen of France never knew.

With this sentiment, which makes unity possible, the national interest coincides. For the colonies the alternative is independence, when, as small and struggling nationalities, they will have to take their place in a world which has developed distinct tendencies towards the agglomeration of immense states, and where absorption or comparative insignificance can alone await them. For Great Britain the choice is between amalgamating permanently in some way her strength and resources with those of the colonies, or abdicating the relatively foremost place which she now holds among the nations. The growth in population of the United States and the expansion of Russia are already beginning to dwarf by comparison all other nations. Those confined to Europe will, within the next fifty years, be out of the first rank. Great Britain alone, with unlimited room for healthful expansion on other continents, has the possibility of a future equal to the greatest; has the chance of retaining her hegemony as a ruling and civilizing power. Should she throw away the opportunity, her history will be one of arrested development. The process by which her vast colonial empire has come to her has been one of spontaneous growth, the outcome of a decisive national tendency. By inherent inclination the Anglo-Saxon is a trader. The character is one of which we need not feel ashamed. It has been found to consist in our history, with all the fighting energy of the Roman and much of the intellectual energy of the Greek. It does not seem incompatible with the moral energy of Christianity, and furnishes the widest opportunity for its exercise.

It has been under the impulse of this trading instinct that Great Britain has founded empire; to satisfy it, she must maintain empire. Among all the nations of the earth she stands in the unique position of owning by undisputed right immense areas of territory under every climate on the globe, and hence produces, or can pro-

duce, within her own national boundaries, all the raw materials of commerce. As civilization becomes more complex and more diffused, the products of every clime are, in an increasing ratio, laid under contribution to supply its manifold wants. Every step towards the complete national assimilation of so widespread an empire must favor the free exchange of commodities, with the necessary result of stimulating productive energy and developing latent resources. Every expansion of trade makes the security of trade a matter of increasing importance. For a race of traders, scattered over all quarters of the globe, peace, made secure by resting on organized power, is a supreme interest. The best guarantee of permanent peace that the world could have would be the consolidation of a great oceanic empire, the interests of whose members would lie chiefly in safe commercial intercourse. For filling such a place in the world Great Britain's position is absolutely unique among the nations of history. She holds the chief key to the commerce of the East in the passes of the Mediterranean and the Red seas. She commands an alternative route by the Cape of Good Hope. Across Canada she has yet a third, giving her for many purposes a still closer connection with the extreme East than do the other two. The geographical distribution of the coal areas under her control, and the defended or defensible harbors suitable for coaling stations contiguous to them, are among the most remarkable elements in her incomparable resources for prosecuting or protecting commerce in an age of steam. Already in electric connection with almost every important point in her dominions, her telegraph system only awaits the laying of the proposed cable from British Columbia to Australasia to make that connection complete without touching on foreign soil.

Her widely separated provinces and outlying posts of vantage are thus effectively in touch for mutual support, more than the parts of any of the great nations of the past. She thus unites the comprehensiveness of a world-wide empire with a relative compactness secured by that practical contraction of our planet which has taken place under the combined influences of steam and electricity. No other nation has ever had — it is well-nigh impossible to believe that any other nation ever will have — so commanding a position for exercising the functions of what we have called an oceanic empire, interested in developing and able to protect the commerce of the world. The question of whether she shall permanently retain this position is one of profound international as well as national concern. Above all, for the United States, as a great trading community, kindred in race, language, and, speaking very broadly, in national purpose, it must have a deep and abiding interest.

The political writers of the past century, from De Tocqueville onward, have been accustomed to draw from the American Revolution the confident inference that the natural tendency of colonies is towards separation from the mother land; that the growth of local interests and feelings of independence make new communities detach themselves, like ripe fruit, from the parent stem. If the birth of the American republic gave strength to this inference, its growth has done much to dissipate the idea. The development of the United States has proved that the spread of a nation over vast areas, including widely separated States with diverse interests, need not prevent it from becoming strongly bound together in a political organism which combines the advantages of national greatness and unity of purpose with jealously guarded freedom of local self-government. This is in part due to the amazing change which has been effected in the mutual relation of the world's inhabitants by improved means of speedy intercourse. Steam and electricity have re-created the world, and on a more accessible scale. Canada, or even Australia, is now much closer to the center of the British Empire for all practical purposes than were the Western and Pacific States to Washington forty years ago; nearer even than Scotland was to London one hundred years ago. Under these new conditions there is no sufficient reason for doubting that an empire like that of Great Britain can be held together in bonds as secure as those which bind together great continental states like the United States and Russia, provided that the elements of true national life are present, as they certainly are in this case.

The federation of Great Britain and her colonies would only be an extension of what has already been done on a large scale. The United States are a federation, Germany is a federation, each designed by its framers to obviate the difficulties incident to the administration of a congeries of small states, and for great ends to secure unity of national action. The problem before Great Britain is different, but would seem to be incomparably less difficult than that involved in either of the two cases referred to. In Germany, dynasties and states whose individual existence had been carefully preserved and fondly cherished for centuries long presented an apparently insuperable barrier to union, effected at last only under the strong pressure of external danger and in the enthusiasm of a great and successful struggle for race supremacy. Every student of American history knows the violent prejudices which had to be overcome and the extraordinary effort which it required to organize and gain

acceptance for the Federal Constitution, even after the War of Independence had demonstrated the necessity for united action on the part of the various States. Sectional jealousies and rivalries have never been developed to a corresponding extent in the various provinces of the British Empire. For them federation would only be recasting and making more permanent a union which already exists, though under imperfect conditions. Besides this, the operation of the federal principle is now more thoroughly understood; its advantages have been gauged and its difficulties grappled with. The freedom of self-government long enjoyed by the great colonies has developed a strong feeling of local independence; but it has also been the best of all preparations for a wider political organization. Canada and Australia are to-day as jealous of imperial interference with local legislation as is any State in the Union of unjustified Federal assumptions. But as their autonomy in the control of their own affairs has become admitted and assured, they look without suspicion on the idea of combination having for its purpose the accomplishment of great national ends. These ends have become more manifest with the spread of their commerce to every part of the world, and with the manifold multiplication of national interests. Questions of peace and war: the safety of the great ocean routes; the adjustment of international differences; the relations of trade, currency, communication, emigration — in all these their concern is already large, and becomes larger from year to year. In dealing with all such questions their voice, as component parts of a great empire, will be far more efficient than as struggling independent nationalities. That voice is, in a measure, given to them now by courtesy, and as a necessary concession to their growing importance; but for permanent nationality it must be theirs by ordinary right of citizenship, through full incorporation into the political system of the state, so far as relations with other states are concerned. Those who believe it impracticable to give unity of this kind to the empire underestimate the strength of the influences which make for the continuity of national life. On this continent we see to-day a sufficiently striking illustration of this strength. We can easily understand that it requires no very marked natural boundary to form a permanent line of separation between nations which differ in language, religion, and descent, as in the case of European states. But in America an almost purely arbitrary line of division has for more than a century served sharply to separate into two nationalities, and across the breadth of a continent, two peoples who are of the same origin, speak the same language, study the same literature, and are without any decisive distinctions of religious creed. The admitted present loyalty of Canada has deepened and matured through a long series of years when the United States were sweeping past them in a career of prosperity almost without example in history, and when union with them seemed as if it would secure for Canada an equal share of all the prosperity that they enjoyed. The bias of national life has been so strong that neither geographical facts nor commercial tendencies have weakened the national bond. Nor are they more likely to do so now that Canada has, by the opening up of her great western provinces, manifestly entered upon a like period of development.

In spite of this evidence of a century's history Mr. Goldwin Smith still argues that trade interests will ultimately draw Canada into political connection with the United States, and apparently does not understand why his opinion is rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians. Yet it seems impossible to conceive how, without a debasement of public sentiment quite unparalleled in history, a people whose history began in loyalty to British institutions, who through a hundred years have been sheltered by British power, who under that rule have attained and enjoyed the most complete political and religious liberty, who have constantly professed the most devoted regard for a mother land with which they are connected by a thousand ties of affectionate sympathy, should deliberately, in cold blood, and for commercial reasons only, break that connection and join themselves to a state in whose history and traditions they have no part. They would incur, and unquestionably would deserve, alike the contempt of the people they abandon and of the people they join. In a Great Britain reorganized as a federation, or union, or alliance, Canada would hold an honorable place, gained on lines of true national development; in annexation to the United States she could have nothing but a bastard nationality, the offspring of either meanness, selfishness, or fear.

What is thus true of Canada is true of the other British colonies as well. The forces which make for unity and continuity of national life are not only strong, but noble and natural.

The argument for unity may be carried to still higher ground. A strong impulse has unquestionably been given to national effort and earnestness, both in Great Britain and the United States, by the prevailing conviction that Anglo-Saxon civilization is a thing distinct in itself and with a mission in the world. Granting the truth of this, we must also grant that any hinderance to the safe and free development of

that civilization in either of its two great currents would be to the world's loss. In the United States, through its isolation, it seems comparatively secure to deal with the complex problem, weighted with grave anxieties, which it has to solve in the assimilation and elevation of confluent races. Great Britain's task, more diversified and world-wide, seems burdened with even greater responsibilities, and not free from great dangers. The enormous expansion and persistent ambition of at least one great despotic power, the possibility of combinations against her such as she has had to face before but may not be able again to cope with single-handed, point to the necessity for national consolidation if she is to have that prestige of national power which commands peace, or if she is to form a sufficient bulwark for the free institutions to which she has given birth in many lands.

Great Britain, again, has assumed vast responsibilities in the government of weak and alien races — responsibilities which she cannot now throw off, even if she wish to, without a loss of national honor. With increasing force the public conscience insists that her rule shall be for the good of the ruled; none deny that the removal of her sway, in Asia and Africa at least, would result in wide-spread anarchy. But her task is herculean.

An empire which has leaning upon it an Indian population of two hundred and forty millions over and above the native races of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and many minor regions must require, if stability and equilibrium are to be permanently maintained, an immense counterbalancing weight of that trained, intelligent, and conscientious citizenship which is the backbone of national strength.

Standing face to face, as she does to-day, with almost every uncivilized and unchristian race on the globe, Great Britain needs to concentrate her moral as well as her political strength for the work she has to do. Neither British statesmen nor British Christians can afford to lose one fraction of the moral energy which is becoming centralized in the great colonies. Great Britain's political unity and dominance are to the spread of religion in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific now what Rome's political unity and dominance were to the spread of religion in the days of St. Paul. The fact that the flag of a firmly organized oceanic state will everywhere give the greatest safety to the missionary will, without doubt, ultimately throw the whole weight of Christian thought throughout the British world towards the support of permanent national unity. The sympathy of Christian thought in America ought to and will reënforce this influence.

Working out on separate and yet parallel lines the great problems of liberty and of civil and religious progress, the United States and Great Britain have the strongest reasons for sympathizing with each other's efforts to consolidate and perfect the national machinery by which their aims are to be accomplished. Great Britain now understands and respects the motives which actuated the resolute and successful struggle of the American people against disruption. A nation which suffered and sacrificed so much for unity as did the United States can assuredly understand and sympathize with the strong desire for national consolidation which is now spreading throughout the British Empire.

It has long been a Saxon boast that while other races require to be governed, we are able to govern ourselves. To this kingly power, in every stage of our development, new and more comprehensive tests have been applied. From the organization of the parish or county to that of States which span a continent this self-governing capacity has not yet failed to find the political device adapted to the political necessity. It would now seem that the British people stand face to face with the ultimate test to which this ability can be put. Have they the grasp of political genius to establish permanently on a basis of mutual benefit and organic unity the empire which they have had the energy to create?

When a great nation ceases to advance, or loses control of the problems involved in its own growth, we can safely say that decadence has begun. Nations as well as individuals find their true place when challenging their highest destiny, provided this be along the lines of natural development. But beyond these general reasons there are others of present and pressing weight which will soon compel the British people to grapple resolutely with this great political problem. The increasing pressure and unequal distribution of national burdens, the inability of Parliament to unite the management of imperial affairs with local legislation, the immense strides in arts or arms made by rival nations, the widening aspirations of the great colonies — these are but a few among many influences by which is being developed that weight of opinion which forces questions forward into the sphere of practical politics, compels statesmen to find some form of expression for the public will, and for the attainment of great ends makes masses of people willing to forget minor differences.

George R. Parkin.

FROM SINAI TO SHECHEM.



THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

THE traveler who endeavors to work out the topography of the Hebrew migration from Egypt to the Promised Land finds himself engaged in disentangling a very puzzling skein. He may progress so finely as to satisfy himself that Mr. Ebers and others are entirely wrong in giving Jebel Serbal the honor of being the true Sinai; he may be very sure that Professor Baker Green's argument that the Hebrews crossed the desert in a direct easterly course until they came to the head of the Gulf of Akabah — where he locates Elim — is fallacious; again, he may contentedly accept the route followed in "Sinai and the Wilderness."[1] Yet after his arrival at the foot of Aaron's Hill the thread is likely to be lost again, and our traveler is quite willing to join the cry which has been sounded all over the world for many centuries, "Where is Kadesh?"

We must accept tradition, and follow what has been, in a measure, satisfactorily disentangled for us. In doing this we leave a large, confused mass of testimony behind. We simply take up a thread, follow it awhile, then break our connection and proceed with another.

The departure from Mount Sinai, whether for Petra or for Palestine, is usually made by way of the Wady es Sheik, the wide mouth of which enters the Sinai valley nearly opposite to "Aaron's Hill," or the "Hill of the Golden Calf." The denuded peaks lift themselves upon each side of this valley, just as they do east and west of the plain of Er Raha. The lack of foliage, however, is more than compensated for by the wonderful display of color. It rivals that of the Wady Gharandel, over on the Red Sea side of the peninsula. At one



JEBEL HAROUN, OR THE "HILL OF THE GOLDEN CALF."

[1] THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, July, 1888.

place there is a noble, cone-shaped mountain of fawn-colored, red, and brown sandstone, with another adjoining of black and green diorite; while rolling down between them like a cataract is a wide incline of bluish-gray sand. Here and there are sharp crags and jagged peaks, with their depressions filled nearly to their edges with sand, as in Nubia, only here the sand is not of such golden tint as there. Frequently the lower rock-surfaces are covered with Sinaitic inscriptions. Many of these "writings" look like the tracery of some antique humorist, for the figures are mainly of grotesquely formed animals. At frequent intervals the floor of Wady es Sheik is as brilliantly colored as the mountains are; and though zigzagging, like the sky-lines of its peaks, it is as level as a diligence road over the Alps.

It must have been a glorious sight when Israel was mustered here and marched along in full array towards the Promised Land — the sons of Aaron at the head, bearing the two silver trumpets that had been made for the impending journey.

This assembling seems very recent to the traveler when on camel-back he starts before sunrise and moves slowly up the Wady es Sheik. It seems even more recent when, turning back, he sees the banks of floundering clouds, impelled by the winding air currents, come up from the Sinai group. Every foot of the way becomes a sublime study, and every rift in the mist seems to disclose pages of history. The second day after leaving camp at Mount Sinai the clues become entangled again, and once more we are forced to break the connection. After the murmuring ones had died and were buried at Kibroth-hattaavah, the Israelites "encamped at Hazeroth." The location of Hazeroth is pretty well verified at a place on the direct route to Akabah. After two days of travel from Mount Sinai the traveler comes to a wide-reaching line of hills which seems to stretch along in the shadows of the evening like a city wall. These hills form one side of a plain where Hazeroth is believed to have been located. Here we encamped. Long before reaching it we had been watched by a garrison of greedy vultures stationed on the top of the rocky outpost. Their presence could not have been discovered before morning had not some of the number, more uneasy than their comrades, risen into the last departing rays of the sunset, swooped around for a moment, and then clumsily dropped like lead into the shadows again. The evening meal was made ready and eaten here, and the old, familiar songs were sung to drive away home-longings. At early candlelight the weary desert-travelers crept into their tents and lay down to rest and sleep. Such is the experience of all who spend the night under the long wall which protects one side of the gorge of 'Ain Hudhera. When the morning comes the top of the wall must be gained, and the traveler changes places with the vultures; for as soon as he vacates his camp, they swirl down to it with the hope of finding some morsels of food.

It is difficult to find a greater surprise than that which delights the eye when, after an hour of hard climbing, the top of one of the neighboring hills is reached. To the right is a broad, natural stairway which winds down for the distance of two hundred feet. Its sides are lined with fluted and spiral columns, the depressions of which are colored red, yellow, lilac, and blue, and now and then are wavy like the stones of Petra. Beyond, and intervening, are numberless peaks,—red, white, brown, greenish-gray tipped with red, yellow, reddish-brown covered a part of the way up with white sand, pink, and umber,—all in strange contrast with the greater shapes of solid brown and gray. One of the most beautifully formed peaks is of light green, tipped with bright brick-red. The floor of this many-hued passageway is white sand and sandstone, waved here and there with lilac, yellow, and red. Near the center are two bright oases, with groves of palms, rice fields, and patches of lentils. Several walled wells are there, fed by the springs and subterranean aqueducts which convey water from the mountains on the west. In some places the aqueducts are uncovered. They are partly cut from the native rock and partly lined with slabs of quarried stone. It must have cost much labor and enterprise to construct them, and do they not tell that many people dwelt there once upon a time? A rare scene was presented when our caravan halted in the gorge of 'Ain Hudhera and the travelers were made welcome to water by the old sheik who resides there. He declared that he was over one hundred years old, and showed his hospitality by brushing the sand from the palm-logs around the well "to make a place for the stranger." This is believed to be the site of the Hazeroth of the Israelites.

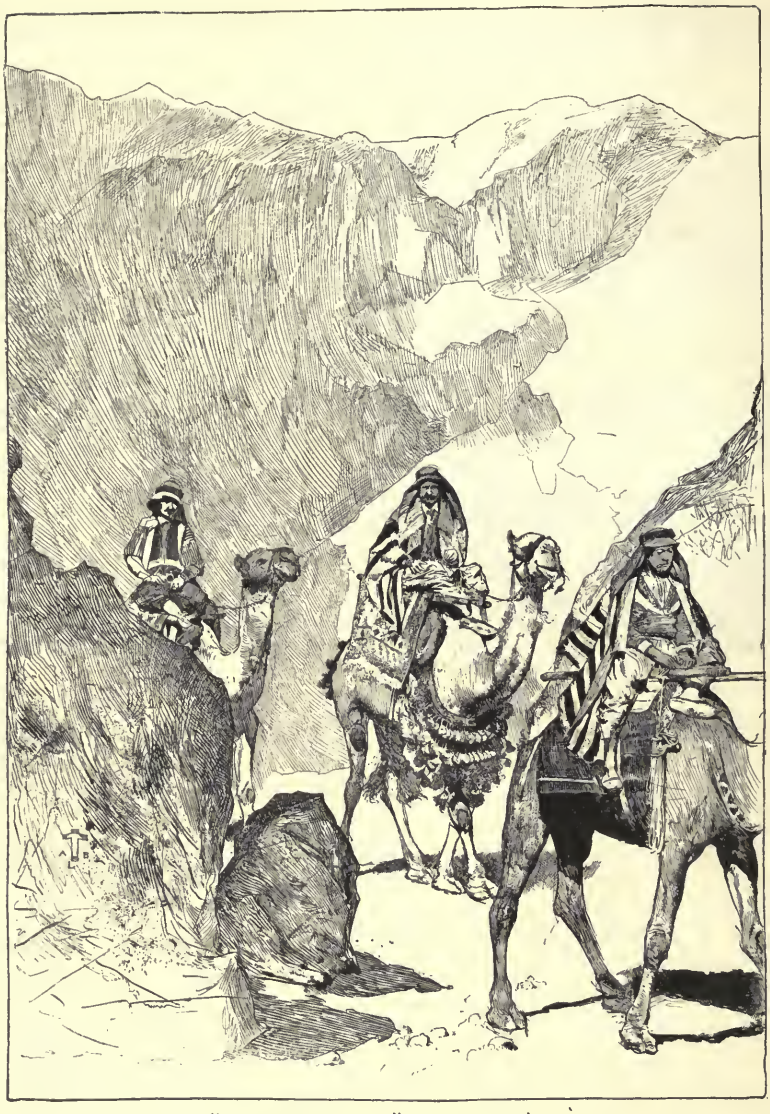
Passing through this gorge, one gains the impression that it must have been the bed of a lake. Surely the water must have built up the strata of color which, lying one upon the other, form some of the domes and mountains. This surmise is confirmed when the northern extremity is approached, for there some very curious formations are found. Among others there is a sandstone column about twelve feet high, shaped at the top like an Egyptian capital. Overhanging it and reaching down two or three feet is a coral-like formation which gives it a very fantastic appearance. The column is striped vertically in red, brown, yellow, and



THE GORGE OF 'AIN HUDHERA — HAZEROTH.



fawn colors, while the capital is of delicate gray, varied by lilac and white. It stands there alone, the speechless evidence of some mysterious effort of Nature, hard to understand. Lateral waves of color also run through it and add to its singular beauty. Its background is a water-sculptured wall, colored by the mineral wealth of generous Nature. It seems like a petrified pillar of cloud and of fire. The gorge spoils one for the enjoyment of the broad piazza — the Wady el 'Ain — into which it leads. Its sculptured glories and its lovely fountains are truly wonderful. A half-day's journey — say a dozen miles — from Hazeroth, over an unusually level way, on the left, is an ascending wady between two lines of mountains. It is carpeted by sandstone the color of clover blossoms. Green bushes dotted here and there present a lovely picture. Nature was in a freakish convulsion when she set this part of her stage. On the other side of the wady, the rosy carpet of which lies outspread as soft as an Axminster, are two lofty mountains of pink granite. Their bases come so closely together that the space between them scarcely admits the passage of two loaded camels abreast. A great rock divides the way. It has stood there as sentinel for ages. This is "the entrance-gate" to Wady el 'Ain ("the wady with the fountain or spring"). Beyond the gate a magnificent wall of granite rises almost perpendicularly and seems to form the end of the wady; but it does not. There is a clear passage to the right which leads to a bright oasis located on the direct route to the Gulf of Akabah. Did Moses lead his hosts one by one through this narrow pass? Did these rough walls reëcho the murmurings of Hebrew discontent? Tradition holds that they did. The Book says, "And they departed from Hazeroth, and . . . encamped at Ezion-gaber." Ezion-gaber is supposed to have been



"THE ENTRANCE-GATE" TO WADY EL 'AIN.

located at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. Between the two places there are seventeen stations, named in Numbers xxxiii., where "they encamped." It would be the natural thing to follow up the thread, but the order of our purpose compels us to stop here and pick up another clue. At some future time we may be able to resume the "long desert" route, follow it on through the Mount Seir region, and connect with the leader which comes out at the entrance to Petra.[1]

"The people removed from Hazeroth and pitched in the wilderness of Paran," which is "the wilderness of Zin, which is Kadesh." And where is Kadesh? Learned travelers and students have located it at nearly twenty places. Dean Stanley and his followers believed that Petra is Kadesh; Dr. Edward Robinson much earlier expressed his conviction that it is at 'Ain el Weibeh, in a region about two days' camel journey west of Petra, on the edge of the vast wady which stretches from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea. Many years ago claims were made by Dr. Rowlands for 'Ain Qadees, an oasis still farther west than 'Ain el Weibeh, and south of it. This last site has been proved by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull to hold the best evidences of being the much sought-for locality. The story of his visit thither, and the full measure of his proofs, Dr. Trumbull sets forth earnestly and eloquently in his

[1] THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1885.

monograph, published in 1884, entitled "Kadesh-Barnea." Only those who have wandered in the desert as he did, with the strain of a single idea controlling every nerve, can fully understand the joy which he felt when coming upon a site so long sought for. I am permitted to quote his own words:

> Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert waste we had come with a magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for and hardly conceivable in such a region. A carpet of grass covered the ground. Fig trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hillside. Shrubs and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. We had seen nothing like it since leaving Wady Fayran; nor was it equaled in loveliness of scene by any single bit of landscape, of like extent, even there.
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> Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills at the north-eastern sweep of this picturesque recess was to be seen the "large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock," which Rowlands looked at as the cliff [*Sel a'*] smitten by Moses, to cause it to "give forth his water," when its flowing stream had been exhausted. From underneath this ragged spur of the north-easterly mountain range issued the now abundant stream.
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> A circular well, stoned up from the bottom with timeworn limestone blocks, was the first receptacle of the water. A marble watering-trough was near this well, better finished than the troughs at Beersheba, but of like primitive workmanship. The mouth of this well was only about three feet across, and the water came to within three or four feet of the top. A little distance westerly from this well, and down the slope, was a second well, stoned up much like the first, but of greater diameter; and here again was a marble watering-trough. A basin or pool of water larger than either of the wells, but not stoned up like them, was seemingly the principal watering-place. It was a short distance southwesterly from the second well, and it looked as if it and the two wells might be supplied from the same subterranean source—the springs under the rock. Around the margin of this pool, as also around the stoned wells, camel and goat dung—as if of flocks and herds for centuries—was trodden down and commingled with the limestone dust so as to form a solid plaster-bed. Another and yet larger pool, lower down the slope, was supplied with water by a stream which rippled and cascaded along its narrow bed from the upper pool; and yet beyond this, westward, the water gurgled away under the grass, as we had met it when we came in, and finally lost itself in the parching wady from which this oasis opened. The water itself was remarkably pure and sweet, unequaled by any we had found after leaving the Nile.
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> There was a New England look to this oasis, especially in the flowers and grass and weeds, quite unlike anything we had seen in the peninsula of Sinai.

A year after Dr. Trumbull's visit, while journeying from Petra to Palestine with the same dragoman who accompanied him, I crossed the Wady Arabah with the hope of finding 'Ain Qadees and bringing away some photographs of it. Nearly the whole of the route taken had "never been traveled over by white man," and was through a country where the Bedouin tribes were "at war with each other." One afternoon while I was in Petra a noble-looking Bedouin came riding in alone on horseback. He seemed very much at home, and very superior to the demons whose torments I endured there for four days. He proved to be Sheik Ouida, from Gaza, and was the tax-gatherer for the Government. His errand to Petra was to collect the annual tax due upon the sheep, goats, and camels—including the stolen ones—then in the possession of the Petra Bedouins. He declared that he had "seen 'Ain Qadees, from the top of a hill, more than once when on the journey homeward from Petra," and volunteered to act as our escort thither. His services were thereupon engaged for four days, at two pounds sterling per day. In due course we set out upon the search. Our contract with the Akabah sheik was to go by Nakl and Gaza, but we persuaded his men to follow our wishes at our risk. It was a dreary camel ride across the Arabah. There was little to divert us except the Gaza escort, who "played" with his horse frequently for our entertainment. The short, sagacious animal could gallop uphill as easily as he could go down, and was well drilled in the exercises of the tournament. He had a decided advantage over the camel. Sometimes he and his rider would fly over the hill ahead, and get beyond our sight. When we reached the summit of the rise they had crossed, we would see them standing upon the top of another one far away. We could tell our own guide by the manner in which he held his long spear, a signal agreed upon between us. After our conflict with the fellahin at Petra we were somewhat apprehensive of an attack. Moreover, we were in an unknown country, where the Bedouins were said to be at war. Watchfulness, then, was incumbent. Once Sheik Ouida came galloping back to us with the report that a company of Bedouins who were not "sahib" ("friendly") were coming. They came, but they exchanged salutations with us without offering to molest us or our Akabah attendants. Indeed, both parties seemed glad to get away. When in doubt as to his direction, our guide planted his spear among the rocks on the hill-top, made his horse fast to it, and descended into the valley on foot, "to save the horse, who might become too thirsty." At other times, when he found the way too rough for his red-topped boots, he planted his spear where we could see it, and rode until he

reached a neighboring hill to reconnoiter. In this way we were guided along the proper road, and made to feel comfortable at all times, from the fact that our cautious leader never permitted himself to be long out of our sight; or, if he did, he left some signal in view to prove that he was never unmindful of our welfare. Thus we were confident of being as safe as possible, and were content to go on, even through a country known to be infested by tribes of Bedouins unfriendly to those from the Akabah country, as were our attendants.



'AIN EL WEIBEH.

On the morning of the third day the scenery began to grow more beautiful. The sun had crossed the hills of Edom and was doing his best to bring out the gaudy colors of Zin. To the north the mountains of Moab rose splendidly, and it was so clear, that, had we been at a sufficient elevation, we could have seen the Dead Sea. Standing like a sentinel between the two ranges, topped by the tomb of Aaron, was "Jebel Haroun," the Mount Hor of the Mohammedans. We had encamped near the western border of the Arabah. At 9 o'clock A. M. we came to a bright oasis, where our guide stood crying out, "Moya henna" ("Water here"). It is a long, narrow, green spot, with an abundance of scrub-palms, reeds, rushes, grasses, and shrubs growing about it, wild and thick. There also is a fountain or well, very small and very shallow, sunk in the mother rock. This is 'Ain el Weibeh, the place considered by Dr. Edward Robinson to be Kadesh-Barnea, where Moses was commanded to speak to a rock for water (Numbers xx.); where Miriam died; where Moses and Aaron, within sight of the mountains, which some of the Hebrews tried to pass over in order to reach the longed-for country, were told that they should not see the Promised Land.

But a short distance away from the well is a mound covered with juniper bushes. This is revered by the Bedouins as "the grave of Miriam." The adjacent soil is crusty, like newly frozen snow, and breaks easily under the foot. Although the water here is unusually sportive on account of the animal life in it,—"living water" in a truly realistic sense,—and so bitter to the taste that no one could censure Israel for murmuring, we were obliged to fill our water-skins with a two-days' supply, for we knew not when we should find any better. What we left was entirely taken up by the camels, and 'Ain el Weibeh became an exhausted spring. More than once it happened to us that the tiny spring happily found on the way did not afford enough for man and beast. When there was abundance, it was usual for



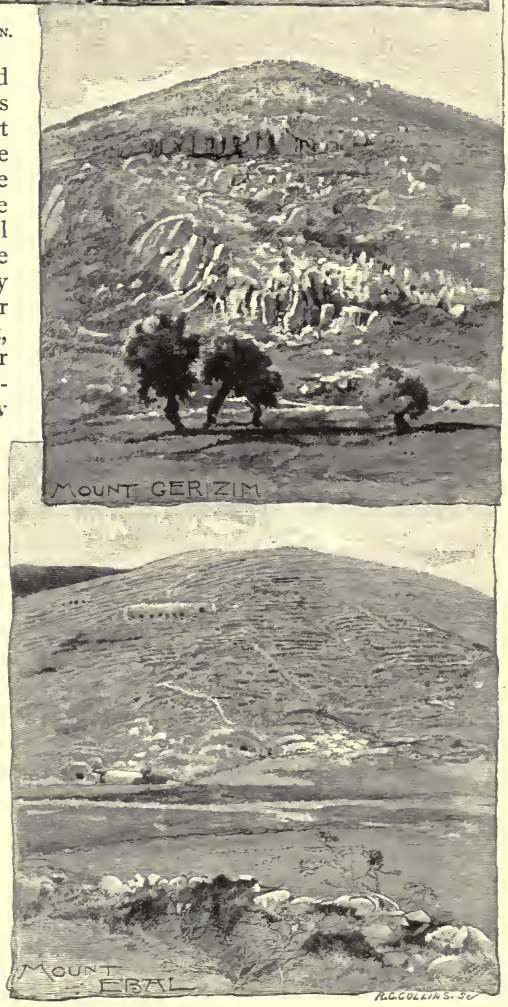
THE "HOLY TREE" NEAR THE BORDERS OF CANAAN.

all to kneel down at the little stream and drink side by side. Oasis hunting sometimes becomes an earnest business with the desert traveler, and he fully understands the value of the precious element. Frequently the route is left for half a day to reach water.[1] Where the wells of our long-sighted ancestors still exist, the traveler is allowed to drink what he needs during his sojourn, but not to carry any away, except by purchase. To "pay for water" at first seems an injustice; and yet, when fairly considered, it will appear right, for the supply is not always ample. It is sometimes quite a risk to allow any one to draw two or three barrels of water from a well, especially when it may be six or eight months before the heavens will visit the land with anything like a cloud-break. In a desert journey of forty-five days during March and April, I saw but two "showers," and the longer was only forty-five seconds in duration.

Again, when Moses was directed for his long journey in the Mount Seir region, among other things the Divine *dictum* enjoined (Deuteronomy ii. 6), "Ye shall buy meat of them for money, that ye may eat; and ye shall also buy water of them for money, that ye may drink." So it will seem that this old-time custom is still followed, and the desert traveler must submit without murmuring.

There was no evidence that the dreary region round about 'Ain el Weibeh had been inhabited, and it would require a great deal of faith to believe that it ever was. Even the stones about the well had all been arranged by Nature, and not by man. It was the only place thereabout that could be thought of as Kadesh-Barnea, because there was no other water visible in any direction. Such a spot could not satisfy any one who had any faith in Almighty mercy.

The heat was intense, and our departure was hastened. Soon after 'Ain el Weibeh is left behind, the country westward begins to rise and the forms and outlines of the mountains become beautiful. At one spot a dead but "holy tree" was found, the denuded limbs of which added to the picturesqueness of one of our halting-places. Ouida declared that "It was there when Moses came along." Our camel-men

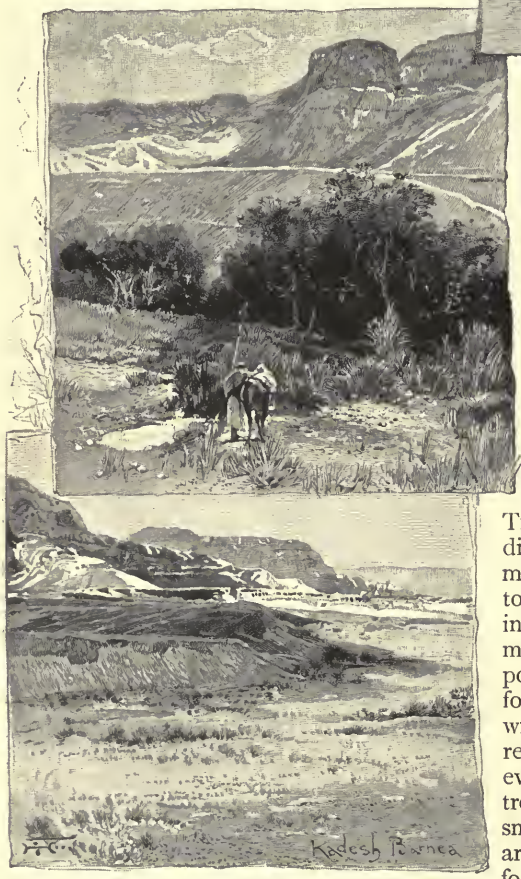


[1] Sometimes I have been shown these places only on condition that I would "not tell anybody."

protested when we prepared to carry away some of the fragments which were scattered over the ground. "It is all holy," they said, "and can be removed by Allah only." A pass in the hills beyond, called "Nagb Weibeh," was pointed out as "the place where the spies of Moses passed through."

Lunch that day was eaten under a huge pomegranate tree; this was full of blossoms, though almost leafless. At night we encamped in a great amphitheater, as nearly circular in form as if it had been quarried so. I repeatedly inquired of Ouida how near we were to 'Ain Qadees, but he could not tell. "It is coming, sir," was his usual answer. Evidently we were lost in the wilderness, and under that





VIEWS OF THE OASES NEAR KADESH-BARNEA.

impression we lay down to rest. The next morning the route led us up a flinty incline until we seemed to be miles in the air. Then a long and deep ravine was followed, where we found a few bushes, some grass, and some better water. We lost no time in exchanging the lively product of 'Ain el Weibeh for a purer article. Coming then to another rugged ridge, and not knowing what better to do, we ascended it; then, descending on the other side, we came to a long range of limestone and flint-covered hills. Among these we wandered an hour or two, when suddenly Ouida, whom we had not missed, came galloping towards us crying, "Henna, henna!" ("Here, here!") Following him through a narrow passage made by two bright-colored hills, we saw outspread before us a long, narrow oasis. A quick, short walk of our camels brought us under the shade of its fig trees, and we dismounted. Had the four days of weary searching been rewarded by a rest at 'Ain Qadees? We were assured by Hedayah that it was so. "Yesterday," said he, "you saw Dr. Robinson's Kadesh; but now you are in Sheik Trumbull's Kadesh, where he and I ate dinner together a year ago." Our lunch was made ready, but my anxiety impelled me to slight it and to proceed with the examination of the place. With the notes given me by Dr. Trumbull in hand, I walked from point to point and checked off the proofs I found: the walled wells; the fig trees laden with fruit; the groves of palms; the rushes, reeds, grasses, grain; the running stream—everything as described, except the water-troughs and the "large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock." The water-troughs are sometimes removed by the Bedouins. I found an isolated mountain several hundred feet high, and in its side a gorge with a great rock at its farther end. At the base of this, out of a cavern cut by nature, came a wide stream-bed which followed down to the trees, passed the wells, and then the water became lost among the grasses and the grain. From the top of this solid rock, not hard to reach, a wonderful view was presented. There was a vast plain with an abundant and varied pasture such as we had not seen in Arabia. Ruined buildings dotted the

hilltops here and there, and low stone walls ran along the hills, one above the other, evidently placed to keep the soil of the terraces from being precipitated to the wadies by the torrents. The neighborhood became more and more interesting as I examined it, and my heart thrilled with delight when my earnest dragoman again assured me that "This is, so far as I can remember, Dr. Trumbull's Kadesh." Thereupon the camera was applied to for a view of the well, with Ouida and his horse; another of a picturesque sandstone hill which lined one side of the oasis; and then, from its summit, views of the plain were made right and left. Sheik Ouida then made his departure, and the last we saw of him was as he rode his little horse around the beautiful hill on his journey to Gaza. He took our gratitude with him, but he was not entitled to it. He conducted us to an oasis several miles north of 'Ain Qadees, where probably "no white man ever trod"; but it was not 'Ain Qadees. To mollify his chagrin when I assured him of my doubts, the amiable Hedayah named the place of our visit "Sheik Wilson's Kadesh," and so we left it. Further search would have been made if I had not felt fairly convinced at the time that we had found what we were seeking. We had at least found what must be a close neighbor of 'Ain Qadees. With the belief that we had been even more successful, however, our caravan, which had been lost in the desert for four days, ascended the hills on the north and made a straight cut for Hebron, by way of Beersheba. The night was spent near some ruins of buildings on the edge of the plain already described. The next day the flinty inclines of the Negeb country gave us variety. It was one of the most difficult climbs we made. The pass that we ascended led to another extensive plain, where again ruins were seen and where the same system of low walls prevailed. There were miles of these walls, even then in as shapely condition as those on the highway between New York and Boston. The tiers ran parallel with each other and encircled the hills far up towards their tops. Following this plain is another and lower range of mountains. After reaching the top of the rocky pass which was selected as the most comfortable for the ascent, a remarkable transition scene was presented. Instead of steep inclines, bleak and bare of everything but a confusion of limestone and flint, the other side was green with grass, dotted with millions of wildflowers of almost every known color. The sight was absolutely overpowering. Surely none more gratifying could meet the gaze of the weary mountain climber who had not had an hour free from anxiety or a sight of a flower for two weeks.

At noon that day we lunched seated upon the bank of an active stream. Just below us the water made a downward leap of a dozen feet. The food was spread upon a rug, nature-woven, of white daisies, red poppies, and blue, yellow, white, and lilac flowers, all as delicate and tiny and wild as our own sweet heralds of spring. We sat on the border of the Promised Land, and could easily see its charming undulations many miles ahead. Towards night a thunder-shower seemed to be coming up from the south. A wide, deep wady was crossed that looked as if it had never made way for a gallon of water since its creation. The tents were pitched for the night upon a high mound covered with grass and flowers. During the night the expected rain fell, and that dry wady became a deep and wide and roaring river for many miles of its length, thus making us witness to another one of those quick transitions which come with the springtime in that wonderful region. We followed the newly born stream for some time next day, and forded a number of its busy tributaries while they brought in their muddy, foaming toll from the mountain sides. Parts of the plain were submerged by the overflow, and the poor little flowers had a discouraging time of it. Their fate was a grim augury of our own; for, a few hours after, we found ourselves encroaching upon the land of the Azazimehs, the descendants of Ishmael, and were overwhelmed by a storm of abuse from a delegation of the tribe, who, having sighted us afar off, stood awaiting us at the ford of the river which led up Beersheba way. Practically we were made prisoners, and remained so a good part of two days. A poorer and more degraded tribe does not exist than the Azazimeh Bedouins — even the fellahin of Petra are better off; but they make up for it in impudence and bluster. Every one who drives a camel into their territory is attacked and abused and treated as a spy. The sheik of the tribe had recently been killed in a tribal war, and his place had been taken by a young aspirant who was as large as a veritable son of Anak and who was as insolent as he was large. He declared that our attendants, who were Haiwatt Bedouins from Akabah, were at war with the Azazimehs and could not be allowed to cross the territory. "Will you, then, supply us camels to take us across to Hebron?" "No; we have no camels of our own. They have all been stolen from us." "What, then, must we do?" "You may proceed to Hebron if you like."

This practically prevented us from going on. Not until the night of the second day could this dispute be settled. At last it was agreed that for backsheesh a messenger should go to the camp of the Teyáhahs in the adjoining territory and engage camels for the removal



BEDOUIN OUTCASTS.

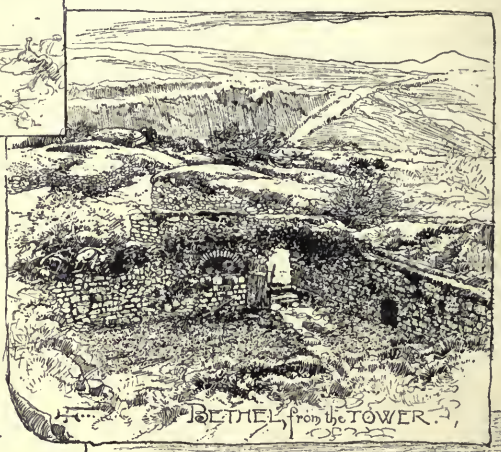
of our luggage. No day in Petra held more anxiety than this one did; for parting with the mutinous wretches into whose hands we had voluntarily placed ourselves at Akabah, compromising with those who held us prisoners, and arranging with the newcomers, required an amount of intolerable yelling and bluster which was more interesting than pleasant. Swords, pistols, clubs, spears, fists, and guns were all used; but nobody was hurt — very much. Even the moon looked troubled by the time we made our departure. If such people infested this region when the spies came this way, it is not so wonderful that they returned to Moses and said, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Certainly my long-felt sympathy for Hagar and Ishmael was much shaken by my dealings with their descendants. Nothing could be more lovely, however, than the region reached a day's journey farther north, when in the neighborhood of "the brook Eshcol." The land rolls through "green pastures" and "beside the still waters." The wide valleys were clothed with verdure, spotted with daisies, buttercups, dandelions, poppies white and red, and many other flowers. Large flocks were there, attended by their shepherds; the fellahin were at work, and the women, tall and erect, were everywhere carrying water in jars upon their heads. The fields were protected from the torrents by stone walls such as we saw in the wilderness, and olive groves and vineyards abounded. It was a grateful scene, made more so by the resemblance of the gray-sided hills to those of good old Massachusetts. Each vineyard of Eshcol was protected by a high stone wall; in every one was a low stone structure which served as the house of the attendant. The roof was the watch-tower, whereupon the watcher spent the day, to keep the birds and the Bedouins away from the fruit. Nestled away down in the valley below lies Hebron, "in the plains of Mamre." There, reaching across, is the old camping-ground of the patriarchs, and in the distance, towering above everything else except the surrounding hills, are the minarets of the mosque which covers the cave of Machpelah. Hebron is the oldest town in the world which has maintained a continuous existence. To one coming up from a two-months' wandering in the wilds of the scorched desert, where only an occasional oasis occurs to sustain faith in that stage of creation when God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind," this first sight of holy land is an enchanting one; yet one, as was afterwards found, where distance lends enchantment to the view. The hills and the valleys alike are clothed with olive groves, orange trees, and vineyards; figs, mulberries, almonds, pomegranates, and vegetables like our own melons and cucumbers also abound. Streams of water run hither and thither and murmur music which gladdens the heart of the weary traveler.

It is no wonder that Caleb's heart always turned back to this region after his visit to it as a spy, regardless of the threatening appearance of the children of Anak. Surely Joshua was just when he "blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance." Caleb was not afraid, and he revered the place for good reasons. The frugal and industrious husbandman still cares for this historical plain. Seated upon the mountain south of the vale of Eshcol, one can see just where Joshua and "all Israel with him" fought against Hebron; where the fugitives used to run into this city of refuge and fall, panting with fear, at the corner of the great pool, saved as soon as they touched its wall; doubtless the very route over which the spies came, and undoubtedly the narrow valley through which Abraham hurried his three hundred and eighteen trained servants up towards Dan to rescue his kinsman Lot, who had been captured by the four kings. There, too, on the far left, is Abraham's oak, said to mark the spot where the patriarch's tent was located when the angels visited him; on the right, glistening like a gigantic mirror in the sun, is the great pool, upon the farther wall of which David hanged the heads of the kings who had murdered Ish-bosheth, the son of his rival Saul. A wonderful amount of history clusters about this valley and the well-cultivated inclines which shape it. Adjoining the tents of my party were those of two young sons of the Prince of Wales and their companions. We were told that the streets of Hebron had been cleaned for the princes, yet the passages seemed very filthy after coming from the clean, dry wadies of the Negeb and the stony highways of the wilderness of Kadesh. The bazars of Hebron are dark and damp. Only a small opening in the wall here and there allows the light to come in, and for such a blessing extra rent is charged. The streets are crowded, and the crowds are motley enough. The tawny gypsy, the brown Bedouin of the desert, the spiritless Syrian, and the pale, blue-eyed Jew, with his greasy red lovelocks, provide a gradation of color as well as a variety of types. All of the women do not cover their faces; but if they were faithful to the cause of beauty and of Mohammed they would. The children are chubby and pretty, but insolent, pert, and dirty. They spit upon the stranger and throw stones at him. The manufacture of glass beads is carried on extensively at Hebron, and the preparation of



goat-skins for carrying water is also a principal industry. Of course the great attraction of the town is the old mosque. It is entered by quite a pretentious stairway, with a fountain on the right-hand side of an arched doorway of red and black and yellow stones. It looks older than the Nile temples. Its walls are of long, beveled stones, with nearly three inches of cement or mortar between them. As a rule Christians are not admitted inside, but Jews are permitted to go as far as the inner wall of the cave inclosure, where, near a small hole, they wail and weep as they do at the Haram wall in Jerusalem. From the top of the outer wall, however, reached from the roof of an old mosque, the traveler may look down into the court and see and photograph the door or entrance to the Cave of Machpelah. It is in no way pretentious—only a pointed arch crossed by a wall reaching up about eight feet, and broken by a low, arched entrance in the center, with a square aperture at each side to admit light. Yet this is the most interesting sepulcher on the face of the earth; for inside are the graves of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah. No site in Palestine is more authentic, and none so carefully guarded.

Having now considered the region visited by the spies, we follow them back to Kadesh. Thus, in obedience to the chronology of our present undertaking, we come upon the scene of the departure of the Israelites from the wilderness of Kadesh for the land of Canaan. Their nomadic life was about to be changed for the more comfortable one of the Promised Land. But how were they to get there? They could follow up the Wady Arabah until they arrived near to the Dead Sea, and then continue among the cliffs of Moab on the east, or they could wind through the equally difficult ravines on the west; but both routes were very difficult and dangerous, because of the opposition they might meet from the dwellers in the land. They were refused a passage through the land of Edom, and there was but one route left for them to follow: that was to retrace their steps southward to Akabah, then go by the wilderness of Moab. The route is clearly defined in Deuteronomy ii. 8 as follows: "And when we passed by from our brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from





Elath [Akabah], and from Ezion-gaber [at the north end of the Gulf of Akabah], we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab."

A wide plain will meet the view of the modern traveler as he comes up from the south to the wilderness of Moab. This plain rises gradually until it approaches the Jordan, where the western border reaches nearly four thousand feet above the sea. Standing at that height, one obtains an impressive idea of the vast depression of the Jordan valley and of the Dead

Sea. The noble mountains which run north and south form a wall, as it were, between the Jordan valley and the farther east. The bare and rocky mountains of Gilead seem the nearer: so near are they that one with good eyes may see how the descending torrents have torn deep into their sides, and in places he may discern the differences between the species of trees in the forests which clothe the plains lying at the mountain bases. Now the broad expanses seem to sink far, far out of focus; and then they yield again to the rocks and barren fields, with only an occasional thicket occurring to relieve the dull monotony. Rising high on the right of the prospect is a range of mountains leading southward, from which somewhere rise the tops of Mount Pisgah and the mountains of Nebo. Beyond these, and back to the south again, are the bleak and sunburned summits of the Arabian Mountains, so far away, and yet seemingly so very near. The desert plains, the uneasy sands, the drought-seamed soil, and the torrent-worn wadies, thousands in number, combine to suggest a scene where active force has been suspended and the whole petrified by the sudden grip of a dreadful power all unseen — as though some purgatorial air had blown across it and scorched out its life while the dramatic changes were going on. The wild roar of the ocean, with its display of power, does not move the soul more than does the awful silence of a Moabitish landscape. Both alike seem to be places where God makes his abode, where Nature's mighty wonders are most impressively revealed.

Many an earnest and industrious explorer has traversed this land of Moab with the hope of locating "the mountain of Nebo" and the "top of Pisgah." The Bible record seems to place them very exactly: "The Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar." That included Mount Hermon on the north; from Sidon to Gaza on the west, and from below Hebron on the south. The effort of the explorer has been to find a mountain range with a summit — not necessarily the highest one of all — from which all the country included in the Bible record may be made out. Agreeing that there is no presumption in the desire to see with the modern eye as much as was divinely revealed to Moses, the accounts of those who have made the trial are exceedingly interesting. American explorers have been the most industrious in this search, and there seems to be no doubt that Professor John A. Paine is entitled to the highest credit for the information he has given us concerning the identification of Mount Pisgah. From his valuable record, which fills one hundred and fifty pages of the "Journal of the Palestine Exploration Society" (January, 1875), we learn that the noted traveler gathered his proofs by personal investigation. Several summits were ascended, and in turn were found wanting. Patiently and persistently the work went on. All the clues obtained from the traditions of the wandering Bedouins and from the beckonings of Nature were followed, and sometimes they led to nothing more reliable than a mirage. At last a mountain headland with a divided summit was found, called Jebel Siaghah — "a narrow foreland bounded by ledges and steeps on the north and west, falling quickly down to Wady 'Ayun Mousa far below." From this mountain, "2360 feet above the level of the sea," the "magnificent display" is described as including, briefly, the following:

> Two-thirds of the Dead Sea . . . the Negeb Moses saw; in a direction a little south of southwest . . . a perspective of scarcely a shorter distance than toward the north; the hill country of Judah; the country around Hebron; up to Bethlehem; with no background but the sky, the spires of Jerusalem stand out plainer than ever; "as far as Bethany"; in the north, hills blend in blueness that lie not far from Nazareth, and look down on the shores of Lake Gennesaret; there is the Jordan; Peræa; Bethabara; the point of Gibeon on the right; the dilapidated tower of Bethel; the high mountains of Ephraim undulate along for a wide distance until they end in Gerizim and Ebal; the hills of Manasseh fall into east-and-west chains which run boldly out toward the valley and present many picturesque features; the mountains before Gilboa have risen still more; beyond these, the hills descend to the lower highlands of Galilee, till they sink off in the plateaus of the northern portion of Dan.

Thus we see that the views obtained by Professor Paine embrace all the territory included in the biblical account, except that the great sea was not visible. Since my journey, the Rev. George E. Post, M. D., of the Syrian medical college connected with the American mission at Beyrout and one of my companions to Mount Sinai, has conducted a scientific expedition to the Moab country. He visited the sites described by Professor Paine, and made drawings of Nebo and Pisgah. He kindly sent me copies, with permission to engrave them for this paper, but they were received too late. His entire report, with engravings, appears in a recent issue of the "Report of the Palestine Exploration Society." It is valuable, and full of thrilling interest. Dr. Post thinks that Nebo is north of Siaghah.

The horseback journey from Jericho to Shechem takes two days. The road is a very rough one, and must have been so when Joshua

made his conquests; for when his spies "went up and viewed Ai . . . they returned to Joshua, and said unto him, Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labor thither; for they are but few" (Joshua vii. 2, 3). Nevertheless the journey is one of the most enjoyable in all Palestine. The start should be made long before sunrise, for it is a rare privilege to see the sun awaken such a drowsy country. When the first glimmer of light comes darting down from the Moabite hills, it trembles a moment among the top leaves of Jordan's verdant side-screens, and then dances hither and thither across the dewy plains of Jericho. The scene is one which would gladden the heart of any husbandman. Towards the south the view is interrupted by a great fog, the rosy high lights of which hover over the Dead Sea. Its left wing hangs drooping over the bosom of the Jordan for a mile or two. The Fountain of Elisha looks almost black at that early hour, and the little stream scarcely seems awake.

Now we turn westward. A short race with the sunbeams across the plain brings us square in front of Mount Quarantana, into whose yawning caves the early light affords the best view of all the day, for then only can the genial rays creep into them. For an hour before sunrise everything looks dismal enough; but when the sun rises, the scene grows more beautiful every foot of the way. When one of the highest points is gained, a vast prospect is presented, that reaches from the great sea on the west, with the hills of Benjamin, overtopped by those of Gilead and Moab (the Jordan between them), on the east. The rolling battlefields of Gibeon lie in full view. Every rod of ground represents a page in Israelitish history. Bound for a special place, however, we must avoid detail and hurry on to Bethel, and east of Bethel to Ai. As the sun journeys on, the air grows hot, and the climb becomes irksome. The Bethel of to-day does not inspire very Jacob-like dreams. The prophecy that "Bethel shall come to naught" has been fully realized. Part of an old pool forms the usual camping-ground of the traveler. The people of the modern village are cleanly and hospitable, and cultivate an abundance of lovely roses, quantities of which they press upon the stranger. The city wall is constructed of immensely tall plants of the prickly pear. They are easier to keep in order than the walls of stone, though stones and "pillars of stone" undoubtedly abound in every field about Bethel. Jerusalem and "the place of Jacob's dream" present the points of interest in the outlook towards the south. The Dead Sea and the Jordan may again be seen south and east; but Ai, our chief point of interest, "is on the east side of Bethel," not so very far from Abraham's camping-ground. The story of its assault and capture is recorded with such detail as to make it one of the most interesting events in all the Jewish narrative.

It seems as if one of those great wide-spreading oaks which stand to-day on the sides of the hills near Bethel must be the one upon which the King of Ai was hanged, and that any "great heap of stones," so numerous close by, may cover the kingly carcass. There still is the rocky glen where the ambush lay; there the barren ridge where Joshua and his attendants took up their position, north of the city; there the deep valley between them, where he first attracted the attention of Ai; there the wild ravine through which they fled with Ai after them, down towards Jericho. But it is all desolation and ruin now, and the country is not worth the attention of the modern invader.

For good reasons, doubtless, Joshua made Shiloh his headquarters, and "set up the tabernacle of the congregation there." Thus Shiloh became the place of the annual feasts and was a resort well known to all the tribes of Israel.

The neighboring highways are about the roughest over which any one traveling in Palestine ever rode a horse. Indeed, sometimes the traveler is obliged to dismount to help and encourage his poor bewildered horse to follow him. The rougher climbs over, however, the remainder of the journey to Shechem is one of the most varied and enjoyable in all the land. Instead of the small, compressed, ground-down sort of appearance which generally pervades southern Palestine, every prospect seems to please. Thriving olive groves, rich grain-fields, myriads of gaudy flowers, hills covered with growing crops, and the long inclines, terraced now with stone walls, now by the natural formation of the rock, vary the prospect. Such is the outlook presented in all directions, except on the left, towards Mount Gerizim, around the shoulder of which runs the road. Farmers are seen plowing, the women are plucking the tares from the wheat, and the children are helping. Ascending and descending, every foot of the way from Shiloh to Shechem shows the care and attention of an industrious people. Perhaps it is the fresher air that gives them more vigor than have those who inhabit the white chalk-hills and the almost bare valleys of the south country. Even the flowers look fresher, newer, and happier. Every step taken by the horses starts a gossipy wagging of heads and a widening of eyes among the daisies which line the narrow roadway. A glorious surprise comes when the last ascent previous to Gerizim itself is reached. At the

right, spreading eastward for nearly a mile and a half and from north to south for seven miles or more, is a glorious valley, broken up into sections of green and gold and pink, with not a line of fence or wall to disturb it, and only the groves of olives, the trunks of which, twisted and braided together, relieve the uniformity of the expanse. Away over on its eastern side is a line of hills, as dark as a row of olive trees. On the left Gerizim and Ebal stand out majestically against the blue sky, with the wide vale between them, in the midst of which lies Shechem. Then, far in the north-west, rising like a great white screen, as though outstretched for the whole grand evening spectacle to be projected upon it, is snowy Mount Hermon. The whole populace of the town of Hawara, located on the steep incline of Gerizim, comes out to witness the panorama. But all the novelty they see is the stranger; all the music they hear comes from the bells on the necks of the luggage-mules. Soon after this village is passed the road forks. At the right one of the best roads in Palestine leads to Jacob's Well. A shorter cut to the vale of Shechem is made by keeping to the left, but it is by no means so picturesque as the other. For the best view, Shechem should be approached from the south, and just at the close of day. Then the long, wide shadows of Mount Gerizim, projected upon the plain, are welcomed by the husbandman who has been toiling all day under the cloudless sky. The first lowering of the temperature is the signal for the flocks to break away from their flower-besprinkled pasture and to turn themselves towards their folds; the men and the women, often laden with some product of the field, also turn homeward. A great finger seems to have been placed across the lips of Nature, so still and so quiet all becomes with the departure of the sun and the advance of the twilight. It must have been at that same hour when "all the congregation of Israel, with the women and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them," congregated, "half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal," while Joshua read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings. And it must have been so silent, too, when a quarter of a century after this a solemn renewal of the covenant took place, and Joshua "set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem."

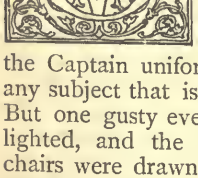
It is a strange experience to pass through the lovely vale of Shechem and, gazing at Ebal on the right and at Gerizim on the left, to think of how many noted people journeyed likewise long before Christ came. The list of sojourners and travelers includes Abraham, Jacob, Simeon, Levi, Joseph (buried here), Joshua, Abimelech, and Rehoboam. Jesus was a visitor here, and Shechem was the birthplace of Justin Martyr. The Roman scepter, the Christian cross, and the crescent of Islam have all held sway in Shechem. The garrison whose bugle awakens the echoes of Ebal and Gerizim to-day recalls memories of blessing and cursing, and with American rifles, though under command of Ottoman officers, keeps peace among the turbulent people. Shechem is a cosmopolitan place, and some of her people represent the oldest races. For example, about all the Samaritans that are left congregate there. Within the whitewashed walls of their tiny synagogue is the inscribed "original" of their Pentateuch. This document varies in many particulars from the Pentateuch of the Jews, and is under careful watch. They hold that it was written by Abishua, the son of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. The officiating priest is a young man who claims to be a direct descendant of Aaron. After the proper persuasion of backsheesh, he consented to exhibit the antique document and to stand beside it in the synagogue court while its photograph was made. Its great silver case and the rods of the scroll make it very heavy, so that an assistant was required to help the priest carry it. After placing it upon a chair, they very carefully unfolded the embroidered scarf of crimson satin which covered it, and thus displayed the engraved silver case. In time the doors of this were thrown open, and the precious document was made visible. It was rolled like a Jewish scroll upon two metal rods that are much longer than the scroll. These rods protrude at each end for the protection of the parchment. The letters are Samaritan, but they are written in the Hebrew language. The engraved scenes upon the case are said to represent the ground plan of the Tabernacle. In their ceremonies they follow the injunctions of Exodus xxviii. and Leviticus viii. Once a year the Samaritans hold their religious feasts upon the summit of Mount Gerizim, "the mountain of blessing." It is their Moriah. The men, as a rule, are fine looking, pleasant in manners, and superior to the average Syrian. The women are lighter in color than their sisters in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and seem to be of a very different race. Their hair is black and wavy, and their dress is unlike that of the Mohammedans and Jews. They seem to be happy and are devoted to their creed. Their strange little family numbers less than two hundred.

The location of Shechem is delightful. The whole vale, running east and west, is alive with gushing cascades and bounding streams, fed partly by the twin mountains Ebal, on the north, and Gerizim, on the south. Luxuriant olive groves and fig orchards, interspersed with

fruit trees of various kinds, are dotted hither and thither, everywhere. But the city itself is not so attractive. Many of its streets are cavern-like, for they run under the houses. They would afford an excellent opportunity for the trial of some rapid-transit scheme, were it not that they are so very narrow and continually thronged with the noisy, hurrying multitude. The better view of life is had from the housetops. They are reached from the streets by stone stairways. There the people take their leisure, do a great deal of their trading and much of their work. Thus the houses seem to be, as indeed many are, hoisted a story or two in the air. There is no regularity of style about them, and it is all one's life is worth to try to find the way among them without a guide and a torch. Only from a height can the real beauties of Shechem be seen. Then the broad domes of the mosques and their graceful minarets stand out finely; the variety of houses shows forth and the open streets are indicated, first by the sound which comes up from the multitude, and then by the gay bazars which line them. Fine views are had from "Jacob's Tower," a picturesque structure in the south-west corner of the town. It is said to have been the home of the patriarch whence he sent Joseph to Dothan to look after his recreant brethren. Strangely enough, amidst all the buzz and noise of the town comes the clatter of the cotton-gin, for Shechem is the great cotton center of Palestine. It is also headquarters for the best olive-oil soap. Two miles down the vale is the well of Jacob, where the interview between Christ and the Samaritan woman took place. Directly north, and almost in a line with the well, close to the base of Ebal, is the tomb of Joseph. All along the side of this mountain, when the new covenant was made, Joshua mustered the tribes of Reuben and Gad, of Asher and Zebulon, of Dan and Naphtali. On the other side, against Gerizim, the tribes of Simeon and Levi, of Judah and Issachar, of Joseph and Benjamin were gathered. As one stands looking from the top of Jacob's Tower the present seems to vanish and the past arises again with a strange reality. Not a single feature of nature appears to have been touched out by the wizard pencil of time. Every light and every shade is accentuated by the long perspective of history. The pages recorded here must face those of Sinai. The vale of Shechem is the consonant of the plain of Er Raha. Somewhere and somehow, running through the intervening pages, are the threads we have tried to gather up and follow, guided by the entanglements of tradition and persuaded by the reasonings of the modern explorer. The sounds of idolatry were left at Aaron's Hill, and the blast of the trumpets cheered the desolation of Wady Sheik; then the departing hosts followed across the wilderness, where the manna and the quail were provided, through the inclosure of Hazeroth to the wandering-place of Kadesh-Barnea, where the provision of good water was followed by the long tarrying. On they went until, climbing the flinty ridges of the border, the place was reached where denuded nature grew more consistent and the long inclines were found clothed with lovely flowers. There the land, "with milk and honey blest," was seen as the spies had seen it. On and on, by the way of the desert wilds again, to Nebo, to the sacred river, and across it to where all intrusion of barrenness ceased and the Promised Land was reached. Just so we may see it to-day.

Edward L. Wilson.

THE THIRD OF MARCH.



UR friend Captain Keppell has been with us again, and was as quiet, as agreeable, and as interesting as ever. He had little to say, however, with reference to his recent visit to the East; and indeed we have noticed that the Captain uniformly forbears to talk about any subject that is not at least ten years old. But one gusty evening, after the lamps were lighted, and the children in bed, and our chairs were drawn in a semicircle round the blazing fire, Keppell filliped the ash off the end of his cigar and remarked, "This is the third of March, is n't it?"

"It sounds like it," replied one of us, as a louder blast of wind howled round the north-east corner of our venerable farm-house.

"Did I ever tell you about Jack Hamilton?" asked Keppell, after a pause. "In the army, you know — got into a scrape — went to New Zealand — and all that."

"I never heard you mention him," said I, settling myself in my chair with agreeable anticipations: for the Captain had his yarn-spinning air on.

"I was reminded of him by the fact that the third of March was his birthday," continued our friend; "and it was a marked day in his calendar for other reasons. I first met him at Oxford: you know I was up at Oxford for a year.

Afterwards we joined the same regiment, and saw a little service together. I resigned afterwards; Jack sold out: but that is anticipating.

"I did n't especially take to him in those days; we were hardly in the same set. He was rather a fast man at the University, though I believe he was in the crew one year. He was an immense great broad-shouldered chap, with blue eyes and a voice like a fog-horn; and later he had a big red beard, from behind which he glared out, when he was angry, like a tiger out of a jungle. His family was old and noble; you probably met Lord —— when you were in London? Well, that was Jack's brother. If Jack had inherited the title, he might have turned out very differently; he certainly had brains, and plenty of energy. But there were a good many children, and his share of the patrimony did n't amount to much. Instead of taking his place among the hereditary lawgivers and millionaires of the nation, he had to fight for his own hand; and he made rather a mess of it.

"It was not until we had been some time in India with the regiment that we became friends, in the proper sense of the word. We were near each other in some skirmish, and my sword happened to intervene between Jack's head and some black devil's spear; and he would have it that I had saved his life. Poor fellow! I might have done him a better service by letting the spear take its course. For that matter, I have sometimes thought that the best result of saving life, as a general thing, is the medal you get from the Humane Society. But on this occasion I did n't get even that.

"Jack was not an ideal soldier, in spite of his enormous strength and headlong courage; for he had very little respect for discipline. He was all the time insulting the dignity of his superiors; he never seemed able to understand that any human being, even though it were the commander-in-chief, had the right to dictate to him. But the men idolized him; he was always in front of everybody in a charge; and he never flinched under hardships that would have worn down a dromedary. There were few finer sights than Jack on a battlefield, astride that great roan charger of his, galloping through the bullets, with his red beard blowing past his shoulders and his saber swinging and glittering in his hand. It was not a pleasant sight for the black fellows though. But, notwithstanding his gallantry, Jack missed his promotion: he was too much his own enemy. He never complained about it, but I know he used to rage internally. Good temper was not Jack's strong point, at any rate.

"One day he got a bad wound in the groin: it healed imperfectly; he always limped a little afterwards, and often suffered pain. Six months' leave was given him, and he went home. As for me, I had seen about enough of soldiering by that time; and soon after Jack left, as there was a lull in hostilities, I resigned, as you know, and followed him to England. He had been there then only two months; but, as I was speedily made aware, he had already got himself into the worst kind of a scrape.

"'Cherchez la femme?' Well, I don't subscribe to that proverb as a rule; it 's a very superficial one; but in this instance I must confess it applied pretty well. There was a woman at the bottom of it.

"I had known for some time past that Jack was in love with somebody; I suppose all young fellows of his age and constitution are; but I had neither asked nor learned any of the particulars. I did n't imagine it was anything exceptionally serious. There had been a letter now and then, which he would read and reread, and wear inside his jacket; and once, I remember, he spoke the name of Edith in a way that led me to think it had a special significance for him; but that was about all. He did not look like a man who would be apt to ruin himself for any woman. But I knew less of men then than I do now.

"I ran across him one night at the Army and Navy Club. He was in evening dress, and had evidently been to dinner. He shook my hand with great cordiality, and clapped his great paw on my shoulder, as if he would have liked to hug me. But there was a dangerous look in those blue eyes of his: I had seen it there before. He drew me into a corner of the smoking-room, and we sat down and had brandy and soda.

"'By Jove, Keppell, old fellow,' he exclaimed, 'you 're just the man I wanted to see! You 've come in the nick of time. I could n't have done without you.'

"'What 's the matter?' I inquired. 'Do you want me to cut in at a game of whist?'

"Jack laughed between his teeth, and twisted his hand in his beard.

"'Whist is n't the game,' he replied; 'though there 're hearts in it, and I mean to lead clubs, and there may be a use for spades, and diamonds seem to be trumps.' This was a fair specimen of Jack's humor. 'No, no; this is no child's play, Keppell,' he added. 'It 's an ugly business, and I want you to help me see it through.'

"'Well, let 's hear what it is,' I replied, sipping my brandy and soda.

"'Did you ever hear of Lady Edith——?' asked Jack, speaking low and gazing at me intently.

"'I 've heard of her; but I don't know that I ever met her.'

"'You would not have forgotten it if you had met her. She 's the finest girl in England. And what do you suppose they 're going to do with her — try to do, at all events?'

"'I 'm sure I don't know, and I don't — '

"'Hold on!' interposed Jack, holding up his hand. 'Don't say you don't care; because I do care — as the world will know in due time. They are trying to marry her to that sharp-nosed Scotch ranter, Lord Bothwell.'

"'Well, why not? Lord Bothwell is quite as good-looking as you are, Jack, though he may not weigh half as much. He 's got a good reputation in the House too; and so far as money goes, no girl in England can afford to turn up her nose at him.'

"'But he 's not the man for my Edith,' rejoined Jack, frowning, and bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair.

"'Oh, if she 's your Edith that alters the case, of course.'

"'I have a right to call her mine. We have known each other since we were children. I loved her when I was at school. Other fellows may fall in love a dozen times, I have never thought of any girl but her. You are the first man to whom I 've ever spoken of this, Keppell; and I would n't speak of it to you if it were n't necessary that you should know how I stand. All the time I 've been in India we have written to each other — look here!' and he pulled out of an inner pocket a bundle of old letters: 'I always carry these about me. We have promised ourselves to each other, I tell you; and do you suppose that I, at this late day, am going to let such a bundle of skin and bone as Bothwell come between us?'

"'What do you mean to do about it?' I asked him.

"Jack lit a cigar and took a sip from his glass before replying.

"'I 've thought it all over carefully,' he said, leaning back in his chair and regarding me with a confident air, as if assured beforehand of my approbation; 'and I 've made up my mind that the simplest way out of the trouble will be to call him out.'

"'Call him out, Jack! It is n't possible you think of fighting him?'

"He gave his beard another twist, and nodded his head.

"I laughed. 'We 're not in India,' I said, 'nor in France; nor is Bothwell a fighting man. And if you fancy that the proper way to woo an English girl is to shoot your rival, you will find very few in this country to agree with you. I will have nothing to do with it, for one.'

"'A fellow must do the best he can,' he replied. 'I have thought of everything, but nothing else will serve. To force her into this marriage would be a cold-blooded, inhuman piece of policy. Of course you understand the affair will be managed in such a way that no one will suspect her of having any connection with it. And of course she knows nothing about it now.'

"'All I have to say to you is, if you attempt anything of the kind, you will not only ruin yourself past redemption, but you will lose her. Besides, there 's no need of it. The girl can't be made to marry Bothwell, or anybody else, against her will. You must leave it to her.'

"'Well, that 's your opinion,' said Jack, finishing his brandy. 'Perhaps if you knew what it is to love a woman, your opinion would be different. Have another split? I must be off, then; I have some letters to write. Sorry we could n't agree. Good-night.'

"He rose, and limped out, leaving me both irritated and depressed. There was no arguing with such brutal obstinacy as his; nor could he be restrained by any means less persuasive than actual arrest and imprisonment. As it turned out, however, the immediate difficulty was averted by an accident. As Jack was getting out of his hansom that night the horse started, and he was thrown heavily to the pavement. The fall caused the wound in his groin to reopen; he was carried into his house and did not leave his bed for ten days, during a part of which time he was delirious. Before he got out again, Lord Bothwell and Lady Edith were made man and wife, and had gone to the Continent on their bridal trip. This was in September. Affairs of my own took me away from London, and I did not see Jack again till the following winter. Then I ran across him at a reception at the Countess of Mayfair's. A very beautiful woman, but pale, and with a sad expression, was leaning on his arm, and Jack was talking to her in a low voice, but with great animation.

"'Ah, Keppell, glad to see you!' said Jack, as I caught his eye. 'By the bye, Edith, you must let me present Captain Keppell to you; you have often heard me speak of him. Keppell — Lady Bothwell.'

"We exchanged a few words, and I passed on. But the impression I had received from Jack's look and manner, as well as from the aspect of his beautiful companion, was a painful one. That he was still in love with her went without saying. It was more to the point that she seemed to me to be in love with him. She had given him a glance or two, even while I stood with them, that was not to be mistaken. But she was unhappy; she had struggled against her passion, and unsuccessfully. I judged her to be a woman of impetuous nature when warmed and stimulated, yet easily

amenable to conviction in her colder moods. I could understand how she might have allowed herself to be persuaded into marrying Bothwell against the secret opposition of her heart; but I could also understand that, if once her heart were thoroughly kindled and aroused, she might take a fatal and irrevocable step.

"And Jack's presence with her, under such circumstances, was of evil augury. The look with which he had met me was defiant and sullen. He had known what was in my mind, and was prepared to resist all remonstrances. He was a desperate man. It made me uncomfortable to contemplate what might happen unless some other incalculable accident should intervene. My acquaintance with Bothwell was too slight to warrant my making any application or giving any warning to him; still less could I approach Lady Edith herself. The only alternative course was to attempt to bring Jack to his senses, and I had a presentiment that this would be futile.

"Nevertheless, I did what I could, and spoke my mind to him without reserve. The manner in which he received me indicated that he had already descended to a lower depth than I supposed. He assumed a laughing, obtuse demeanor, and declared he was as innocent of evil designs as a dove. He had accepted, he said, the decrees of fate: Edith had become Lady Bothwell, and such she must remain. But that was no reason why he should drop her acquaintance. They were very good friends, that was all. Bothwell was not to be blamed for marrying such a fine creature if he could get her; and Jack asserted, with a laugh, that he bore him no malice. '"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"—that 's my motto,' he exclaimed. 'You are a good fellow, Keppell,' he added, 'and there 's no man I like better, or so well. But you have discovered a mare's nest, my dear boy, and you will show your wisdom by retreating in as good order as possible.'

"'Well, Jack,' I said at length, 'of course I 'm bound to accept your own account of yourself until circumstances contradict or confirm it. But since you have no motive in staying round here beyond those of ordinary friendship, I have a proposition to make to you. I intend starting on a ramble which will probably take me round the world by a somewhat unconventional route. I want a companion, and you are the companion I want. Will you come?'

"'With my leg? No, thank you! My rambling days are over, I fear. I shall remain in London for the present, hobbling round to dinner parties now and then, smoking my cigar at the club, and talking gossip and scandal before the fire like the other old fogies. Much obliged to you, Keppell, all the same,' he added, with a touch of genuine feeling in his voice for the first and only time during our interview. 'I know you mean it kindly, and I thank you. But that is not the sort of medicine that can cure such an invalid as I am—more 's the pity!'

"Well, I left him at last, without having gained my point, and soon after I went to Paris. One morning as I sat at breakfast, reading yesterday's copy of 'The Times,' my eye caught the paragraph that I seemed to have been expecting all along. There it was—'Elopement in high life,' and all the rest of it. I threw down the paper. I passed a gloomy hour, I can assure you; and now what was to be the sequel?

"The best to be hoped for was that Lord Bothwell would immediately apply for a divorce, and that the miserable incident might be forgotten as soon as possible. At the best, the future of the pair looked dark enough. Jack had no money other than the sum obtained by the sale of his commission—he had disposed of it a few weeks before. That would soon be spent; and there was nothing that I could think of that he could do to earn a living. Their course would be inevitably downward. It might be temporarily arrested, it could not be stopped. Everything was against them.

"As I was taking my hat to go out, the door opened and Jack himself appeared on the threshold. He held out his hand to me, and I took it at once. It was not a conventional act on my part; but I have always had confidence in the ability of Providence to chastise sinners, and have never felt it my duty to proffer my assistance. It could make neither Jack nor myself any worse for him to know that I was still his friend.

"He had apparently prepared himself to meet with another sort of greeting, and my reception affected him somewhat. We had a long talk. Lady Bothwell, he said, was in lodgings. He himself was staying at the Bristol; except that, he had n't much news to tell me. I learned, however, that he had left word with Lord Bothwell 'where he might be found,' as the phrase is; and would remain a week in Paris, awaiting his reply. I said I hoped there might be none; there was not much else left to hope for.

"Jack shook his head, but made no other answer. I think he had no desire to kill Lord Bothwell: he was satisfied with the injury he had done him, and would have preferred a divorce; but his ideas of honor led him to imagine that it was incumbent on him to give his lordship a 'chance.' He did not request me to act for him in the matter—a delicacy

which I appreciated. As he was going out he said:

"'I won't ask you to call on us, Keppell — at present. I know what I have done,— I see all the bearings,— but I am happy, and I hope to make her so. I shall try. We are alone in the world now; but if I can be to her the hundredth part of what she is to me, the world will not be missed. That 's all I have to say about it.'

"It is not the world, however, which plays the influential part in such a matter, though outwardly of course it appears so. The real source of punishment, like the source of evil, is within. It had not been fully revealed to Jack yet, but sooner or later he would know.

"Meanwhile a surprise was in store for me, if not for him. Whether it was that Lord Bothwell had loved his wife more passionately than he had seemed to do, or whether, beneath his cool and impenetrable Scotch exterior, there were rude instincts of human nature which no one had suspected, certain it is, at all events, that he accepted Jack's challenge without delay or hesitation, and was in Paris two days later. It was then the 2d of March.

"The preliminaries were promptly arranged. Lord Bothwell was in thorough earnest, and would consent to nothing merely formal. The weapons were pistols, the distance ten paces. They met on the morning of March 3, at 6 o'clock; and five minutes afterwards Lord Bothwell was dead, with a bullet through his brain.

"I had taken no part in the management of the meeting; but I had taken measures to facilitate the escape of Lady Bothwell and Jack, should that be necessary. They started immediately, and by nightfall had passed the boundaries of France and were far on their way to Naples, where they purposed getting married and remaining till the summer. I had one glimpse of her, the last I ever had, as they drove away; I can never forget her tragic, ghastly, beautiful face. Jack nodded to me with a strange smile, spoke to the driver, pulled his hat down over his brows, and they were gone."

At this point Captain Keppell interrupted his story for a few moments, during which he took another cigar and lighted it. His face was grave and thoughtful. No one spoke: only the bitter March wind kept up its blustering; and at length the Captain resumed his tale.

"I always was, and always shall be, a wanderer on the face of the earth; and during the next few years I knocked about the world a good deal. I think it was four years after the events I have told you about that I found myself in New Zealand. I had always had a curiosity to visit the place; and now certain business interests had occurred to promote my going, and I availed myself of the opportunity.

"While there I met a former acquaintance of mine in London, by the name of Duane. I had known him as an idler and a man about town, but he was now transformed into an energetic and capable member of the government. His information regarding the condition and prospects of the new country was interesting and accurate, and we became great cronies. He facilitated my excursions into the neighborhood, and occasionally, when his duties permitted, accompanied me himself. One day, when we had been discussing the social aspects of the colony and contrasting them with those of England, he suddenly said:

"'By the bye, did n't you know a fellow over there named Hamilton — Jack Hamilton? He ran away with Bothwell's wife, you know, and shot Bothwell himself in a duel.'

"I replied that I had known such a man.

"'Well,' resumed Duane, 'he is "Happy Jack."'

"'I 'm glad to hear that he is happy; but what has made him so?'

"'Oh,' replied Duane, with a laugh, 'that 's only the nickname the people have given him. I fancy its fitness consists in its unfitness; he is so savage and morose that it is a happiness to be out of his way. But I supposed you must have heard about him; he 's quite a character.'

"'My last news of him is three or four years old.'

"'Well, he came here between two and three years ago. His wife — he married her after shooting Bothwell — had died; but he had a little daughter with him, a mere infant. He was evidently in poor circumstances, and not disposed to be on good terms with anybody. Some of our nice people here attempted to show him kindness, but he received their advances in such a way that they were cured of ever trying anything of the sort again. He took up with the rougher element; and is on quite good terms, I believe, with many of the Maoris. He certainly has great influence among them, on account of his physical strength, which is amazing, in spite of his lameness; and he once killed one of them in a bare-handed fight, because the fellow had accidentally upset his little Edith — that is the name he has given his daughter. The Maoris, you know, bear no malice for a thing of that kind; they will kill you or be killed in fair fight, with the greatest good humor imaginable.'

"'Where is Hamilton living now?'

"'At a place on the coast about thirty miles from here. He finally settled there after wandering about for several months, with his child

in his arms. I fancy, by the bye, he 's uncommonly fond of that little thing; and she certainly is as pretty as a picture and as sweet as a rosebud.'

"'How does he live? Has he any occupation?'

"'Well, yes; I 'm sorry to say he has. What I mean is, his occupation is not a particularly savory one, considering that he was born and bred a gentleman. He keeps a rum-shop which is the resort of some of the worst characters in the settlement. I would n't advise you to go down there; you would find it unpleasant after having known him in different circumstances. He does n't like to be reminded in any way of his past life, and he might give you a rough reception.'

"In spite of this warning I was disposed to risk a meeting with my old friend Jack, and a few days later I made my way down to the secluded little village in the vicinity of which he lived. It was a wild and picturesque part of the sea-coast, with riotous semi-tropical vegetation growing down almost to the water's edge. Great black rocks, fantastically jagged, fronted the waves, and outside were reefs, the presence of which was revealed only by the storms and by the vessels that were shattered against them. Behind, miles inland, tall mountains rose sharply against the clear sky.

"The village lay in a clearing bordered by a curving beach of white sand, with a rocky headland on each side. A small harbor was thus formed, the only one in a stretch of many miles. The headland or promontory on the left as you faced the sea was larger than the other: it extended six or seven hundred yards outwards from the shore-line, and averaged a hundred yards in breadth. About a third of the way down this promontory stood the house in which Jack Hamilton lived and where he conducted his business, such as it was.

"It was an odd-looking specimen of architecture. It was largely constructed of masses of stone, piled together somewhat after the fashion of the stone walls in America, the crevices being filled in with a kind of clay, hardened by the sun. The roof and part of the walls were of hewn logs. But at the seaward end of the house — which stood on the highest piece of land on the promontory — was a rude tower, built entirely of stone, and daubed over with whitewash. This tower was perhaps thirty feet in height, and, owing to its conspicuous site and its whiteness, must have been visible many miles at sea. Transversely across the promontory, on a line with the tower, was a high picket fence, separating the seaward end of the promontory from the main.

"'You 'll find him there, or thereabouts,' said one of the villagers, in reply to my inquiries as to 'Happy Jack.' 'He seldom comes into the village, sir, except it is to see to the unloading of one of his smacks, and to cart the hogsheads up to his place. Yes, sir, he 's a pretty tough customer, Jack is; but he 's got his good points too. The best of 'em is that little gal of his: she 's his guardian angel, if ever a man had one. She never comes this side of the fence, and never sees nothing of the goings-on in the liquor-shop. If a man so much as lets out a bit of strong language in her hearing, he 's lucky if Jack only gives him a broken head. And they say as how she 's the cause of the tower being built too!'

"I asked how that happened.

"'Well, sir,' replied my informant, 'you see there used to be a lot of ships wrecked out on the reefs yonder beyond the headland. The reefs they don't show, except the sea breaks on 'em, and there ain't no charts of this coast. But one night when there was a heavy gale blowing on shore, the little gal was waked up (so the story goes) by the sound of guns in the offing, and she asked her pa what that was. He told her it was some ship coming ashore, most likely. So what does the little thing do but catch hold of the candle, and climb up on the table in the window, and stand there holding up the candle, so as the ship can see her way home, as she says. Well, the next thing was, that Jack built that tower and painted it white; and at the top of it he rigged up a lantern, and lights it every night regular, no matter how drunk he may be; and that light has saved as many ships, maybe, as there is stones in the tower. And whether Jack done it for the sake of the ships, or for the sake of the little gal, it 's a handsome thing for him to do, all the same; and we gives him credit for it.'

"I thanked my communicative friend, and, leaving the village, passed on towards the solitary house on the promontory. A path, worn by the passing of many feet, but scarcely wide enough, one would have thought, to accommodate the eccentricities of those returning from the scene of their festivity, conducted me by an easy ascent to Happy Jack's domains. It was still the forenoon, and no one seemed to be stirring. I rapped on the door with the knob of my oaken staff.

"After a pause I heard a noise of light pattering footsteps, the door was slowly opened, and before me stood a lovely little maiden, hardly more than three years of age. Her curling hair had a thread of reddish gold running through it; but her eyebrows were dark, and so were her large hazel eyes. Her little face was rounded in curves of perfect beauty, and her childish features were vivified and enlightened by an expression of innocent intelligence charming to behold. She was clad

in a costume which could hardly have been surpassed for simplicity — a single garment of fine wool, of a grayish green hue, gathered at the throat and at the wrists, and falling in straight folds to the knee. On her small feet were a kind of moccasins, embroidered with beads. Pure and innocent though she was, as a thing fresh from heaven, I recognized her in an instant by the signs of her sad parentage written in her every movement and gesture; and the thought flashed across my mind, Will she live to inherit their fate as well as their likeness?

"'Papa ith athleep,' said the little maid; 'oo muff come some over time.'

"Before I could make a rejoinder, a deep and resonant voice that I knew, but with something fiercer and gruffer in it than of yore, became audible from within, and the floor shook beneath a heavy and hurried tread. The little golden-haired fairy vanished as if by magic, and in her place stood a shaggy and threatening ogre, massive and formidable, with long hair falling on his broad shoulders and a huge tangled beard covering his breast. By the gesture of his uplifted arm he seemed on the point of making me pay dear for my unauthorized interview with his 'guardian angel,' but in the act of smiting he paused. A singular flash came out of his blue eyes: he suddenly caught me by the shoulder and hand and pulled me into the cottage; and then, as he stared at me, he said, with a gulp in his throat, 'Keppell, Keppell! You came to see me, and I was going to strike you! My dear boy — my dear old boy!'

"At the first glance Jack had seemed to me incredibly changed, and not for the better; but after we had conversed together for half an hour I began to get him back again, so to speak. He looked much older than the four years which had passed would ordinarily justify. His face was fuller, and it was marked with furrows of grief, violent passions, and intemperance. His whole appearance was neglected and slothful; but within all, or behind all, I could detect more and more the traces of the gallant soldier and gentleman whom I had known. No doubt, too, the memories connected with my presence recalled him unusually to his old self.

"'We did n't think of this in India, did we, old man?' he said, after a while. 'But it was fate; it could n't have been otherwise. If it were to do again, I don't believe I would do differently. I assented to all your remonstrances and arguments with my head; but a man's head never leads him, though it pretends to cleverly enough. Come to the bottom of it, it 's his nature, and circumstances. I have lost her, of course, and I 've lost most things; but — I had her! God himself can't rob me of that fact. It 's worth all the rest to me; and I suppose it 's all the same to her now. And I fancy, sometimes, that she is with me still, in some way. There 's the little girl, you know.'

"He called Edith, and in a moment the child came and stood between his knees, gazing at the stranger with her dark hazel eyes.

"'A man can't call himself good for nothing as long as he has this,' said Jack, putting his great hand tenderly on her sunny head. 'She does n't know I 'm a scoundrel and a drunken loafer; and until she does know it there will be something better than that in me. It was a hard time when she came into the world, Keppell,' he continued after a pause; 'so hard, that when her mother died I was glad of it! But I could n't let the child go: I could n't have stood that.'

"'You can't stay here many years longer, Jack,' I said. 'She will be growing up before you know it, and this is no place in which to educate her. Why don't you take her to America? She is a lady, and she has a right to lead the life of one. And you — why, man alive, you 're not more than five-and-thirty yet! You might make a career there: you 've got it in you.'

"'I shall live and die here,' replied he, bringing down his hand heavily on the arm of his chair. 'Whether I 'm thirty-five or ninety-five makes no difference. But I have thought about what you say; I know the child can't get her rights in such a place as this. I have thought it all over, and I have made up my mind, when she is a few years older, to send her to England and have her taught whatever is becoming to her station. And then she will come back to me.'

"'I don't see the object of that. What use would her education be to her if she spent her life on a promontory in the north of New Zealand? It must be the other way; you must go to her. She will never wish to come back here.'

"'But I say she shall come back!' exclaimed Jack, with a passion for which I was hardly prepared. 'She belongs to me, and I 'll have her. I know what she wants; I can make her comfortable. And when I 'm gone she will have money to live on, and to do as she pleases. I sha'n't live forever; I shall know when it 's time for me to step out. And that 's one thing that is left to me — I can always step out when I 'm ready! But, until then, let them thwart me at their peril! I know my rights, and I 'll have them — and I 'll have Edith.'

"He lifted the child up in his great arms and embraced her with a sort of savage tenderness, glaring out at me as if he half suspected me of an intention to defraud him of his treasure. I did not prolong the argument. Jack Hamilton was the headstrong, imperious,

intractable Jack Hamilton still. There was probably more trouble ahead for him, but warnings would be useless. I talked of other things, and my host, recovering from his perturbation, showed me about his place and made me inspect the garden on the farther side of the fence, which he had cultivated for Edith, and in which she could amuse herself at ease, as much out of the reach of the world as if she were in another planet. Then he took me up the narrow steps of the tower, on the apex of which was a large lantern with a powerful reflector, capable of throwing a ray ten miles at least. 'That 's Edith's candle,' said he, with a smile. 'She 's been the cause of saving more lives and money than all the other little girls in the world.'

"'Now that you 've seen heaven, I 'll show you hell,' he continued, as he led the way into the front part of the house, which was entirely isolated from the other side. Here were the materials of his trade — barrels and demijohns of liquor, bottles and glasses, pipes and tobacco; and a big iron-bound chest behind the bar, the lid of which he lifted, was more than half full of gold sovereigns.

"'No one comes here till after she 's asleep,' he remarked. 'From then till two in the morning there are lively times, I can tell you! Not much like what we used to have at our mess-table, either. But it suits me, it suits the devil in me; and as long as the devil 's there, he has to be attended to. There 's money in it, too — don't forget that; and though it may be bad morals to say that I get in hell the means to enjoy heaven, that 's the cold truth, at any rate.'

"As the day wore on, the harder and grimmer aspects of the man began to crop out more and more frequently; and after I had complied once or twice with his invitation to drink with him, I saw that he would presently change for the worse. Accordingly I bade him farewell betimes and rode away; but when I glanced back from the bend in the road above the village, I saw him standing on the tower with Edith in his arms, waiting to light the lamp when the sun should sink below the horizon.

"Destiny plays such pranks with me," continued the Captain, "that I never venture to predict where I shall be next year or even next week; but I certainly expected and intended to see Jack again much sooner than was actually the case. For, as near as I can calculate, it was ten years before I again set foot on the shore of New Zealand, and wondered, but a little dreaded to inquire, how my old friend had fared during the interval.

"'Oh, I fancy he 's all right,' said Duane, in answer to my question. (Duane himself had prospered greatly, and was in the way of rising to the highest positions ultimately.) 'He gets drunk rather more thoroughly than when you were here before; but he has n't killed anybody lately, that I 've heard of. Oh, by the bye, that daughter of his,—a pretty little thing, however she got her beauty,— he sent her to England to be educated: his brother, Lord ——, promised to look out for her. She 's been gone two or three years now. Jack intends her to come back here when she has finished her course; but, between you and me, that 's all nonsense. The folks over there will keep hold of her until Jack has passed in his chips, as he would phrase it; and at the rate he 's going now that probably won't be long. When he 's once out of the way, the girl may possibly come to something after all. There are plenty of fellows in decent circumstances who would be glad to marry Lord ——'s niece, even if there were something a little off color about the circumstances of the mother's wedding.'

"'I should n't be surprised,' said I; and that evening I set out for the domain of Happy Jack. It was the night between the second and the third of March. There was to be a full moon, and I anticipated a quiet and comfortable ride along a very fair road. But a storm arose soon after I started, and increased until it blew a hurricane. I have seldom passed a more arduous night: I was blown down, horse and man, three times; I was drenched with rain, and had most of my clothes torn off me; and it was noon before I reached the village, in a sorry plight. By that time the catastrophe which concludes my story had occurred, and I give you the particulars as I picked them up and pieced them together afterwards.

"In pursuance of his determination, Jack had sent his daughter, when she was ten years of age, to a private school in England; the child being accompanied on the voyage thither by the family of a member of the Government, returning on account of ill health. The school was near London, and Edith remained there under the supervision of Lord —— and his wife. For two years all went well, and Edith wrote letters to her father by every mail.

"Jack himself meanwhile went on much as usual, except that he drank more than ever; but he still kept his lighthouse in order, and every evening, no matter how much liquor he had aboard, he never failed to light the lamp as the sun went down. This had, indeed, become a sort of religious observance with him; and it was the general impression that, however bad he might be, he would become much worse if ever he were to relinquish the performance of this duty. It was the symbolic link which held him to the gentler and nobler side of humanity. It was connected with the

thought of his daughter, and, through her, of her mother, and of all that was dearest and saddest to him in life.

"But at length he received a letter that seemed to disturb him greatly. What its contents were no one knew at the time; but it afterwards appeared that it embodied a suggestion that Edith, after finishing her schooling, should be taken into Lord ——'s family (they were very fond of the child, and had no children of their own) and, under their auspices, introduced to London society. It was an arrangement which was doubtless meant kindly, and which most men in Jack's position would have been glad to agree to. But Jack was not like most men.

"I can partly imagine how it seemed to the lonely father, in his remote, sea-beaten promontory in the Antipodes. For the good of his daughter he had given up, for a term of years, the enjoyment of her companionship — an enjoyment the intensity of which was not to be measured by ordinary standards. All the better part of his stormy and wasted soul lived in her, and drew its only solace from her. And now it was proposed to take her away from him forever. His wrath and indignation passed all bounds of expression or statement. He swore an oath that it should not be so. 'I 'll have her back here,' he was heard to say, 'if it costs her life! Dead or alive, she shall come back, and never see England again!'

"He forthwith wrote a letter to his brother, couched in terms which probably left the latter no choice or latitude of procedure, to say the least. Edith was to take the next vessel sailing for New Zealand. She was to wait for nothing, and was to sail, even if she were the only passenger on board. Having issued his commands, he had to wait until they had been received and complied with.

"He bore the time of waiting ill: his temper, which never had been easy, became well-nigh intolerable; and at length people were almost afraid to visit his shop for their liquor. He hesitated at no violence if provoked, and what might provoke him no one could tell beforehand. He drank constantly, and sometimes to the point of stupefaction; but still, through all, he kept the lantern in the tower alight; and sometimes, in the mornings, he would be seen standing there and gazing northwards, as if on the lookout for the sails that were bearing his daughter back to him.

"One day, however, he had been in an unusually savage mood even for him; and finally, in an access of frenzy, with blows and threats he drove every one out of his place. Then he shut himself up in his empty house and drank. The sunset hour arrived, and he rose mechanically and staggered up the steps of his tower. A storm had arisen, and the sea was leaping bodily against the black coast and dashing itself into a yeasty mass of foam. The sun was already set. Jack looked out across the frantic war of winds and waters with a sullen and angry frown. Then suddenly, with an oath, he raised his hand and dashed the lamp into flinders. 'Curse the ships!' muttered he. 'Let 'em sink and go to perdition: they 'll find me there!' And after gazing at the ruins of the lamp a moment, he turned away with a laugh and stumbled down the stairs to his room, where he threw himself on the bed and slept heavily till far into the morning.

"When he awoke, the clouds had broken away, the wind had ceased, and the sun was up. He stepped out into the open air, and looked seaward. Something was visible on the outer reef — a dark hull, over which the waves broke heavily, and from which projected the stumps of three broken masts, with tangled cordage. It was all that was left of a large merchant vessel. Broken fragments of the wreck were tossing here and there in the offing, or beating against the shore.

"When Jack realized what had happened, he laughed. The ship looked as if she might have carried a valuable cargo, and there would be good findings down among the rocks. And the crew, where were they? 'I shall have plenty of company,' said Jack to himself; 'and they 'll be a quieter set, I fancy, than most that come here. Well, here goes for a morning call!'

"It was a beautiful morning, and no sound disturbed its peace except the musical booming of the surf. The air was fresh and invigorating, and pure as the breath of an angelic spirit. It was such a day as makes the evil and sorrow of the world seem like the dream of an uneasy night. As Jack strode downward towards the farther point of the headland, with his shaggy hair and beard and massive figure, and with the stateliness of careless strength in his bearing, he looked as one of the early race of mankind may have looked, ages before vice and violence had disfigured the Divine image. But he was taking the last steps of a career which hardly his sternest enemy would have wished to prolong.

"In a narrow inlet, partly protected from the deep undulations of the outer breakers, a piece of wreck floated and chafed against the rocky margin. The sunshine fell softly upon it, and upon the golden hair and loose white garments of the little maiden who was lashed to it. The stillness of her face, white and innocent as the soul that had so lately lived in it, was not disturbed by the transparent ripples that washed over it. Several minutes passed,

silently, but terrible with the agony of a breaking human heart. The father stood at first quite without breath or motion; then a shudder passed through his body, and he fell like a ruined tower. His heart still beat when they found him; but before the sun had gone down upon that third of March his spirit had passed into the abyss."

The Captain leaned forwards, with his elbows on his knees and his fingers interlaced, gazing into the fire. No one felt like speaking; but the wind still moaned under the eaves.

Julian Hawthorne.

"LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO."

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS.)



AST Christmas was a year ago
Says I to David, I-says-I,
"We 're goin' to mornin' service, so
You hitch up right away: I 'll try
To tell the girls jes what to do
Fer dinner. We 'll be back by two."
I did n't wait to hear what he
Would more 'n like say back to me,
But banged the stable door and flew
Back to the house, jes plumb chilled through.

Cold! *Wooh!* how cold it was! My-oh!
Frost flyin', and the air, you know—
"Jes sharp enough," heerd David swear,
"To shave a man and cut his hair!"
And blow *and* blow! and *snow* and SNOW,
Where it had drifted 'long the fence
And 'crost the road,—some places, though,
Jes swep' clean to the gravel, so
The goin' was as bad fer sleighs
As 't was fer wagons,—and *both* ways,
'Twixt snowdrifts and the bare ground, I 've
Jes wondered we got through alive;
I hain't saw nothin' 'fore er sence
'At beat it *anywheres* I know—
Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,
'At Christmas services was 'bout
As cold and wuthless kind o' love
To offer up as *he* knowed of;
And, as fer *him*, he railly thought
'At the Good Bein' up above
Would think more of us—as He ought—
A-stayin' home on sich a day
And thankin' of Him thataway.
And jawed on in an undertone,
'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone
There on the place, and me not there
To oversee 'em, and p'pare
The stuffin' fer the turkey, and
The sass and all, you understand.

I 've always managed David by
Jes sayin' nothin'. That was why
He 'd chased Lide's beau away—'cause Lide
She 'd allus take up Perry's side
When David tackled him; and so,
Last Christmas was a year ago,—
Er ruther, 'bout a week *afore*,—
David and Perry 'd quarr'l'd about
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,
And Pap told him to "Jes git out
O' there, and not to come no more,
And, when he went, to *shet the door!*"
And as he passed the winder, we
Saw Perry, white as white could be,
March past, onhitch his hoss, and light
A *see*-gyar, and lope out o' sight.
Then Lide she come to me and cried.
And I said nothin'—was no need.
And yit, you know, that man jes got
Right out o' there 's ef he 'd be'n shot—
P'tendin' he must go and feed
The stock er somepin'. Then I tried
To git the pore girl pacified.

But gittin' back to — where was we? —
Oh, yes — where David lectered me
All way to meetin', high and low,
Last Christmas was a year ago.
Fer all the awful cold, they was
A fair attendunce; mostly, though,
The crowd was 'round the stoves, you see,
Thawin' their heels and scrougin' us.
Ef 't 'ad n't be'n fer the old Squire
Givin' his seat to us, as in
We stompted, a-fairly perishin',
And David could 'a' got no fire,
He 'd jes 'a' drapped there in his tracks.
And Squire, as I was tryin' to yit
Make room fer him, says, "No; the facks
Is I got to git up and git
'Ithout no preachin'. Jes got word —
Trial fer life — can't be deferred!"
And out he put. And all way through
The sermont — and a long one, too —
I could n't he'p but think o' Squire
And us changed round so, and admire
His gintle ways — to give his warm
Bench up, and have to face the storm.
And when I noticed David he
Was needin' jabbin', I thought best

To kind o' sort o' let him rest —
'Peared like he slep' so peacefully!
And then I thought o' home, and how
And what the girls was doin' now,
And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast,
And breshed away a tear er two
As David waked, and church was through.

By time we 'd "howdyed" round, and shuck
Hands with the neighbers, must 'a' tuck
A half-hour longer: ever' one
A-sayin' "Christmas-gift!" afore
David er me — so we got none.
But David warmed up, more and more,
And got so jokey-like, and had
His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,
I whispered to him, "S'pose you ast
A passel of 'em come and eat
Their dinners with us.— Girls 's got
A full-and-plenty fer the lot
And all their kin." So David passed
The invite round. And ever' seat
In ever' wagon-bed and sleigh
Was jes *packed*, as we rode away —
The young folks, mild er so along,
A-strikin' up a sleighin' song,
Tel David laughed and yelled, you know,
And jes whirped up and sent the snow
And gravel flyin' thick and fast —
Last Christmas was a year ago.
W'y, that-air seven-mild ja'nt we come —
Jes seven mild scant from church to home —
It did n't 'pear, that day, to be
Much furder railly 'n 'bout three.

But I was purty squeamish by
The time home hove in sight and I
See two *ve*hickles standin' there
Already. So says I, "Prepare!"
All to myse'f. And presently
David he sobered; and says he,
"Hain't that-air Squire Hanch's old
Buggy," he says, "and claybank mare?"
Says I, "Le's git in out the cold —
Your company 's nigh 'bout froze." He says,
"Whose sleigh 's that-air a-standin' there?"
Says I, "It 's no odds whose — you jes
Drive to the house and let us out,
'Cause we 're jes freezin', nigh about."
Well, David swung up to the door
And out we piled. And first I heerd
Jane's voice; then *Lide's* — I thought afore
I reached that girl I 'd jes die, shore;
And *when* I reached her, would n't keered
Much ef I had, I was so glad,
A-kissin' her through my green veil,
And jes excitin' her so bad
'At *she* broke down, *herse'f* — and Jane
She cried — and we all hugged again.
And David — David jes turned pale! —
Looked at the girls, and then at me,
Then at the open door — and then
"Is old Squire Hanch in there?" says he.
The old Squire suddently stood in
The doorway, with a sneakin' grin.
"Is Perry Anders in there, too?"
Says David, limberin' all through,
As Lide and me both grabbed him, and
Perry stepped out and waved his hand
And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes
Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I guess
Your mother 's much to blame as you.
Ef *she* kin resk him, *I kin* too."

The dinner we had then hain't no
Bit better 'n the one to-day
'At we 'll have fer 'em. Hear some sleigh
A-jinglin' now.— David, fer *me*,
I wish you 'd jes go out and see
Ef they 're in sight yit. It jes does
Me good to think, in times like these,
Lide 's done so well. And David he 's
More tractabler 'n what he was
Last Christmas was a year ago.

James Whitcomb Riley.



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BY HENRY JAMES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I.

THERE is a certain evening that I count as virtually a first impression — the end of a wet, black Sunday, eighteen years ago, about the 1st of March. There had been an earlier vision, but it had turned gray, like faded ink, and the occasion I speak of was a fresh beginning. I know not whether I had a mystic prescience of how fond of the murky modern Babylon I was one day to become; but as I look back I find every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival still as vivid as if the solemnity of an opening era had breathed upon it. The sense of approach was already almost intolerably strong at Liverpool, where, as I remember, the perception of the English character of everything was as acute as a surprise, though it had nothing of surprise in it. It was expectation exquisitely gratified, superabundantly confirmed. There was a kind of wonder, indeed, that England should be as English as, for my entertainment, she took the trouble to be; but the wonder would have been greater, and all the pleasure absent, if the sensation had been less. It seems to sit there again like a visiting presence, as it sat opposite to me at breakfast at a small table in a window of the old coffee-room of the Adelphi Hotel — the unextended (as it then was), the unimproved, un-Americanized Adelphi. Liverpool is not a romantic city, but that smoky Saturday returns to me as a supreme success, measured by its association with the kind of emotion in the hope of which, mainly, we betake ourselves to far countries.

It assumed this character at an early hour,— or rather, indeed, twenty-four hours before,— with the sight, as one looked across the wintry ocean, of the strange, dark, lonely freshness of the coast of Ireland. Better still, before we could come up to the city, were the black steamers knocking about in the yellow Mersey, under a sky so low that they seemed to touch it with their funnels, and in the thickest, windiest light. Spring was already in the air, in the town; there was no rain, but there was still less sun,— one wondered what had become of it, on this side of the world,— and the gray mildness, shading away into black at every pretext, appeared in itself a promise. This was how it hung about me, between the window and the fire, in the coffee-room of the hotel — late in the morning for breakfast, as we had been long disembarking. The other passengers had dispersed, knowingly catching trains for London (we had only been a handful); I had the place to myself, and I felt as if I had an exclusive property in the impression. I prolonged it, I sacrificed to it, and it is perfectly recoverable now, with the very taste of the national muffin, the creak of the waiter's shoes as he came and went (could anything be so English as his intensely professional back? It revealed a country of tradition), and the rustle of the newspaper I was too excited to read.

I continued to sacrifice for the rest of the day. It did n't seem to me a sentient thing, as yet, to inquire into the means of getting away. My inquiries must have remained casual, for I found myself, on the morrow, in the slowest of Sunday trains, pottering up to London with an interruptedness which might have been tedious without the conversation of an old gentleman who shared the carriage with me and to whom my alien, as well as comparatively youthful, character had betrayed itself. He instructed me as to the sights of London, and impressed upon me that nothing was more worthy of my attention than the great cathedral of St. Paul. "Have you seen St. Peter's in Rome? St. Peter's is more highly embellished, you know; but you may depend upon it that St. Paul's is the better building of the two." The impression I began with speaking of was, strictly, that of the drive from Euston, after dark, to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square. It was not lovely — it was, in fact, rather horrible; but as I move again through dusky, tortuous miles, in the greasy four-wheeler to which my luggage had compelled me to commit myself, I recognize the first step in an initiation of which the subsequent stages were to abound in pleasant things. It is a kind of humiliation, in a great city, not to know where you are going, and Morley's Hotel was then, to my imagination, only a vague ruddy spot in the general immensity. The immensity was

the great fact, and that was a charm; the miles of housetops and viaducts, the complication of junctions and signals through which we made our way to the station, had been already a symptom of it. The weather had turned to wet, and we went deeper and deeper into the Sunday night. The sheep in the fields, on the way from Liverpool, had shown in their demeanor a certain consciousness of the day; but this momentous cab-drive was an introduction to rigidities of custom. The low black houses were as inanimate as so many rows of coal-scuttles, save where at frequent corners, from a gin-shop, there was a flare of light more brutal still than the darkness. The custom of gin — that was equally rigid, and in this first impression the public-houses counted for much.

Morley's Hotel proved indeed to be a ruddy spot; brilliant, in my recollections, is the coffee-room fire, the hospitable mahogany, the sense that in the stupendous city this, at any rate, for the hour, was a shelter and a point of view. My remembrance of the evening, afterward,— I was probably very tired,— is mainly a remembrance of a four-poster. My little bedroom-candle, set in its deep basin, caused this monument to project a huge shadow and to make me think, I scarce knew why, of the "Ingoldsby Legends." If at a tolerably early hour the next day I found myself approaching St. Paul's, it was not wholly in obedience to the old gentleman in the railway-carriage; I had an errand in the City, and the City was doubtless prodigious. But what I mainly recall is the romantic consciousness of passing under Temple Bar and the way two lines of "Henry Esmond" repeated themselves in my mind as I drew near to the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren. "The stout, red-faced woman" whom Esmond had seen tearing after the staghounds over the slopes at Windsor was not a bit like the effigy "which turns its stony back upon St. Paul's and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill." As I looked at Queen Anne over the apron of my hansom — she struck me as very small and black, and the vehicle ascended the mild incline without an effort — it was a thrilling thought that the statue had been familar to the hero of the incomparable novel. All history appeared to live again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through my mind.

To this hour, as I pass along the Strand, I recall the walk I took there that afternoon. I love the place to-day, and that was the commencement of my passion. It appeared to me to present phenomena, and to contain objects, of every kind, of an inexhaustible interest; in particular it struck me as desirable, and even indispensable, that I should purchase most of the articles in most of the shops. My eyes rest with a certain tenderness on the places where I resisted and on those where I succumbed. The fragrance of Mr. Rimmel's establishment is again in my nostrils; I see the slim young lady (I hear her pronunciation) who waited upon me there. Sacred to me to-day is the particular aroma of the hair-wash that I bought of her. I pause before the granite portico of Exeter Hall (it was unexpectedly narrow and wedge-like). It invokes a cloud of associations which are none the less impressive because they are vague: they come from I don't know where — from "Punch," from Thackeray, from old volumes of the "Illustrated London News" turned over in childhood; they seem connected with Mrs. Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Memorable is a rush I made into a hosier and glover's at Charing Cross — the one you pass going eastward, just before you turn into the station; that, however, now that I think of it, must have been in the morning, as soon as I issued from the hotel. Keen within me was a sense of the importance of despoiling and ravaging the shop.

A day or two later, in the afternoon, I found myself staring at my fire, in a lodging of which I had taken possession on foreseeing that I should spend some weeks in London. I had just come in, and, having attended to the distribution of my luggage, sat down to consider my habitation. It was on the ground-floor, and the fading daylight reached it in a sadly damaged condition. It struck me as stuffy and unsocial, with its moldy smell and its decoration of lithographs and wax-flowers — an impersonal black hole in the huge general blackness. The uproar of Piccadilly hummed away at the end of the street, and the rattle of a heartless hansom passed close to my ears. A sudden horror of the whole place came over me, like a tiger-pounce of homesickness which had been watching its moment. London was hideous, vicious, cruel, and, above all, overwhelming; whether or no she was "careful of the type," she was as indifferent as Nature herself to the single life. In the course of an hour I should have to go out to my dinner, which was not supplied on the premises, and that effort assumed the form of a desperate and dangerous quest. It appeared to me that I would rather remain dinnerless, would rather even starve, than sally forth into the infernal town, where the natural fate of an obscure stranger would be to be trampled to death in Piccadilly and his carcass thrown into the Thames. I did not starve, however, and I eventually attached myself by a hundred human ties to the dreadful, delightful city. That



CHARING CROSS STATION.

momentary vision of its smeared face and stony heart has remained memorable to me; but I am happy to say that I can easily evoke others.

II.

It is no doubt not the taste of every one, but for the real London-lover the mere immensity of the place is a large part of its merit. A small London would be an abomination, and fortunately is an impossibility, as the idea and the name are beyond everything an expression of extent and number. Practically, of course, one lives in a quarter, in a plot; but in imagination, and by a constant mental act of reference, the sympathizing resident inhabits the whole — and it is only of him that I deem it worth while to speak. He fancies himself, as they say, for being a particle in so unequaled an aggregation; and its immeasurable circumference, even though unvisited and lost in smoke, gives him a sense of social and intellectual elbow-room. There is a luxury in the knowledge that he may come and go without being noticed, even when his comings and goings have no nefarious end. I do not mean by this that the tongue of London is not a very active member; the tongue of London would indeed be worthy of a chapter by itself. But the eyes which, at least in some measure, feed its activity are, fortunately for the common advantage, solicited, at any moment, by a thousand different objects. If the place is big, everything it contains is certainly not so; but this may at least be said, that if small things are noticed and talked of, they are not noticed and talked of long. There are too many items, small or great; and each day, as it arrives, leads its children, like a kind of mendicant mother, by the hand. Therefore perhaps the most general characteristic is the absence of insistence. Habits and inclinations flourish and fall, but that is never one of them. The spirit of the great city is not analytic, and, as they



A CAB STAND.

come up, subjects do not receive at its hands a treatment that in some other communities would be deemed earnest or exhaustive. There are few — of which London disposes with the assurance begotten of its large experience — as to which a good deal does not remain to be more patiently and tenderly considered elsewhere. It takes a very great affair, like the Irish question or a divorce case lasting many days, to be fully threshed out. (The London mind, when it aspires to show what it really can do, lives in the hope of a new divorce case, and an indulgent providence — London is positively, in certain ways, a spoiled child —



IN THE UNDERGROUND STATION.

usually does not keep it waiting long for its opportunity.)

The compensation is that things do come up; that there is great variety, if not morbid intensity; and that the whole of the procession of events and topics passes across your stage. For the moment I am speaking of the inspiration there may be in the sense of far frontiers; the London-lover loses himself in it, delights in the idea that the town which incloses him is, after all, a kind of country — a state by itself. This is his condition of mind quite as much if he be an adoptive as if he be a matter-of-course son. I am by no means sure, even, that he need be of Anglo-Saxon race and have inherited the birthright of English speech; though, on the other hand, I make no doubt that these advantages minister greatly to closeness of allegiance. The great city spreads her dusky mantle over innumerable races and creeds, and I believe there is scarcely a known form of worship that has not some temple there — have I not attended at the Church of Humanity, in Lamb's Conduit, in company with an American lady, a vague old gentleman, and several seamstresses? — or any communion of men that has not some club or guild. London is indeed an epitome of the round world, and just as it is a commonplace to say that there is nothing one cannot "get" there, so it is equally true that there is nothing one cannot study at first hand.

One does not test these truths every day, but they form part of the air one breathes (and welcome, says the London-hater,— for there *is* such a benighted animal,— to the pestilent compound). They color the thick, dim distances, which in my opinion are the most romantic town-vistas in the world; they mingle with the troubled light to which the straight, ungarnished aperture in one's dull, undistinctive house-front affords a passage, and which makes an interior of friendly corners, of mysterious tones, and of unbetrayed ingenuities, as well as with the magnificent thick medium of the sky, where the smoke and the fog and the weather in general, the strangely undefined hour of the day and season of the year, the emanations of industries and the reflection of furnaces, the red gleams and blurs that may or may not be of sunset,— as you never see the orb of day, you can't in the least tell,— all hang together in a confusion, a complication, a shifting but irremovable canopy. They form the undertone of the deep, perpetual voice of the place. One remembers them when one's patriotism is on the defensive; when it is a question of introducing as many striking features as possible



BOW BELLS, CHEAPSIDE.

into the list of fine reasons one has sometimes to draw up, that eloquent catalogue with which one confronts the hostile indictment,—the array of *other* reasons,—it may easily be as long as one's arm. According to these other reasons it plausibly and conclusively stands that London is the most detestable spot on earth. I don't say it is necessary to meet so absurd an allegation, except for one's personal complacency. If the indifference of the dear old city is even greater than her curiosity, you may avail yourself of your own share in it simply to feel that if such and such a person does n't appreciate London, so much the worse for such and such a person. But once in a while the best believer recognizes the impulse to set his religion in order, to sweep the temple of his thoughts, and trim the sacred lamp. It is at such hours as this that he reflects with elation that the British capital is the particular spot in the world which enjoys the greatest sense of life.

III.

THE reader will perceive that I do not shrink even from the extreme concession of speaking of it as the British capital, and this in a shameless connection with the question of "patriotism" on the part of an adoptive son. For I hasten to explain that if half the source of one's interest in it comes from feeling that it is the property, and even the home, of the human race,— Hawthorne, that best of Americans, says so somewhere, and places it, in this sense, side by side with Rome,— one's appreciation of it is really a large sympathy, a comprehensive love, of humanity. For the sake of such a charity as this one may stretch one's patriotism; and the most alien of the cockneyfied, though he may bristle with every protest at the intimation that England has set its stamp upon him, is free to admit, with conscious pride, that he has submitted to Londonization. The British capital I have called it; which is but a way of saying that it is a stroke of luck for a particular country that the capital of the human race happens to be British. Surely every other people would have it theirs if they could. Whether the English deserve to hold it any longer might be an interesting field of inquiry; but as they have not yet let it slip, the writer of these lines without scruple professes that the arrangement is to his personal taste. For, after all, if the sense of life is greatest there, it is a sense of the life of people of our incomparable English speech. It is the headquarters of that inestimable tongue; and I make this remark with a full sense of the terrible way in which the idiom is misused by the populace in general, than whom if there be a race of more vulgar and abominable tone I know it not. For a man of letters who endeavors to cultivate, however modestly, the medium of Shakspere and Milton, of Hawthorne and Emerson, who cherishes the notion of what it has achieved and what it may even yet achieve, London must ever have a great illustrative and suggestive value, and indeed a kind of sanctity. It is the single place in which most readers, most possible lovers, are gathered together; it is the most inclusive public and the largest social incarnation of the language, of the tradition. Such a personage may well let it go for this and leave the German and the Greek to speak for themselves, to express the grounds of *their* predilection, presumably very different.

When a social product is so vast and various it may be approached on a thousand different sides, and liked, and disliked, for a thousand different reasons. The reasons of Piccadilly are not those of Camden Town, nor are the curiosities and discouragements of Kilburn the same as those of Westminster and Lambeth. The reasons of Piccadilly — I mean the friendly ones — are those of which, as a general thing, the rooted visitor remains most conscious; but it must be confessed that even these, for the most part, do not lie upon the surface. The absence of style, or rather of the intention of style, is certainly the most general characteristic of the face of London. To cross to Paris, under this impression, is to find one's self surrounded with far other standards. There everything reminds you that the idea of beautiful and stately arrangement has never been out of fashion, that the art of composition has always been at work or at play. Avenues and squares, gardens and quays, have been distributed for effect, and to-day the splendid city reaps the accumulation of all this ingenuity. The result is not in every quarter interesting, and there is a tiresome monotony of the "fine" and the symmetrical, above all of the deathly passion for making things "to match." On the other hand the whole air of the place is architectural. On the banks of the Thames it is a tremendous chapter of accidents — the London-lover has to confess to the existence of miles upon miles of the dreariest, stodgiest commonness. Thousands of acres are covered by low black houses, of the cheapest construction, without ornament, without grace, without character or even identity. In fact, there are many, even in the best quarters, in all the region of Mayfair and Belgravia, of so paltry and inconvenient, and above all of so diminutive, a type (those that are let in lodgings — such poor lodgings as they make — may serve as an example), that one wonders what peculiarly limited domestic need they were constructed to meet. The great misfortune of London, to the eye (it is true that this remark applies much less to the City), is the want of elevation. There is no architectural impression without a certain degree of height, and the London street-vista has none of that sort of pride.

All the same, if there is not the intention, there is at least the accident, of style, which, if one looks at it in a friendly way, appears to proceed from three sources. One of these is simply the general greatness, and the manner in which that makes a difference for the better in any particular spot, so that though you may often perceive yourself to be in a shabby corner it never occurs to you that that is the end of it. Another is the atmosphere, with its magnificent mystifications, which flatters and superfuses, makes everything brown, rich, dim, vague, magnifies distances and minimizes details, confirms the inference of vastness by suggesting that, as the great city makes everything, it makes its own system of weather and its own optical laws. The last is the congrega-



THE TOWER FROM SURREY SIDE — FLOOD TIDE.

tion of the parks, which constitute an ornament not elsewhere to be matched and give the place a superiority which none of its uglinesses overcome. They spread themselves with such a luxury of space in the center of the town that they form a part of the impression of any walk, of almost any view, and, with an audacity altogether their own, make a pastoral landscape under the smoky sky. There is no mood of the rich London climate that is not becoming to them,—I have seen them look delightfully romantic, like parks in novels, in the wettest winter,—and there is scarcely a mood of the appreciative resident to which they have not something to say. The high things of London, which here and there peep over them, only make the spaces vaster by reminding you that you are after all not in Kent or Yorkshire; and these things, whatever they be, rows of "eligible" dwellings, towers of churches, domes of institutions, take such a capital gray-blue tint that a clever water-colorist would seem to have put them in for pictorial reasons.

The view from the bridge over the Serpentine has an extraordinary nobleness, and it has often seemed to me that the Londoner twitted with his low standard may point to it with every confidence. In all the town-scenery of Europe there can be few things so fine; the only reproach it is open to is that it begs the question by seeming — in spite of its being the pride of four millions of people — not to belong to a town at all. The towers of Notre Dame, as they rise, in Paris, from the island that divides the Seine, present themselves no more impressively than those of Westminster, as you see them looking doubly far beyond the shining stretch of Hyde Park water. There is something admirable in the large, river-like manner in which the Serpentine opens away between its wooded shores. Just after you have crossed the bridge (whose very banisters, old and ornamental, of yellowish-brown stone, I am very fond of), you enjoy on your left, through the gate of Kensington Gardens, as you go towards Bayswater, an altogether enchanting vista — a footpath over the turf, which loses itself beneath the scattered oaks and elms in a fashion inexpressibly park-like. There could be nothing less like London, in general, than this particular "bit," and yet it takes London, of all cities, to give you such an impression of the country.

IV.

It takes London to put you in the way of a purely rustic walk from Notting Hill to Whitehall. You may traverse this immense distance — a most comprehensive diagonal — altogether on soft fine turf, amid the song of birds, the bleat of lambs, the ripple of ponds, and the rustle of admirable trees. Frequently have I wished that, for the sake of this daily luxury, and of exercise made so romantic, I

were a government clerk living, in snug domestic conditions, in Pembridge Villas,—let me suppose,—and having my matutinal desk in Westminster. I should turn into Kensington Gardens at their north-west limit, and I should have my choice of a hundred pleasant paths to the gates of Hyde Park. In Hyde Park I should follow the waterside, or the Row, or any other fancy of the occasion; liking best perhaps, after all, the Row in its morning mood, with the mist hanging over the dark red course, and the scattered early riders taking an identity as the soundless gallop brings them nearer. I am free to admit that in the season, at the conventional hours, the Row becomes a weariness (save perhaps just for a glimpse, once a year, to remind one's self how much it is like Du Maurier); the preoccupied citizen eschews it and leaves it, for the most part, to the gaping barbarian. I speak of it now from the point of view of the pedestrian; but for the rider as well it is at its best when he passes either too early or too late. Then, if he be not bent on comparing it, to its disadvantage, with the boskier and remoter alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, it will not be spoiled by the fact that, with its surface that looks like tan, its barriers like those of the ring on which the clown stands to hold up the hoop to the young lady, its empty benches and chairs, its occasional orange-peel, its mounted policemen patrolling at intervals like expectant supernumeraries, it offers a considerable analogy to a circus with the lamps out. The sky that bends over it is frequently not a bad imitation of the dingy tent of such an establishment. The ghosts of past cavalcades seem to haunt the foggy arena, and somehow they are better company than the mashers and elongated beauties of current seasons. It is not without interest to remember that most of the salient figures of English society during the present century—and English society means, or rather has hitherto meant, in a large degree English history—have bobbed in the saddle between Apsley House and Queen's Gate. You may call the roll if you care to, and the air will be thick with dumb voices and dead names, like that of some Roman amphitheater.



THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER.

It is doubtless a signal proof of being a London-lover *quand même* that one should undertake an apology for so bungled an attempt at a great public place as Hyde Park Corner. It is certain that the improvements and embellishments recently enacted there have only served to call further attention to the poverty of the elements and to the fact that this poverty is terribly illustrative of gen-



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

eral conditions. The place is the beating heart of the great West End, yet its main features are a shabby, stuccoed hospital, the low park-gates, in their neat but unimposing frame, the drawing-room windows of Apsley House and of the commonplace residential façades on the little terrace beside it; to which must be added, of course, the only item in the whole prospect that is in the least monumental — the arch spanning the private road which skirts the gardens of Buckingham Palace. This structure is now bereaved of the rueful effigy which used to surmount it,— the Iron Duke in the guise of a tin soldier,— and has not been enriched by the transaction as much as might have been expected. There is a fine view of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, and of the noble mansions, as the house-agents call them, of Grosvenor Place, together with a sense of generous space beyond the vulgar little railing of the Green Park; but except for the impression that there would be room for something better, there is nothing in all this that speaks to the imagination; almost as much as the grimy desert of Trafalgar Square the prospect conveys the idea of an opportunity wasted.

All the same, on a fine day in spring, it has an expressiveness of which I shall not pretend to explain the source further than to say that the flood of life and luxury is immeasurably great there. The edifices are mean, but the social stream itself is monumental, and to an observer not positively stolid there is more excitement and suggestion than I can give a reason for in the long, distributed waves of traffic, with the steady policeman marking their rhythm, which roll together and apart for so many hours. Then the great dim city becomes bright and kind, the pall of smoke turns into a veil of haze, carelessly worn, the air is colored, and almost scented, by the presence of the biggest society in the world, and most of the things that meet the eye — or perhaps I should say more of them, for the most, in London, is no doubt ever the realm of the dingy — present themselves as "well appointed." Everything shines more or less, from the window-panes to the dog-collars. So it all looks, with its myriad variations and qualifications, to one who surveys it over the apron of a hansom, while that vehicle of vantage, better than any box at the opera, spurts and slackens with the current.

It is not in a hansom, however, that we have figured our punctual young man, whom we must not desert, as he fares to the south-east, and who has only to cross Hyde Park Corner to find his way all grassy again. I have a weakness for the convenient, familiar, treeless, or almost treeless, expanse of the Green Park and the friendly part it plays as a kind of encouragement to Piccadilly. I am so fond of Piccadilly that I am grateful to any one or any thing that does it a service, and nothing is more worthy of appreciation than the southward look it is permitted to enjoy just after it passes Devonshire House — a sweep of horizon which it would be difficult to match among other haunts of men, and thanks to which, of a summer's day, you may spy, beyond the browsed pastures of the foreground and



PICCADILLY.

middle distance, beyond the cold chimneys of Buckingham Palace, and the towers of Westminster, and the swarming riverside, and all the southern parishes, the hard modern twinkle of the roof of the Crystal Palace.

If the Green Park is familiar, there is still less of the exclusive in its pendant, as one may call it,— for it literally hangs from the other, down the hill,— the remnant of the former garden of the queer, shabby old palace whose black, inelegant face stares up St. James's street. This popular resort has a great deal of character, but I am free to confess that much of its character comes from its nearness to the Westminster slums. It is a park of intimacy, and perhaps the most democratic corner of London, in spite of its being in the royal and military quarter and close to all kinds of stateliness. There are few hours of the day when a thousand smutty children are not sprawling

over it, and the unemployed lie thick on the grass and cover the benches with a brotherhood of greasy corduroys. If the London parks are the drawing-rooms and clubs of the poor,— that is, of those poor (I admit it cuts down the number) who live near enough to them to reach them,— these particular grass-plots and alleys may be said to constitute the very *salon* of the slums.

I know not why, being such a region of greatness,— great towers, great names, great memories; at the foot of the Abbey the Parliament, the fine fragment of Whitehall, with the quarters of the Guards of the sovereign right and left,— but the edge of Westminster evokes as many associations of misery as of empire. The neighborhood has been much purified of late, but it still contains a collection of specimens — though it is far from unique in this — of the low black element. The air always seems to me heavy and thick, and here more than elsewhere one hears old England — the panting, smoke-stained Titan of Matthew Arnold's fine poem — draw her breath with effort. In fact one is nearer to her heroic lungs, if those organs are figured by the great pinnacled and fretted talking-house on the edge of the river. But this same dense and conscious air plays such everlasting tricks to the eye that the Foreign Office, as you see it from the bridge, often looks romantic, and the sheet of water it overhangs poetic — suggests an Indian palace bathing its feet in the Ganges. If our pedestrian achieves such a comparison as this, he has nothing left but to go on to his work — which he will find close at hand. He will have come the whole way from the far north-west on the turf, which is what was to be demonstrated.



SOUTH LONDON.

V.

I FEEL as if I were taking a tone almost of boastfulness, and no doubt the best way to consider the matter is simply to say — without going into the treachery of reasons — that, for one's self, one likes this part or the other. Yet this course would not be unattended with danger, inasmuch as at the end of a few such professions we might find ourselves committed to a tolerance of much that is deplorable. London is so clumsy and brutal, and has gathered together so many of the darkest sides of life, that it is almost ridiculous to talk of her as a lover talks of his mistress, and almost frivolous to appear to ignore her disfigurements and cruelties. She is like a mighty ogress who devours human flesh; but to me it is a mitigating circumstance — though it may not seem so to every one — that the ogress herself is human. It is not in wantonness that she fills her maw, but to keep herself alive and do her tremendous work. She has no time for fine discriminations, but after all she is as good-natured as she is huge, and the more you stand up to her, as the phrase is, the better she takes the joke of it. It is mainly when you fall on your face before her that she gobbles you up. She does n't care much what she takes, so long as

she has her stint, and the smallest push to the right or the left will divert her wavering bulk from one form of prey to another. It is not to be denied that the heart tends to grow hard in her company; but she is a capital antidote to the morbid, and to live with her successfully is an education of the temper, a consecration of one's private philosophy. She gives one a surface for which in a rough world one can never be too thankful. She may take away reputations, but she forms character. She teaches her victims not to "mind," and the great danger, with her, is perhaps that they shall learn the lesson too well.

It is sometimes a wonder to ascertain what they do mind, the best-seasoned of her children. Many of them assist, without winking, at the most unfathomable dramas, and the common speech of others denotes a familiarity with the horrible. It is her theory that she both produces and appreciates the exquisite; but if you catch her in flagrant repudiation of both responsibilities and confront her with the shortcoming, she gives you a look, with a shrug of her colossal shoulders, which establishes a private relation with you for evermore. She seems to say, "Do you really take me so seriously as that, you dear, devoted, voluntary dupe, and don't you know what an immeasurable humbug I am?" You reply that you shall know it henceforth; but your tone is good-natured, with a touch of the cynicism that she herself has taught you; for you are aware that if she makes herself out better than she is, she also makes herself out much worse. She is immensely democratic, and that, no doubt, is part of the manner in which she is salutary to the individual; she teaches him his "place" by an incomparable discipline, but deprives him of complaint by letting him see that she has exactly the same ferule for every one else. When he has swallowed the lesson he may enjoy the rude but unfailing justice by which, under her eye, reputations and positions elsewhere esteemed great are reduced to the relative. There are so many reputations, so many positions, that supereminence breaks down, and it is difficult to be so rare that London can't match you. It is a part of her good-nature, and one of her clumsy coquetries, to pretend, sometimes, that she really can't, as when she takes it into her head to hunt the lion or form a ring round a celebrity. But this artifice is so transparent that the lion must be very candid or the celebrity very obscure to be taken by it. The business is altogether subjective, as the philosophers say, and the great city is primarily looking after herself. Celebrities are convenient,—they are one of the things that people can be asked to "meet,"—and lion-cutlets, put upon the ice, will nourish a family through periods of dearth.

This is what I mean by calling London democratic. You may be in it, of course, without being of it; but from the moment you *are* of it,—and on this point your own sense will soon enough enlighten you,—you belong to a body in which a general equality prevails. However exalted, however able, however rich, however renowned you may be, there are too many people at least as much so for your own idiosyncrasies to count. I think it is only by being beautiful that you may really prevail very much; for the loveliness of woman it has long been noticeable that London will go most out of her way. It is when she hunts that particular lion that she becomes most dangerous; then there are really moments when you would believe, for all the world, that she is thinking of what she can give, not of what she can get. Professional beauties, before this, have paid for believing it, and will continue to pay in the future. On the whole, the people who are least deceived are perhaps those who have permitted themselves to believe, in their own interest, that poverty is not a disgrace. It is certainly not considered so in London, and indeed it is difficult to see where—in virtue of diffusion—it would more naturally be exempt. The possession of money is of course immensely an advantage, but that is a very different thing from the lack of it being a disqualification.

Good-natured in so many things in spite of her cynical tongue, and easy-going in spite of her tremendous pace, there is nothing in which the large indulgence of the town is more shown than in the liberal way she looks at obligations of hospitality and the margin she allows in these and cognate matters. She wants, above all, to be amused; she keeps her books loosely, does n't stand on small questions of a chop for a chop, and if there be any chance of people proving a diversion, does n't know, or remember, or care whether they have "called." She forgets even if she herself has called. In matters of ceremony she takes and gives a long rope, and wastes no time in phrases and circumvallations. It is no doubt incontestable that one result of her inability to stand upon trifles and consider details is that she has been obliged in some ways to lower, rather portentously, the standard of her manners. She cultivates the abrupt,—for even when she asks you to dine a month ahead, the invitation goes off like the crack of a pistol,—and approaches her ends not exactly *par quatre chemins*. She does not pretend to attach importance to the lesson conveyed in Matthew Arnold's poem of "The Sick King in Bokhara," that

> Though we snatch what we desire,
> We may not snatch it eagerly.



A WET EVENING, PARLIAMENT SQUARE — HOUSE SITTING.

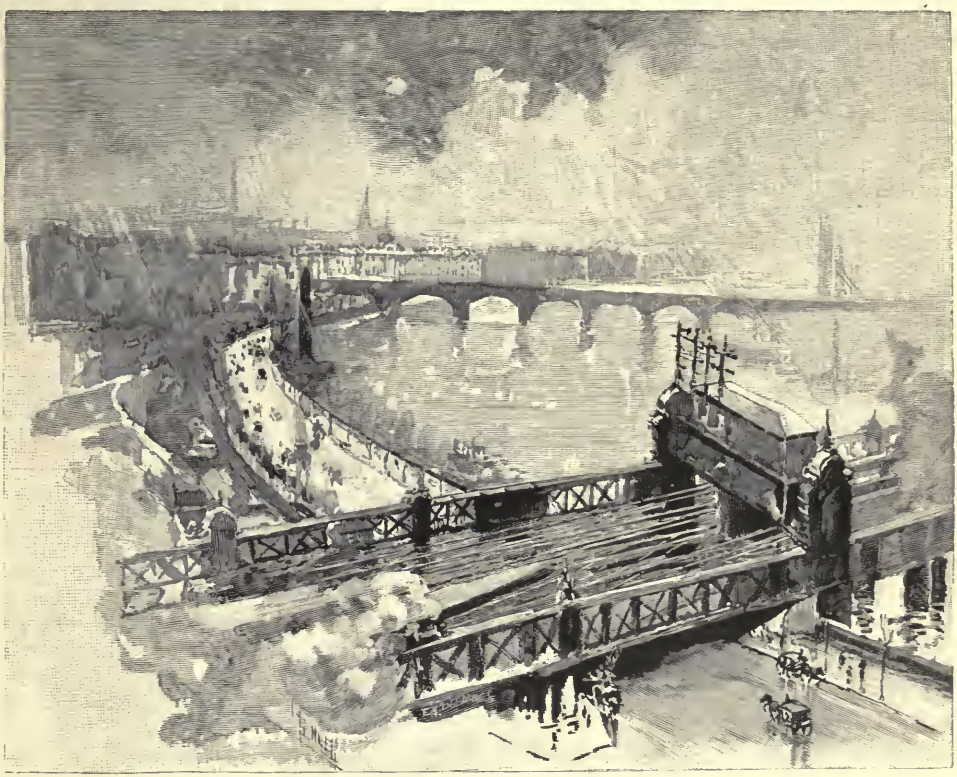
London snatches it eagerly, if that is the only way she can get it. Good manners are a succession of details, and I don't mean to say that she does n't attend to them — when she has time. Perhaps the matter of note-writing is as good an example as another of what certain of the elder traditions inevitably have become in her hands. She lives by notes — they are her very heart-beats; but those that bear her signature are as disjointed as the ravings of delirium, and have nothing but a postage stamp in common with the epistolary art.

VI.

If she does n't go into particulars, it may seem a very presumptuous act to have attempted to do so on her behalf, and the reader will doubtless think I have been punished by having egregiously failed in my enumeration. And, indeed, nothing could well be more difficult than to add up the items — the column would be altogether too long. One may have dreamed of turning the glow — if glow it be — of one's lantern on each successive fact of the jewel; but, after all, it may be success enough if a confusion of brightness is the result. One has not the alternative of speaking of London as a whole, for the simple reason that there is no such thing as the whole of it. It is immeasurable — you never arrive at the end. Rather, it is a collection of many wholes, and of which of them is it most important to speak? Therefore there must be a choice, and I know of none more scientific than simply to leave out what we may have to apologize for. The uglinesses, the "rookeries," the brutalities, the night aspect of many of the streets, the gin-shops and the hour when they are cleared out before closing — there are many elements of this kind which have to be counted out before a genial picture can be painted.

And yet I should not go so far as to say that it is a condition of such geniality to close one's eyes upon the immense misery; on the contrary, I think it is partly because we are irremediably conscious of that dark gulf that the most general appeal of the great city remains exactly what it is, the largest chapter of human accidents. I have no idea of what the future evolution of the strangely mingled monster may be; whether the poor will improve away the rich, or the rich will expropriate the poor, or they will continue to dwell together on their present imperfect terms of intercourse. Certain it is, at any rate, that the impression of suffering is a part of the general response; it is one of the things that mingle

with all the others to make the sound that is supremely dear to the consistent London-lover—the rumble of the tremendous human mill. This is the note which, in all its modulations, haunts and fascinates and inspires him. And whether or no he may succeed in keeping the misery out of the picture, he will freely confess that the latter is not spoiled for him by some of its duskiest shades. We do not like London well enough till we like its defects: when the weather is vile, of one of the big square clubs in Pall Mall. I can give no adequate account of the subtle poetry of such reminiscences; it depends upon associations of which we have often lost the thread. The wide colonnade of the Museum, its symmetrical wings, the high iron fence, in its granite setting, the sense of the misty halls within, where all its treasures lie — these things loom through a thickness of atmosphere which does n't make



SOMERSET HOUSE, FROM CHARING CROSS.

the dense darkness of much of its winter, the soot in the chimney-pots,—and everywhere else,—the early lamplight, the brown blur of the houses, the splashing of hansoms in Oxford street or the Strand on December afternoons.

There is still something to me that recalls the enchantments of children—the anticipation of Christmas, the delight of a holiday walk—in the way the shop-fronts shine into the fog. It makes each of them seem a little world of light and warmth, and I can still waste time in looking at them, with dirty Bloomsbury on one side and dirtier Soho on the other. There are winter effects, not intrinsically sweet, it would appear, which somehow touch the chords of memory, and even the fount of tears, in absence: as, for instance, the front of the British Museum on a black afternoon, or the portico, them dreary, but on the contrary imparts to them something of a cheer of red lights in a storm. I think the romance of a winter afternoon in London arises partly from the fact that, when it is not altogether smothered, the general lamplight takes this hue of hospitality. Such is the color of the interior glow of the clubs in Pall Mall, which I positively like best when the fog loiters upon their monumental staircases.

In saying just now that these retreats may easily be, for the exile, part of the phantasmagoria of homesickness, I did not allude simply to their solemn outsides. If they are still more solemn within, that does not make them any less dear in retrospect, at least to a visitor who is bent upon liking his London to the end. What is the solemnity but a tribute to your

nerves, and the stillness but a refined proof of intensity of life? To produce such results as these the balance of many tastes must be struck, and that is only possible in a very high civilization. If I seem to intimate that this last abstract term must be the cheer of him who has lonely possession of a foggy library, without even the excitement of watching for some one to put down the magazine he wants, I am willing to let the supposition pass, for the appreciation of a London club at one of the empty seasons is nothing but the strong expression of a preference for the great city — by no means so unsociable as it may superficially appear — at periods of relative abandonment. The London year is studded with holidays, blessed little islands of comparative leisure — intervals of absence for good society. Then the wonderful English faculty for "going out of town for a little change" comes into illimitable play, and families transport their nurseries and their bath-tubs to those rural scenes which form the real substratum of the national life. Such moments as these are the paradise of the genuine London-lover, for then he finds himself face to face with the object of his passion; he can give himself up to an intercourse which at other times is obstructed by his rivals. Then every one he knows is out of town, and the exhilarating sense of the presence of every one he does n't know becomes by so much the deeper.

This is why I consider that satisfaction not an unsociable, but a positively sociable, emotion. It is the mood in which he most measures the immense humanity of the place, and in which its limits recede farthest into a dimness peopled with possible illustrations. For his acquaintance, however numerous it may be, is finite; whereas the other, the unvisited London, is infinite. It is one of his pleasures to think of the experiments and excursions he may make in it, even when these adventures don't particularly come off. The friendly fog seems to protect and enrich them — to add both to the mystery and the security, so that it is most in the winter months that the imagination weaves such delights. They reach their climax, perhaps, during the strictly social desolation of Christmas week, when the country-houses are filled at the expense of the metropolis. Then it is that I am most haunted with the London of Dickens, feel most as if it were still recoverable, still exhaling its queerness in patches perceptible to the appreciative. Then the big fires blaze in the foggy void of the clubs, and the new books on the tables say, "Now at last you have time to read me," and the afternoon tea and toast, and the lonely old gentleman who wakes up from a doze to order potash-water, appear to make the assurance good. It is not a small matter, either, to a man of letters, that this is the best time for writing, and that during the lamplit days the white page he tries to blacken becomes, on his table, in the circle of the lamp, with the screen of the fog folding him in, more vivid and fruitful. Those to whom it is forbidden to sit up to work in the small hours may, in London, between November and March, enjoy a semblance of this luxury in the morning. The weather makes a kind of sedentary midnight and muffles the possible interruptions. It is bad for the eyesight, but it is excellent for the imagination.

VII.

Of course it is too much to say that all the satisfaction of living in London comes from actually being there, for it is not a paradox that a great deal of it consists in getting away. It is almost easier to leave it than not to, and much of its richness and interest comes from its ramifications — the fact that all England is in a suburban relation to it. Such an affair it is, in comparison, to get away from Paris or to get into it. London melts by wide, ugly zones into the green country, and becomes pretty insidiously, without exactly knowing it. It is the spoiling, perhaps, of the country, but it is the making of the insatiable town, and if one is a helpless and shameless cockney that is all one is obliged to look at. Anything is excusable which enlarges one's civic consciousness. It ministers immensely to that of the London-lover that, thanks to the tremendous system of coming and going, to the active hospitable habits of the people, to the elaboration of the railway service, the frequency and rapidity of trains, and last, though not least, to the fact that much of the loveliest scenery in England lies within a radius of fifty miles — thanks to all this he has the rural picturesque at his door and may cultivate unlimited vagueness as to the line of division between the center and the margin. It is perfectly open to him to consider the remainder of the United Kingdom, or the British empire in general, or even, if he be an American, the total of the English-speaking territories of the globe, as the margin of the agglomeration on the Thames.

Is it for this reason — because I like to think how great we all are together, in the light of heaven and the face of the rest of the world, with the bond of our glorious tongue, in which we labor to write articles and books for each other's candid perusal, how great we all are and how great is the great city which we may unite, fraternally, to regard as the capital of our race — is it for this that I have a singular kindness for the London railway-stations, that I like them in themselves, that they interest



SUNSET IN OXFORD STREET.

and fascinate me, and that I view them with complacency even when I wish neither to depart nor to arrive? They remind me of all our reciprocities and activities, our energies and curiosities, and our being all distinguished together from other people by our great common stamp of perpetual motion, our passion for seas and deserts and the other side of the globe, the secret of the impression of strength — I don't say of social roundness and finish — that we produce in any collection of Anglo-Saxon types. If in the beloved foggy season I delight in the spectacle of Paddington, Euston, or Waterloo,— I confess I prefer the northern stations,— I am prepared to defend myself against the charge of puerility; for what I seek, and find, in these vulgar scenes is at bottom simply so much evidence of our larger way of looking at life. The exhibition of variety of type is, in general, one of the bribes by which London induces you to condone her abominations, and the railway-platform is a kind of compendium of that variety. I think that nowhere so much as in London do people wear — to the eye of observation — definite signs of the sort of people they may be. If you like above all things to know the sort, you hail this fact with joy; you recognize that if the English are immensely distinct from other people, they are also, socially,— and that brings with it, in England, a train of moral and intellectual consequences,— extremely distinct from each other. You may see them all together, with the rich coloring of their dif-

ferences, in the fine flare of one of Mr. W. H. Smith's bookstalls—a feature not to be omitted in any enumeration of the charms of Paddington and Euston. It is a focus of warmth and light in the vast smoky cavern; it gives the idea that literature is a thing of splendor, of a dazzling essence, of infinite gas-lit red and gold. A glamour hangs over the glittering booth, and a tantalizing air of clever new things. How brilliant must the books all



LIMEHOUSE.

be, how veracious and courteous the fresh, pure journals! Of a Saturday afternoon, as you wait in your corner of the compartment for the starting of the train, the window makes a frame for the glowing picture. I say of a Saturday afternoon, because that is the most characteristic time—it speaks most of the constant circulation, and in particular of the quick jump, by express, just before dinner, for the Sunday, into the hall of the country-house and the farms of closer friendliness, the prolonged talks, the familiarizing walks, which London excludes.

There is the emptiness of summer as well, when you may have the town to yourself, and I would discourse of it—counting the summer from the 1st of August—were it not that it seems ungracious to insist so much on the negative phases. In truth they become positive in another manner, and I have an endearing recollection of certain happy accidents, at the only period when London life may be said to admit of accident. It is the most luxurious existence in the world, but of that especial luxury—the unexpected, the extemporized—it has, in general, too little. In a very tight crowd you can't scratch your leg, and in London the social pressure is so great that it is difficult to deflect from the perpendicular or to move otherwise than with the mass. There is too little of the loose change of time; every half-hour has its preappointed use, written down, month by month, in a little book. As I intimated, however, the pages of this volume exhibit, from August to November, an attractive blankness; they represent the season during which you may taste of that highest kind of inspiration, the inspiration of the moment.

This is doubtless what a gentleman had in mind who once said to me, in regard to the vast resources of London and its having something for every taste, "Oh, yes; when you are bored, or want a little change, you can take the boat down to Blackwall." I have never had occasion, yet, to resort to this particular remedy. Perhaps it 's a proof that I have never been bored. Why Blackwall? I indeed asked myself at the time; nor have I yet ascertained what distractions that locality offers to the arriving excursionist. My interlocutor probably used the name generically, as a free, comprehensive allusion to the charms of the river at large. Here the London-lover goes with him all the way, and indeed the Thames is altogether such a wonderful affair that he feels he has composed his picture very clumsily not to have put it in the very forefront. Take it up or take it down, it is equally an adjunct of London life, an expression of London manners.

From Westminster to the sea its uses are commercial, but none the less pictorial for that; while in the other direction—taking it properly a little farther up—they are personal, social, athletic, idyllic. In its recreative character it is absolutely unique. I know of no other classic stream that is so splashed about

for the mere fun of it. There is something almost droll, and at the same time almost touching, in the way that on the smallest pretext of holiday or fine weather the mighty population takes to the boats. They bump each other in the narrow, charming channel; between Oxford and Richmond they make an uninterrupted procession. Nothing is more suggestive of the personal energy of the people and their eagerness to take, in the way of exercise and adventure, whatever they can get. I hasten to add that what they get on the Thames is exquisite, in spite of the smallness of the scale and the contrast between the numbers and the space. In a word, if the river is the busiest suburb of London it is also by far the prettiest. That term applies to it less, of course, from the bridges down, but it is only because in this part of its career it deserves a larger praise. To be consistent, I like it best when it is all dyed and disfigured with the town and you look from bridge to bridge — they seem wonderfully big and dim — over the brown, greasy current, the barges and the penny-steamers, the black, sordid, heterogeneous shores. This prospect, of which so many of the elements are ignoble, etches itself to the eye of the lover of "bits" with a power that is worthy perhaps of a better cause.

The way that, with her magnificent opportunity, London has neglected to achieve a river-front is of course the best possible proof that she has rarely, in the past, been in the architectural mood which at present shows somewhat inexpensive signs of settling upon her. Here and there a fine fragment apologizes for the failure which it does n't remedy. Somerset House stands up, higher perhaps than anything else, on its granite pedestal, and the palace of Westminster reclines — it can hardly be said to stand — on the big parliamentary bench of its terrace. The embankment, which is admirable, if not particularly interesting, does what it can, and the new red houses of Chelsea stare across at Battersea Park like eighteenth-century ladies surveying a horrid wilderness. On the other hand the Charing Cross railway-station, placed where it is, is a national crime; Milbank prison is a worse act of violence than any it was erected to punish; and the water-side, generally, a shameless renunciation of effect. It turns out, however, that its very cynicism is expressive; so that, if one were to choose again — short of there being a London Louvre — between the usual English irresponsibility in such matters and some particular flight of conscience, we should perhaps do as well to let the case stand. We know what it is, the stretch from Chelsea to Wapping, but we know not what it might be. It does n't prevent my being always more or less thrilled, of a summer afternoon, by the journey, on a penny-steamer, to Greenwich.

VIII.

But why do I talk of Greenwich, and remind myself of one of the unexecuted vignettes with which it had been my plan that these desultory and, I fear, somewhat incoherent remarks should be studded? They will present to the reader no vignettes but those which the artist who has kindly consented to associate himself with my vagaries may be so good as to bestow upon them. Why should I speak of Hampstead, as the question of summer afternoons just threatened to lead me to do, after I should have exhausted the subject of Greenwich, which I may not even touch? Why should I be so arbitrary when I have cheated myself out of the space privately intended for a series of vivid and ingenious sketches of the particular physiognomy of the respective quarters of the town? I had dreamed of doing them all, with their idiosyncrasies and the signs by which you shall know them. It is my pleasure to have learned these signs,— it is a deeply interesting branch of observation,— but I must renounce the display of my lore.

I have n't the conscience to talk about Hampstead, and what a pleasant thing it is to ascend the long hill which overhangs, as it were, St. John's Wood and begins at the Swiss Cottage,— you must mount from there, it must be confessed, as you can,— and pick up a friend at a house of friendship on the top, and stroll with him on the rusty Heath, and skirt the garden-walls of the old square Georgian houses which survive from the time when, near as it is to-day to London, the place was a kind of provincial center, with Joanna Baillie for its muse, and take the way by the Three Spaniards — I would never miss that — and look down at the smoky city or across at the Scotch firs and the red sunset. It would never do to make a tangent in that direction when I have left Kensington unsung and Bloomsbury unattempted and have said never a word about the mighty eastward region — the queer corners, the dark secrets, the rich survivals, and mementos of the City. I particularly regret having sacrificed Kensington, the once-delightful, the Thackerayan, with its literary vestiges, its quiet, pompous red palace, its square of Queen Anne, its house of Lady Castlewood, its "Greyhound" tavern, where Henry Esmond lodged.

But I can reconcile myself to this when I reflect that I have also sacrificed the season, which, doubtless, from an elegant point of view, ought to have been the central *morçeau* in the panorama. I have noted that the London-

lover loves everything in the place, but I have not cut myself off from saying that his sympathy has degrees, or from remarking that that of the author of these pages has never gone all the way with the dense movement of the British carnival. That is really the word for the period from Easter to midsummer; it is a fine, decorous, expensive, Protestant carnival, in which the masks are not of velvet or silk, but of wonderful deceptive flesh and blood, the material of the most beautiful complexions in the world. Holding that the great interest of London is the sense the place gives us of multitudinous life, it is doubtless an inconsequence not to care most for the phase of greatest intensity. But there is life and life, and the rush and crush of these weeks of fashion is after all but a tolerably mechanical expression of human forces. It goes without saying that it is a more universal, brilliant, spectacular one than can be seen anywhere else; and it is not a defect that these forces often take the form of very beautiful women. I risk the declaration that the London season brings together, year by year, an unequaled collection of handsome persons. I say nothing of the ugly ones; beauty has, at the best, been allotted to a small minority, and it is never, at the most, anywhere, but a question of the number by which that minority is least insignificant.

There are moments when one can almost forgive the follies of June for the sake of the smile which the skeptical old city puts on for the time and which, as I noted in an earlier passage of this disquisition, fairly breaks into laughter where she is tickled by the vortex of Hyde Park Corner. Most perhaps does she seem to smile at the end of the summer days, when the light lingers and lingers, though the shadows lengthen and the mists redden and the belated riders, with dinners to dress for, hurry away from the trampled arena of the Park. The population, at that hour, moves mainly westward, and sees the dust of the day's long racket turned into a dull golden haze. There is something that has doubtless often, at this particular moment, touched the fancy even of the bored and the *blasés*, in such an emanation of hospitality, of waiting dinners, of the festal idea, and the whole spectacle of the West End preparing herself for an evening six parties deep. The scale on which she entertains is stupendous, and her invitations and "reminders" are as thick as the leaves of the forest.

For half an hour, in the region of 8 o'clock, every hurrying vehicle contains an obvious diner-out. To consider only the rattling hansoms, the white neckties and "dressed" heads which greet you from over the apron, in a quick, interminable succession, conveys an overwhelming impression of a complicated world. Who are they all, and where are they all going, and whence have they come, and what smoking kitchens and gaping portals and marshaled flunkeys are prepared to receive them, from the southernmost limits of a loosely interpreted, an almost transpontine, Belgravia, to the hyperborean confines of St. John's Wood? There are broughams standing at every door, and carpets laid down for the footfall of the issuing, if not the entering, reveler. The pavements are empty now, in the fading light, in the big dusty squares and the stuccoed streets of gentility, save for the groups of small children, holding others that are smaller,—Ameliar-Ann intrusted with Sarah Jane,—who collect, wherever the strip of carpet lies, to see the fine ladies pass from the carriage or the house. The West End is dotted with these pathetic little gazing groups; it is the party of the poor—*their* season and way of dining out, and a happy illustration of "the sympathy that prevails between classes." The watchers, I should add, are by no means all children, but dingy elders too, and I am sure these wayside joys are one of the reasons of an inconvenience much deplored—the tendency of the country poor to flock to London. Those who dine only occasionally, or never at all, have plenty of time to contemplate those with whom the exercise is more frequent.

However, it was not my intention to conclude these remarks in a melancholy strain, and Heaven knows that the diners are a prodigious company. It is as moralistic as I shall venture to be if I drop a very soft sigh on the paper as I affirm that truth. Are they all illuminated spirits, and is their conversation the ripest in the world? This is not to be expected, nor should I ever suppose it to be desired that a society should fail to offer frequent opportunity for intellectual rest. Such a shortcoming is not one of the sins of the London world in general, nor would it be just to complain of that world, on any side, on grounds of deficiency. It is not what London fails to do that strikes the observer, but the general fact that she does everything in excess. Excess is her highest reproach, and it is her incurable misfortune that there is really too much of her. She overwhelms you by quantity and number—she ends by making human life, by making civilization, appear cheap to you. Wherever you go, to parties, exhibitions, concerts, "private views," meetings, solitudes, there are already more people than enough on the field. How it makes you understand the high walls with which so much of English life is surrounded, and the priceless blessing of a park in the country, where there is nothing animated but rabbits and pheasants and, for the worst, the

importunate nightingales! And as the monster grows and grows forever, she departs more and more—it must be acknowledged—from the ideal of a convenient society, a society in which intimacy is possible, in which the components meet often, and sound and measure and select and inspire each other, and relations and combinations have time to form themselves. The substitute for this, in London, is the momentary concussion of a million of atoms. It is the difference between seeing a great deal of a few and seeing a little of every one. "When did you come—are you 'going on'?" and it is over; there is no time even for the answer. This may seem a treacherous arraignment, and I should not make it were I not prepared, or rather were I not eager, to add two qualifications. One of these is that, cumbrously vast as the place may be, I would not have had it smaller by a hair's-breadth or have missed one of the fine and fruitful impatiences with which it inspires you, and which are at bottom a heartier tribute, I think, than any great city receives. The other is, that, out of its richness and its inexhaustible good humor, it belies, the next hour, any generalization you may have been so simple as to make about it.

Henry James.

TO A CRITIC.

YOU bid me sing of passions hot,
That burn a fiery way
Through social forms, enduring not
The social sway.

You bid me sing, as Byron sang,
The heart's untoward fire,
Whose heats, amid the trumpet's clang,
Unstrung the lyre,—

The lyre, that should have sounded long,
Lay broken on the shore,
And, with one burst of noble song,
It rang no more.

You bid me seek a sounding note,
Where thundering squadrons come
And beat the march with double rote
Of fife and drum,—

The rumbling drum with muffled roar,
That times the martial tread,
And, when the fiery day is o'er,
Beats home the dead.

You bid me climb, by rugged ways,
And oft through starless nights,
Where sightless Milton tuned his lays,
On lonely heights,—

On lonely heights which glorious song—
So cold that upper air—
But rarely seeks, nor tarries long,
Though Fame is there.

Nay, I along the common road,
Beside my fellow-man,
Walk meekly, adding to my load
What flowers I can.

And when I put my burden by,
At noon, or close of day,
If some cool, darksome thicket lie
Along the way,—

If in that thicket hide a rill
That runs a pleasant round,
I listen, listen, listen still,
To catch the sound.

Or if a bird, in reed or rush,
Delight a quiet stream
With simple lay, or, like the thrush,
With ampler theme,

I listen, till my heart is full,
Then haply, if I can,
I snatch a reed, and bid it tell
A brother man.

Perchance some rustic traveler
At noon may pause to hear,
Or some slow-moving wagoner
Incline an ear;

Some village maid in threadbare plaid,
Who shuns the gayer throng,
Or some brown-handed, freckled lad,
May like the song.

If not, what then? I 've heard at eve
The wood-thrush sing unknown,
Content in singing to relieve
His breast alone.

And I can touch a slender quill,
With none to heed the task,
And if my own heart feel the thrill,
'T is all I ask.

James Herbert Morse.

BEECHER AT LIVERPOOL.

THE year 1863 was an unpleasant time for a loyal American to be traveling abroad. The disloyal were in Europe in considerable numbers, and, wherever they could, they molded public sentiment. Comparatively few had anything to say in defense of the Federal Government, and the hope that the Confederacy would prevail was freely expressed in conversation. Ignorant and insulting questions were propounded to all who declared themselves in favor of suppressing the rebellion. With one or two exceptions, the newspapers exaggerated the successes of the South, spoke contemptuously of the achievements of the North — of its generals, soldiers, and spirit. The average Englishman could not comprehend the right of the President to perform any act not specified in the Constitution. His powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States they did not perceive or were unwilling to admit. At a dinner attended by avowed friends of the North, most of them noted ministers, only five appeared to know the ground upon which the President claimed the right to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Here and there Americans traveling on business, clergymen in poor health, and those who were compelled to go abroad for domestic and other reasons met, and their universal testimony was that, while occasionally an intelligent sympathizer with the North could be found, the majority of those whom they encountered in England were either cold or openly antagonistic.

I met Mr. Beecher at the Charing Cross Hotel in London just before he went upon the Continent, and he said, "What brings you over here?"

"Poor health," was the reply. "And what brings you? Surely you are not ill?"

"No; but so worn with work that I need to freshen up and get away from excitement."

"Will you speak any in England?"

"Not much. I am so mad at the way they talk and act over here that I don't care to see an Englishman."

On the 16th of October, four months after this conversation, I arrived in Liverpool to sail from that place for the United States the next day. Having come directly from Switzerland I knew nothing of Mr. Beecher's plans, but en route from London saw in the English papers that he had spoken once or twice. While riding from the station to the hotel in Liverpool I saw the following handbill:

TO THE INDEPENDENT AND INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES OF LIVERPOOL.

AN individual of the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when at home, Brooklyn, N. Y., is called a Baptist minister, has come over to this country as a political emissary from Abraham Lincoln to stir up strife and ill-will among you, and for that purpose will hold a meeting at the Philharmonic Hall, Hope street, this evening. This same Henry Ward Beecher it was who recommended London to be sacked and this town destroyed; and this godly man, bear in mind, is a preacher of the Gospel and goodwill towards all men. As there will be an amendment proposed at the meeting, you must attend and show by your hearts and hands that the industrious classes in this town are opposed to the bloody war which Abraham Lincoln is now waging against his brother in the South, and the dastardly means he is resorting to in employing such tools as Henry Ward Beecher, a minister of the Gospel.

Friday, 16th October, 1863.

There were a half-dozen more, some of them much larger and more conspicuously displayed.

The expression in the bill above quoted, "As there will be an amendment proposed at the meeting," explains a peculiarity of English customs with which we are not familiar in the United States. When a public gathering of this kind is held, it is considered proper for opponents to interrupt the proceedings, and, when any motion is offered, to move an amendment, and, if possible, to carry it; in which case the meeting will be made to teach the very opposite of that which it was called to advocate. I witnessed several such occurrences, and saw in one or two places the friends of the North take a meeting out of the hands of the South; and in Manchester a desperate attempt was made to capture one called in the interest of the North which resulted in the building being cleared by the police.

I determined, if possible, to hear Mr. Beecher. On inquiry it was speedily ascertained that the bulk of the people of Liverpool were not in sympathy with either Mr. Beecher or the cause he advocated, that there would certainly be an attempt to break up the meeting, and that tickets fully equal to the capacity of the house had already been given out. I made every effort to obtain tickets, but without success. No person who had one was willing to sell it, ticket

speculators could not be found, and it seemed as if nothing could be done. But at half-past six a desperate expedient occurred to me, and was tried. Ascertaining that Mr. Beecher was the guest of Charles C. Duncan, I called at his residence and sent in my card. Mr. Beecher was at tea, and came out into the hall napkin in hand. I said, "Mr. Beecher, I am going to sail to-morrow to the United States. Your friends will wish to know all about this address; and yet I cannot get in, and have called to ask if I may accompany you when you enter. I will slip into some obscure position in the rear of the platform; and even if I have to stand the entire evening, it will be only what you will have to do."

"I would do it in a moment," said he, "but there have been three hundred applications of that sort, and every square inch of the platform is already bespoke."

"Then there is no chance?"

"None, my dear fellow, that I can see — unless I give you my place; and the Lord knows I would be glad enough to do that."

With that he laughed and went back to his supper.

Just as I was reconciling myself to defeat, Mr. Duncan came into the hall and said that a certain Baptist clergyman had received two tickets and he had just heard of a death in his family. "Would you call and ask him for those tickets? If you can get them, you shall have one, and may return the other to me."

The facts were as stated. The tickets were obtained, and the result was that I sat within six feet of Mr. Beecher on the platform during the evening. As he had said, every square inch was spoken for. The crowd was immense, consisting almost entirely of men. The few ladies to be seen here and there had an appearance of trepidation, and every person seemed to be apprehending a disturbance. The audience was comparatively quiet during the preliminary exercises, which were exceedingly brief.

When Mr. Beecher was introduced there was faint applause mingled with discordant sounds. The applause increased, and so did the noise of the opponents. Neither class, so far as demonstration was concerned, was very numerous. An English is very different from an American mob; it is much more noisy, but less vicious. It is accompanied by less bloodshed and violence, but more yelling and pushing; it also has less humor and is more persistent. Being able to see the entire building, I became aware that men had been stationed in different parts expressly to act in concert; and after a while I was able to identify two or three who were obviously leaders. It was their policy not to make much disturbance at first.

Mr. Beecher was in perfect health, but quite thin compared with his condition before leaving home; still he appeared a magnificent specimen of manhood, having just passed his fiftieth birthday. He advanced and placed a manuscript upon the table, and from it began to read a carefully prepared argument to prove that, from a commercial point of view, Liverpool should sympathize with the North rather than with the South. Slavery was a primitive institution, the South an agricultural region. Institutions built upon slavery would need comparatively little. What the slaves ate, they raised; they wore but scanty clothing, and the whole climate and mode of living favored limited outside expenditures. It was not so with the North. He made various references to Liverpool — its business interests, its dependence upon American trade, the immense development that would certainly follow if slavery were abolished.

This line of thought failed to reach the high moral tone of the abolitionists who were present, though it did for a time interest the average citizen. So long as Mr. Beecher read, the audience was obviously greatly disappointed. The disturbers found little room to object, and his friends little or nothing to applaud. Mr. Beecher was never remarkable as a reader. On this occasion, as expectation was high, and the reports of his former oratorical performances had been heard, the impression was much less than it would have been under other circumstances. After he had read for fifteen or twenty minutes a loud roar was heard, "Shut up that paper!" which was immediately responded to from the other side of the building, "He can't get along without a book!" "He don't know enough to speak!" "He is a *coward!*" From another place came the question in a shrill, piercing voice, "Where did you steal your sermon?"

In less than two minutes the whole audience appeared to be in motion. Men were pushing and elbowing, yelling and shrieking. One man in particular would jump up about two feet, howl, and then sink out of sight. The police began to move about with an expression of good humor upon their faces, pushing men with both hands extended. For the space of three or four minutes it was impossible for Mr. Beecher to be heard. He made several attempts to finish the manuscript, and practically did; and then began to handle questions with the incisiveness, wit, and occasional outbursts of eloquence for which he was famous. The disturbers had sense enough to see that they had aroused a lion, and that they must break him down or he would carry the great bulk of the audience with him. They resorted to every means imaginable, except actual violence, to accomplish this end.

Mr. Beecher's voice, when he was excited and spoke very loud, had a roaring sound. They would pitch their voices upon the same key, so that when he ended a paragraph in a clarion tone, taking the same pitch, they would bellow like a score of infuriated bulls, and continue sometimes five minutes at a stretch; for when some would be out of breath, others would take it up, and the first would come to their help again. Meanwhile Mr. Beecher would talk to the ministers on the platform, of whom there was a large number, and occasionally to the reporters. He would say to them, "Gentlemen, I am talking to you and, through you, to all England. If I should not be heard at all by this audience, and you should take down my words, thirty millions of people would read them." He was calm enough at one time when the roaring was going on to crack three or four jokes, as if he were conversing in a parlor; and the moment the rioters stopped, from sheer physical exhaustion, he screamed out, "I have talked to these reporters. They have got down all I have said. There is another idea out, catch it if you can!"

It has been reported that Mr. Beecher's life was in danger on that occasion. The scene indeed was at times appalling. Mr. Beecher received anonymous letters warning him not to attend; but I saw no evidence that any person intended personal violence to him. He considered the opposition which he encountered at Liverpool "worse than all the rest put together."

When he was fully loose, he paced the platform like a lion about to spring upon the assembly. The crowd would hurl remarks at him which, if it were possible to turn, he would make such use of as to raise a laugh at the expense of the questioner. If they were embarrassing he would say, "I will take that up when I come to it," and in most cases he would prepare an effective way of answering it. He seemed to proceed upon the assumption that the friends of freedom were with him, and that his wisest course was to ignore both friends and foes. In some reminiscences given in his Life, edited by Lyman Abbott, he says:

> I took the measure of the audience and said to myself: "About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy; and my business now is not to appeal to that portion which is opposed to me, nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section."

He certainly acted upon this plan at Liverpool, and in doing so he lost for a considerable period the sympathy of those who in the beginning were prepared to applaud him.

But at last he struck the highest moral elevation, and no reporter, even though he took every word, could properly represent the majesty, the sublimity, the authoritative and electrical energy with which he spoke. A remarkable fact was, that after one of these outbursts he would catch up a question on a much lower plane, dispose of it with a witty turn, and converse with the assembly as though he were relating an anecdote to some gentlemen at a casual meeting. The policy of the factious element was to bawl the loudest after his finest passages. On one of these occasions he said, "Christ understood human nature; 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.' He did not say anything about bulls." These noises were like the cries of the people, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," for they "continued about the space of two hours."

There was one instant when Mr. Beecher seemed to be about to break down. His voice cracked, and the crowd imitated the cracked sound which it produced. He then turned to the platform and said, "Gentlemen, I take you to witness that I have controlled this audience until my voice is gone. I can do nothing without a voice." And it seemed as if his nervous force as well as his voice was failing. Had he stopped then, the assembly would have broken up in confusion, the mob would have prevailed, no resolutions would have been passed, and the meeting, though it would have left an ineffaceable impression upon the minds of those who heard him, would nevertheless have been considered unsuccessful.

But he gathered himself together once more, regained command of the audience, and subsequently did some of the most effective work of the evening. The hundreds of distinguished men who sat upon the platform, most of them public speakers, at first wore the aspect of men who were there to see what an American orator would do and how he would do it; but long before the conclusion their individuality was lost, and they were not only captivated, but captured. For physical power, self-control, diversified forms of public speaking, indomitable will without the loss of the power to respond to the changing moods of the audience, and affability essential to persuasion, I have never seen its equal and cannot imagine its superior. A gentleman sitting near me, who appeared to command universal respect from those upon the platform, said at the close, giving a list of the famous men whom he had heard on critical occasions: "I was prepared to criticise and ready to dislike, but I never heard anything equal to this." Every loyal American felt proud of his country, and proud of Henry Ward Beecher as its representative.

After a stormy passage of fourteen days, two weeks from the next Sabbath I had the pleasure of describing this scene to the congregation of Plymouth Church, on which occasion resolutions were passed commending the work of Mr. Beecher in England, and extending his vacation for as long a time as he felt that he could serve his country abroad.

At what exact point he could be said to have brought the audience into subjection to his imperial intellect and will it would be difficult to say. He remarks in the reminiscences already quoted, "Of all confusions and turmoils and whirls I never saw the like. I got control of the meeting in about an hour and a half, and then I had a clear road the rest of the way. We carried the meeting, but it required a three-hours' use of my voice at its utmost strength. I sometimes felt like a ship-master attempting to preach on board of a ship through a speaking-trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men."

He made the entire assembly feel the greatness of his country, the justice of its cause, and the certainty of its triumph.

J. M. Buckley.

COURAGE!

TO A SAD POET.

TOO well we know the earth is full of sorrow,
Of loss and change,—no breeze but bears the tale.
Night veils her tears and prayers, until the morrow,
Wan from her bitter vigil, rises pale.

The roses breathe, low whisper all the grasses,
The wood-thrush rings and rings the sad refrain,
The fall, the frost, the spring-floods cry, "All passes!"
O poet! what avails to chant the strain?

Oh for a voice as clear as Burns' or Byron's,
And strong to shake us from our coward state!
We are not men, but moles, if death environs,
And blind with tears we tamely yield to fate.

Who sings that life is only pain and dying,
And all the grace and flower of it fade,
Sings not,—'t is but a false and feeble sighing,
The night wind moaning through the cypress shade.

The fashion of this world, it is, doth perish,
And all whose flower withers—dust to dust;
The vain desires that flesh and folly cherish,
Gold, greed, and glitter—dross to moth and rust.

Truth, love, and faith die not, nor brave endeavor:
No simple, self-effacing constancy
But links with deathless deeds that shine forever,—
The widow's mite lives with Thermopylæ.

To him that overcometh shrinking spirit
And poor, weak flesh 't was promised from afar
All things in earth and heaven he shall inherit:
Day, night, and then, tears dried—the morning star!

James T. McKay.

A WHITE UMBRELLA IN MEXICO.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

MADAME CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the Scotch wife of the first Spanish minister sent to Mexico after the achievement of her independence, in her delightful book of travels published over forty years ago says: "There is not one human being or passing object to be seen in Mexico that is not in itself a picture."

The country has not degenerated since. It is to-day, in its varied scenery, costumes, architecture, street life, the most marvelously picturesque land under the sun—a tropical Venice, a semi-barbarous Spain, a new Holy Land.

Until the opening, some five years since, of the present system of railroads, the inhabitants of much the larger part of Mexico had been for 350 years completely isolated from the world at large except through such limited channels of communication as the bridle path and the desert trail afforded. So it naturally happens that this vast population, numbering some 10,000,000, have adopted but little from America and Europe, and the Mexican is still the Mexican of a hundred years ago, sombrero, zarape, and all, and the Indian peón is the same patient, mild-eyed, gentle savage whom Cortés found and enslaved.

To study and enjoy a people thoroughly one must live in the streets. A chat with the old woman selling fruit near the door of the cathedral, half an hour spent with the sacristan after morning mass, and a word now and then with the donkey-boy, the water-carrier, and the padre, will give you a better idea of a town and a closer insight into the inner life of a people than days spent either at the governor's palace or at the museum.

If your companion is a white umbrella, and if beneath its shelter you sit for hours painting the picturesque scenes that charm your eye, you will not only have hosts of lookers-on attracted by idle curiosity, but many of them will prove good friends during your stay and will vie with each other in doing you many little acts of kindness that will linger in your memory long after you have shaken the white dust of their cities and villages from off your feet.

A MORNING IN GUANAJUATO.

THIS morning I am wandering about Guanajuato. It is a grotesque, quaint old mining town near the line of the Mexican Central Railroad, within a day's journey of the city of Mexico. I had arrived tired out the night before, and awoke so early that the sun and I appeared on the streets about the same hour.

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant, and shouldering my sketch-trap and my umbrella, I bent my steps towards the Church of La Parroquia. I had seen it the night previous as I passed by in the starlight, and its stone pillars and twisted iron railings so delighted me that I spent half the night elaborating its details in my sleep.

The tide of worshipers in the streets carried their prayer-books and rosaries and were evidently intent on early mass. As for myself, I was simply drifting about, watching the people, making notes in my sketch-book, and saturating myself with the charming novelty of my surroundings.

When I reached the small square which faces the great green door of the beautiful old church, the golden sunlight was just touching its quaint towers, and the stone urns and crosses surmounting the curious pillars below stood out in dark relief against the blue sky beyond.

I mingled with the crowd, followed it into the church, listened awhile to the service, and then returned to the Plaza and began a circuit of the square, to select some point of sight from which I could seize the noble pile as a whole, and thus express it within the square of my canvas.

The oftener I walked around it the more difficult became the problem. A dozen times I made the circuit, stopping, pondering, stepping backwards and sidewise after the manner of painters similarly perplexed, and attracting, by my unconscious performance, a curious throng, who kept their eyes upon me, very much as if they suspected I was either slightly imbecile or was about to indulge in some kind of heathen rite entirely new to them.

Finally it became plainly evident that but one point of sight could be relied upon. This centered in the archway of a private house immediately opposite La Parroquia. I determined to move in and take possession.

Some care, however, is necessary in the inroads one makes upon a private house in a Spanish city. A watchful porter, half concealed in the garden of the patio, generally has his eye on the gateway, and overhauls you before you have taken a dozen steps, with a "*Hola*,

Señor! é quién busca Usted?" You will also find the lower windows protected by iron *rejas*, through which, if you are on good terms with the black eyes within, you may perhaps kiss the tips of tapering fingers; but the bars will be too close for much else. To the heart of every Spaniard, however, there is a key that has seldom failed me. It is the use of a little politeness. This always engages his attention. Add to it a dash of ceremony, and he is your friend at once.



THE CANAL MARKET, CITY OF MEXICO.

I have lived long enough in Spanish countries to adapt my own habits and regulate my own conduct to the requirements of these customs; and so when this morning in Guanajuato I discovered that my only hope lay within the archway of the patio of this noble house, at once the residence of a man of wealth and of rank, I forthwith succumbed to the law of the country, with a result that doubly paid me for all the precious time it took to accomplish it—precious, because the whole front of the beautiful old church with its sloping flight of semicircular stone steps was now bathed in sunlight, and in a few hours' time the hot sun, climbing to the zenith, would round the corner of the tower, leave it in shadow, and so spoil its effect.

Within this door sat a fat, oily porter rolling cigarettes. I approached him, handed him my card, and bade him convey it to his master, together with my most distinguished considerations, and inform him that I was a painter from a distant city by the sea and that I craved permission to erect my easel within the gates of his palace and from this coign of vantage paint the most sacred cathedral across the way.

Before I had half examined the square of the patio with its Moorish columns and arches and tropical garden filled with flowers, I heard quick footsteps above and caught sight of a group of gentlemen, preceded by an elderly man with bristling white hair, walking rapidly along the piazza of the second or living-floor of the house. In a moment more the whole party descended the marble staircase and approached me. The elderly man with the white hair held in his hand my card.

"With the greatest pleasure, Señor," he said graciously. "You can use my doorway or any portion of my house; it is all yours. The view from the balcony above is much more extensive. Will you not ascend and see for yourself? But let me present you to my friends and insist that you first come to breakfast."

But I did not need the balcony, and it was impossible for me to eat his breakfast. The sun was moving, the day half gone, my stay in Guanajuato limited. If he would permit me to sit and paint in comfort and peace within the shadow of his gate I would ever bless his generosity, and, the sketch finished, would do myself the honor of appearing before him.

Half a dozen times during the progress of this picture the whole party ran down the staircase, napkins in hand, broke into rapturous exclamations over its development, and insisted that some sort of nourishment, either solid or fluid, was absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. In one of these friendly

raids the populace began to take an interest, attracted by the gesticulating group within, and soon blocked up the gateway so that I could no longer follow the outlines of the church. I



CHURCH OF LA PARROQUIA, GUANAJUATO.

remonstrated, and finally appealed to my host. He grasped the situation in a moment, gave a rapid order to the porter, who disappeared, and almost immediately reappeared with an officer, who saluted my host with marked respect, listened attentively, and was then lost in the crowd. In five minutes more a squad of soldiers cleared out the archway and the street in front, formed two files, and mounted guard patiently until my work was over. I began to wonder what manner of man was this who gave away palaces and commanded armies!

At last the sketch was finished, and leaving my host, but all of his guests, following his example, rose to their feet and welcomed me heartily, crowding about the chair against which I propped the picture.

Then a door opened in the rear of the breakfast-room, and the señora and her two pretty daughters glided in for a peep at the work of the morning, declaring in one breath that it was wonderful that so many colors could be put together in so short a time, that I must be *muy fatigado*, and that they would serve coffee for my refreshment at once.

This to a tramp, remember, discovered on



THE "PATIO" OF MY BENEFACTOR.

a doorstep but a few hours before with designs on the hallway!

This done I must see the garden, and the parrots in the swinging cages, and the diminutive Chihuahua dogs, and lastly I must ascend the flight of brick steps leading to the roof and see the view from the top of the house. It was when leaning over the protecting iron rail of this lookout, with the city below and the range of hills above dotted with mining shafts, that I made bold to ask my host a direct question.

"Señor, it is easy for you to see what my life is and how I fill it. Tell me, what manner of man are you?"

"*Con gusto, Señor.* I am *un minero.* The shaft you see to the right is the entrance to my silver mine. I am an *agricultor.* Behind yon mountain lies my hacienda, and I am a *bienhechor* [a benefactor]. The long white building you see to the left is the hospital which I built and gave to the poor of my town."

When I bade good-bye to my miner, benefactor, and friend, I called a sad-faced boy who had watched me intently while at work and who waited patiently until I reappeared. To him I consigned my "trap" with the exception of my umbrella-staff, which serves me as a cane, and together we lost ourselves in the crowded thoroughfare.

"What is your name, *muchacho?*" I asked.

"Matías, Señor."

"And what do you do?"

"Nothing."

"All day?"

"All day and all night, Señor."

Here at least was a fellow-Bohemian with whom I could loaf to my heart's content. I looked him over carefully. He had large dark eyes with drooping lids, which lent an air of extreme sadness to his handsome face. His curly black hair was crowded under a straw sombrero, with a few stray locks pushed through the crown. His shirt was open at the throat, and his leathern breeches, reaching to his knees, were held above his hips by a rag of a red sash edged with frayed silk fringe. Upon his feet were the sandals of the country. Whenever he spoke he touched his hat.

"And do you know Guanajuato?" I continued.

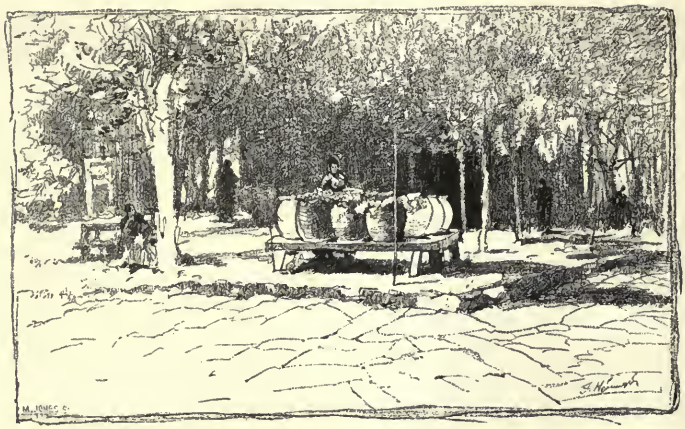
"Every stone, Señor."

"Show it to me."

In the old days this crooked, tortuous, snake-like old city of Guanajuato was known as *Quanashuato*, which in the Tarascan tongue means the "Hill of the Frogs"—not from the prevalence of that croaking reptile, but because the Tarascan Indians, according to Janvier, "found here a huge stone in the shape of a frog which they worshiped." The city, at an elevation of 6800 feet, is crowded into a narrow, deep ravine, terraced on each side to give standing-room for its houses.

The little Moorish-looking town of Marfil stands guard at the entrance of the narrow gorge, its heavy stone houses posted quite into the road and so blocking it up that the trains of mules must needs dodge their way in and out to reach the railroad below.

As you pass up the ravine you notice that through the channel runs a sluggish, muddy



THE WATER-JARS IN THE PLAZA.

stream into which empties all the filth of the City of Frogs above, as well as all the pumpings and waste washings of the silver mines which line its sides. Into this mire wallow droves of hogs blistering in the hot sun, the mud caking to their sides and backs. This, Matías tells me, their owners religiously wash off once a week to save the silver which it contains.

On you climb, looking over the roofs of the houses you have just passed on the street below until you round the great building of the "Alhóndiga de Granaditas," captured by the patriot priest Hidalgo in 1810 and still holding the iron spike which spitted his head the year following. Then on to the Plaza de Mejía Mora, a charming garden park in the center of the city.

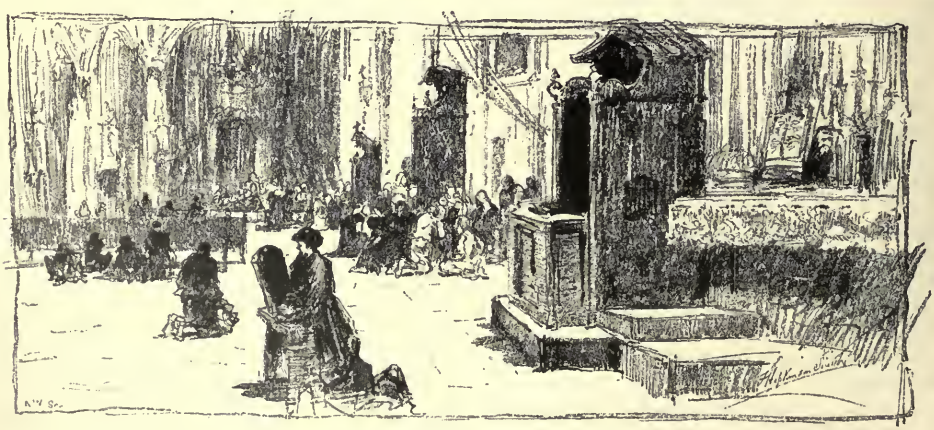
This was my route, and here I sat me down on a stone bench surrounded by flowers, waving palms, green grass, and pretty señoritas and listened to the music of a very creditable band perched in a sort of Chinese pagoda in the park's center.

The transition from the hot road below with the bustle and noise of the tramway, muleteers, and street venders of the town to the cool quiet of this retreat was simply delicious. Matías was equal to the occasion. At my request he ran to the corner and brought me some oranges, a pot of coffee, and a roll, which I shared with him on the stone slab, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who could not understand why I preferred lunching with a street gamin on a park bench to dining with the élite of Guanajuato at the café opposite. The solution was easy. We were two tramps with nothing to do.

Next Matías pointed out all the celebrities as they strolled through the Plaza — the bishop coming from mass, the governor and his secretary, and the beautiful Señorita María, who had been married at the cathedral the month before with great pomp.

"And what church is that over the way where I see the people kneeling outside, Matías?"

"The Iglesia de San Diego, Señor. It is Holy Thursday. To-day no one rides; all



AROUND THE CONFESSIONALS.

the horses are stabled. The señoritas walk to church and wear black, and that is why so many are in the streets. To-day and to-morrow the mines are closed and all the miners are out in the sunlight."

While Matías rattled on, there swept by me a cloud of lace encircling a bewitching face from out which snapped two wicked black eyes. She, too, twisted her pretty head, and a light laugh bubbled out from between her red lips and perfect teeth as she caught sight of the unusual spectacle of a foreigner in knickerbockers breakfasting in the open air with a street tramp in sandals.

tents on their knees before the altar, I caught sight of my señorita snapping her eyes in the same mischievous way and talking with her fan as I have often seen the Spanish women do at the Tacón in Havana. It was not to me this time, but to a devout young fellow kneeling on the other side of the aisle. And so she prayed with her lips and talked with her heart and fan, and when it was all thus silently arranged between them, she bowed to the altar and glided from the church without one glance at poor me sketching behind the column. When I looked up again her lover had vanished!



THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

Seeing me divide an orange with Matías she touched the arm of her companion, an elderly woman carrying a great fan, pointed to me, and they both fell to laughing immoderately. I arose gravely, and, removing my hat, saluted them with all the deference and respect I could concentrate into one prolonged curve of my spinal column. At this the duenna looked grave and half frightened, but the señorita returned to me only smiles, moved her fan gracefully, and entered the door of the church across the way.

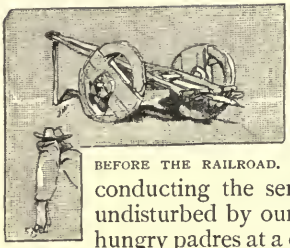
"The caballero will *now* see the church?" said the boy slowly, as if the incident settled the breakfast at once.

Later I did, and from behind a pillar where I had hidden myself away from the sacristan, who frowned at my sketch-book, and where I could sketch and watch unobserved the peni-

"SEÑOR, vespers in the cathedral at four."

So we wandered about in the sunlight and joined the throng in holiday attire, drifting with the current towards the Church of San Francisco.

The service had already begun. I could smell the burning incense and hear the tinkling of the altar bell and the bursts from the organ. The door by which we entered opened into a long passage running parallel with the church and connecting with the sacristy, which ran immediately behind the altar. The dividing wall between this and the altar side of the church was a thin partition of wood with grotesque openings near the ceiling. Through these came the sounds of the service so distinctly that every word could be understood. These openings proved to be between the backs of certain saints and other carvings



BEFORE THE RAILROAD.

overlaid with gilt and forming the reredos.

Within this sacristy and within five feet of the bishop, who was conducting the service, and entirely undisturbed by our presence, sat four hungry padres at a comfortable lunch. Each holy father had a bottle of red wine at his plate. Every few minutes a priest would come in from the church side of the partition, the sacristan would remove his vestments, lay them away in the wardrobes, and either robe him anew or hand him his shovel hat and his cane. During the process they all chatted together in the most unconcerned way possible, only lowering their voices when the pauses in the service required it. It certainly was a queer sight to see behind the altars of a great cathedral during vespers.

When I look into Matías's sad eyes and think to what a life of poverty and suffering he is doomed, and what his people have endured for ages, the ghosts of revolution, misrule, cruelty, superstition, and want rise up and confront me; and although I know that beneath this charm of atmosphere, color, and courtesy there lurks, like the deadly miasma of the ravine lulled to sleep by the sunlight, much of degradation, injustice, and crime, still I will brook none of it. So I fill Matías's hand full of silver and copper coins and his sad eyes full of joyful tears, and as I descend the rocky hill in the evening glow and look up to the great prison with its roof fringed with rows of prisoners manacled together and given but this hour of fresh air because of the sacredness of the day, I forget their chains and the intrigue and treachery which forged many of them, and see only the purple city swimming in the golden light and the deep shadows of the hills behind it.

SOME PEONS AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

BLINDING sunlight; a broad road ankle-deep in dust; a double row of great trees with branches like twisted cobras; inky blue-black shadows stenciled on the gray dust, repeating the tree-forms above; a long narrow canal but a few feet wide half filled with water from which rise little whiffs of hot steam; beside it a straggling rude stone wall fringed with bushes. In the middle distance through vistas of tree-trunks glimpses of brown fields fading away into pale pink, violet, and green. In the dim blue beyond the half-round towers of a church, surmounting little spots of yellow, cream-white, and red, broken with patches of dark green, locating bits of the town, with orange groves between.

Long strings of burros crawl into the city along this highway, loaded down with great bundles of green fodder; undulating masses of yellow dust drift over it, which harden into droves of sheep as they pass by and become clouds of gray mist floating on the gentle breeze to the horizon line.

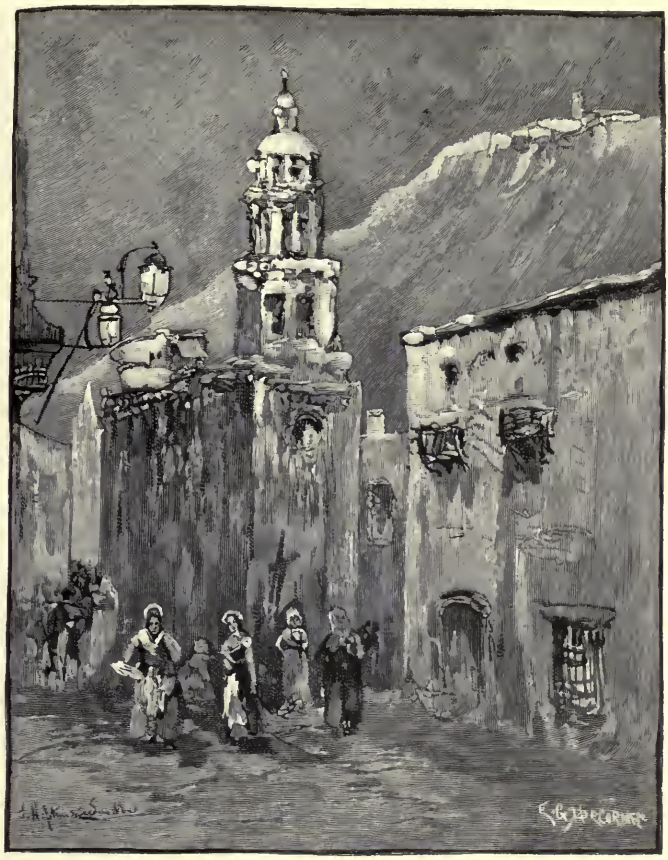
Shuffling along its edges, hugging the intermittent shadows, stroll groups of natives in twos and threes — the women with plaited hair and straw hats, their little children slung to their backs; the men in zarapes and sandals, carrying crates on their shoulders packed with live poultry and cheap pottery.

Such was my first glance at Aguas Calientes.



THE HIGHWAY AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

But there is something more. To the left, along the whole length of the canal, or sluiceway, as far as the eye can reach, are scattered hundreds of the descendants of Montezuma, of both sexes and all ages, quietly taking their baths at high noon on a public highway, with from the overflow of the baths adjoining, which they can and do use, but the privacy is none the greater. Down the road, nearer the city, there are the "Baños Grandes," where for one *peseta* — about twenty-five cents — they can obtain a bath with all the encircling privacy of



IN THE AFTERGLOW.

only such privacy as the republic of Mexico and the blue sky of heaven afford.

Up and down the curious inland Long Branch rows of heads bob up from the sluiceway and smile good-naturedly as I draw near. They are not abashed or disturbed in the slightest degree; they are perhaps more concerned lest I crowd them out of their places, theirs by right of prior occupancy. Even the young women lying on the bank in the shade, with one end of a zarape tossed over their backs, their only other garment washed and drying in the sun, seem more interested in the sketch-trap than in him who carries it. Their great gazelle eyes express only curiosity — nothing more. It is one of the customs of the country, and they must bathe here or not at all.

It is true that near the springs above, within a mile of this spot, there is a small pond, filled stone walls and with the additional comforts of a crash towel one foot square and a cake of soap of the size and density of a grape-shot. But then the wages of a native for a whole day's work is less than one peseta, and when he gets this coin every *centavo* in it is needed for the inside of his dust-covered body.

Nor can he always use his surplus clothing as a shield and cover. He has but one suit, a white shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, so he falls back upon his zarape, handling it as skillfully and effectively as the Indian women on the great steps leading to the sacred Ganges do their gorgeous colored tunics, slipping the dry one over the wet without much more than a glimpse of finger and toe.

From the days of Cortés down to the time of Díaz this people has been humiliated, degraded, and enslaved; all its patriotism,

self-reliance, and independence has long since been crushed out. It is a serving people; set apart and kept apart by a caste as defined and rigid as to-day divides society in Hindustan, infinitely more severe than ever existed in the most benighted section of our own country in the old plantation days. It has possessed nothing in the past but poverty and suffering, and expects nothing more in the future except to sleep, to awake, to be hungry, to sleep again. Sheltered by adobe huts, sleeping upon coarse straw mats, their only utensils the rude earthen vessels they make themselves, their daily food but bruised corn pounded in a stone mortar, the natives pass their lives waiting for the inevitable, without hope and without ambition.



ARCADES OF AGUAS CALIENTES.

It is not, therefore, from lack of intelligence or ingenuity or capacity that the lot of these descendants of the Aztec warriors is so hopeless, but rather from the social isolation which they are subjected to and which cuts them off from every influence that makes the white man their superior.

I continued my rambles, following the highway into the city, idling about the street and noting queer bits of architecture and odd figures in my sketch-book. I stopped long enough to examine the high saddles of a pair of horses tethered outside a *ponda*, their owners drinking *pulque* within, and then crossed over to where some children were playing "bull-fight."

When the sun went down I strolled into the beautiful garden of San Marcos and sat down on one of the stone benches surrounding the fountain. Here I rested, bathing my face and hands in the cool water of the basin, and talked to the gardener. He was an Indian, quite an old man, and had spent most of his life here. The garden belonged to the city, and he was paid two pesetàs a day to take care of his part of it. If I would come in the evening the benches would be full. There were many beautiful señoritas in Aguas Calientes, and on Sunday there would be music. But I must wait until April if I wanted to see the garden—in fact, the whole city—in its gala dress. Then would come the *fiesta* of San Marcos, their patron saint, and strings of lanterns would be hung and lighted, the fountains playing, music everywhere, crowds of people from all the country around, even from the great city of Mexico and as far north as Zacatecas.

When I left the gardener he tucked into the strap of my "trap" a cluster of azaleas and insisted on going with me to the corner of the cathedral so that he could show me the turn in the next street that led to the pottery market.

All the markets of Aguas Calientes are interesting, for the country round about is singularly rich and fertile, and fruits and vegetables are raised in abundance. The pottery market is held in a small open square near the general market, surrounded by high buildings. The pottery is piled in great heaps on the ground, and the Indian women, sheltered by huge square and octagon unbrellas made of coarse matting, sit all day serving their customers. At night they burn torches. The other markets are closed at noon. All the pottery is very cheap, a few centavos covering the cost of almost any single piece of moderate size, and one peseta giving you possession of the most important specimens in a collection.

Each province — in fact, almost every village — in Mexico produces a ware having more or less distinctly marked characteristics. In Guadalajara the pottery is gray, soft-baked, and unglazed, but highly polished and often decorated with stripings of silver and gold bronze: the caraffes, examples of which are common with us, are made here. In Zacatecas the glaze is as hard and brilliant as a piano top, and the small pulque pots and pitchers look like polished mahogany or highly colored meerschaum pipe-bowls. In Puebla a finer ware is made, something between good earthenware and coarse soft porcelain. It has a thick tin-glaze, and the decoration in strong color is an under-glaze. Here in Aguas Calientes they make not only most of these coarser varieties, but a better grade of gray stoneware covered with a yellow glaze, semi-transparent, with splashings of red flowers and leaves scattered over it.

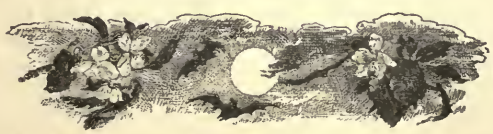
The potters are these much-despised, degraded peons, who not only work in clay, embroider in feathers with exquisite results,— an industry of their ancestors,— but make the finest saddles of stamped and incised leather made in the world, besides an infinite variety of horse equipment unknown outside of Mexico. Moreover, in Uruápam they make Japanese lacquers; in Santa Fe, on Lake Patzcuaro, Moorish iridescent ware; and near Puebla, Venetian glass. In a small town in western Mexico I found a glass pitcher, made by a Tlascalan Indian, of such exquisite mold and finish that one unfamiliar with the handiwork of this downtrodden race on seeing it in its place of honor in my studio collection would say, "Ah, Venetian! — Salviati, of course."

From the market I sought the Church of San Diego, with its inlaid wooden floor and quaint doorway richly carved, and as the twilight settled entered the narrow street that led to my lodgings. At the farther end, beneath an overhanging balcony, I espied a group of children and natives gathered about a band of wandering minstrels. As I drew near I heard the tinkle of a triangle and the thrum of a harp accompanying a weird chant. The quartet, both in appearance, costume, and bearing, were quite different from any of the Indians I had seen about Aguas Calientes. They were much lighter in color and were distinguished by a certain air of independence and dignity. The tallest and oldest of the band held in his left hand a short harp, quite Greek in its design; the youngest shook a tambourine, with rim and rattles complete, but without the drum-head; the third tinkled a triangle; while the fourth, a delicate-looking, large-eyed, straight young fellow, handsome as a Greek god, with teeth like rows of corn, joined in the rhythmic chant. As they stood in the darkening shadows beating time with their sandaled feet, with harp and triangle silhouetted against the evening sky, their zarapes hanging in long straight lines from their shoulders, the whole effect was so thoroughly classic that I could not but recall in the group one of the great friezes of the Parthenon.

I lit a cigarette, opened the windows of my balcony, and, placing the bits of pottery I had bought in the market in a row on my window-sill with the old gardener's azaleas in the largest jar, listened to the music, my thoughts full of the day's work and experience.

The music ceased. The old minstrel approached the balcony and held up his wide sombrero. I poured into it all my stock of copper coins. "*Muchas gracias, Señor,*" came back in humble acknowledgment. Then they disappeared up the narrow street, and the crowd dispersed. I looked after them long and musingly and surprised myself repeating a benediction of the morning, "*Con Dios vayan ustedes mis amigos.*"

F. Hopkinson Smith.



STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA. II.

FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

YEARS passed by. Our war of the Revolution was over. The Indians of Louisiana and Florida were all greedy, smiling gift-takers of his Catholic Majesty. So were some others not Indians; and the Spanish governors of Louisiana, scheming with them for the acquisition of Kentucky and the regions intervening, had allowed an interprovincial commerce to spring up. Flatboats and barges came floating down the Mississippi past the plantation home where little Suzanne and Françoise were growing up to womanhood. Many of the immigrants who now came to Louisiana were the royalist *noblesse* flying from the horrors of the French Revolution. Governor Carondelet was strengthening his fortifications around New Orleans; for Creole revolutionists had slipped away to Kentucky and were there plotting an armed descent in flatboats upon his little capital, where the rabble were singing the terrible songs of bloody Paris. Agents of the Revolution had come from France and so "contaminated," as he says, "the greater part of the province" that he kept order only "at the cost of sleepless nights, by frightening some, punishing others, and driving several out of the colony." It looks as though Suzanne had caught a touch of disrelish for *les aristocrates*, whose necks the songs of the day were promising to the lampposts. To add to all these commotions, a hideous revolution had swept over San Domingo; the slaves in Louisiana had heard of it, insurrection was feared, and at length, in 1794, when Suzanne was seventeen and Françoise fifteen, it broke out on the Mississippi no great matter over a day's ride from their own home, and twenty-three blacks were gibbeted singly at intervals all the way down by their father's plantation and on to New Orleans, and were left swinging in the weather to insure the peace and felicity of the land. Two other matters are all we need notice for the ready comprehension of Françoise's story. Immigration was knocking at every gate of the province, and citizen Étienne de Bore had just made himself forever famous in the history of Louisiana by producing merchantable sugar; land was going to be valuable, even back on the wild prairies of Opelousas and Attakapas, where, twenty years before, the Acadians,—the cousins of Evangeline,—wandering from far Nova Scotia, had settled. Such was the region and such were the times when it began to be the year 1795.

By good fortune one of the undestroyed fragments of Françoise's own manuscript is its first page. She was already a grandmother forty-three years old when in 1822 she wrote the tale she had so often told. Part of the dedication to her only daughter and namesake—one line, possibly two—has been torn off, leaving only the words, "ma fille unique a la grasse [meaning 'grace'] de dieu [sic]," over her signature and the date, "14 Julet [sic], 1822."

INTRODUCTION.

IT is to give pleasure to my dear daughter Fannie and to her children that I write this journey. I shall be well satisfied if I can succeed in giving them this pleasure: by the grace of God, Amen.

Papa, Mr. Pierre Bossier, planter of St. James parish, had been fifteen days gone to the city (New Orleans) in his skiff with two rowers, Louis and Baptiste, when, returning, he embraced us all, gave us some caramels which he had in his pockets, and announced that he counted on leaving us again in four or five days to go to Attakapas. He had long been speaking of going there. Papa and mamma were German, and papa loved to travel. When he first came to Louisiana it was with no expectation of staying. But here he saw mamma; he loved her, married her, and bought a very fine plantation, where he cultivated indigo. You know they blue clothes with that drug, and dye cottonade and other things. There we, their eight children, were born. . . .

When my father used to go to New Orleans he went in his skiff, with a canopy over his head to keep off the sun, and two rowers, who sang as they rowed. Sometimes papa took me with him, and it was very entertaining. We would pass the nights of our voyage at the houses of

papa's friends [des zami de papa]. Sometimes mamma would come, and Suzanne always — always. She was the daughter next older than I. She barely missed being a boy. She was eighteen years of age, went hunting with our father, was skillful with a gun, and swam like a fish. Papa called her "my son." You must understand the two boys were respectively but two years and three months old, and papa, who greatly desired a son, had easily made one of Suzanne. My father had brought a few books with him to Louisiana, and among them, you may well suppose, were several volumes of travel. For myself, I rarely touched them; but they were the only books that Suzanne read. And you may well think, too, that my father had no sooner spoken of his intention than Suzanne cried:

"I am going with you, am I not, papa?"

"Naturally," replied my father; "and Françoise shall go also."

Françoise — that was I; poor child of sixteen, who had but six months before quitted the school-bench, and totally unlike my sister — blonde, where Suzanne was dark; timid, even cowardly, while she had the hardihood and courage of a young lioness; ready to cry at sight of a wounded bird, while she, gun in hand, brought down as much game as the most skillful hunter.

I exclaimed at my father's speech. I had heard there were many Indians in Attakapas; the name means man-eaters. I have a foolish terror of Indians, and a more reasonable one for man-eaters. But papa and Suzanne mocked at my fears; and as, after all, I burned with desire for the journey, it was decided that I should go with them.

Necessarily we wanted to know how we were to go — whether we should travel by skiff, and how many negroes and negresses would go with us. For you see, my daughter, young people in 1795 were exactly what they are in 1822; they could do nothing by themselves, but must have a domestic to dress and undress them. Especially in traveling, where one had to take clothes out of trunks and put them back again, assistance became an absolute necessity. Think, then, of our astonishment, of our vexation, when papa assured us that he would not take a single slave; that my sister and I would be compelled to help each other, and that the skiff would remain behind, tied up at the landing where it then lay.

"But explain yourself, Papa, I beg of you," cried Suzanne, with her habitual petulance.

"That is what I am trying to do," said he. "If you will listen in silence, I will give you all the explanation you want."

Here, my daughter, to save time, I will borrow my father's speech and tell of the trip he had made to New Orleans; how he had there found means to put into execution his journey to Attakapas, and the companions that were to accompany him.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING UP THE EXPEDITION.

In 1795 New Orleans was nothing but a mere market town. The cathedral, the convent of the Ursulines, five or six cafés, and about a hundred houses were all of it.[1] Can you believe, there were but two dry-goods stores! And what fabulous prices we had to pay! Pins twenty dollars a paper. Poor people and children had to make shift with thorns of orange and *amourette* [honey locust?]. A needle cost fifty cents, very indifferent stockings five dollars a pair, and other things accordingly.

On the levee was a little pothouse of the lowest sort; yet from that unclean and smoky hole was destined to come one of the finest fortunes in Louisiana. They called the proprietor "Père la Chaise." He was a little old marten-faced man, always busy and smiling, who every year laid aside immense profits. Along the crazy walls extended a few rough shelves covered with bottles and decanters. Three planks placed on boards formed the counter, with Père la Chaise always behind it. There were two or three small tables, as many chairs, and one big wooden bench. Here gathered the city's working-class, and often among them one might find a goodly number of the city's élite; for the wine and the beer of the old *cabaretier* were famous, and one could be sure in entering there to hear all the news told and discussed.

By day the place was quiet, but with evening it became tumultuous. Père la Chaise, happily, did not lose his head; he found means to satisfy all, to smooth down quarrels without calling in the police, to get rid of drunkards, and to make delinquents pay up.

My father knew the place, and never failed to pay it a visit when he went to New Orleans. Poor, dear father! he loved to talk as much as to travel. Père la Chaise was acquainted with him. One evening papa entered, sat down at one of the little tables, and bade Père la Chaise bring a bottle of his best wine. The place was already full of people, drinking, talking, and singing. A young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven entered almost timidly and sat down at the table where my father was — for he saw that all the other places were occupied — and ordered a half-bottle of cider. He was a

[1] An extreme underestimate, easy for a girl to make of a scattered town hidden among gardens and groves.—TRANSLATOR.

Norman gardener. My father knew him by sight; he had met him here several times without speaking to him. You recognized the peasant at once; and yet his exquisite neatness, the gentleness of his face, distinguished him from his kind. Joseph Carpentier was dressed[1] in a very ordinary gray woolen coat; but his coarse shirt was very white, and his hair, when he took off his broad-brimmed hat, was well combed and glossy.

As Carpentier was opening his bottle a second frequenter entered the *cabaret*. This was a man of thirty or thirty-five, with strong features and the frame of a Hercules. An expression of frankness and gayety overspread his sunburnt face. Cottonade pantaloons, stuffed into a pair of dirty boots, and a *vareuse* of the same stuff made up his dress. His vareuse, unbuttoned, showed his breast, brown and hairy; and a horrid cap with long hair covered, without concealing, a mass of red locks that a comb had never gone through. A long whip, the stock of which he held in his hand, was coiled about his left arm. He advanced to the counter and asked for a glass of brandy. He was a drayman named John Gordon — an Irishman.

But, strange, John Gordon, glass in hand, did not drink; Carpentier, with his fingers round the neck of the bottle, failed to pour his cider; and my father himself, his eyes attracted to another part of the room, forgot his wine. Every one was looking at an individual gesticulating and haranguing in the middle of the place, to the great amusement of all. My father recognized him at first sight. He was an Italian about the age of Gordon; short, thick-set, powerful, swarthy, with the neck of a bull and hair as black as ebony. He was telling rapidly, with strong gestures, in an almost incomprehensible mixture of Spanish, English, French, and Italian, the story of a hunting party that he had made up five years before. This was Mario Carlo. A Neapolitan by birth, he had for several years worked as a blacksmith on the plantation of one of our neighbors, M. Alphonse Perret. Often papa had heard him tell of this hunt, for nothing could be more amusing than to listen to Carlo. Six young men, with Carlo as sailor and cook, had gone on a two-months' expedition into the country of the Attakapas.

"Yes," said the Italian, in conclusion, "game never failed us; deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, two or three bears a week. But the sublimest thing was the rich land. Ah! one must see it to believe it. Plains and forests full of animals, lakes and bayous full of fish. Ah! fortune is there. For five years I have dreamed, I have worked, with but one object in view; and to-day the end is reached. I am ready to go. I want only two companions to aid me in the long journey, and those I have come to look for here."

John Gordon stepped forward, laid a hand upon the speaker's shoulder, and said:

"My friend, I am your man."

Mario Carlo seized the hand and shook it with all his force.

"You will not repent the step. But"— turning again to the crowd—"we want one more."

Joseph Carpentier rose slowly and advanced to the two men. "Comrades, I will be your companion if you will accept me."

Before separating, the three drank together and appointed to meet the next day at the house of Gordon, the Irishman.

When my father saw Gordon and Carpentier leave the place, he placed his hand on Mario's shoulder and said in Italian, "My boy, I want to talk with you."

At that time, as now, parents were very scrupulous as to the society into which they introduced their children, especially their daughters; and papa knew of a certain circumstance in Carlo's life to which my mother might greatly object. But he knew the man had an honest and noble heart. He passed his arm into the Italian's and drew him to the inn where my father was stopping, and to his room. Here he learned from Mario that he had bought one of those great barges that bring down provisions from the West, and which, when unloaded, the owners count themselves lucky to sell at any reasonable price. When my father proposed to Mario to be taken as a passenger the poor devil's joy knew no bounds; but it disappeared when papa added that he should take his two daughters with him.

The trouble was this: Mario was taking with him in his flatboat his wife and his four children; and wife and four children were simply — mulattoes. However, then as now, we hardly noticed those things, and the idea never entered our minds to inquire into the conduct of our slaves. Suzanne and I had known Celeste, Mario's wife, very well before her husband bought her. She had been the maid of Marianne Perret, and on great occasions Marianne had sent her to us to dress our hair and to prepare our toilets. We were therefore enchanted to learn that she would be with us on board the flatboat, and that papa had engaged her services in place of the attendants we had to leave behind.

It was agreed that for one hundred dollars Mario Carlo would receive all three of us as passengers, that he would furnish a room simply but comfortably, that papa would share this room with us, that Mario would supply

[1] In all likelihood described here as seen by the writer herself later, on the journey.

our table, and that his wife would serve as maid and laundress. It remained to be seen now whether our other fellow-travelers were married, and, if so, what sort of creatures their wives were.

[THE next day the four intended travelers met at Gordon's house. Gordon had a wife, Maggie, and a son, Patrick, aged twelve, as unlovely in outward aspect as were his parents. Carpentier, who showed himself even more plainly than on the previous night a man of native refinement, confessed to a young wife without offspring. Mario told his story of love and alliance with one as fair of face as he, and whom only cruel law forbade him to call wife and compelled him to buy his children; and told the story so well that at its close the father of Françoise silently grasped the narrator's hand, and Carpentier, reaching across the table where they sat, gave his, saying:

"You are an honest man, Monsieur Carlo."

"Will your wife think so?" asked the Italian.

"My wife comes from a country where there are no prejudices of race."

Françoise takes the pains to say of this part of the story that it was not told her and Suzanne at this time, but years afterward, when they were themselves wives and mothers. When, on the third day, her father saw Carpentier's wife at the Norman peasant's lodgings, he was greatly surprised at her appearance and manner, and so captivated by them that he proposed that their two parties should make one at table during the projected voyage—a proposition gratefully accepted. Then he left New Orleans for his plantation home, intending to return immediately, leaving his daughters in St. James to prepare for the journey and await the arrival of the flatboat, which must pass their home on its way to the distant wilds of Attakapas.]

CHAPTER II.

THE EMBARKATION.

YOU see, my dear child, at that time one post-office served for three parishes: St. James, St. John the Baptist, and St. Charles. It was very far from us, at the extremity of St. John the Baptist, and the mail came there on the first of each month.

We had to pay—though the price was no object—fifty cents postage on a letter. My father received several journals, mostly European. There was only one paper, French and Spanish, published in New Orleans—"The Gazette."[1] To send to the post-office was an affair of state. Our father, you see, had not time to write us; he was obliged to come to us himself. But such journeys were a matter of course in those days.

"And above all things, my children," said my father, "don't have too much baggage."

I should not have thought of rebelling; but Suzanne raised loud cries, saying it was an absolute necessity that we go with papa to New Orleans, so as not to find ourselves on our journey without traveling-dresses, new neckerchiefs, and a number of things. In vain did poor papa endeavor to explain that we were going into a desert worse than Arabia; Suzanne put her two hands to her ears and would hear nothing, until, weary of strife, poor papa yielded.

Our departure being decided upon, he wished to start even the very next day; and while we were instructing our sisters Elinore and Marie concerning some trunks that we should leave behind us, and which they must pack and have ready for the flatboat, papa recommended to mamma a great slaughter of fowls, etc., and especially to have ready for embarkation two of our best cows. Ah! in those times if the planter wished to live well he had to raise everything himself, and the poultry yard and the dairy were something curious to see. Dozens of slaves were kept busy in them constantly. When my mother had raised two thousand chickens, besides turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea-fowls, and pea-fowls, she said she had lost her crop.[2] And the quantity of butter and cheese! And all this without counting the sauces, the jellies, the preserves, the gherkins, the syrups, the brandied fruits. And not a ham, not a chicken, not a pound of butter was sold; all was served on the master's table, or, very often, given to those who stood in need of them. Where, now, can you find such profusion? Ah! commerce has destroyed industry.

The next day, after kissing mamma and the children, we got into the large skiff with papa, and three days later stepped ashore in New Orleans. We remained there a little over a week, preparing our traveling-dresses. Despite the admonitions of papa, we went to the fashionable modiste of the day, Madame Cinthelia Lefranc, and ordered for each a suit that cost one hundred and fifty dollars. The costume was composed of a petticoat of *camayeu*, very short, caught up in puffs on the side by a profusion of ribbons; and a very long-pointed black velvet jacket (*casaquin*), laced in the back with gold and trimmed on the front with several rows of gilt buttons. The sleeves stopped at the elbows and were trimmed with lace.

[1] Another error easy to make. For "Gazette" read "Moniteur"; "The Gazette" appeared a little later.

[2] The translator feels constrained to say that he was not on the spot.

Now, my daughter, do you know what camayeu was? You now sometimes see an imitation of it in door and window curtains. It was a stuff of great fineness, yet resembling not a little the unbleached cotton of to-day, and over which were spread very brilliant designs of prodigious size. For example, Suzanne's petticoat showed bunches of great radishes — not the short kind — surrounded by long, green leaves and tied with a yellow cord; while on mine were roses as big as a baby's head, interlaced with leaves and buds and gathered into bouquets graced with a blue ribbon. It was ten dollars an ell; but, as the petticoats were very short, six ells was enough for each. At that time real hats were unknown. For driving or for evening they placed on top of the high, powdered hair what they called a *catogan*, a little bonnet of gauze or lace trimmed with ribbons; and during the day a sunbonnet of silk or velvet. You can guess that neither Suzanne nor I, in spite of papa's instructions, forgot these.

Our traveling-dresses were gray *cirsacas*,— the skirt all one, short, without puffs; the jacket coming up high and with long sleeves,— a sunbonnet of cirsacas, blue stockings, embroidered handkerchief or blue cravat about the neck, and high-heeled shoes.

As soon as Celeste heard of our arrival in New Orleans she hastened to us. She was a good creature; humble, respectful, and always ready to serve. She was an excellent cook and washer, and, what we still more prized, a lady's maid and hairdresser of the first order. My sister and I were glad to see her, and overwhelmed her with questions about Carlo, their children, their plans, and our traveling companions.

"Ah! Mamzelle Suzanne, the little Madame Carpentier seems to me a fine lady, ever so genteel; but the Irishwoman! Ah! *grand Dieu!* she puts me in mind of a soldier. I 'm afraid of her. She smokes — she swears — she carries a pistol, like a man."

At last the 15th of May came, and papa took us on board the flatboat and helped us to find the way to our apartment. If my father had allowed Carlo, he would have ruined himself in furnishing our room; but papa stopped him and directed it himself. The flatboat had been divided into four chambers. These were covered by a slightly arching deck, on which the boat was managed by the moving of immense sweeps that sent her forward. The room in the stern, surrounded by a sort of balcony, which Monsieur Carpentier himself had made, belonged to him and his wife; then came ours, then that of Celeste and her family, and the one at the bow was the Irishwoman's. Carlo and Gordon had crammed the provisions, tools, carts, and plows into the corners of their respective apartments. In the room which our father was to share with us he had had Mario make two wooden frames mounted on feet. These were our beds, but they were supplied with good bedding and very white sheets. A large cypress table, on which we saw a pile of books and our workboxes; a washstand, also of cypress, but well furnished and surmounted with a mirror; our trunks in a corner; three rocking-chairs — this was all our furniture. There was neither carpet nor curtain.

All were on board except the Carpentier couple. Suzanne was all anxiety to see the Irishwoman. Poor Suzanne! how distressed she was not to be able to speak English! So, while I was taking off my *capotte* — as the sunbonnet of that day was called — and smoothing my hair at the glass, she had already tossed her capotte upon papa's bed and sprung up the ladder that led to the deck. (Each room had one.) I followed a little later and had the satisfaction of seeing Madame Margaretto Gordon, commonly called "Maggie" by her husband and "Maw" by her son Patrick. She was seated on a coil of rope, her son on the boards at her feet. An enormous dog crouched beside them, with his head against Maggie's knee. The mother and son were surprisingly clean. Maggie had on a simple brown calico dress and an apron of blue ticking. A big red kerchief was crossed on her breast and its twin brother covered her well combed and greased black hair. On her feet were blue stockings and heavy leather shoes. The blue ticking shirt and pantaloons and waistcoat of Master Pat were so clean that they shone; his black cap covered his hair — as well combed as his mother's; but he was barefooted. Gordon, Mario, and Celeste's eldest son, aged thirteen, were busy about the deck; and papa, his cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, stood looking out on the levee. I sat down on one of the rough benches that had been placed here and there, and presently my sister came and sat beside me.

"Madame Carpentier seems to be a laggard," she said. She was burning to see the arrival of her whom we had formed the habit of calling "the little French peasant."

[PRESENTLY Suzanne begins shooting bonbons at little Patrick, watching the effect out of the corners of her eyes, and by and by gives that smile, all her own,— to which, says Françoise, all flesh invariably surrendered,— and so became dumbly acquainted; while Carlo was beginning to swear "fit to raise the dead," writes the memoirist, at the tardiness of the Norman pair. But just then—]

A CARRIAGE drove up to within a few feet of our *chaland* and Joseph Carpentier alighted,

paid the driver, and lifted from it one so delicate, pretty, and small that you might take her at first glance for a child of ten years. Suzanne and I had risen quickly and came and leaned over the balustrade. To my mortification my sister had passed one arm around the waist of the little Irishman and held one of his hands in hers. Suzanne uttered a cry of astonishment. "Look, look, Françoise!" But I was looking, with eyes wide with astonishment.

The gardener's wife had alighted, and with her little gloved hand shook out and re-arranged her toilet. That toilet, very simple to the eyes of Madame Carpentier, was what petrified us with astonishment. I am going to describe it to you, my daughter.

We could not see her face, for her hood of blue silk, trimmed with a light white fur, was covered with a veil of white lace that entirely concealed her features. Her traveling-dress, like ours, was of cirsacas, but ours was cotton, while hers was silk, in broad rays of gray and blue; and as the weather was a little cool that morning, she had exchanged the unfailing casaquin for a sort of *camail* to match the dress, and trimmed, like the capotte, with a line of white fur. Her petticoat was very short, lightly puffed on the sides, and ornamented only with two very long pockets trimmed like the camail. Below the folds of the robe were two Cinderella feet in blue silk stockings and black velvet slippers. It was not only the material of this toilet that astonished us, but the way in which it was made.

"Maybe she is a modiste. Who knows?" whispered Suzanne.

Another thing: Madame Carpentier wore a veil and gloves, two things of which we had heard but which we had never seen. Madame Ferrand had mentioned them, but said that they sold for their weight in gold in Paris and she had not dared import them, for fear she could not sell them in Louisiana. And here was the wife of a laboring gardener, who avowed himself possessor of but two thousand francs, dressed like a duchess and with veil and gloves!

I could but notice with what touching care Joseph assisted his wife on board. He led her straight to her room, and quickly rejoined us on deck to put himself at the disposition of his associates. He explained to Mario his delay, caused by the difficulty of finding a carriage; at which Carlo lifted his shoulders and grimaced. Joseph added that madame — I noticed that he rarely called her Alix — was rather tired, and would keep her room until dinner time. Presently our heavy craft was under way.

Pressing against the long sweeps, which it required a herculean strength to move, were seen on one side Carlo and his son Celestino, or 'Tino, and on the other Joseph and Gordon. It moved slowly; so slowly that it gave the effect of a great tortoise.

CHAPTER III.

ALIX CARPENTIER.

TOWARDS noon we saw Celeste come on deck with her second son, both carrying baskets full of plates, dishes, covers, and a tablecloth. You remember I have often told you of an awning stretched at the stern of the flatboat? We found that in fine weather our dining-room was to be under this. There was no table; the cloth was simply spread on the deck, and those who ate had to sit *à la Turque* or take their plates on their knees. The Irish family ate in their room. Just as we were drawing around our repast Madame Carpentier, on her husband's arm, came up on deck.

Dear little Alix! I see you yet as I saw you then. And here, twenty-seven years after our parting, I have before me the medallion you gave me, and look tenderly on your dear features, my friend!

She had not changed her dress; only she had replaced her camail with a scarf of blue silk about her neck and shoulders and had removed her gloves and *capuche*. Her rich chestnut hair, unpowdered, was combed back *à la Chinoise*, and the long locks that descended upon her shoulders were tied by a broad blue ribbon forming a rosette on the forepart of her head. She wore no jewelry except a pearl at each ear and her wedding ring. Suzanne, who always saw everything, remarked afterward that Madame Carpentier wore two.

"As for her earrings," she added, "they are nothing great. Marianne has some as fine, that cost, I think, ten dollars."

Poor Suzanne, a judge of jewelry! Madame Carpentier's earrings were two great pearls, worth at least two hundred dollars. Never have I met another so charming, so lovely, as Alix Carpentier. Her every movement was grace. She moved, spoke, smiled, and in all things acted differently from all the women I had ever met until then. She made one think she had lived in a world all unlike ours; and withal she was simple, sweet, good, and to love her seemed the most natural thing on earth. There was nothing extraordinary in her beauty; the charm was in her intelligence and her goodness.

Maggie, the Irishwoman, was very taciturn. She never mingled with us, nor spoke to any one except Suzanne, and to her in monosyllables only when addressed. You would see her sometimes sitting alone at the bow of the boat, sewing, knitting, or saying her beads. During this last occupation her eyes never quitted

Alix. One would say it was to her she addressed her prayers; and one day, when she saw my regard fixed upon Alix, she said to me:

"It does me good to look at her; she must look like the Virgin Mary."

Her little form, so graceful and delicate, had, however, one slight defect; but this was hidden under the folds of her robe or of the scarf that she knew how to arrange with such grace. One shoulder was a trifle higher than the other.

After having greeted my father, whom she already knew, she turned to us, hesitated a moment, and then, her two little hands extended, and with the most charming smile, she advanced, first to me and then to Suzanne, and embraced us both as if we had been old acquaintances. And from that moment we were good friends.

It had been decided that the boat should not travel by night, notwithstanding the assurance of Carlo, who had a map of Attakapas. But in the Mississippi there was no danger; and as papa was pressed to reach our plantation, we traveled all that first night.

The next day Alix—she required us to call her by that name—invited us to visit her in her room. Suzanne and I could not withhold a cry of surprise as we entered the little chamber. (Remember one thing: papa took nothing from home, not knowing even by what means we should return; but the Carpentiers were going for good and taking everything.) Joseph had had the rough walls whitewashed. A cheap carpet—but high-priced in those times—of bright colors covered the floor; a very low French bed occupied one corner, and from a sort of dais escaped the folds of an embroidered bobbinet mosquito-bar. It was the first mosquito-bar of that kind we had ever seen. Alix explained that she had made it from the curtains of the same bed, and that both bed and curtains she had brought with her from England. New mystery!

Beside the bed a walnut dressing-table and mirror, opposite to it a washstand, at the bed's foot a *priedieu*, a center-table, three chairs—these were all the furniture; but [an enumeration follows of all manner of pretty feminine belongings, in crystal, silver, gold, with a picture of the crucifixion and another of the Virgin]. On the shelves were a rich box of colors, several books, and some portfolios of music. From a small peg hung a guitar.

But Suzanne was not satisfied. Her gaze never left an object of unknown form enveloped in green serge. Alix noticed, laughed, rose, and, lifting the covering, said:

"This is my harp, Suzanne; later I will play it for you."

The second evening and those that followed, papa, despite Carlo's representation and the magnificent moonlight, opposed the continuation of the journey by night; and it was not until the morning of the fifth day that we reached St. James.

You can fancy the joy with which we were received at the plantation. We had but begun our voyage, and already my mother and sisters ran to us with extended arms as though they had not seen us for years. Needless to say, they were charmed with Alix; and when after dinner we had to say a last adieu to the loved ones left behind, we boarded the flatboat and left the plantation amid huzzas,[1] waving handkerchiefs, and kisses thrown from finger-tips. No one wept, but in saying good-bye to my father my mother asked:

"Pierre, how are you going to return?"

"Dear wife, by the mercy of God all things are possible to the man with his pocket full of money."

During the few days that we passed on the Mississippi each day was like the one before. We sat on the deck and watched the slow swinging of the long sweeps, or read, or embroidered, or in the chamber of Alix listened to her harp or guitar; and at the end of another week we arrived at Plaquemine.

1 According to a common habit of the Southern slaves.

(To be continued.)

George W. Cable.

ATTRACTION.

WHY should I still love thee, dear,
When thou lov'st me not?
Why should I remember thee,
When thou hast forgot?

The fiery sun absorbs the dew,
Though the dew wills it not;
The pale stream glides to the ocean blue,
Escaping never its lot.

. . . . .

Shining sun and dew are one,
Gliding stream and sea—
Love or love me not, my love,
I am one with thee!

Elyot Weld.



THE VOYAGE TO MONTREAL.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.[1]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

VI.

A RIVER CÔTE.

THE four Huron Indians, cut off abruptly from the luxury of a Lower Town drinking-shop, sat in sulky readiness with their grasp upon the oars. Dollard was at the stern of the boat beside Claire, whom he had wrapped in bearskins, because at high noon the April air was chill upon the river.

Dollier de Casson had likewise taken to his canoe with his servant and pack of sacred utensils, and this small craft rested against the larger one to resist the current's dragging. Dollard's rope yet held to the shore. His impatient eyes watched Quebec Heights for the appearance of Jacques and Louise.

Water lapping the two boats brought them together with faint jars and grindings of the edges. Dollier de Casson, sitting thus facing the contraband bride, beheld her with increasing interest.

[1] Copyright, 1888, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. All rights reserved.

Jacques and Louise, carrying the bride's caskets and impedimenta of their own, finally appeared on Quebec's slopes, descending with deliberation to the landing.

They had no breath to spend in chat, but Jacques realized with voiceless approval that Louise carried manfully her portion of the freight.

He rolled his keg into the boat, slipped the boxes aboard, and helped Louise to a bench in front of himself; then, untying the rope, he sprung in.

The Hurons bent to their oars and the boat shot out into the river, Dollier de Casson's canoe-man following. Above water murmur and rhythmic splash of oars Dollard then called his vassal to account, addressing him over the Indians' swaying shoulders.

"What have you been doing this hour by the sun, Jacques Goffinet?"

"Hour, m'sieur? I have trotted myself into a sweat since we left the cathedral, and thrown away all my bounty the king pays a bachelor on his marriage, except this keg of salt meat and eleven crowns in money. That because of your hot haste, m'sieur. I lose an ox, a cow, a pair of fine hogs, and such chickens as never crowed on St. Bernard, and yet I have been an hour, have I? — May the saints never let ruin and poverty tread on my heels so fast another hour while I live!"

Claire held out to Dollard, from her furs, a square watch having a mirror set in its back, saying:

"You see, we waited scarcely twenty-five minutes."

Dollard laughed, but called again to his vassal:

"A cow, an ox, a load of swine, and a flock of chickens! And having freighted the boat with these, where did you intend to carry the lady of St. Bernard, your seignior, your wife, yourself, and the rowers, my excellent Jacques? Were we to be turned out as guests to the bishop?"

"Saints forbid, m'sieur," Jacques called back sincerely. "The bishop and the abbess stood by while my wife brought madame's caskets from the convent, and they smiled so 't would make a man's teeth chatter. I am not skilled in the looks of holy folks, but I said to my wife as we came away, 'These Quebec Jesuits, they begrudge the light of day to Montreal.' So it would be cold cheer you got of bishop or abbess, m'sieur."

Dollard and the fur-wrapped bride looked up at Quebec promontory which they were rounding, heights of sheer rock stretching up and holding the citadel in mid-heaven. The Indians steadily flung the boat upstream.

Claire turned over in her mind that mute contempt which Mother Mary evidently felt for what she would call a girl's fickleness. Her ungracious leave-taking of the upright and duty-loving abbess was a pain to her. As to the bishop, she could not regret that his first benediction had been final. Resentment still heated her against both those strict devotees. She was yet young enough to expect perfect happiness, for the children of man live much before they learn to absorb the few flawless joys which owe their perfection to briefness.

One such moment Claire had when her soldier leaned over her in silence.

"We are going farther from France. Are you homesick, dear?"

"No; I am simply in a rage at the bishop of New France and the abbess of the Ursulines."

"There they go behind the rock of Quebec, entirely separated from us. Have you regrets that you bore such a wedding for my sake?"

"Sieur des Ormeaux, I have but a single fault to find with you."

"What is that?" Dollard anxiously inquired.

"The edge of your hat is too narrow."

"Why, it is the usual head-cover of a French officer of my rank; but I will throw it into the river."

"O monsieur! that would be worse than ever. If you despise me for seizing on you as I did —"

"O Claire!"

"What will you think when I own my depravity now? The abbess might well smile. She doubtless knows I will say this to you. Are those yellow-feathered men watching us?"

"Not at all. They watch the St. Lawrence."

"Louise's back is turned. But your servant?"

"Can he do anything but stare at Louise?"

"I forgot the priest."

"His boat is many lengths behind."

"Sieur des Ormeaux, this is a lovely voyage. But do you remember climbing the convent wall and dropping into the garden once where your cousin and I sat with our needlework?"

"Once? Say many times. I spent much of my life on that convent wall. You saw me once."

"You fell on one knee, monsieur, and seized my work and kissed it. That silk mess; I often looked at it afterward. Men have very queer tastes, have they not? It is a shocking thing when a girl has just flown the convent and her own family, but, O Sieur des Ormeaux! I want to kiss you!"

A sail-boat, perhaps venturing down from Three Rivers, cut past them in the distance. Other craft disappeared. No stealthy canoe shot from cover of rock or headland. As Claire half closed her eyes and leaned against

the rest provided for her, she thought she saw a heron rise from shallows at the water's edge, trailing its legs in flight. Catbirds and blue jays could be seen like darting specks, describing lineless curves against the sky or shore.

Sometimes Dollier de Casson's boat lagged, or again it shot close behind Dollard's. The first stop was made on a flat rocky island where there was a spring of clear water. Louise and Jacques spread out as a bridal repast such provisions as Dollard had hurriedly bought in Quebec, with dried eels and cured fish from the St. Bernard cellar. The pause was a brief one. And no tale of this island was dropped in Claire's ear, or of another island nearer the St. Lawrence's mouth: how two hundred Micmac Indians camped there for the night, beaching their canoes and hiding their wives and children in a recess of the rocks; how the Iroquois surprised and blotted them all out. That dreaded war-cry, "Kohe — Kohe!" might well be living in the air along the river yet.

Before reëntering the boat Claire went to the spring for a last cup of water, taking Louise with her.

"And what did the bishop say?" she seized this chance to inquire.

"Mademoiselle — madame, he did nothing but look, as my husband said. We were all four surprised, the bishop, the abbess, my husband, and I."

"Did the abbess accept my purse I bade you leave for the convent?"

"Madame, I left it lying on the floor where she dropped it. She has no doubt picked it up and counted the coins out to charity by this. The whole marriage seems a miracle, with my mother helping the blessed saints."

"Were you, then, pleased, my child?"

"Mademoiselle, I was stupid with delight. For you will now be my mistress and have me to wait on you the rest of our lives. Had *you* no terrors at coming away with a strange man, mademoiselle?"

"Strange man, tongue of pertness! when the Sieur des Ormeaux has been my lover these many years."

"Was he, indeed, one of those troublesome wooers who drove you out of France? You said this morning you would never be yoked in marriage, and long before the sun goes down you are a bride! Ah, madame, the air of this country must be favorable to women!"

Again the boats pushed up-river, following the afternoon westward.

They had passed Cap Rouge, a cluster of cabins, the seignior's substantial stone hut forming one side of the fort-like palisades. The strip farms extended in long ribbons back from the shore. Their black stubble of stumps, mowed by ax and fire, crouched like the pitiful impotence of man at the flanks of unmeasured forest.

Before nightfall the voyagers came near a low beach where sand and gravel insensibly changed to flat clearing, and a côte of three or four families huddled together.

Wild red-legged children came shouting to the water's edge before Dollier de Casson's canoe was beached, and some women equally sylvan gathered shyly among the stumps to welcome him.

As the priest stepped from his boat he waved a hand in farewell to the other voyagers, and Dollard stood up, lifting his hat.

The sacrament of marriage, so easy of attainment in New France at that time, had evidently been dispensed with in the first hut this spiritual father entered. His man carried in his sacred luggage, and the temporary chapel was soon set up in a corner unoccupied. The children hovered near in delight, gazing at tall candles and gilt ornaments, for even in that age of poverty the pomps of the Roman Church were carried into settlers' cabins throughout New France. Dollier de Casson had for his confessional closet a canopy of black cloth stretched over two supports. The penitent crept under this merciful wing, and the priest, seated on a stool, could examine the soul as a modern photographer examines his camera; except that he used ear instead of eye.

The interior of a peasant censitaire's dwelling changes little from generation to generation. One may still see the crucifix over the principal bed, joints of cured meat hanging from rafters, and the artillery of the house resting there on hooks. A rough-built loom crowded inmates whom it clothed. And against the wall of the entrance side dangled a vial of holy water as a safeguard against lightning.

Dollier de Casson stood up to admonish his little flock, gathered from all the huts of the côte, into silence before him. The men took off their rough caps and put them under their arms, standing in a disordered group together. Though respectful and obedient, they did not crowd their spiritual father with such wild eagerness as the women, who, on any seat found or carried in, sat hungrily, hushing around their knees the nipped French dialect of their children.

"What is this, Antonio Brunette?" exclaimed Father de Casson after he had cast his eyes among them. "Could you not wait my coming, when you well knew I purposed marrying you this time? You intend to have the wedding and the christening together."

"Father," expostulated the swart youth, avoiding the priest to gaze sheepishly at his betrothed's cowering distress, "Pierre's daughter is past sixteen, and we would have been



"PEACE BE WITH YOU, MASSAWIPPA."

married if you had been here. You know the king lays a fine on any father who lets his daughter pass sixteen without binding her in marriage. And Pierre is a very poor man."

"Therefore, to help Pierre evade his Majesty's fine, you must break the laws of Heaven, must you, my son? Hearty penance shall ye both do before I minister to you the sacrament of marriage. My children, the evil one prowls constantly along the banks of this river, while your poor confessors can only reach you at intervals of months. Heed my admonitions. Where is Pierre's wife?"

Down went Pierre's face between his hands into his cap.

"Dead," he articulated from its hollow. "Without absolution. And the little baby on her arm, it went with her unbaptized."

"God have pity on you, my children," said Dollier de Casson. "I will say masses over her grave, and we will pray for the little unblemished soul. How many children have you, Pierre?"

"Seventeen, father."

"Twenty-six, he should say, father," a woman near the priest declared. "For the widow of Jean Ba'ti' Morin has nine."

"And why should Pierre count as his own the flock of Jean Ba'ti' Morin's widow?"

"Because he is to marry her, father, when Antonio Brunette marries his oldest girl."

"If I come not oftener," remarked the priest, "you will all be changed about and newly related to each other so that I shall not know how to name ye. I will read the service for the dead over your first wife, Pierre, before I marry you to your second. It is indeed better to be dwelling in love than in discord. Have you had any disagreements?"

"No, father; but Jean Ba'ti's oldest boy has taken to the woods and is off among the Indians, leaving his mother to farm alone with only six little lads to help her."

"Another coureur de bois," said the priest in displeasure.

"Therefore, father," opportunely put in Jean Ba'ti's widow, "I having no man at all, and Pierre having no woman at all, we thought to wed."

"Think now of your sins," said Father de Casson, "from oldest to youngest. After penance and absolution and examination in the faith ye shall have mass."

The solemn performance of these religious duties began and proceeded until dusk obliterated all faces in the dimly lighted cabin. Stump roots were piled up in the fireplace, and Pierre's daughter, between her prayers, put on the evening meal to cook.

If a child tittered at going under the confessional tent, its mother gave it a rear prod with admonishing hand. In that humble darkness Father de Casson's ear received the whispers of all these plodding souls, and his tongue checked their evil and nourished their good. The cabin became a chapel full of kneeling figures telling beads.

This portion of his duty finished, Dollier de Casson postponed the catechizing, and made Pierre take a lighted stick of pine and show him that ridge whereunder mother and baby lay. There was always danger of surprise by the Iroquois. The men and women who followed in irregular procession through the vast dimness of northern twilight kept on their guard against moving stumps or any sudden uprising like the rush of quails from some covert. In rapid tones the priest repeated the service for the dead; then called his followers from their knees to return to the house to celebrate the weddings of Pierre and Pierre's daughter.

After this rite, supper was served in Pierre's house, the other families dispersing to their own tables — cabbage-soup, fat pork, and coarse bread made from pounded grain; for this côte was too poor to have a mill. These were special luxuries for Father de Casson, for the usual censitaire supper consisted of bread and eels. The missionary priest, accustomed with equal patience to fasting or eating, spread his hands above unsavory steam and blessed the meal. Silently, while he spoke, the door opened and a slim dark girl entered the house.

VII.

A HALF-BREED.

SHE stood erect and silent against the closed door until Dollier de Casson, before he had taken his first mouthful, spoke to her.

"Peace be with you, Massawippa."

"Peace be also with you, father."

Her voice was contralto without gutturals.

"You come in good time, my daughter. It is long since I examined you in the faith and absolved you."

"Think of my soul later, father; I come from the chief."

"Where is the chief?"

"Étienne Annahotaha sends for you," she replied grandly. "I am to show you the way."

Dollier de Casson did not ask why Étienne Annahotaha sent for the priest instead of coming to the priest himself. The Huron chief disdained his wife's relatives with savage frankness.

"Very good, my daughter. In the morning, then, we will set out."

"Annahotaha begs that you will come at once, father."

"Hath he such urgent need of a priest?"

"He leaves his present camp early to-morrow, and he himself will tell you his urgent business."

The girl's eyes moved slightingly over this huge French family, holding them unfit to hear many words concerning her father.

"Very good, my daughter. As soon as I have finished my repast I shall be ready."

Pierre muttered objections. His first wife's grave was blessed, and his second wife was now comfortably his, but he grudged gospel privileges to that interloper Annahotaha, who had married his sister and made a white squaw of her, poor unsettled woman, paddling her from the island of Orleans to the lower Ottawa and back until she died.

All seats being occupied, Massawippa still stood by the entrance. Her uncle Pierre did point her to a place beside the table, but she shook her head.

Father de Casson was placed by himself at the table end, Pierre's mob of children and step-children thronging below, the little ones standing wedged together, some with chins barely level with the board.

Though scarcely more than fourteen years old, Massawippa looked well grown and tall. No civilized awkwardness of limb, or uncertainty of action when she moved, hampered her. Notwithstanding her cheek-bones were high and her mouth wide, she was full of vigorous young beauty. Her temples were round, and clasped as if by jet-black bird-wings in hair which divided its weight betwixt two braids and measured half the length of her body.

Scarcely tolerant was the eye she kept on these French habitants her kinsfolks. She was princess; they were merely inferior white stock from whom her mother had sprung.

In personal appointments she was exquisite compared with the French women of the cabin. Her rich and glowing cheeks, her small dark ears and throat and hands, had reached a state of polish through unusual care. Her raiment appeared to be culled from the best fashions of both races. She wore the soft Indian moccasin, stitched with feather-work, and the woolen French stocking. All beaver skins in New France nominally belonged to the government; but this half-breed girl wore a pliant slim gown, chestnut-colored and silky, of beaver skin, reaching nearly to her ankles. It was girdled around the waist and collared around the top by bands of white wampum glittering like scales. A small light blanket of wool dyed a very dull red was twisted around her and hung over one arm.

A bud of a woman though still a child, full of the gentle dignity of the Hurons, who of all the great tribes along the St. Lawrence had lent themselves most kindly to Christian teaching, and undulled by her French peasant blood, Massawippa was comforting to eyes wearied by oily dark faces.

Dollier de Casson, gentleman and soldier before he became priest, always treated her with the deference she was inclined to exact as due her station.

Most Canadian half-breeds were the children of French fathers who had turned coureurs de bois and of Indian women briefly espoused by them. But the Huron chief had wedded Massawippa's mother by priest and Latin service. The inmates of Pierre's house regarded this girl as a misfortune that held them in awe. Her patent of nobility was dirt to them, yet by virtue of it she trod on air above their heads; and she was always so strangely clean and strangely handsome, this high young dame of the woods.

Pierre's new wife, the corners of her mouth settling, regarded Massawippa with disfavor. The families in that côte knew well at whose door Jean Ba'ti's widow laid the defection of her son.

One of Pierre's little boys, creeping sidewise towards Massawippa, leaned against the door and looked up, courting her smile. He was very dirty, his cheeks new sodden with pork-fat being the most acceptable points of his surface. She did not encourage his advances, but met his look sedately.

"Thou know'st not what I know, Massawippa," said he. "Thou know'st not who 's married."

She remained silent, pride magnifying the natural indifference of her time of life to such news.

"The father Pierre is married. Dost guess he married our Angèle?" tempted the little boy, whose ideas of the extent of intermarriage surpassed even the generous views of his elders in the côte. "No! Antonio Brunette married our Angèle. Four people are married. It made me laugh. The widow of Jean Ba'ti' Morin, she wedded Father Pierre, and you must tell La Mouche. Are you also married to La Mouche, Massawippa?"

Her aquiline face blazed with instant wrath, and Pierre's little boy fell back from her as if scorched. Her hiss followed him.

"I do not myself speak to La Mouche!"

La Mouche's mother was naturally the most interested witness of this falcon-like stoop of Massawippa's, and as a mother she experienced deeper sense of injury.

VIII.

THE HURON.

A LIGHT rain was blistering the river and thickening an already dark landscape when

Dollier de Casson, followed by his man carrying what might be called his religious tool-chest, crossed the clearing with Massawippa.

The child walked before them, her blanket drawn well up over her head and her moccasins taking no print afterward visible from any soft earth they trod. The laden and much-enduring servant stumbled across roots, but labored on through sleek and treacherous wet spots with the zeal of a missionary servant.

Dollier de Casson gave him breathing periods by carrying the chapel himself. Thus had these two men helped each other in winter, when the earth was banked in white, the river a glittering solid, and one's breath came to him fluid ice and went from him an eruption of steam, as they toiled to parish or distant fort on snow-shoes. Thus did Jesuit and Sulpitian priests keep their religion alive on the St. Lawrence.

Within the first pine covert three Hurons were waiting, evidently Massawippa's escort. She now walked beside Dollier de Casson and they stalked ahead, threading a silent way through the darkness.

Spruce and white birch were all the trees that stood out distinctly to the senses, others massing anonymously in the void of night and their spring nakedness. The evergreen with prickling fingers brushed the passers' faces; while the white birches in flecked shrouds crowded rank on rank like many lofty ghosts diverse of girth, and by their whiteness threw a gleam upon the eyeball.

Following the head Huron, Dollier de Casson's company trod straight over soft logs where the foot sunk in half-rotten moss, and over that rustling, elastic cushion of dead leaves, histories of uncounted summers which padded the floor of the forests. Through roofing limbs the rain found it less easy to pelt them. They wound about rocks and climbed ascents, until Annahotaha's camp-fire suddenly blinked beneath them and they could stand overlooking it.

He had pitched his bark tent in a small amphitheater sloping down to a tributary of the St. Lawrence. The camp-fire, hissing as slant lines of the shower struck it, threw light over the little river's stung surface, on low shrubs and rocks, on the oblong lodge,[1] and the figures of some three dozen Indians squatting blanketed beside it, or walking about throwing long shadows over the brightened area.

Étienne Annahotaha sat just within the shelter of his lodge, and here he received the priest, standing almost as tall as Dollier de Casson, who bent his head to avoid the tent.

This shelter was indeed altogether for Massawippa; the chief preferred lying on the ground with his braves; but she was child of a mother long used to roofs, and was, besides, a being whom he would set up and guard as a sacred image. There was no woman in the camp.

When Dollier de Casson and Annahotaha sat silently down together, Massawippa crept up behind her father and rested her cheek against his back. He allowed this mute caress and gazed with stern gravity at the fire.

His soul was in labor, and the priest good-humoredly waited until it should bring forth its care. No religious instruction could be imparted to the camp while Annahotaha held his speech unspoken. Rain hissed softly through listening trees, paused to let damp boughs drip, and renewed itself with a rush. Evident vapor arose from the Indians beside the fire.

"The father's boat was seen upon the river," began Annahotaha. "I have sent for the father to tell him the thoughts which come up in my breast and give me no peace. I am a tree of rough bark, but I bear a flower branch. I go to the burning and my branch of flowers will not be cut off from me. I am an old bear, but how shall I make the Iroquois feel my claws if my cub be beside me? The lodge of her mother's people is not fit to hold her. Continually her mother comes to me in dreams saying, 'What have you done with the child?' Shall I hang my branch of flowers in the lodges of my people? Behold the remnant of the Hurons!" He leaped to his feet with energetic passion, and flung his pointed finger at the steaming braves by the fire. They gave an instant's attention to his voice, and went on toasting themselves as before. "We are trodden underfoot like leaves. The French, our white brothers, promise us protection, and our feeble ones are dragged to the stake and scalped before their eyes. We perish from the earth. Soon not a Huron will make the smoke of his lodge go up beside the great river. But before these Iroquois utterly tread our bones under the turf they shall feel the rage of Annahotaha. The last Hurons shall heap them up in destruction!"

He sat down and rested his savage face on his fists.

Massawippa resumed her attitude of satisfied tenderness; and shade by shade his wrath lifted until the father and not the chief again looked through the red of his mask-like face.

"If Annahotaha is leading a war party against the Iroquois," began Dollier de Casson —

[1] On a small scale the typical Iroquois-Huron dwelling. The tribal lodges, made to hold many fires and many families, were fifty or more yards in length by twelve or fifteen in width, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark.

"Speak not of that. The old bear knows his own track; but no way for the tender feet of his cub."

—"he will pass through Montreal," continued the priest. "Now, if Annahotaha wishes to keep his gift of Heaven from contaminations of the world, why should he not lay her on the sacred altar? Place her with the sisters of St. Joseph, those good nuns of the Hôtel Dieu."

The chief, expectant and acquiescent, kept yet a wily side-glance on his cassocked guide. Honest Dollier de Casson brought his fist with a gentle spat upon his palm as he proceeded.

"No Indian woman ever hath joined the pious labors of our good nuns. You Hurons clamor without ceasing for protection to white brothers who can scarcely keep their own scalps on their heads, but the burdens and self-denials of our holy religion ye shirk. I speak truth to the chief of the Hurons. You even leave your farms and civilized life on the island of Orleans, and take to the woods."

"We are dragged scalped from our farms," interjected Annahotaha's guttural voice.

"My son, the power of Heaven is over all. We gasp and bleed together; but, see you, we still live. Miracles are continually worked for us. They confound even the dark hearts of the Iroquois."

Annahotaha smiled, perhaps with some reflection of Quebec distrust in Montreal miracles.

"Hast thou not heard," insisted Father de Casson with that severe credulity which afflicted the best men of the time, "about Jean Saint-Père — slain by the Iroquois and beheaded, and his head carried off — speaking to them in warnings and upbraidings? Yea, the scalped skull ceased not threatening them with the vengeance of Heaven, in plain, well-spoken Iroquois." Annahotaha sounded some guttural which the priest could not receive as assent.

"Blessed is a country, my son, when such notable miracles are done in it. For, see you, there was Father le Maître, who had his head likewise cut off by these children of evil, but without making the stain of blood on his handkerchief which received it. And there were his features stamped on the cloth so that any one might behold them. This miracle of Father le Maître hath scarcely ceased to ring in Montreal, for it is a late thing. I counsel the chief of the Hurons to give his child to the Church. The saints will then be around her in life, and in death they will gather her to themselves."

Annahotaha sat as if turning over in his mind this proposal, which he had secretly foreseen and wished.

"The father has spoken," he finally pronounced; and silence closed this conference, as silence had preceded it.

Afterward Dollier de Casson set up his chapel beside a sheltering rock and prepared to shrive the Huron camp, beginning with Massawippa. Her he confessed apart, in the inclosure of the lodge, probing as many of her nature's youthful and tortuous avenues as the wisdom of man could penetrate. She raised no objection to that plan of life her father and her confessor both proposed for her; but the priest could not afterward distinctly recall that she accepted it.

When Father de Casson called the congregation of Indians to approach his temporary chapel, one of the restless braves who had sauntered from sputtering fire to dripping tree skulked crouching in the shadow of Massawippa's tent. He had a reason for avoiding the priest as well as one for seeking her.

When the others were taken up with their devotions he crept to the tent-flap, and firelight shone broadly on his dark side-countenance, separating him in race from the Hurons. He was a Frenchman. But his stiff black hair was close shorn except one bristling tuft, his oily skin had been touched with paint, and he wore the full war-dress of his foster tribe.

"Massawippa," whispered this proselyte, raising the lodge-flap, "I have something here for you."

The girl was telling her beads with a soft mutter in the little penances her priest had imposed upon her. He could see but her blurred figure in her dim shrine.

"Massawippa! La Mouche brings you a baked fish," he whispered in the provincial French.

Her undisturbed voice continued its muttered orisons.

"Massawippa!" repeated the youth, speaking this time in Huron, his tone entreating piteously. "La Mouche brings you a baked fish. It comes but now from the fire."

Her voice ceased with an indrawing of the breath, and she hissed at La Mouche.

"Return it then to the fire and thyself with it, thou French log!" she uttered in a screaming whisper in Huron, and hissed at him again as her humble lover dropped the lodge-flap.

The candles shone mellowly from the sheltered altar upon kneeling Indians, but La Mouche slunk off into the darkness.

IX.

THE LADY OF ST. BERNARD.

FIVE evenings later a boat was beached on one of the islands above Montreal lying near the south shore of the St. Lawrence. While

this island presented rocky points, it had fertile slopes basking in the glow which followed a blue and vaporous April day, and trees in that state of gray greenness which shoots into leaf at the first hot shining.

The principal object on the island was a stone house standing inclosed by strong palisades above the ascent from the beach. It appeared to be built against a mass of perpendicular rock that towered over it on the west side. This was, in fact, the strongest seigniorial mansion west of the Richelieu. There was, in addition, a small stone mill for grinding grain, apart from it on the brink of the river.

Northward, the St. Lawrence spread towards the horizon in that distension of its waters called Lake St. Louis.

Out of the palisade door came a censitaire and his wife, who, having hurried to St. Bernard for protection at an alarm of Indians, staid to guard the seigniory house during Jacques Goffinet's absence with Dollard.

"This is St. Bernard," said Dollard, leading Claire up the slope. "Sometimes fog-covered, sometimes wind-swept, green as only islands can be, and stone-girdled as the St. Lawrence islands are. A cluster up-river belongs to the seigniory, but this is your fortress."

"And yours," she added.

"It will seem very rude to you."

"After my life of convent luxury, monsieur?"

"After the old civilization of France. But I believe this can be made quite comfortable."

"It looks delicious and grim," said the bride. "Tragic things might happen here if there be a tragic side to life, which I cannot now believe. Yet a few months ago I said there was no happiness!"

Dollard turned his uneasy glance from her to the seigniory house.

"There is scarcely such another private stronghold in the province."

"Did you build it?"

"Not I. Poor Dollard brought little here but his sword. One of my superior officers abandoned it in my favor, and took a less exposed seigniory near the Richelieu. I wish the inside appointments better befitted you. It was a grand château to me until I now compare it with its châtelaine."

"Never mind, monsieur. When you demand my fortune from France, you can make your château as grand as you desire. I hope you will get some good of my fortune, for I never have done so. Seriously, monsieur, if no house were here, and there were only that great rock to shelter us, I should feel myself a queen if you brought me to it, so great is my lot."

"You can say this to poor Adam Dollard, an obscure soldier of the province?"

"In these few days," replied the girl, laughing, and she threw the light of her topaz eyes half towards him, "the way they call your name in this new country has become to me like a title."

"You shall have more than a title," burst out Dollard. "Heaven helping me, you shall yet have a name that will not die!"

They passed through the gate of the palisade, Jacques and Louise following with the loads of the expedition. To insure its safety the boat was afterward dragged within the palisade.

The censitaire in charge, with his wife at his shoulder, stood grinning at Jacques's approach.

"Thou got'st thyself a wife, hé, my pretty Jacques?"

"That did I, bonhomme Papillon. And a good wife, and a stout wife, and a handsome. Thou 'lt want to go to Quebec market thyself when the Indians carry off Joan."

"Let me see him go to the Quebec market!" cried Joan, shaking her knuckled fist under his ear.

"It would trouble thee little to lose sight of him, Joan. But his coming back with such freight — it is *that* would fire thee hotter than Iroquois torches. Alas, my children," Jacques said, letting down his load inside the gate, "I bring much, but I leave much behind. If I am to hold this seigniory while my commandant is away, and feed ye both and my new wife, to say naught of Mademoiselle de Granville and our great lady, I need the cattle and swine and fowls which our king gave me for dower and my seignior made me throw over my shoulder."

"But I thought," said Louise, in dismay, "that thou had'st such stores of vegetables and other provisions here."

"Have no fear, my spouse. Thou shalt see how this garrison is provisioned. But what prudent man can drop without a sigh the moiety of his wife's fortune? Here are Papillon and Joan, who hold the next island under our seignior. And here, timid Joan, is thy soldierly new neighbor Louise Goffinet, who squealed not in the dangers of the river."

"Wert thou afraid?" Joan asked Louise, kindly.

"I was until I saw Madame des Ormeaux was not. And the Indians have a wonderful skill."

"Did the commandant also marry her at the wife market?" pressed Joan, walking by Louise's side behind the men. "She is surely the fairest woman in New France. I could have crawled before her when she gave me a smile."

"My mother nursed her," said Louise with pride.

"Did she so! And is our lady some great dame from the king's court, who heard of the commandant at Montreal?"

"Thou hast woman wit. It is exactly as thou sayest," bragged Jacques, turning towards the mummied face of Papillon's simple wife. "She is cousin to our holy bishop himself; and even that great man she left grinning and biting his nails, for he and the abbess they would make a nun of her. Thou dost not know the mightiness of her family. My Louise can charm thee with all that. But this lady was a princess in France, and voyaged here by the king's ship, being vilely sickened and tossed about; and all for my commandant. Is not the Sieur des Ormeaux known in France?" Jacques snapped his fingers high in air.

The lowest floor of the seigniory house was the rock on which it was based. Here and within the stockade were such domestic animals as belonged to the island. A sheep rubbed against Louise, passing out as she passed in.

She looked around the darkened strong walls, unpierced by even a loophole, at the stores of provender for dumb and human inmates. Jacques had underestimated his wealth in collected food. His magazine seemed still overflowing when it was spring and seedtime, and the dearth of winter nearly past.

A stone staircase twisted itself in giving ascent to the next floor. Here were sleeping-cells for the seignior's servants, and a huge kitchen having pillars of cemented rock across its center, and a fireplace like a cave. Lancelike windows gave it light, and in the walls were loopholes which had been stopped with stone to keep out the Canadian winter.

A broader stairway of tough and well-dried wood in one corner led up to the seignior's apartment above, which was divided into several rooms. The largest one, the saloon of the mansion, had also its cavern fireplace where pieces of wood were smoldering. A brass candelabrum stood on the mantel. Rugs of fawn skin beautifully spotted and of bear skin relieved the dark unpolished floor. The walls of all the rooms were finished with a coarse plaster glittering with river sand. Some slender-legged chairs, a high-backed cushioned bench, a couch covered by moth-eaten tapestry, and a round black table furnished this drawing-room. Some cast-off pieces of armor hung over the mantel, and an embroidery frame stood at one side of the hearth.

There was but one window, and it swung outward on hinges, the sash being fitted with small square panes.

When Claire appeared from the private chamber where she had been taken to refresh herself with Louise to attend on her, Dollard came down the room, took her by the hands, and led her to this window. He pushed the sash open quite out of their way, and thus set the landscape in a deep frame of stone wall.

The two young lovers still met each other with shyness and reserve. From the hour of his impetuous marriage Dollard had watched his wife with passionate solicitude. But that day when his boat approached Montreal he had it brought to the dock and went ashore by himself, spending what Claire considered the best hours of the afternoon at the fort and on the streets, coming back flushed and repressed.

She felt the energetic pulses still beating in his face as he touched her forehead.

"You see now the way we came," said Dollard, indicating the St. Lawrence sweeping towards the east.

"A lovely way it was," said Claire. The river's breath came to them fresh and clean, leaving a touch of dampness on the skin. Already the wooded south shore was clothing itself in purple, but northward the expanse of water still held to what it had received from sunset. "That was very different from the voyage on shipboard."

"Are you not tired?"

"I was tired only once — at Montreal," hinted Claire, gazing at the extremity of the island.

"Again I beg you to pardon that. I had been nearly ten days away from my command and there were serious matters to attend to. Put it out of your mind and let us be very happy this evening."

"And every following evening. That goes without saying."

"I must report at my fortress at daybreak to-morrow."

"You should have left my caskets at Montreal, monsieur," exclaimed Claire. "I could do without them here one night."

"You want to turn your back on poor St. Bernard immediately?"

"Monsieur, you do not mean to separate yourself from me?" she inquired lightly, keeping control of her trembling voice.

"I brought you here to take possession of my land," said Dollard.

"I have taken possession. The keys of the house of course I do not want. They shall in all courtesy be left with the resident châtelaine, your sister. Monsieur, where is your sister?"

Dollard glanced over his shoulder at the embroidery frame.

"She has been here or is coming. I have hardly prepared you for poor Renée. She lives in delusions of her own, and pays little regard to the courtesies of the outside world. My excellent Jacques waits on her as on a child."

"Doubtless I thought too little about her," Claire said, visibly shrinking. "She may object to me."

"She will not even see you unless I put you before her eyes."

"What ails your sister, monsieur? Is she a religious devotee?"

"Not strictly that. She is a nurser of delusions. I cannot remember when she was otherwise, though we have lived little together, for poor Renée is but my half-sister. Her father was a De Granville. You will not feel afraid of her when you have seen her; she is not unkind. She has her own chambers at the rock side of the house and lives there weeks together. I see her embroidery frame is set out, and that means we may expect her presence."

While he was speaking, Mademoiselle de Granville had opened a door at the end of the room.

Claire, with well-opened eyes, pressed backward against her husband, so moldered-looking a creature was this lady gliding on silent feet — not unlike some specter of the Des Ormeaux who had followed their last chevalier under the New World's glaring skies. She wore a brocaded gown, the remnant of a court costume of some former reign, and her face was covered with a black silk mask. Though masks were then in common use, the eyes which looked through this one were like the eyes of a sleep-walker. She sat down by the embroidery frame as if alone in the room, but instead of a web of needlework she began to fasten in the frame one end of a priest's stole much in need of mending.

Dollard led his wife to this silent figure.

"My dear Renée," he said, taking hold of the stole and thereby establishing a nerve of communication, "let me present my beautiful wife."

The figure looked up, unsurprised but attentive.

"She was Mademoiselle Laval-Montmorency."

With deference the figure rose off its slim-legged chair and made a deep courtesy, Claire acknowledging it with one equally deep.

"Mademoiselle," petitioned the bride, "I hope my sudden coming causes you no trouble, though we return to the fort soon."

The mask gazed at her but said nothing.

"Are you never lonely here upon this island?" pursued Claire.

The mask's steady gaze made her shiver.

"She does not talk," Dollard explained. He drew his wife away from the silent woman and suggested, "Let us walk up and down until some supper is served, to get rid of the boat's cramping."

Mademoiselle de Granville sat down and continued to arrange her darning.

Whenever they were quite at the room's end Claire drew a free breath, but always in passing the masked presence she shrunk bodily against Dollard, for the room was narrow. He, with tense nerves and far-looking eyes, failed to notice this. The eccentricities of any man's female relatives appeal to his blindest side. Custom has used him to them, and his own blood speaks their apology.

The river air blew into the open window. There were no sounds except the footsteps of Dollard and Claire, and a stirring of the household below which was hint of sound only, so thick were the walls and floors.

In due time Jacques came up, bearing the supper. His seignior when at St. Bernard ate in the kitchen. But this was a descent unbefitting a grand bride. While Jacques was preparing the round table, Claire stole another look towards the mask which must now be removed. But by some sudden and noiseless process known to recluse women Mademoiselle de Granville had already taken herself and her embroidery frame out of the room.

X.

THE SEIGNIORY KITCHEN.

About 1 o'clock of the night Jacques rose from his sleeping-cell, as he was in the habit of doing, to put more wood on the kitchen fire.

The window slits let in some moonlight of a bluish quality, but the larger part of this wide space lay in shadow until Jacques sent over it the ruddiness of a revived fire. Out of uncertainty came the doors of the sleeping-cells, the rafters and dried herbs which hung from them, heavy table and benches and stools, cooking-vessels, guns, bags of stored grain, and the figures of the four Hurons, two at each side of the hearth, stretched out in their blankets with their heels to the fire — and Jacques himself, disordered from sleep and imperfectly thrust into lower garments. He lingered stupidly looking at the magician fire while it rose and crackled and cast long oblique shadows with the cemented posts.

Dollard descended the stairway from his apartment, pressing down his sword-hilt to keep the scabbard from clanking on each step. He was entirely dressed in his uniform. As he approached the fire and Jacques turned towards him, his face looked bloodless, his features standing high, the forehead well reared back.

"I am glad you are awake," he said to Jacques, half aloud. "Are the others asleep?" indicating those cells occupied by Louise and the Papillon family. There was no questioning the deep slumber which inclosed his Indians.

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Have you packed the provisions I directed you to pack?"

"Yes, m'sieur. M'sieur, you do not leave at this hour?"

"At once."

"But, m'sieur, the Lachine is hard enough to run in daytime."

"There is broad moonlight. Are you sure you understand everything?"

"M'sieur, I hope I do. Have you told madame?"

Dollard wheeled and flung his clinched hands above his head as men do on receiving gunshot wounds.

"O saints! I cannot tell her! I am a wretch, Jacques. She has been happy; I have not caused her a moment's suffering. Let her sleep till morning. Tell her then merely that I have gone to my fortress; that I would not expose her to the dangers of the route by night. It will soon be over now. Sometime she can forgive this cruelty if a deed goes after it to make her proud. She has proud blood, my boy; she loves honor. Oh, what a raving madman I was to marry her, my beloved! I thought it could do *her* no harm — that it could not shake *my* purpose! O my Claire! O my poor New France! Torn this way, I deserve shame with death — no martyr's crown — no touch of glory to lighten my darkness for ever and ever!"

"M'sieur," whimpered Jacques, crouching and wiping nose and eyes with his palms, "don't say that! My little master, my pretty, my dear boy! These women have the trick of tripping a man up when he sets his foot to any enterprise."

"Hear me," said Dollard, grasping him on each side of the collar. "She is the last of the Des Ormeaux to you. Serve her faithfully as you serve the queen of heaven. If she wants to go back to France, go with her. Before this I bequeathed you St. Bernard. Now I am leaving you a priceless charge. Your wife shall obey and follow her to the ends of the earth. To-day I altered my will in Montreal and gave her my last coin, gave her my seigniory, I gave her *you!* Do you refuse to obey my last commands? Do you disallow my rights in you?"

Jacques's puckered face unflinchingly turned upward and met the stare of his master.

"M'sieur, I will follow my lady's whims and do your commands to the hour of my death."

Dollard, like a mastiff, shook him.

"Is there any treachery in you, Jacques Goffinet, free follower of the house of Des Ormeaux? If there is, out with it now, or my dead eyes will pry through you hereafter."

"M'sieur," answered Jacques, lifting his hand and making the sign of the cross, "I am true man to my core. I do love to pile good stuff together and call land mine, but thou knowest I love a bit of cloth from one of thy old garments better than all the seigniories in New France."

Dollard let go Jacques's collar and extended his arms around the stumpy man's neck.

"My good old Jacques! My good old Jacques!"

"How proud I have always been of thee!" choked Jacques.

"I have told her to depend on you, Jacques. The will I brought home in my breast and placed among her caskets. She will provide for Louise and you, and she will provide for poor Renée, also. Kick the Indians and wake them up. There is not another moment to spare."

The Indians were roused, and stood up taciturn and ready for action, drawing their blankets around themselves. These Hurons, vagrants from Annahotaha's tribe, were hangers-on about the fortress at Montreal. Jacques gave them each a careful dram, and lighted at the fire a dipped candle. With this feeble light he penetrated the darkness of the cellar floor, leading the party down its tortuous staircase.

Dollard, who had stood with his hand on the door-latch, was the last to leave the upper room. His questions followed Jacques around the turns of the stairs.

"You are well provisioned, Jacques?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"At daybreak you will remember to have Papillon help you bring in an abundant supply of water?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Bar the doors when you see any one approaching and keep watch on all sides every day."

"Yes, m'sieur."

Jacques jammed his candle-end into a crack of the rock floor, undid the fastenings, and with a jerk let the moonlight in on their semi-darkness.

They went out to the palisade gate, the Indians dragged the boat carefully to its launching, and Jacques stored in it Dollard's provisions.

"Good-bye, my man," said Dollard.

"M'sieur," said Jacques, "I have always obeyed you. There is but one thing in my heart against you, and I will cleanse myself of that now."

"Quickly, then." The young man had one foot in the boat.

"It is the same old hard spot. Thou wouldst rule me out of this expedition. A man that loves thee as I love thee!"

"Jacques, if I had reasons before on Renée's account, what reasons have I not now?"

"Bless thee, my master Adam Daulac!"

"Bless thee, my Jacques!"

The boat shot off, and Jacques went in and fastened the gate and the door.

XI.

MADEMOISELLE DE GRANVILLE'S BROTHER.

Soon after 1 o'clock Claire awoke and sat upright in her dim room. Her alarm at the absence of Dollard was swallowed instantly by greater alarm at the presence of some one else.

This small chamber, like the saloon, was lighted by one square window, and male housekeeping at St. Bernard, combined with the quality of glass manufactured for colonial use at that date, veiled generous moonlight which would have thrown up sharply every object in the severe place.

Claire's garments, folded and laid upon a stool, were motionless to her expanding eyes; so were her boxes where Louise had placed them. All the luggage which a young lady of rank then carried with her to the ends of the earth could be lifted upstairs in the arms of a stout maid. Unstirring was the small black velvet cap which Claire had chosen from her belongings to wear during the voyage. It was stuck against the wall like a dim blot of ink. But nothing else visible seemed quite so motionless and unstirring as the figure by the bed. It was Mademoiselle de Granville. Except that her personality was oppressive, she seemed a lifeless lump without breath or sight, until Claire's tenser pupils adapted to duskiness found eyes in the mask, eyes stiffly gazing.

The bride's voice sunk in her throat, but she forced it to husky action.

"What do you want?"

Automatically, holding its elbows to its sides, the figure lifted one forearm and pointed to Claire's garments.

"Do you require me to put them on?"

It continued to point.

"Be so kind as to withdraw, then, and I will put them on."

It continued to point, without change of attitude or sound of human breath.

The girl crept out of her couch at that corner farthest from the figure, rolled up and pinned her white curls as best she could, and assimilated the garments from the stool, keeping her eye braced repellantly against the automaton pointing at her. She finished by drawing her mantle over her dress and the velvet cap over her hair.

"Now I am ready, if you are determined I shall go somewhere with you."

The figure turned itself about and opened the door into the saloon. Claire followed, keeping far behind those silent feet, and thus they walked through that grim room over which touches of beauty had never been thrown by a woman's keeping.

Claire followed into another chamber and was shut in darkness. It was the rock side of the house, without moonlighted windows. Mademoiselle de Granville had left her, and she stood confused, forgetting which way she should turn to the door-latch of release. The absence of Dollard now rushed back over her, and helped the dark to heap her with terrors. The sanest people have felt sparks of madness flash across the brain. One such flash created for her a trap in the floor to swallow her to the depths of the island.

Directly her surroundings were lighted by a door opening to an inner room. A priest stood there in black cassock, his face smooth and dark, his eyes dark and attentive. He was not tonsured, but with hair clustering high upon his head he looked like Dollard grown to sudden middle age, his fire burnt to ashes, his shoulders bowed by penances, his soul dried as a fern might be dried betwixt the wooden lids of his breviary. Behind him stood an altar, two tall candles burning upon it, and above the altar hung a crucifix. She took note of nothing else in the room.

"Pardon me, father; I am lost in the house. Mademoiselle de Granville brought me here and has left me."

"Yes." His voice had depth and volume, and was like Dollard's voice grown older. "She brought you at my request."

"At *your* request, father? Where is Mademoiselle de Granville?"

"In that closet," he replied, showing a door at the corner of his chapel room. "My poor lifeless sister is at her devotions."

"I see my way now. With your permission I will go back," said Claire. This unwholesome priest like a demon presentation of Dollard made her shudder.

"Stop, Mademoiselle Laval."

"I am Madame des Ormeaux; as you should know, being inmate of this house and evidently my husband's brother."

"Mademoiselle de Granville has but one brother," said the priest.

"The Sieur des Ormeaux is her brother."

"There is no Sieur des Ormeaux." He smiled in making the assertion, his lips parting indulgently.

"I mean Dollard, commandant of the fort of Montreal."

"There is no Dollard, commandant of the fort of Montreal. I am the Abbé de Granville."

Claire silently observed him, gathering her convictions. The priest leaned towards her, rubbing his hands.

"This misguided soldier, sometimes called Dollard, he is but a bad dream of mine, my poor child. So keen is your beauty that it still pierces the recollection. In my last dream my conscience tells me I worked some harm to you. Return to your family, mademoiselle, and forgive me. I have become myself again, and these holy tokens recall me to my duty and my vows."

"I know who you are," said Claire. "You are Mademoiselle de Granville."

"I am the Abbé de Granville. Look at me." He took a candle from the altar and held it near his face. So masculine was the countenance that it staggered conviction. The razor had left sleekness there. The tone of flesh was man-like. "I am Dollard," he said. "I am a priest. There can be, of course, no marriage between us. I sent for you to ask your pardon and to send you from St. Bernard."

This gross and stupid cruelty had on Claire merely the effect of steeping her in color. Her face and throat blushed.

"You are Mademoiselle de Granville," she repeated.

The priest, as if weary of enforcing his explanations, waved his fingers with a gesture of dismissal in Dollard's own manner.

"I am the Abbé de Granville. But we will discuss the subject no further. I must be at my prayers. A trustworthy witness shall confirm what I have told you."

He opened the closet door, carrying the candle with him. His tread had body and sound, though his feet were shod in sandals.

Claire moved guardedly after him. He crossed the closet and entered a long passage so narrow that two persons could scarcely walk abreast in it, nor did she covet the privilege of stepping it thus with her conductor.

As she crossed the closet her rapid eye searched it for the chrysalis of Mademoiselle de Granville. The candle was already in the passage beyond, but distinct enough lay that brocaded figure prostrate on the floor beneath a crucifix, but the mask faced Claire.

She moved on behind Abbé de Granville as with masculine tread of foot he strode the length of the passage and opened a door leading out on the stairway.

"Here, Jacques," he called in his mellow tones, "tell this demoiselle about me; and tell her the truth, or it shall be the worse for you."

Claire, standing on the upper stairs, could see Jacques with his back to the fire and his mouth opened in consternation at this unpriestly threat. His candle was yet smoking, so lately had it been divorced from its flame.

Abbé de Granville closed the passage door and bolted it.

She went down into the kitchen and Jacques brought her a seat, placed her before the middle hearth, and stationed himself at the corner in an attitude of entire dejection. The other inmates rested in unbroken sleep. The cell occupied by Papillon and his wife resounded with a low guttural duet.

"Where is Sieur des Ormeaux, Jacques?" inquired the lady of St. Bernard.

Writhing betwixt two dilemmas, Dollard's follower cunningly seized upon the less painful one, and nodded up the stairway.

"He 's been out again, has he?"

"Do you mean the priest?"

"Monsieur the abbé."

"Jacques, who is he?"

"The Abbé de Granville," replied Jacques with a shrug, first of one shoulder and then the other, as if the sides of his person took turns in rejecting this statement. "And he sends you to me for the truth, madame. Is not that the craziest part of the play when he knows what I will tell you? There is no limiting a woman, madame, when she takes to whims."

"Then it really was Mademoiselle de Granville playing priest?"

"Madame, she befools me sometimes until I know not whether to think her man or woman. So secret is this half-sister of my master's, and so jealous of her pretty abbé, it unsettles a plain soldier. A fine big robust priest he is, and you would take her for a ghost in petticoats. It goes against my conscience, so that I have come nigh to mention it in confession, all this mumming and male-attiring, and even calling for hot shaving-water! Yet she seems an excellent devoted soul when no one crosses her, and for days at a time will be Mademoiselle de Granville, as gentle and timid as a sheep. Besides, women take pleasure in putting on raiment of different kinds, and when you come to look at a priest's cassock, it is not so far from being a petticoat that I need to raise a scandal against St. Bernard and my commandant's sister on account of it. M'sieur he minds none of her pranks, and she hath had her humor since I was set to keep guard over her; and if it be a mad humor, it harms no one but herself."[1]

Claire's glance rested on the coarse floor where many nailed shoes had left their prints in the grain.

"Such a monomaniac cannot be a pleasant housemate."

"No, madame; the poor lady is not charming. And she will have the biggest of candles for her altar. But then she must amuse herself. I was, indeed, speechless when I saw her

[1] The legend of Mademoiselle de Granville dates from the year 1698. It seemed but a slight anachronism to place this singular though unimportant figure in the year 1660.

turn you out on the stairway. She does not like a woman about, especially a pretty woman, and doubtless she will dismiss my Louise many times. But, madame, let me entreat you to return to sleep and have no fear. I will even lock the doors of her chambers. She will disturb you no more."

Claire listened aside to some outer sound, and then exclaimed:

"You did not tell me where the commandant is, Jacques. He has not gone back to his fortress without me?"

Jacques's face fell into creases of anguish.

"Madame, he said you were to sleep undisturbed till morning."

"He should have obtained Mademoiselle de Granville's consent to that. This is not answering a question I have already repeated to you."

"Madame, he has taken the Indians and gone in his boat. Soldiers must do all sorts of things, especially commandants. He would not expose you to the dangers of the route by night."

"Listen!" Her expression changed.

Jacques gladly listened.

"I was sure I heard some noise before! You see you are mistaken. He is not yet gone."

Mellow relief, powerful as sunshine, softened the swarthy pallor of Jacques's face. He caught his candle from the chimney shelf and jammed its charred wick against a glowing coral knot in the log.

"Madame, that 's m'sieur at the gate. I know his stroke and his call. I 'll bring him up."

No man can surely say, with all his ancestry at his back and his unproved nature within, what he can or cannot do in certain crises of his life.

"What is it, m'sieur?" exclaimed Jacques as he let Dollard through the gate.

"We went scarce a quarter of a league. I came back because I cannot leave her without telling her; it was a cowardly act!" exclaimed Dollard, darting into the house. "She must go with me to Montreal."

(To be continued.) *Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*



AD ASTRA.

IF thou hast drained to the lees
The cup of inglorious ease,
Think now on the mighty men;
Dream thou dost hear again
The voice of Miltiades
And the rustle of his laurels.

See the stern purpose rise
To Cortés' glittering eyes—
To cut off all retreat
See him sink every ship in his fleet,
Then sweep to his golden prize
With not one plank behind him.

Dost believe all is over and done,
And no hope is under the sun?
Then think on the mighty men;
Dream thou canst hear again
The great shouts of Timoleon
That rallied the flying army.

And yet not alone for the past
Was the mold of heroes cast:
Let the Alps and the Andes say
What breed there is to-day;
And the poles, and the ocean vast,
And the burning waste of Sahara.

Think of the soul that needs
No background for its deeds;
Of him who bravely bears
A mountain of lifelong cares;
Of the heart that aches and bleeds
And dies, but never surrenders.

O true man, bear thy pains
And count thy losses gains;
Believe in the brave whom alone
Heaven's eye hath seen and known;
For as surely as justice reigns,
Their reward will shine like their valor.

Henry Ames Blood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

FIRST PLANS FOR EMANCIPATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.[2]

COMPENSATED ABOLISHMENT.

THE annual message of President Lincoln at the opening of Congress in December, 1861, treated many subjects of importance — foreign relations, the condition of the finances, a reorganization of the Supreme Court, questions of military administration, the building of a military railroad through Kentucky to east Tennessee, the newly organized Territories, a review of military progress towards the suppression of rebellion. It contained also a vigorous practical discussion of the relations between capital and labor, which pointed out with singular force that "the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government — the rights of the people." In addition to these topics, it treated another question of greater importance than all of them, but for the present in so moderate a tone, and with such tentative suggestions, that it excited less immediate comment than any other. This was the question of slavery.

It had not escaped Mr. Lincoln's notice that the relations of slavery to the war were producing rapidly increasing complications and molding public thought to new and radical changes of opinion. His revocation of Frémont's proclamation had momentarily checked the clamor of importunate agitators for military emancipation; but he saw clearly enough that a deep, though as yet undefined, public hope clung to the vague suggestion that slavery and rebellion might perish together. As a significant symptom of this undercurrent of public feeling, there came to him in November a letter from George Bancroft, the veteran Democratic politician and national historian; a man eminent not only for his writing upon the science of government, but who as a member of President Polk's cabinet had rendered signal and lasting service in national administration. Mr. Bancroft had lately presided at a meeting in New York called to collect contributions to aid the suffering loyalists of North Carolina. As it happened on all such occasions, the inflamed popular patriotism of the hour sprang forward to bold speech and radical argument. Even the moderate words of Mr. Bancroft on taking the chair reflected this reformatory spirit:

> If slavery and the Union are incompatible, listen to the words that come to you from the tomb of Andrew Jackson: "The Union must be preserved at all hazards." . . . If any one claims the compromises of the Constitution, let him begin by placing the Constitution in power by respecting it and upholding it.[3]

In the letter transmitting these remarks and the resolutions of the meeting to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Bancroft made a yet more emphatic suggestion. He wrote:

> Your administration has fallen upon times which will be remembered as long as human events find a record. I sincerely wish to you the glory of perfect success. Civil war is the instrument of Divine Providence to root out social slavery; posterity will not be satisfied with the result, unless the consequences of the war shall effect an increase of free States. This is the universal expectation and hope of men of all parties.[4]

Such a letter, from a man having the learning, talent, and political standing of its author, is of itself historic; but Mr. Lincoln's reply gives it a special significance. November 18, 1861, he wrote:

> I esteem it a high honor to have received a note from Mr. Bancroft, inclosing the report of proceedings of a New York meeting taking measures for the relief of Union people of North Carolina. I thank you and all others participating for this benevolent and patriotic movement. The main thought in the closing paragraph of your letter is one which does

[2] It will be remembered that in announcing editorially "Abraham Lincoln: A History," November, 1886, it was stated as follows: When "the military portion of this history is reached in magazine publication, care will be taken to avoid as much as possible the repetition of details already given in THE CENTURY'S war series, while fully presenting that part of the military narrative in which is explained the relation of the President to these events." In order to avoid all possibility of misunderstanding, this statement is here repeated. It is expected that, with the excisions referred to, the work will extend through twelve or thirteen numbers more of the magazine.—EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

[3] "The New York Times," Nov. 8, 1861.

[4] Unpublished MS.

[1] Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

not escape my attention, and with which I must deal in all due caution, and with the best judgment I can bring to it.[1]

This language gives us the exact condition of Mr. Lincoln's mind on the subject of slavery at that time. He hoped and expected to effect an "increase of free States" through emancipation; but we shall see that this emancipation was to come through the voluntary action of the States, and that he desired by this policy to render unnecessary the compulsory military enfranchisement which Frémont had attempted and which his followers advocated.

The prudent caution and good judgment which President Lincoln applied to the solution of this dangerous problem becomes manifest when we reëxamine its treatment in his annual message mentioned above. Not referring directly to any general plan or hope of emancipation, he nevertheless approached the subject by discussing its immediate and practical necessities in phraseology which gave him limit for expansion into a more decisive policy. It is worth while, not merely to quote the whole passage, but to emphasize the sentences which were plainly designed to lead Congress and the country to the contemplation of new and possible contingencies.

> Under and by virtue of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes," approved August 6, 1861, the legal claims of certain persons to the labor and service of certain other persons have become forfeited; and numbers of the latter, *thus liberated, are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in some way*. Besides this, it is not impossible *that some of the States will pass similar enactments* for their own benefit respectively, and by operation of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such case I recommend *that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States,* according to some mode of valuation, *in lieu, pro tanto, of direct taxes*, or upon some other plan to be agreed on with such States respectively; that such persons, on such acceptance by the General Government, *be at once deemed free;* and that, in any event, steps be taken *for colonizing both classes* (or the one first mentioned, if the other shall not be brought into existence) at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It might be well to consider, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization. . . . The war continues. In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have, therefore, in every case, thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the legislature.
>
> In the exercise of my best discretion I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgents, instead of putting in force, by proclamation, the law of Congress enacted at the late session for closing those ports. So, also, obeying the dictates of prudence, as well as the obligations of law, instead of transcending, I have adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. The Union must be preserved; and hence, *all indispensable means must be employed.* We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable.[2]

Apparently these propositions covered the simple recommendation of colonization, an old and familiar topic which had friends in both free and slave States; but the language, when closely scanned, is full of novel suggestions: that the war has already freed many slaves; that the war may free many more; that the President will impartially consider any new law of Congress increasing emancipation for rebellion; that he will not hastily adopt extreme and radical measures; but that, finally to preserve the Union, *all indispensable means* must be employed. These declarations, in fact, cover the whole of his subsequent treatment of the slavery question.

Congress was too busy with pressing practical legislation to find time for immediately elaborating by debate or enactment any of the recommendations thus made. It is not likely that the President expected early action from the national legislature, for he at once turned his own attention to certain initiatory efforts which he had probably carefully meditated. He believed that under the pressure of war necessities the border slave-States might be induced to take up the idea of voluntary emancipation if the General Government would pay their citizens the full property value of the slaves they were asked to liberate; and this experiment seemed to him most feasible in the small State of Delaware, which retained only the merest fragment of a property interest in the peculiar institution.

Owing to the division of its voters between Breckinridge, Bell, Lincoln, and Douglas, the electoral vote of Delaware had been cast for Breckinridge in the presidential election of 1860; but more adroit party management had succeeded in effecting a fusion of the Bell and Lincoln vote for member of Congress, and George P. Fisher had been elected by a small majority. It is of little importance to know the exact shade of Mr. Fisher's politics during the campaign: when the rebellion broke out he was an ardent Unionist, a steadfast friend of

[1] Unpublished MS.

[2] "Congressional Globe," Appendix, Dec. 3, 1861.

Mr. Lincoln, and perhaps more liberal on the subject of slavery than any other border State representative. He entered readily into Mr. Lincoln's views and plans, which were to induce the legislature of Delaware to pass an act of gradual emancipation of the 1798 slaves which it contained by the census of 1860, on condition that the United States would pay to Delaware, to be distributed among its slave owners in proper ratio, the sum of $400 for each slave, or a total of $719,200.

Mr. Lincoln during the month of November had with his own hand written drafts of two separate bills embracing the principal details of the scheme. By the first, all negroes in Delaware above the age of thirty-five years should become free on the passage of the act; all born after its passage should remain free; and all others, after suitable apprenticeship for children, should become free in the year 1893; also, that the State should meanwhile prevent any of its slaves being sold into servitude elsewhere.[1] The provisions of the second draft were slightly different. Lincoln's manuscript explains:

> On reflection I like No. 2 the better. By it the nation would pay the State $23,200 per annum for thirty-one years. All born after the passage of the act would be born free. All slaves above the age of thirty-five years would become free on the passage of the act. All others would become free on arriving at the age of thirty-five years until January, 1893, when all remaining of all ages would become free, subject to apprenticeship for minors born of slave mothers, up to the respective ages of twenty-one and eighteen.[1]

Upon consultation with the President, Mr. Fisher undertook to propose and commend the scheme to his influential party friends in Delaware, and if possible to induce the legislature of that State to adopt it.

One of the drafts prepared by Mr. Lincoln was rewritten by the friends of the measure in Delaware, embodying the necessary details to give it proper force and local application to become a law of that State. In this shape it was printed and circulated among the members of the legislature, then holding a special session at Dover. The legislature of Delaware is not a large body; nine members of the Senate and twenty-one members of the House constituted the whole number. No record remains of the discussions, formal or informal, which the proposition called forth. The final action, however, indicates the sentiment which prevailed. The friends of emancipation probably ascertained that a hostile majority would vote it down, and therefore the laboriously prepared bill was never introduced. The pro-slavery members, unwilling to lose the opportunity of airing their conservatism, immediately prepared a joint resolution reciting the bill at full length and then loading it with the strongest phrases of condemnation which their party zeal could invent. They said it would encourage the abolition element in Congress; that it evinced a design to abolish slavery in the States; that Congress had no right to appropriate a dollar for the purchase of slaves; that they were unwilling to make Delaware guarantee the public faith of the United States; that when the people of Delaware desired to abolish slavery within her borders they would do so in their own way; and intimated that the "suggestions of saving expense to the people" were a bribe, which they scornfully repelled. A majority of the twenty-one members of the House passed this joint resolution; but when it came to the Senate, on the 7th of February, four of its nine members voted "aye," four voted "no," and one was silent or absent; and so the joint resolution went back "non-concurred in."[2] This seems to have closed the legislative record on the subject.

Mr. Lincoln was doubtless disappointed at this failure to give his plan of compensated gradual abolishment a starting-point by the favorable action of the State of Delaware. But he did not abandon the project, and his next step was to bring it, through Congress, to the attention of the country and the States interested. On the 6th of March he sent to the Senate and the House of Representatives a special message, recommending the adoption of the following joint resolution:

> *Resolved,* That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.[3]

His message explained that this was merely the proposal of practical measures which he hoped would follow. He said:

> The point is not that all the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation; but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy. I say "initiation" because, in my judgment, gradual, and not sudden, emancipation is better for all. . . . Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the

[1] Unpublished MS.
[2] Delaware Senate Journal, Special Session, 1861–62.
[3] "Congressional Globe," March 6, 1862, p. 1102.

State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them. In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say, "The Union must be preserved; and hence, all indispensable means must be employed." I said this, not hastily, but deliberately. War has been made, and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue; and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come.[1]

To this public recommendation he added some cogent reasons in private letters to influential persons. Thus, three days after his message, he wrote to the editor of "The New York Times":

I am grateful to the New York journals, and not less so to "The Times" than to others, for their kind notices of the late special message to Congress. Your paper, however, intimates that the proposition, though well intentioned, must fail on the score of expense. I do hope you will reconsider this. Have you noticed the facts that less than one-half day's cost of this war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware, at four hundred dollars per head?—that eighty-seven days' cost of this war would pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Kentucky, and Missouri at the same price? Were those States to take the steps, do you doubt that it would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense? Please look at these things, and consider whether there should not be another article in "The Times."[2]

So again, to Senator McDougall, who was opposing the scheme with considerable earnestness in the Senate, he wrote privately on March 14:

As to the expensiveness of the plan of gradual emancipation, with compensation, proposed in the late message, please allow me one or two brief suggestions. Less than one-half day's cost of the war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware at four hundred dollars per head. Thus:

All the slaves in Delaware by the census of 1860 are	1798
	$400
Cost of slaves	$719,200
One day's cost of the war	$2,000,000

Again, less than eighty-seven days' cost of this war would, at the same price, pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Kentucky, and Missouri. Thus:

Slaves in Delaware	1,798
" " Maryland	87,188
" " District of Columbia	3,181
" " Kentucky	225,490
" " Missouri	114,965
	432,622
	$400
Cost of slaves	$173,048,800
Eighty-seven days' cost of the war	$174,000,000

Do you doubt that taking the initiatory steps on the part of those States and this District would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense? A word as to the *time* and *manner* of incurring the expense. Suppose, for instance, a State devises and adopts a system by which the institution absolutely ceases therein by a named day—say January 1, 1882. Then let the sum to be paid to such State by the United States be ascertained by taking from the census of 1860 the number of slaves within the State, and multiplying that number by four hundred—the United States to pay such sums to the State in twenty equal annual installments, in six per cent. bonds of the United States. The sum thus given, as to *time* and *manner*, I think would not be half as onerous as would be an equal sum raised *now* for the indefinite prosecution of the war; but of this you can judge as well as I.[2]

It was between the dates of these letters that President Lincoln made the most important personal effort to secure favorable action on his project of gradual abolishment. At his request such members of Congress from the border slave-States of Delaware, Maryland, [West] Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri as were present in Washington came in a body to the Executive Mansion on March 10, where a somewhat lengthy interview and discussion of this subject ensued, the substance of which was authentically reported by them. In reading the account of the interview, it must be remembered that Lincoln was addressing the representatives of such slave States as had remained loyal, and his phrases respecting his attitude and intention towards slavery were not intended by him to apply to the States whose persistent rebellion had forfeited the consideration and rights which the others could justly claim.

In explanation of his message the President recited to the assembled border State members the complications and embarrassments resulting from army operations among loyal or partly loyal communities, and the irritating conflicts of opinion produced thereby in the Northern States. Disclaiming any intention to injure or wound the loyal slave States, and recognizing that the right of emancipation was exclusively under their own control, he had proposed this offer in good faith—not as a threat, but as the shortest and easiest way to end the war by eliminating its cause and motive.

He did not ask an immediate answer, but pressed it upon their serious consideration, and hoped that after earnest conference and inquiry their views of duty and the interests of their constituents might enable them to accept it

1 "Congressional Globe," March 6, 1862, page 1102.

2 Unpublished MS.

voluntarily and in the same patriotic spirit in which it was made.[1]

It is not to be wondered at that his auditors were unable to give him affirmative replies, or even remote encouragement. Representing slaveholding constituencies, their natural attitude was one of unyielding conservatism. Their whole tone was one of doubt, of qualified protest, and of apprehensive inquiry. They had not failed to note that in his annual message of December 3, and his special message of March 6, he had announced his determination to use all "indispensable means" to preserve the Union, and had hinted that necessity might force him to employ extreme measures; and one of them asked pointedly "if the President looked to any policy beyond the acceptance or rejection of this scheme." His answer was frank and direct. Mr. Crisfield of Maryland writes:

> The President replied that he had no designs beyond the action of the States on this particular subject. He should lament their refusal to accept it, but he had no designs beyond their refusal of it. . . . Unless he was expelled by the act of God or the Confederate armies, he should occupy that house for three years, and as long as he remained there Maryland had nothing to fear, either for her institutions or her interests, on the points referred to.[2]

The day on which this interview was held, Roscoe Conkling introduced into the House of Representatives the exact joint resolution which the President had recommended in his message of the 6th, and debate on the subject was begun. The discussion developed a wide divergence of views among representatives. Moderate Republicans generally supported the resolution; even somewhat extreme antislavery men, such as Lovejoy in the House and Sumner in the Senate, indicated their willingness to join in the liberal compensation the President had proposed, if the loyal slave States would consent to relinquish their portion of the disturbing and dangerous evil. Since it was not a practical measure, but simply an announcement of policy, the opposition was not strenuous; a few border State representatives and the more obstinate Democrats from free States joined in a somewhat ill-natured dissent. The resolution was passed on the following day (yeas, 89; nays, 31). The action of the Senate was very similar, though the debate was a little more delayed. The resolution was passed in that body April 2 (yeas, 32; nays, 10), and received the President's signature on the 10th of April, 1862.

By his initiative and influence Mr. Lincoln thus committed the executive and legislative departments of the Government to the policy of compensated emancipation; and there is no doubt that, had his generous offer been accepted by the border States within a reasonable time, the pledge embodied in the joint resolution would have been promptly redeemed. Though it afterwards turned out that this action remained only sentimental and prospective, it nevertheless had no inconsiderable effect in bringing to pass a very important practical measure.

In its long contest for political supremacy,

[1] An extended quotation from the abstract of the President's remarks as written out by Mr. Crisfield, representative from Maryland, will be read with interest: "After the usual salutations and we were seated, the President said, in substance, that he had invited us to meet him to have some conversation with us in explanation of his message of the 6th; that since he had sent it in, several of the gentlemen then present had visited him, but had avoided any allusion to the message, and he therefore inferred that the import of the message had been misunderstood, and was regarded as inimical to the interests we represented; and he had resolved he would talk with us, and disabuse our minds of that erroneous opinion. The President then disclaimed any intent to injure the interests or wound the sensibilities of the slave States. On the contrary, his purpose was to protect the one and respect the other. That we were engaged in a terrible, wasting, and tedious war; immense armies were in the field, and must continue in the field as long as the war lasts; that these armies must, of necessity, be brought into contact with slaves in the States we represented, and in other States as they advanced; that slaves would come to the camps, and continual irritation was kept up. That he was constantly annoyed by conflicting and antagonistic complaints: on the one side, a certain class complained if the slave was not protected by the army — persons were frequently found who, participating in these views, acted in a way unfriendly to the slaveholder; on the other hand, slaveholders complained that their rights were interfered with, their slaves induced to abscond and protected within the lines. These complaints were numerous, loud, and deep; were a serious annoyance to him, and embarrassing to the progress of the war; that it kept alive a spirit hostile to the Government in the States we represented; strengthened the hopes of the Confederates that at some day the border States would unite with them and thus tend to prolong the war; and he was of opinion, if this resolution should be adopted by Congress and accepted by our States, these causes of irritation and these hopes would be removed, and more would be accomplished towards shortening the war than could be hoped from the greatest victory achieved by Union armies. That he made this proposition in good faith, and desired it to be accepted, if at all, voluntarily, and in the same patriotic spirit in which it was made; that emancipation was a subject exclusively under the control of the States, and must be adopted or rejected by each for itself; that he did not claim, nor had this Government, any right to coerce them for that purpose; that such was no part of his purpose in making this proposition, and he wished it to be clearly understood. That he did not expect us there to be prepared to give him an answer, but he hoped we would take the subject into serious consideration, confer with one another, and then take such course as we felt our duty and the interests of our constituents required of us." There followed after this much informal discussion, also reported in brief by Mr. Crisfield, for which there is not room in this note. The whole will be found in McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 210 *et seq.*

[2] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 211.

slavery had clung with unyielding tenacity to its foothold in the District of Columbia, where it had been the most irritating eyesore to Northern sentiment. Whatever might be conceded to the doctrine of State sovereignty, antislavery men felt that the peculiar institution had no claim to the exclusive shelter of the Federal flag; on the other hand, proslavery men saw that to relinquish this claim would be fatal to their determination to push it to a national recognition and existence. Hence the abolition or the maintenance of slavery in the District of Columbia had become a frequent issue in party politics. The prohibition of the slave trade in the District was indeed effected in the great compromise of 1850; but this concession was more than counterbalanced by the proslavery gains of that political bargain, and since then the abolition of slavery itself in this central Federal jurisdiction seemed to have become impossible until rebellion provoked the change. Under the new conditions antislavery zeal was pushing its lance into every joint of the monster's armor, and this vulnerable point was not overlooked. The Constitution placed the District of Columbia exclusively under the legislation of Congress, and by their rebellious withdrawal from their seats in the two houses the Southern members and senators had voluntarily surrendered this citadel of their propagandism.

President Lincoln had not specifically recommended abolishment in the District in his annual message; but he had introduced a bill for such a purpose when he was a member of Congress in 1849, and it was well known that his views had undergone no change. Later on, the already recited special message of March 6 embraced the subject in its larger aspects and recommendations. Thus, with perfect knowledge that it would receive executive sanction, the House on April 11 (yeas, 92; nays, 38) and the Senate on April 3 (yeas, 29; nays, 14) passed an act of immediate emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, with compensation to the owners, to be distributed by a commission, the whole not to exceed an aggregate of $300 per slave. The act also appropriated the sum of $100,000 for expenses of voluntary emigration to Hayti or Liberia.

President Lincoln signed the act on the 16th of April, and in his short message of approval said:

> I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District; and I have ever desired to see the National capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. . . . I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act.[1]

Certain omissions in the law, which the President pointed out, were remedied by supplementary enactments, which among other safeguards and provisions added to the boon of freedom the privilege of education by opening public schools to colored children.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BEFORE enough time had elapsed to judge of the probable effect of Lincoln's offer of compensation to the border States, a new incident occurred which further complicated the President's dealings with the slavery question. About the middle of May he was surprised to learn from the newspapers that General David Hunter, whom he had recently sent to command the Department of the South, had issued an order of military emancipation. Reciting that the Department of the South was under martial law, the order declared, "Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States — Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina — heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared free."

So far as can be judged, General Hunter was moved to this step by what seemed to him the requirements of his new surroundings and the simple dictates of natural justice. He was a warm personal and political friend of President Lincoln, was entirely free from motives of selfish ambition, and was not a man who would suffer himself to be made the instrument of a political combination. Of strong antislavery convictions, his duty as a soldier in the service of the Union was as single-hearted and as sacred as that of a crusader sent to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Infidel. In his eyes rebellion and slavery were intertwined abominations to be struck and conquered simultaneously.

When he took command of the Department of the South he found himself surrounded by new conditions. The capture of Port Royal in the preceding November had been followed by the flight of the whole white population, leaving the entire coast from North Edisto River to Warsaw Sound, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, in the hands of the captors. This was the region of the famous sea island cotton plantations, in which the slaves outnumbered the whites nearly five to one. In their sudden flight the whites were compelled to abandon their slaves as well as their homes, and a large negro population thus fell immediately to the care and protection of the Union army.

[1] "Congressional Globe," April 16, 1862.

The exercise of common humanity forced the military administration of the department beyond mere warlike objects. The commander, General Thomas W. Sherman, issued an address [1] to the white inhabitants, inviting them to return and reoccupy their lands and homes, and continue their peaceful vocations under the auspices and protection of the Government of the United States. Except in a very few instances the friendly invitation was defiantly refused. They not only preferred ruin and exile, but did such mischief as lay in their power by ordering their cotton to be burned [1] and circulating among the blacks the statement that the Yankees would seize them, send them away, and sell them into slavery in Cuba. Such was the distrust excited by the falsehood, that a month after the capture of Port Royal but about 320 blacks had ventured into Sherman's camps; nearly all these were decrepit, or were women and children, there being only sixty able-bodied men among them.[2]

For the present the slaves made most of their abrupt holiday. But their scanty clothing wore out, the small stock of provisions on the plantations was exhausted. At the time of their masters' flight much of the cotton crop was still in the fields. In the increasing demand for this product it became an object for the Government to collect and preserve what was left; and this work, begun under the joint orders of the War and Treasury departments, set on foot the first organization of the colored population for labor and government. Military orders divided the country into districts, with agents to superintend the plantations, to enroll and organize the blacks into working parties, to furnish them necessary food and clothing, and to pay them for their labor.

Private philanthropy also gave timely and valuable assistance. Relief societies, organized in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, collected funds and employed teachers, some fifty of whom reached Beaufort the 9th of March, 1862, and began a much-needed work of combined encouragement, guardianship, and instruction, thus replacing the elements of social government which the slaves had lost by the withdrawal of their masters and mistresses.

The control of the captured and abandoned cotton and other property fell to the Treasury Department, and in this connection Secretary Chase, at the President's request, gave the educational enterprise his official sanction and supervision; later on, the War Department assumed and continued the work. Compelled from the first to rely upon "contrabands" for information and assistance, and to a large extent for military labor, it gave them in return not only wages for the actual service performed, but necessary food and shelter for the destitute, and with the return of the spring season furnished them, so far as possible, seed and implements of husbandry, and encouraged them to renew their accustomed labor in the gardens and fields of the abandoned plantations, in order to provide for, or at least contribute to, their own maintenance. Under this treatment confidence was quickly established. In two months the number of blacks within the Union lines increased from 320 to over 9000.[3]

When General Hunter took command of the Department of the South, this industrial and educational organization of the blacks was just beginning. Military usefulness was of the first importance in his eyes, particularly as his forces were insufficient for offensive movement. It was not unnatural that, seeing the large colored population within his lines, much of it unemployed, his thoughts should turn to the idea of organizing, arming, and training regiments of colored soldiers; and assuming that the instructions of the War Department conferred the necessary authority, he began the experiment without delay. It was amid all these conditions, which at that time did not exist elsewhere, that General Hunter issued the already recited order announcing that slavery and martial law were incompatible, and declaring free all slaves in his department. The presence of the Union army had visibly created a new order of things, and he doubtless felt it a simple duty to proclaim officially what practically had come to pass.

The mails from the Department of the South could only come by sea; hence a week elapsed after the promulgation of Hunter's order before knowledge of it came to the President through its publication in the New York newspapers. The usual acrimonious comments immediately followed: radicals approved it, Democrats and conservatives denounced it; and the President was assailed for inaction on the one hand and for treachery on the other. Lincoln's own judgment of the act was definite and prompt. "No commanding general shall do such a thing, upon *my* responsibility, without consulting me," he wrote in answer to a note from Chase, who wished the order to stand.

Three days later (May 19, 1862) the President published a proclamation reciting that the Government had no knowledge or part in the issuing of Hunter's order of emancipation, that neither Hunter nor any other person had been authorized to declare free the slaves of any State, and that his order in that respect was altogether void. The President continued:

[1] War Records.

[2] T. W. Sherman to Thomas, Dec. 15, 1861. War Records.

[3] T. W. Sherman to Adjutant-General, Feb. 9, 1862. War Records.

I further make it known that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, in any case it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

While the President thus drew a sharp distinction between the limited authority of commanders in the field and the full reservoir of executive powers in his own hands, for future contingencies, he utilized the occasion for a forcible admonition to the border slave-States. Reminding them that he by recommendation, and Congress by joint resolution, had made them a formal tender and pledge of payment for their slaves if they would voluntarily abolish the institution, he counseled them in words of parental wisdom and affection not to neglect this opportunity of financial security to themselves and patriotic benefit to their country. He said:

To the people of those States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue; I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The changes it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven — not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past times as, in the providence of God, it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.[1]

The "signs of the times" were indeed multiplying to a degree that ought to have attracted the notice of the border States, even without the pointing finger of the President. How far the presence of the Confederate armies, embodying a compact proslavery sentiment, had up to that time interfered locally with the relations of master and slave we have no means of knowing; we do know that before the end of the rebellion the conditions of war — military necessity — brought even the rebel Government and the unconquered slave communities to the verge of emancipation and the general military employment of the blacks. But Northern armies, embodying a compact antislavery sentiment, stationed or moving in slave communities, acted on the "institution" as a disturbing, relaxing, and disintegrating force, constant in operation, which no vigilance could shut out and no regulations could remedy. Whether in Kentucky or Virginia, Missouri or Mississippi, the slave gave the Union soldiers his sympathy and his help; while for services rendered, and still more for services expected, the soldiers returned friendship and protection, finding no end of pretexts to evade any general orders to the contrary.

From the army this feeling communicated itself sometimes directly to Congress, sometimes to the soldier's Northern home, from which it was in turn reflected upon that body. The antislavery feeling at the North, excited by the ten-years' political contention, intensified by the outbreak of rebellion, was thus fed and stimulated, and grew with every day's duration of the war. Conservative opinion could not defend a system that had wrought the convulsion and disaster through which the nation was struggling. Radical opinion lost no opportunity to denounce it and attack its vulnerable points.

Of the operations of this sentiment the debates and enactments of Congress afford an approximate measure. During the long session from December 2, 1861, to July 17, 1862, the subject seemed to touch every topic at some point, while the affirmative propositions of which slavery was the central and vital object were of themselves sufficiently numerous to absorb a large share of the discussions. Leaving out of view the many resolutions and bills which received only passing attention, or which were at once rejected, this second session[2] of the Thirty-seventh Congress perfected and enacted a series of antislavery measures which amounted to a complete reversal of the policy of the General Government. At the date of the President's proclamation quoted above calling attention to the "signs of the times," only a portion of these measures had reached final enactment; but the drift and portent of their coming was unmistakable. In the restricted limits of these pages it is impossible to pass them in review separately or chronologically; nor does the date of their passage and approval always indicate the relation in which they engrossed the attention of Congress. The consideration of the general subject was, we may almost say, continuous, and the reader will obtain a better idea of their cumulative force and value from a generalized abstract, showing the importance and scope of the several acts and sections as related to each other.

First. One of the earliest forms of the discussion arose upon the constantly recurring question of returning to slave-owners such runaways as sought the protection of the Union camps, and regarding which various command-

[1] Proclamation, May 19, 1862.

[2] The first session of the Thirty-seventh Congress was the special session held in July and August, 1861, under President Lincoln's proclamation.

ers had issued such different and contradictory orders. It has already been stated that the President left his officers full discretion on this point, because it fell properly within the necessities of camp and police regulations. The somewhat harsh and arbitrary order No. 3, issued by General Halleck in Missouri, provoked widespread comment and indignation; and though the general insisted that the spirit of the order was purely military, and not political, it undoubtedly hastened and intensified congressional action. By an act approved March 13, 1862, a new article of war was added to the army regulations, which enjoined, under usual penalties, that "All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped," etc. Later, Section 10 of the Confiscation Act[1] was virtually an amendment of the fugitive-slave law; providing that the claimant might not use its authority until he had taken an oath of allegiance, and prohibiting any person in the army or navy from surrendering a fugitive slave, or presuming to decide the validity of the owner's claim.

Second. No less to fulfill the dictates of propriety and justice than for its salutary influence on the opinion of foreign nations, the annual message of the President had recommended a recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Hayti and Liberia, and the appointment of diplomatic representatives to those new states. This was duly authorized by an act approved June 5, 1862. Similar reasons also secured the passage of "An act to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and her Britannic Majesty for the suppression of the African slave-trade," approved July 11, 1862. That this action betokened more than mere hollow profession and sentiment is evinced by the fact that under the prosecution of the Government, the slave-trader Nathaniel P. Gordon was convicted and hanged in New York on the 21st of February, 1862, this being the first execution for this offense under the laws of the United States, after their enforcement had been neglected and their extreme penalty defied for forty years.

Third. The third marked feature of congressional antislavery enactment was one which, in a period of peace, would have signalized the culmination of a great party triumph and taken its place as a distinctive political landmark. Now, however, in the clash and turmoil of war it was disposed of, not so much in the light of a present party conquest, as the simple necessary registration of accomplished facts, wrought beyond recall by passing events, recognized by public opinion, and requiring only the formality of parliamentary attestation. Its title was, "An act to secure freedom to all persons within territories of the United States," approved June 19, 1862. This was the realization of the purpose which had called the Republican party into being, namely, the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, its extension and application to all Territories of the United States, and as a logical result the rejection and condemnation of the proslavery doctrines of the Dred Scott decision, the demand for a congressional slave code, and the subversive "property theory" of Jefferson Davis. These were the issues which had caused the six-years' political contention between the North and the South; and upon its defeat at the ballot-box by the election of President Lincoln, the South had appealed to the sword.

Fourth. Still advancing another step in the prevalent antislavery progress, we come to the policy of compensated emancipation so strenuously urged by the President. Action on this point has already been described, namely, the joint resolution of Congress, approved April 10, 1862, virtually pledging the aid of the Government to any State which would adopt it, and the act, approved April 16, 1862, with its amendments, actually abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, with compensation to owners. The earnestness of Congress in this reform is marked by the additional step that under acts approved May 21 and July 11, 1862, certain provisions were made for the education of colored children in the cities of Washington and Georgetown, District of Columbia.

Fifth. By far the most important of all the antislavery laws of this period, both in scope and purpose, was a new Confiscation Act, perfected after much deliberation, passed at the close of the session, and approved by the President July 17, 1862. The act of August 6, 1861, only went to the extent of making free the slaves actually employed in rebel military service. The new law undertook to deal more generally with the subject, and indeed extended its provisions somewhat beyond the mere idea of confiscation. While other subjects were included, its spirit and object would have been better expressed by the title of "An act to destroy slavery under the powers of war." In addition to other and usual penalties for treason or rebellion, it declared that slaves of persons guilty and convicted of these crimes should be made free; that slaves of rebels escaping and taking refuge within the army lines, slaves captured from rebels or deserted by them and coming under the control of the United States Government, and slaves of rebels found in

[1] Approved July 17, 1862.

any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the Union army, should all be deemed captives of war and be forever free.

Sixth. Coupled with the foregoing sweeping provisions, intended to destroy title in slave property as a punishment for treason and rebellion, were other provisions, which, under guarded phraseology, looked to the active organized employment of slaves as a substantial military force — which military service should in its turn also, in specified cases, work enfranchisement from bondage. Thus, in certain amendments of the militia laws[1] it was enacted that the President might enroll and employ contrabands in such camp labor or military service as they were fitted for, and that their wives, mothers, and children, if they belonged to armed rebels, should become free by virtue of such service. Section 11 of the Confiscation Act, however, conferred a still broader authority upon the Government for this object. It provided:

> That the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of this rebellion, and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare.

This section allowed a latitude of construction which permitted the organization of a few of the earliest regiments of colored soldiers.

In tracing the antislavery policy of President Lincoln, his opinions upon some of the prominent features of these laws become of special interest. He followed the discussion and perfecting of the Confiscation Act with careful attention, and as it neared its passage prepared a veto message, pointing out several serious defects, which Congress hastily remedied in anticipation by an explanatory joint resolution. When the bill and resolution were submitted to him he signed both, as being substantially a single act, and, to place himself right upon the record, transmitted with his notice of approval a copy of the draft of his intended veto message. The constitutional objection and the imperfections of detail in the original bill do not require mention here, but his views on emancipation and military employment of slaves may not be omitted.

> There is much in the bill to which I perceive no objection. It is wholly prospective; and it touches neither person nor property of any loyal citizen, in which particular it is just and proper. . . . It is also provided that the slaves of persons convicted under these sections shall be free. I think there is an unfortunate form of expression, rather than a substantial objection, in this. It is startling to say that Congress can free a slave within a State, and yet if it were said the ownership of the slave had first been transferred to the nation, and that Congress had then liberated him, the difficulty would at once vanish. And this is the real case. The traitor against the General Government forfeits his slave at least as justly as he does any other property; and he forfeits both to the Government against which he offends. The Government, so far as there can be ownership, thus owns the forfeited slaves, and the question for Congress in regard to them is, "Shall they be made free or be sold to new masters?" I perceive no objection to Congress deciding in advance that they shall be free. To the high honor of Kentucky, as I am informed, she has been the owner of some slaves by *escheat*, and has sold none, but liberated all. I hope the same is true of some other States. Indeed, I do not believe it would be physically possible for the General Government to return persons so circumstanced to actual slavery. I believe there would be physical resistance to it which could neither be turned aside by argument nor driven away by force. In this view I have no objection to this feature of the bill. . . . The eleventh section simply assumes to confer discretionary power upon the Executive. Without the law, I have no hesitation to go as far in the direction indicated as I may at any time deem expedient. And I am ready to say now, I think it is proper for our military commanders to employ, as laborers, as many persons of African descent as can be used to advantage.[2]

The number and variety of antislavery provisions cited above show how vulnerable was the peculiar institution in a state of war, and demonstrate again the folly and madness of the slaveholders' appeal to arms. All the penalties therein prescribed were clearly justifiable by the war powers of the nation and sustained by military necessity. So far the laws had not touched a single right of a loyal slaveholder in a slave State, either within or without the territory held by Confederate arms; but day by day it became manifest that the whole slave system was so ramified and intertwined with political and social conditions in slave States, both loyal and disloyal, that it must eventually stand or fall in mass. In short, the proof was more absolute in war than in peace that slavery was purely the creature of positive law in theory, and of universal police regulations unremittingly enforced in practice.

It must not be supposed that the discussion and enactment of these measures proceeded without decided opposition. The three factions of which Congress was composed maintained the same relative position on these topics that they had occupied since the beginning of the rebellion. The bulk of the resistance was furnished by the Democratic members,

[1] An act to amend the act calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions, approved February 28, 1795, and the acts amendatory thereof, and for other purposes, approved July 17, 1862, sections 12 and 13.

[2] Senate Journal, July 17, 1862, pp. 872, 873.

who, while as a rule they condemned the rebellion, reiterated their previous accusations that the Republican party had provoked it. Now again at every antislavery proposition, no matter how necessary or justifiable, they charged that it was a violation of express or implied political faith, and a stumbling-block to reconciliation, which, against the plainest evidences, they assumed to be still possible. In a hopeless minority, and with no chance to affect legislation affirmatively even by indirection, they yet maintained the attitude of an ill-natured opposition, yielding assent only to the most necessary war measures, while with sophistical and irritating criticism they were industriously undermining public confidence in the President and his adherents by every party and parliamentary device they could invent.

There is little doubt that this action of the Democrats in Congress, in addition to its other pernicious effects, served to render the border-State delegations more stubborn and intractable against making any concessions towards the liberal and reformatory policy which President Lincoln so strongly urged. The statesmen and politicians of the border slave-States were quick enough to perceive the danger to their whole slave system, but not resolute enough to prepare to meet and endure its removal, and accept a money equivalent in exchange. Against evidence and conviction they clung tenaciously to the idea that the war ought to be prosecuted without damage to slavery; and their representatives and senators in Congress, with a very few brave exceptions, resisted from first to last all antislavery enactments. We may admit that in this course they represented truly the majority feeling and will of their several constituencies; but such an admission is fatal to any claim on their part to political foresight or leadership. Indeed, one of the noticeable and lamentable features of the earlier stages of the rebellion was the sudden loss of power among border-State leaders, both at home and in Congress. We can now see that their weakness resulted unavoidably from their defensive position. During the secession stage they only ventured to act defensively against that initial heresy, and as a rule the offensive and unscrupulous conspirators kept the advantage of an aggressive initiative. Now in the new stage of antislavery reaction they were again merely on the defensive and under the disadvantage which that attitude always brings with it. In Congress, as a faction, they were sadly diminished in numbers and shorn of personal prestige. They could count only a single conspicuous representative — the venerable John J. Crittenden; but burdened with the weight of years, and hedged by the tangles and pitfalls of his conservative obligations, he was timid, spiritless, despondent. The record of the border-State delegations, therefore, during this strong antislavery movement of congressional enactment is simply one of protests, excuses, appeals, and direful prophecies.

Against them the positive affirmative progress of antislavery sentiment gathered force and volume from every quarter. Whatever the momentary or individual outcry, it was easy to perceive that every antislavery speech, resolution, vote, or law received quick sustaining acceptance from public sentiment in the North and from the fighting Union armies in the South. The Republican majority in Congress noted and responded to these symptoms of approval, and the radical leaders in that body were constantly prompted by them to more advanced demands and votes. Antislavery opinion in Congress not only had the advantage of overpowering numbers, but also of conspicuous ability. A high average talent marked the Republican membership, which, as a rule, spoke and voted for the before-mentioned antislavery measures; while among those whose zeal gave them especial prominence in these debates, the names of Charles Sumner in the Senate and of Thaddeus Stevens and Owen Lovejoy in the House need only be mentioned to show what high qualities of zeal and talent pursued the peculiar institution with unrelenting warfare.

To the rebellious South, to the loyal population of the border slave-States, and to the extreme conservatism of the North, particularly that faction represented by Democratic members of Congress, President Lincoln's proposal of gradual compensated abolishment doubtless seemed a remarkable if not a dangerous innovation upon the practical politics of half a century. But this conservatism failed to comprehend the mighty sweep and power of the revolution of opinion which slavery had put in motion by its needless appeal to arms. In point of fact, the President stood sagaciously midway between headlong reform and blind reaction. His steady, cautious direction and control of the average public sentiment of the country alike held back rash experiment and spurred lagging opinion. Congress, with a strong Republican majority in both branches, was stirred by hot debate on the new issues. The indirect influence of the Executive was much greater than in times of peace: a reckless President could have done infinite damage to the delicate structure of constitutional government. As it was, antislavery resentment was restrained and confined to such changes of legislation as were plainly necessary to vindicate the Constitution, laws, and traditions which the rebellion had wantonly violated; but these were sufficiently numerous and pointed to mark a pro-

found transformation of public policy in little more than a year. Under the occasion and spur which the rebellion furnished, a twelvemonth wrought that which had not been dreamed of in a decade, or which would otherwise have been scarcely possible to achieve in a century.

Four months had now elapsed since President Lincoln proposed and Congress sanctioned the policy of compensated emancipation in the border slave-States. Except in its indirect influence upon public opinion, no definite result had as yet attended the proposal. Great fluctuations had occurred in the war and great strides had been made in legislation; but the tendency so far had been rather to complicate than simplify the political situation, to exasperate rather than appease contending factions and conflicting opinions. This condition of things, while it might have endured for a while, could not prolong itself indefinitely. Little by little the war was draining the lifeblood of the republic. However effectually the smoke and dust of the conflict might shut the view from the general eye, or however flippantly small politicians might hide the question under the heat and invective of factional quarrel, President Lincoln, looking to the future, saw that, to replenish the waste of armies and maintain a compact popular support, the North must be united in a sentiment and policy affording a plain, practical aim and solution, both political and military. The policy he decided upon was not yet ripe for announcement, but the time had arrived to prepare the way for its avowal and acceptance. As the next proper step in such a preparation, the President, on the 12th of July, 1862, again convened the border-State delegations at the Executive Mansion, and read to them the following carefully prepared second appeal to accept compensation for slaves in their respective States:

GENTLEMEN: After the adjournment of Congress, now near, I shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive to make this appeal to you. I intend no reproach or complaint when I assure you that, in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the gradual emancipation message of last March the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed is one of the most potent and swift means of ending it. Let the States which are in rebellion see definitely and certainly that in no event will the States you represent ever join their proposed confederacy, and they cannot much longer maintain the contest. But you cannot divest them of their hope to ultimately have you with them so long as you show a determination to perpetuate the institution within your own States. Beat them at elections, as you have overwhelmingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still claim you as their own. You and I know what the lever of their power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more forever. Most of you have treated me with kindness and consideration, and I trust you will not now think I improperly touch what is exclusively your own when, for the sake of the whole country, I ask, "Can you, for your States, do better than to take the course I urge?" Discarding punctilios and maxims adapted to more manageable times, and looking only to the unprecedentedly stern facts of our case, can you do better in any possible event? You prefer that the constitutional relation of the States to the nation shall be practically restored without disturbance of the institution; and if this were done, my whole duty, in this respect, under the Constitution and my oath of office, would be performed. But it is not done, and we are trying to accomplish it by war. The incidents of the war cannot be avoided. If the war continues long, as it must if the object be not sooner attained, the institution in your States will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion — by the mere incidents of the war. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone already. How much better for you and for your people to take the step which at once shortens the war, and secures substantial compensation for that which is sure to be wholly lost in any other event. How much better to thus save the money which else we sink forever in the war. How much better to do it while we can, lest the war ere long render us pecuniarily unable to do it. How much better for you as seller, and the nation as buyer, to sell out and buy out that without which the war could never have been, than to sink both the thing to be sold and the price of it in cutting one another's throats. I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a decision at once to emancipate gradually. Room in South America for colonization can be obtained cheaply and in abundance, and when numbers shall be large enough to be company and encouragement for one another, the freed people will not be so reluctant to go.

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned — one which threatens division among those who, united, are not too strong. An instance of it is known to you. General Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I hope still is, my friend. I valued him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be freed. He proclaimed all men free within certain States, and I repudiated the proclamation. He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offense, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me, and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask you can relieve me and, much more, can relieve the country in this important point. Upon these considerations I have again begged your attention to the message of March last. Before leaving the capital, consider and discuss it among yourselves. You are patriots and statesmen, and as such I pray you consider this proposition; and at the least commend it to the consideration of your States and people. As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do in no wise omit this. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest

views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world, its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand. To you, more than to any others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness and swell that grandeur, and to link your own names therewith forever.

It is doubtful whether the President expected any more satisfactory result from this last appeal to the border-State representatives than had attended his previous one. He had had abundant occasion to observe their course in the congressional debates; the opportunity had been long before them and they had not taken advantage of it; amid the revolutionary impulse and action which were moving the whole country their inaction on this subject was equivalent to resistance. This effort therefore, like the former one, proved barren: most of them answered with a qualified refusal; twenty of them[1] signed a written reply on July 14, which, while it pledged an unchangeable continuance of their loyalty, set forth a number of mixed and inconsequential reasons against adopting the President's recommendation. They thought the project too expensive. They said slavery was a right which they ought not to be asked to relinquish, that the proposition had never been offered them in a tangible shape, that a different policy had been announced at the beginning of the war, that radical doctrines had been proclaimed and subversive measures proposed in Congress. In short, it was a general plea for non-action. Seven others[2] of their number drew up an address dissenting from the conservative views of the majority, and promising that "We will, as far as may be in our power, ask the people of the border States calmly, deliberately, and fairly to consider your recommendations." Two others[3] wrote separate replies in the same spirit; but with only a minority to urge the proposition upon their people, it was plain from the first that no hope of success could be entertained.

EMANCIPATION PROPOSED AND POSTPONED.

Military events underwent great fluctuations in the first half of the year 1862. During the first three months Union victories followed each other with a rapidity and decisiveness which inspired the most sanguine hopes for the early and complete suppression of the rebellion. Cheering news of important successes came from all quarters — Mill Springs in Kentucky, Roanoke Island in North Carolina, Forts Henry and Donelson in Tennessee, Pea Ridge in Arkansas, Shiloh in Tennessee, Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River, the reduction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the lower Mississippi, the capture of New Orleans in Louisiana, and, finally, what seemed the beginning of a victorious advance by McClellan's army upon Richmond. In the month of May, however, this tide of success began to change. Stonewall Jackson's raid initiated a series of discouraging Union defeats, and McClellan's formidable advance gradually changed into disastrous retreat.

No one noted this blighting of a longed-for fruition with a keener watchfulness and more sensitive suffering than did President Lincoln. As the military interest and expectancy gradually lessened at the circumference and slowly centered itself upon the fatal circles around the rebel capital, his thoughts by day and anxiety by night fed upon the intelligence which the telegraph brought from the Union camps on the Chickahominy and the James. It is safe to say that no general in the army studied his maps and scanned his telegrams with half the industry — and, it may be added, with half the intelligence — which Mr. Lincoln gave to his. It is not surprising, therefore, that before the catastrophe finally came the President was already convinced of the substantial failure of McClellan's campaign as first projected, though he still framed his letters and telegrams in the most hopeful and encouraging language that the situation would admit. But aware of the impending danger, he took steps to secure such a reënforcement of the army, and provide for such a readjustment of the campaign, as might yet secure the final and complete victory which had lain so temptingly within McClellan's grasp. A part of this programme was the consolidation of an army under Pope. The culmination of disaster doubtless came sooner than he thought possible. McClellan himself did not seem apprehensive of sudden danger when on June 26 he telegraphed:

The case is perhaps a difficult one, but I shall resort to desperate measures, and will do my best to outmaneuver, outwit, and outfight the enemy. Do not believe reports of disaster, and do not be discour-

[1] From Kentucky, Senator Garrett Davis and Representatives Henry Grider, Aaron Harding, Charles A. Wickliffe, George W. Dunlap, Robert Mallory, John J. Crittenden, John W. Menzies, and James S. Jackson; from Missouri, Senator Robert Wilson and Representatives James S. Rollins, William A. Hall, Thomas L. Price, and John S. Phelps; from Maryland, Representatives John W. Crisfield, Edwin H. Webster, Cornelius L. L. Leary, Francis Thomas, and Charles B. Calvert; from Virginia, Senator John S. Carlile.

[2] From Missouri, Representative John W. Noell; from Kentucky, Representative Samuel L. Casey; from Tennessee, Representative Andrew J. Clements; from Delaware, Representative George P. Fisher; from Virginia, Senator Waiteman T. Willey and Representatives William G. Brown and Jacob B. Blair.

[3] Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri and Representative Horace Maynard of Tennessee.

aged if you learn that my communications are cut off, and even Yorktown in possession of the enemy. Hope for the best, and I will not deceive the hopes you formerly placed in me.[1]

This was the language of a man still possessing courage and faith, but the events of the two days following robbed him of both. Early on the morning of the 28th he sent the Secretary of War his memorable telegram already quoted, which was a mere blind cry of despair and insubordination:

I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and personnel of the army. . . . If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

The kind and patient words with which President Lincoln replied to this unsoldierly and unmanly petulance, and the vigorous exertions put forth by the War Department to mitigate the danger with all available supplies and reënforcements, have been related. The incident is repeated here to show that the President and Cabinet promptly put into execution a measure which had probably been already debated during the preceding days. The needs of the hour, and Lincoln's plan to provide for them, cannot be more briefly stated than in the two letters which follow, the first of which, written on this 28th day of June, he addressed to his Secretary of State. It was evidently written in a moment of profound emotion produced by McClellan's telegram, for nowhere in all his utterances is there to be found a stronger announcement of his determination to persevere unfalteringly in the public and patriotic task before him:

My view of the present condition of the war is about as follows: The evacuation of Corinth and our delay by the flood in the Chickahominy have enabled the enemy to concentrate too much force in Richmond for McClellan to successfully attack. In fact, there soon will be no substantial rebel force anywhere else. But if we send all the force from here to McClellan, the enemy will, before we can know of it, send a force from Richmond and take Washington. Or if a large part of the Western army be brought here to McClellan, they will let us have Richmond, and retake Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, etc. What should be done is to hold what we have in the West, open the Mississippi, and take Chattanooga and east Tennessee without more. A reasonable force should, in every event, be kept about Washington for its protection. Then let the country give us a hundred thousand new troops in the shortest possible time, which, added to McClellan directly or indirectly, will take Richmond without endangering any other place which we now hold, and will substantially end the war. I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me; and I would publicly appeal to the country for this new force, were it not that I fear a general panic and stampede would follow, so hard is it to have a thing understood as it really is. I think the new force should be all, or nearly all, infantry, principally because such can be raised most cheaply and quickly.[2]

This letter was of course not needed for the personal information of Mr. Seward, but was placed in his hands to enable him to reassure those who might doubt the President's courage and determination. The other letter, written in advance and dated the 30th, was addressed to the governors of the loyal States. It ran as follows:

The capture of New Orleans, Norfolk, and Corinth by the National forces has enabled the insurgents to concentrate a large force at and about Richmond, which place we must take with the least possible delay; in fact, there will soon be no formidable insurgent force except at Richmond. With so large an army there the enemy can threaten us on the Potomac and elsewhere. Until we have reëstablished the National authority, all these places must be held, and we must keep a respectable force in front of Washington. But this, from the diminished strength of our army by sickness and casualties, renders an addition to it necessary in order to close the struggle which has been prosecuted for the last three months with energy and success. Rather than herald the misapprehension of our military condition and of groundless alarm by a call for troops by proclamation, I have deemed it best to address you in this form. To accomplish the object stated, we require, without delay, one hundred and fifty thousand men, including those recently called for by the Secretary of War. Thus reënforced, our gallant army will be enabled to realize the hopes and expectations of the Government and the people.[2]

Armed with these letters, Mr. Seward proceeded hastily to New York City. The brief correspondence which ensued indicates the progressive steps and success of his mission. On this same 30th of June he telegraphed from New York to Secretary Stanton:

Am getting a foundation for an increase of one hundred and fifty thousand. Shall have an important step to communicate to-night or to-morrow morning. Governors Morgan and Curtin here, and communicate with others by telegraph. Let me have reliable information when convenient, as it steadies my operations. . . . Will you authorize me to promise an advance to recruits of $25 of the $100 bounty? It is thought here and in Massachusetts that without such payment recruiting will be very difficult, and with it probably entirely successful.[2]

To this the Secretary of War replied on the following day:

The existing law does not authorize an advance of the bounty. . . . Discreet persons here suggest that the call should be for 300,000 men,—double the number you propose,—as the waste will

[1] McClellan to Stanton, June 26, 1862, 12 M. War Records.

[2] Unpublished MS.

be large. Consider the matter. The President has not come into town yet; when he arrives you will receive his answer.

Later in the day he added to the above:

The President approves your plan, but suggests 200,000, if it can be done as well as the number you mention.[1]

It is probable that a further discussion, and perhaps also further information of the disaster and despondency on the Peninsula, brought more fully to the minds of President and Secretary of War the gravity of the crisis and the need of decisive action; for Mr. Stanton sent a third telegram to Mr. Seward, saying:

Your telegram received. I will take the responsibility of ordering the $25 bounty out of the nine millions [appropriation] at all hazards, and you may go on that basis. I will make and telegraph the order in an hour. The President's answer has already gone.[1]

Mr. Seward's answer to this was all that could be desired under the circumstances:

The Governors respond, and the Union Committee approve earnestly and unanimously. . . Let the President make the order, and let both papers come out [in] to-morrow morning's papers, if possible. The number of troops to be called is left to the President to fix. No one proposes less than 200,000; make it 300,000 if you wish. They say it may be 500,000 if the President desires. Get the $25 advance fixed, and let the terms be made known.[1]

Accordingly, on the morning of July 2 there appeared in the newspapers a formal correspondence, purporting to be the voluntary request of eighteen governors of loyal States to the President,

that you at once call upon the several States for such numbers of men as may be required to fill up all military organizations now in the field, and add to the army heretofore organized such additional numbers of men as may, in your judgment, be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies. . . . All believe that the decisive moment is near at hand, and to that end the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all reënforcements that you may deem needful to sustain our Government.

To which the President's reply announced:

Gentlemen: Fully concurring in the wisdom of the views expressed to me in so patriotic a manner by you in the communication of the 28th day of June, I have decided to call into the service an additional force of 300,000 men.

"It was thought safest to mark high enough,"[1] said Mr. Lincoln in a private telegram to Governor Morgan of New York; while in another private circular to all the governors he explained his desire a little more fully.

[1] Unpublished MS.

I should not want the half of 300,000 new troops if I could have them now. If I had 50,000 additional troops here now, I believe I could substantially close the war in two weeks. But time is everything; and if I get 50,000 new men in a month I shall have lost 20,000 old ones during the same month, having gained only 30,000, with the difference between old and new troops still against me. The quicker you send, the fewer you will have to send. Time is everything; please act in view of this. The enemy having given up Corinth, it is not wonderful that he is thereby enabled to check us for a time at Richmond.[1]

It was doubtless the sudden collapse of McClellan's Richmond campaign which brought President Lincoln to the determination to adopt his policy of general military emancipation much sooner than he would otherwise have done. The necessity of a comprehensive rearrangement of military affairs was upon him, and it was but natural that it should involve a revision of political policy. The immediate present was provided for in the call just issued for 300,000 volunteers; but he had learned by experience that he must count new possibilities of delays and defeats, and that his determination, so recently recorded, to "maintain this contest" to ultimate triumph, compelled him to open new sources of military strength. He recognized, and had often declared, that in a republic the talisman which wrought the wonders of statesmanship and the changes of national destiny was public opinion. We now know that in the use of this talisman he was the most consummate master whose skill history has recorded. We are justified in the inference that his foresight had perceived and estimated the great and decisive element of military strength which lay as yet untouched and unappropriated in the slave population of the South. To its use, however, there existed two great obstacles — prejudice on the part of the whites, the want of a motive on the part of the blacks. His problem was to remove the one and to supply the other. For the first of these difficulties the time was specially propitious in one respect. In the momentary check and embarrassment of all the armies of the Union, generals, soldiers, and conservative politicians would tolerate reprisal upon rebels with forbearance if not with favor; and for their consent to the full military employment of the blacks he might trust to the further change of popular sentiment, the drift of which was already so manifest. The motive which would call the slaves to the active help of the Union armies lay ready made for his use — indeed, it had been in steadily increasing action from the beginning of hostilities till now, as far and as effectively as the Government would permit.

McClellan's change of base occurred about the 1st of July, 1862. Lincoln's final appeal to the border States took place shortly afterward, on July 12; and his vivid portrayal of the inevitable wreck of slavery in the stress of war doubtless gathered color and force from recent military events. Already, before the border-State delegations gave him their written replies, he knew from their words and bearing that they would in effect refuse the generous tender of compensation; and he decided in his own mind that he would at an early day give notice of his intention to emancipate the slaves of rebellious States by military proclamation. His first confidential announcement of the new departure occurred on the day following his interview with the border-State representatives, and is thus recorded in the diary of Secretary Welles:

On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, President Lincoln invited me to accompany him in his carriage to the funeral of an infant child of Mr. Stanton. Secretary Seward and Mrs. Frederick Seward were also in the carriage. Mr. Stanton occupied at that time, for a summer residence, the house of a naval officer, I think Hazzard, some two or three miles west or north-westerly of Georgetown. It was on this occasion and on this ride that he first mentioned to Mr. Seward and myself the subject of emancipating the slaves by proclamation in case the rebels did not cease to persist in their war on the Government and the Union, of which he saw no evidence. He dwelt earnestly on the gravity, importance, and delicacy of the movement; said he had given it much thought, and had about come to the conclusion that it was a military necessity, absolutely essential for the salvation of the nation, that we must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued, etc., etc. This was, he said, the first occasion where he had mentioned the subject to any one, and wished us to frankly state how the proposition struck us. Mr. Seward said the subject involved consequences so vast and momentous that he should wish to bestow on it mature reflection before giving a decisive answer; but his present opinion inclined to the measure as justifiable, and perhaps he might say expedient and necessary. These were also my views. Two or three times on that ride the subject, which was of course an absorbing one for each and all, was adverted to, and before separating, the President desired us to give the subject special and deliberate attention, for he was earnest in the conviction that something must be done. It was a new departure for the President, for until this time, in all our previous interviews, whenever the question of emancipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, he had been prompt and emphatic in denouncing any interference by the General Government with the subject. This was, I think, the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, all of whom, including the President, considered it a local domestic question appertaining to the States respectively who had never parted with their authority over it. But the reverses before Richmond, and the formidable power and dimensions of the insurrection, which extended through all the slave States and had combined most of them in a confederacy to destroy the Union, impelled the Administration to adopt extraordinary measures to preserve the national existence. The slaves, if not armed and disciplined, were in the service of those who were, not only as field laborers and producers, but thousands of them were in attendance upon the armies in the field, employed as waiters and teamsters, and the fortifications and intrenchments were constructed by them.

Within the next four days Congress finished its business and adjourned, the Confiscation Act being an important part of its final work. The President, as we have seen, signed the bill with its amendatory resolution, and the Government was thus brought face to face with the practical duty of enforcing its provisions through military directions and orders in further detail. It has been explained how the Confiscation Act and other laws broadened and multiplied the forfeitures of title to slaves for the crimes of treason and rebellion. We have the evidence of the President's written comments that he considered these penalties just and the imposition of them constitutional. In the administration of the laws thus enacted there therefore remained to be examined only the convenience of their practical enforcement and the general effect upon public opinion of the policy they established.

We have no record of the specific reasoning of President Lincoln upon these points. We only know that within the five days following the adjournment of Congress (July 17 to July 22, 1862) his mind reached its final conclusions. The diary of Secretary Chase contains the following record of what occurred at the Cabinet meeting at the Executive Mansion on July 21:

I went at the appointed hour, and found that the President had been profoundly concerned at the present aspect of affairs, and had determined to take some definite steps in respect to military action and slavery. He had prepared several orders,[1] the first

[1] WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, July 22, 1862.

First. Ordered that military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas in an orderly manner seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness or malice.

Second. That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from said States, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third. That as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases; and the several departments of

of which contemplated authority to commanders to subsist their troops in the hostile territory; the second, authority to employ negroes as laborers; the third, requiring that both in the case of property taken and of negroes employed accounts should be kept with such degree of certainty as would enable compensation to be made in proper cases. Another provided for the colonization of negroes in some tropical country. A good deal of discussion took place upon these points. The first order was universally approved. The second was approved entirely, and the third by all except myself. I doubted the expediency of attempting to keep account for the benefit of the inhabitants of rebel States. The colonization project was not much discussed. The Secretary of War presented some letters from General Hunter, in which he advised the department that the withdrawal of a large proportion of his troops to reënforce General McClellan rendered it highly important that he should be immediately authorized to enlist all loyal persons, without reference to complexion. Messrs. Stanton, Seward, and myself expressed ourselves in favor of this plan, and no one expressed himself against it. (Mr. Blair was not present.) The President was not prepared to decide the question, but expressed himself as averse to arming negroes.[1]

This Cabinet discussion came to no final conclusion, and we learn from the same diary that on the following day, Tuesday, July 22, 1862,— which was regular Cabinet day,— the subject was resumed. Further conference was had on organizing negro regiments, but Lincoln decided that the moment had not yet arrived when this policy could be safely entered upon. Writes Chase:

> The impression left upon my mind by the whole discussion was, that while the President thought that the organization, equipment, and arming of negroes like other soldiers would be productive of more evil than good, he was not unwilling that commanders should, at their discretion, arm, for purely defensive purposes, slaves coming within their lines.

But on the kindred policy of emancipation the President had reached a decision which appears to have been in advance of the views of his entire Cabinet. Probably greatly to their surprise, he read to them the following draft of a proclamation warning the rebels of the pains and penalties of the Confiscation Act, and while renewing his tender of compensation to loyal States which would adopt gradual abolishment, adding a summary military order, as Commander-in-Chief, declaring free the slaves of all States which might be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. The text of this first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is here printed for the first time:

> this Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts towards the execution of these orders.
>
> By order of the President,
>
> EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

[1] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 439.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act and the joint resolution explanatory thereof are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection of any and all States, which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual abolishment of slavery within such State or States; that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to be maintained, the constitutional relation between the General Government and each and all the States wherein that relation is now suspended or disturbed; and that for this object the war, as it has been, will be prosecuted. And as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or States wherein the constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to and maintained, shall then, thenceforward, and forever be free.[2]

Of the Cabinet proceedings which followed the reading of this momentous document we have unfortunately only very brief memoranda. Every member of the council was, we may infer, bewildered by the magnitude and boldness of the proposal. The sudden consideration of this critical question reveals to us with vividness the difference in mental reach, readiness, and decision between the President and his constitutional advisers. Only two of the number gave the measure their unreserved concurrence, even after discussion. It is strange that one of these was the cautious Attorney-General, the representative of the conservative faction of the slaveholding State of Missouri, and that the member who opposed the measure as a whole, and proposed to achieve the result indirectly through the scattered and divided action of local commanders in military departments, was the antislavery Secretary

[2] The indorsement on the above paper, also in Lincoln's own handwriting, is as follows: "Emancipation proclamation as first sketched and shown to the Cabinet in July, 1862." The diary of Secretary Chase shows the exact date to have been July 22, 1862.

of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, representing perhaps more nearly than any other the abolition faction of the free State of Ohio. All were astonished, except the two to whom it had been mentioned a week before. None of the others had even considered such a step. But from the mind and will of President Lincoln the determination and announcement to his Cabinet came almost as complete in form and certain in intention on that memorable Tuesday of July as when, two months later, it was given to the public, or as officially proclaimed on the succeeding New Year's Day, an irrevocable executive act.

A fragmentary memorandum in the handwriting of Secretary Stanton shows us distinctly the effect produced upon the assembled council. The manuscript is here reproduced as nearly as the types conveniently permit. The very form of the record shows the Secretary's strong emotion and interest in the discussion:

Tuesday, July 22.

The President proposes to issue an order declaring that, all Slaves in states in rebellion on the —— day of —— —— ——

The Attorney-General and Stanton are for its immediate promulgation.

Seward against it; argues strongly in favor of cotton and foreign governments.

Chase silent.

Welles ——

Seward argues—— That foreign nations will intervene to prevent the abolition of slavery for sake of cotton. Argues in a long speech against its immediate promulgation. Wants to wait for troops. Wants Halleck here. Wants drum and fife and public spirit. We break up our relations with foreign nations and the production of cotton for sixty years.

Chase—— Thinks it a measure of great danger, and would lead to universal emancipation—— The measure goes beyond anything I have recommended.

The omissions in this bit of historical manuscript are exceedingly provoking, but some of them are supplied by President Lincoln's own narrative, recorded and published by the artist Carpenter, whose application for permission to paint his historical picture of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation called it forth:

"It had got to be," said he [Mr. Lincoln], "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. . . . All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered."[1]

At this point we interrupt the President's relation a moment to quote in its proper sequence the exact comment offered by Secretary Chase,[2] as recorded in his diary:

I [Chase] said that I should give to such a measure my cordial support, but I should prefer that no new expression on the subject of compensation should be made; and I thought that the measure of emancipation could be much better and more quietly accomplished by allowing generals to organize and arm the slaves (thus avoiding depredation and massacre on one hand, and support to the insurrection on the other), and by directing the commanders of departments to proclaim emancipation within their districts as soon as practicable. But I regarded this as so much better than inaction on the subject, that I should give it my entire support.[3]

The President's narrative continues:

"Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not fully anticipated and settled in my own mind until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance, 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek,* on the retreat. [This was his precise expression.] 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The

[1] Carpenter, "Six Months at the White House," pp. 20–23.

[2] On this point the President is reported as saying: "Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks." (Carpenter, "Six Months at the White House," p. 21.) If these were his words, his memory was slightly at fault. There was nothing in the proposed proclamation of emancipation about arming the blacks. That branch of the discussion, while it occurred at the same time, had exclusive reference to the military order quoted on page 291, also then under consideration.

[3] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 440.

result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for victory."

Instead of the proclamation thus laid away, a short one was issued three days after, simply containing the warning required by the sixth section of the Confiscation Act. The already quoted military order to make seizures under the act had been issued on the day when the proclamation was discussed and postponed; meanwhile the Government, by its new military arrangements, sending reënforcements to McClellan, organizing a new army under Pope, and calling Halleck from the West to exercise a superior and guiding control over a combined campaign towards Richmond, seemed to have provided the needful requirements for early and substantial success.

"MINC"—A PLOT.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.

THE trim little steamboat that plies Lake Harris, the loveliest of all Florida waters, emerged from the picturesque avenue of cypress and trailing moss called Dead River, which leads out of Eustis, and glided as a shadow betwixt sea and sky towards its harbor, fourteen miles away. It had been the perfection of a May day, and the excursionists, wearied at last of sight-seeing, were gathered upon the forward deck. The water-slopes of the highlands on the right, with their dark lines of orange-trees and their nestling cottages, lay restful in the evening shadow fast stretching out towards the boat, for the sun was dipping below the horizon with the stately pines in silhouette upon his broad red face. "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Folks at Home" had been rendered by the singers of the party with that queer mixture of pathos and bathos so inseparably connected with excursion songs, and a species of nothing-else-to-be-done silence settled over the group, broken only by the soft throb of the engine and the swish of dividing waters. Suddenly some one began a dissertation upon negro songs, and by easy stages the conversation drifted to negro stories. Among the excursionists sat a gray-haired, tall, soldierly looking gentleman whom every one called "Colonel," and whose kindly eyes beamed out from under his soft felt hat in paternal friendliness upon all.

"It is somewhat singular," he said at length, when there had come a lull in the conversation, "that none of the story-writers have ever dealt with the negro as a resident of two continents. Why could not a good story be written, the scene laid partly in Africa and partly in the South? I am not familiar enough with the literature of this kind and the romances that have been written about our darkies to say positively that it has not been already done, but it seems to me that the opportunity to develop a character from the savage to the civilized state is very fine and would take well. Victor Hugo has a negro in one of his West India romances whose name I forget now — the story used to be familiar — "

"Bug-Jargal," suggested some one.

"So it was. But in this reference is made only to the man's ancestry; and I never thought the character true to life. Hugo did not know the negro."

"But, Colonel, is it not true that these people were the veriest savages, and would it not be too great a strain upon the realistic ideas of the day to venture into Africa for a hero, especially since Rider Haggard has idealized it?"

"I don't think so. We have no way of ascertaining just how much the imported slaves really knew, but it is a fact that a few were remarkable for some kind of skill and intelligence. They were not communicative, and soon drifted into the dialect of their new neighbors, forgetting their own. I had a negro on my plantation who undoubtedly came from Africa. I was present when my father bought him upon the streets of Savannah, becoming interested in his story soon after he was landed. His mother

was described as a sort of priestess—or, as we say, a Voodoo—in her native land, which was near the western coast of Africa, some twelve hundred miles north of Cape of Good Hope. Her influence for evil, it seems, was so remarkable that as soon as possible she was separated from the cargo and sent on to one of the Gulf ports. This fellow was then probably about thirty years old— a little, jet-black man with small, bright eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He seemed very glad to go with us, and, I may add, never at any time afterwards did he ever give trouble, but did readily what was required of him. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and his love — I say love, for I believe it was genuine affection — gradually extended to all white children. For children of his own color—I won't say race, for in many respects he differed from the ordinary negro —he entertained the liveliest disgust. Now a story-writer could take that slave and with the help I might give him — his life with us, his peculiarities, powers, certain singular coincidences, and the manner of his death—weave a very interesting romance."

"O Colonel, do tell us the story!" The appeal came in the shape of a chorus from the ladies present, and was at once reënforced by the others. A pair of sweethearts who had been leaning over the bow came slowly back on hearing it, and added their solicitations. The genial old gentleman laughed and looked out upon the waters.

"I did not know I was spreading a net for my own feet," he said. "The story of this fellow would require half a night, even were I able to put it in shape, but I can give a rough outline of some features of it. 'Minc,' as he was called, though his name as near as I can imitate his pronunciation was 'Meeng'r,'—Minc was for a long time a sort of elephant on the family's hands. My mother was a little afraid of him, I think, and the negroes themselves never did entirely overcome their respect for him enough to treat him exactly as one of them, although, as I have intimated, he was perfectly harmless.

"Minc, however, one day exhibited a strange power over animals which is even now a mystery to me. He could take a drove of hogs and by a series of queer little sounds, half grunts, half groans, reduce them to submission and drive them where he would. Gradually, as the rules for feeding and taking care of them became known to him, he was given charge of the plantation hogs, of which there were five or six hundred, and no small responsibility it was. I remember he at once fashioned him a little instrument from the horn of a yearling; with this he could go into the swamp and by a few notes thereon call them up on the run. That one horn lasted him all his life, and he was with us thirty odd years. He used to wear it hung round his neck by a string, and it was the one possession that the children could not get away from him for even a moment. I think that probably some superstition restrained him.

"Another queer power possessed by Minc was in connection with grasshoppers. I have seen him hundreds of times go into the orchard where the crab grass was tall, and standing perfectly still give forth from his chest a musical humming sound. If there were any big brown grasshoppers within hearing they would fly up, dart about and light upon him. Sometimes he would let me stand by him, and then the grasshoppers would come to me also; but Minc could catch them without any trouble, while any movement from my hand drove them off. Minc," continued the speaker, laughing softly, "used to eat the things,"— exclamations from the ladies,—"and I am told that certain tribes in Africa are very fond of them."

"Boiled in a bag and eaten with salt they are not bad," said a young gentleman with the reputation of having been everywhere. "I have eaten what was probably the same insect, though under the name of locusts." (More exclamations.) "Why not?" he added in defense. "Can anything be worse to look upon than shrimps?"

"Well," continued the Colonel, "I soon broke Minc of eating them. The grasshoppers were my favorite bait for fish, and Minc developed into a most successful angler, quite abandoning his cane spear—though, by the way, he was as certain of a victim when he struck as was a fish-hawk. I think the plantation rations also had something to do with his change of diet.

"Well, as Minc's queer powers came to be known he was not greatly sought after by the other negroes. They are slow to speak of their superstitions, but it soon developed that they regarded him as being in league with spirits. He lived in a little cabin down on the creek apart from the others, and there was my favorite haunt, for I was more than delighted with Minc's accomplishments, and Minc was rapidly learning from me the use of many words, which gave me a sort of proprietary interest in him. In time he came to speak as well as the average negro, but he had a way of running his words together when excited that made him all but unintelligible. I never did get much information from him concerning his former life. He did n't seem to be able to convert terms well enough to express himself. He had lived near great swamps, ate fish, was familiar with the hog—this much I gleaned; and from time to time he would recognize

birds and animals and excitedly give me what were evidently their names in his own country. Of course this all came to me at odd times from year to year, and did not make a great impression. I remember, though, that reference to his capture had always a depressing effect upon him, and at such times he would go off about his work. I suppose the memory of his mother was the cause of this; and I soon found that to speak to him of the matter would cost me Minc's company, and so I quit bringing up the subject.

"The things in connection with Minc that puzzled me more were his superstitions. Doubtless they were taught him by his mother, and the first intimation of them I had was when he caught a gopher, and with a bit of wire ground to an exceedingly fine point cut on its shell a number of curious signs, or hieroglyphics, different from anything I had ever seen, except that there was a pretty fair representation of the sun. He then took this gopher back to where he found it and turned him loose at the entrance of his burrow, making gestures indicating that the gopher was going far down into the earth. He did something of this kind for every gopher he caught. One day he succeeded in snaring a green-head duck, and upon its broad bill he carved more hieroglyphics. This done, to my astonishment, and probably to the duck's also, he tossed the bird high in the air and laughed as it sped away. As the years went by I saw him treat many birds after the same fashion. If there was room for only one or two figures he would put them on, and let the bird go. But as he grew older Minc ate the large majority of his captures, just as any other negro would.

"Well, many years passed away; I grew up and married. By this time Minc was long since a feature of the plantation. My children in time took my place with him, and many 's the ride he gave them in his little two-wheel cart behind the oxen. I should have said before that he used to haul corn to the hogs when in distant fields, and wood for the house-fires on the way back. The negroes no longer feared him, but the negro children would run past his wagon as he plodded along and sing:

'Ole Unc' Minc
Unner th' hill,
His eyes stick out
Like tater hill.
Juba dis and Juba dat,
Juba roun' de kitch'n fat,—
Juba ketch er—er—'

"Oh, well, I forget how the rhyme ran; but Minc would stop every time and hurl a string of words at them which no one could ever exactly translate; and the little brats, delighted at having provoked the outburst, would kick up their heels and scamper off. But along in the war," continued the Colonel, after yielding a moment to a quiet shake of his sides over the recollections trooping up, "Minc filled another office. It was found that by means of a notched stick, scarcely two feet in length, he could keep books, so to say, as well as anybody. I can't, and never will, I reckon, fathom the fellow's system. He often tried to explain it; but when he had finished, you would know just about what you knew at first and be a little confused as to that. But he never was known to make a mistake. Sent into the fields, he would weigh cotton for forty pickers all day and report at night just what each picked in the morning and evening and the sum of all—and all by means of his notches. I am absolutely sure he brought the system from Africa, for no one ever was able to understand it on the plantation, and Minc never lived a day off it. You will see the relation these incidents bear to my first proposition as to imported negroes being simply savages.

"The death of Minc was tragic and surrounded by some remarkable circumstances, and here again comes the story-writer's field. Two years before his death Minc had caught and tamed a little cooter[1] about twice the size of a silver dollar. He would hum a queer little tune for his pet, and the thing would walk around the floor for all the world as if he was trying to dance. Then he would come when called, and was particularly fond of sleeping in Minc's dark jacket-pocket, where I suspect he found crumbs. Minc would sometimes throw him into the creek just in front of his cabin, but the little thing would scramble out and get back to the hut again if Minc was in sight; if not, he staid in an eddy close by. You will understand directly why I speak so particularly of this. As the cooter grew larger, Minc amused himself by cutting hieroglyphics all over its back. Into these lines he rubbed dyes of his own manufacture, and the result was a very variegated cooter. The old man carried him almost continually in his pocket; partly, I think, because the animal's antics always amused the children, and partly because he was the cause of Minc's getting many a biscuit. He would frequently come to the house, and sitting on the back porch make 'Teeta,' as he called the cooter, go through with his tricks. These generally resulted in Minc's getting biscuit or cake for Teeta, and by his lying down and letting the animal crawl into his pocket after it, a feat that closed the performance.

"Well, one day Minc was missing. Everything about his cabin was in order, but he did

[1] "Cooter," the common name in the South for a species of turtle inhabiting lagoons and streams.

not return. He never did return. Search was made, of course, and he was finally given up. The negroes dragged the creek, but not with much expectation of finding him, for I am afraid that some of them believed that Old Nick had taken him bodily. But a month afterwards my oldest boy was hunting in the big swamp for the hogs, which had become badly scattered since Minc's death, when in crossing a tree that had fallen over one of the many lagoons thereabout who should he see sitting there but Teeta, watching him with his keen little black eyes, the patch of sunlight he had chosen bringing out the tattoo marks upon his shell. The next instant Teeta dived off the log and disappeared. Tom came home and told of his adventure. Taking a party of negroes, I returned with him and dragged the lagoon. Just where the cooter had dived we found the body of poor old Minc. He had fallen off the log, and becoming entangled in the sunken branches had drowned. And in the rotting pocket of his old jacket we found the cooter hid away."

The Colonel raised his hand as exclamations broke from the party.

"No; you must let me finish. The finding of the cooter was not the most singular thing connected with the death of Minc. Upon our return home one of the superstitious negroes, greatly to my distress, cut off Teeta's head. He wanted it to place it under his doorstep. This was to protect the place from old Minc, of course; but I had the shell cleaned, and the children kept it as a memento of the faithful old slave whom they had dearly loved.

"Relating this story once to an eminent traveler," continued the Colonel, "he suggested that I should send it to the British Museum with its history written out; and going to New York soon after, I carried it with me. It lay forgotten, however, in my trunk, and I did not notice it again until one day I happened to be in New Orleans. There was then in that city an aged negress claiming to be a Voodoo, and creating considerable stir among the Northern attendants upon Mardi-Gras. I don't know what suggested it, but it occurred to me one day that I would let her look at the shell. It was a mere fancy, or impulse, if you will. I carried it to her. She was indeed an old woman, small in stature and bent nearly double. Without speaking a word, I placed the shell in her hand. She gave one long, fixed look at it, and straightened up as if casting off the weight of half a century. Her lips parted, but she could not speak. Then her form resumed its crook again, and placing her hand against the small of her back, she gasped for breath. With her bright black eyes fixed upon me she said at last, after a violent struggle, 'Meeng'r!' It was a mere whisper. I spent an hour with the poor old creature and told her the story of her son's life, for it was undoubtedly he. I gleaned from her that the hieroglyphics upon the shell were taught him by her,—what they signified she would not say,—and that he had written them upon the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the inhabitants of the water, that they might be borne to her wherever hid. I never got my shell back: it would have been like tearing the miniature of a dead child from its mother's bosom. And the old woman, when I went to see her next day, had disappeared."

Here the old gentleman rose and went forward.

H. S. Edwards.

"ONCE, WHEN A CHILD."

ONCE, when a child, I passed a sunny field;
All frank and clear the morn before me lay;
A broad blue sky and waving grass revealed
The open smile of Nature's face in May.
My childish heart was like a happy bird
That gently sways within her well-known nest.
A sudden turn,—the cheerful landscape blurred
Into a dream of mystery and unrest.
The shadow of a somber rock and pine,
The silence deep that dwells with shade alway,
Entered my soul. There stirred a sudden breath
Through the tree-tops. It whispered: Wings are thine.
So the bird fluttered from her nest that day
Up toward the mysteries of Life and Death.

Mary Murdoch Mason.

THE RISE AND FALL OF "THE IRISH AIGLE."

MR. MARTIN DOYLE, Mr. Andrew Cummiskey, Mr. Peter O'Rourke, Mr. Frank Brady, and Mr. James Foley were seated in the private snuggery behind Mr. Matthew McKeon's sample room on Washington street, San Francisco. It was late in the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1874, and these gentlemen had met by appointment to discuss a very serious and important matter of business. The apartment was small and its atmosphere was changing into a pale blue haze. This was due to Mr. McKeon's cigars, one of which was wielded by each of the party. From the saloon outside muffled sounds of holiday revelry stole in, swelling into positive uproar when the host opened the door, which he did every ten or fifteen minutes, to put in his head to inquire if "the jintlemen wanted anything." To each of these appeals Mr. Martin Doyle made the same reply: "Nothin', Mat, nothin'; we 're here for business, not for dhrink." And the door was closed again.

The truth was that all five were patriots of the most advanced type, and had met to determine upon the best means of freeing old Ireland from the bloody and tyrannical yoke of the Saxon oppressor. It is true that "opprissor" was the word used in their frequent repetition of this formula, but the meaning was the same.

In spite of the periodical refusal of McKeon's offers of refreshment the table round which they were seated was fairly furnished with drinkables: perhaps this circumstance emboldened them to decline further supplies. Messrs. Cummiskey, Brady, O'Rourke, and Foley paid attention to a portly bottle of Kinnahan's L. L., the contents of which they qualified in varying proportions with hot water, lemon, and sugar. Mr. Doyle's tastes had become so vitiated by long residence in America as to lead him to prefer simple Bourbon whisky; but, this detail apart, he was as true an Irishman still as on the day, now some twenty-five years ago, when, a lank, ungainly boy, he had entered Tapscott's office in Liverpool and engaged passage for the land of promise. Indeed, it was Mr. Doyle who had called the present meeting together.

By 10 o'clock the bottles were almost empty and the cigar smoke had grown so dense that the mild features of Robert Emmet, who stood in all the glory of green uniform and waved a feathered hat exultantly from an engraving above Mr. Foley's head, could scarcely be distinguished. Mr. Martin Doyle's notable scheme had been thoroughly discussed in all its details, and the proud projector arose somewhat unsteadily.

"Fri'nds and fellow-countrymen," he began, "the death knell of Saxon oppression has nearly sthruck. Ye can come in, Mat,"—this to Mr. McKeon, whose head appeared in the doorway,—"ye can come in; we 've most finished, an' we 'll be havin' a dock a dorrish prisintly. Well, as I was sayin', the Saxon opprissor—"

"To —— wid him!" broke in Foley impulsively, and the rest of the company contributed a deep voiced "Amin!"

"Misther Foley, and jintlemen," expostulated the speaker, "I have the flure. We 're agreed, I belave, that the pin is mightier nor the sword. All in favor of that proposition will signify their assint by sayin' 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so orthered. Therefore, jintlemen, we bein' prisint here this night do agree each to conthribute the sum of wan hunthred dollars, bein' five hunthred dollars in all, to defray the immejit expinses of startin' a wakely journal, the same to be called 'The Irish Aigle.'"

Enthusiastic cheers drowned the speaker's voice. He smiled, answered a pantomimic suggestion of McKeon's with a nod, and, draining the glass which the host handed to him, proceeded.

"We five jintlemen here prisint, havin' the cause of an opprissed people at heart, do hereby resolve ourselves into a thryumvirate to solicit further conthributions from local pathriots, an' such aid in the way of advertisements an' subscriptions as we may be able to secure. All in favor of this plan will signify the same by sayin' 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so orthered. Mr. Foley, Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Brady, Mr. Cummiskey and me unworthy silf, as members of the Thryumvirate, will git to work. Long life and success to 'The Irish Aigle'!"

As soon as the toast had been duly honored, Mr. Cummiskey took McKeon aside and pointed out to him the immense advantage he would reap from advertising his saloon in the new organ. The representation which appeared to have most weight with the liquor dealer lay in these words:

"Ye see, Mike, the offices of 'The Aigle' will be only three dures from you and sivin from Jerry

McManus. Now, ye know yersilf pathriotism is dhry work, and McManus knows it too."

On the strength of this argument the astute Mr. Cummiskey booked a ten-dollar "ad" on the spot, and laid the foundation of that generous rivalry between the two saloon keepers which afterwards became such an important factor in the well-being of "The Irish Eagle."

The preliminary work of engaging a suitable office and hiring type was undertaken by Mr. Doyle and was executed, as the legend in his own shoe-store set forth, "with promptness and dispatch." Two weeks afterwards the first number of the new paper was for sale on the newsstands, glorious with a rampant eagle flaunting a Celtic motto from its beak. The reading matter was largely made up of patriotic poems and clippings from other journals of the same way of thinking, but the editorial page was original — thoroughly, unquestionably original. The united wisdom of the Thryumvirate had been expended on that effort. There breathed the fiery utterances of Cummiskey, the butter-seller; there sparkled the neat epigram of O'Rourke, the truckman; there were set forth the lucid arguments of Foley, the tanner; there the reader might trace the sportive fancies of Brady, the bookbinder; and the whole bore witness to the massive genius of Martin Doyle, the shoemaker. It was a great number, and its appearance was duly celebrated at McKeon's by the Thryumvirate, resolved for the moment into a mutual admiration society.

At this meeting a new arrangement was made. The paper should be edited, not by the whole committee acting as a body, but by the individual members holding office in rotation. The five issues succeeding the first came out in this way, and lost nothing in originality even if they suffered in variety. Peter O'Rourke began the series and Frank Brady brought up the rear. Each recurrent editor was thoroughly satisfied with himself, but felt hurt to see the line of policy he had projected during his week of office ruthlessly abandoned by his successor. It became evident that something must be done in the interests of uniformity. The paper was pulling five ways at once, and, doubtless for that reason, had so far failed to deal any really fatal blow at British institutions. Every one felt this, and the eyes of the nation were upon Mr. Martin Doyle. That gentleman rose to the occasion, and called an extraordinary meeting of the Committee of Stockholders. The enterprise had been duly incorporated according to the laws of California, under the name of "The Eagle Publishing Company." The session took place in McKeon's saloon, and Mr. Doyle laid the matter before his colleagues in a neat impromptu speech.

"Ireland," he remarked, "has groaned for six hunthred years beneath the yoke of the Saxon oppressor." Mr. Doyle's oratory had the merit of taking up his subject at the very beginning. Having briefly called attention to the principal groans which had been uttered by the suffering island during the centuries referred to, the speaker proceeded.

"At a pravious meetin' of this honorable body it was determined that the best and most immejitly practical way of rightin' the wrongs of our sufferin' counthry was to dissiminate them broadly through the world; to call on all Irishmen in ivery climate under heaven to organize an' be free, an' to paint the black behavior of the Saxon tyrant in the brightest colors. Wid this object we started 'The Irish Aigle,' the first couple of numbers of which have already reached England and sthruck terror to the sowls of a bloody and sowlless aristocracy. But, jintlemen, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that no tangible result has yet been perjuced, and this I atthribute to the followin' rason, namely, to wit: while we are all alike animated by the same burnin' love of freedom, we differ in matters of daytail. While wan advycates the sword, another is of opinyun that an open risin' would at prisint be primature. We all belave in organization, but no two of us has the wan notion as to the manes and maning of organization. Therefore the paper sez wan wake wan thing, and another wake another, which is confusin' to the ignorant pathriot; an' that many of our best pathriots is ignorant, it is not you, me fri'nds, nor me will deny. The ignorance of the masses is another crime on the bloody beadroll of Saxon opprission. Therefore, jintlemen, what I propose is as follows, namely, to wit: that we do ingage a jintleman of scientific attainments an' practised litherary vocations, to idit this journal an' say for us what we have to say betther nor we can say it for ourselves, an' such a jintleman I have been fortunate enough to discover an' unearth. He is an Irishman, av coorse; a native of the county Westmeath, an', what is more to our purpose, a graduate of Thrinity College, Dublin. He is young, but sure Robert Emmet was young, an' he 'll come all the ch'aper on that account; an' he is racently from the ould counthry, an' therefore posted in all the latest daytails of its sufferin's. His name is Ffrench, wherefore we may assume that he is a near relative of the immortal liberathor, Daniel O'Connell. Now, jintlemin, we can arrange the business part later; all I want to do now is to take the sinse of this Thryumvirate in the ingagin' of an iditor for 'The Irish Aigle.' All in favor of that proposition will signify the same by sayin' 'Aye.' Conthrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, an' it is so orthered."

There could be no doubt as to the approval with which this speech was received. "A great idea intirely," "Could n't be betther," "A sthroke of janius," were a few of the phrases in which the Thryumvirate indorsed the proposal of its spokesman. Mr. Doyle, with a brief "Ye 'll excuse me, jintlemen," and a modest consciousness of having deserved well of his country, withdrew.

"Ye done grand work wid your issue of the paper, Andy," remarked Mr. Foley; "it was really great."

"I thought it was n't bad, Jim, till I seen yours," responded Mr. Cummiskey, "an' thin I seen what a man of native originality c'u'd do wid the subject"; and so, like hand and glove patriots as they were, each proceeded to exalt his neighbor and complacently to drink in such dews of applause as descended on himself, till Mr. Doyle returned and introduced Gerald Ffrench.

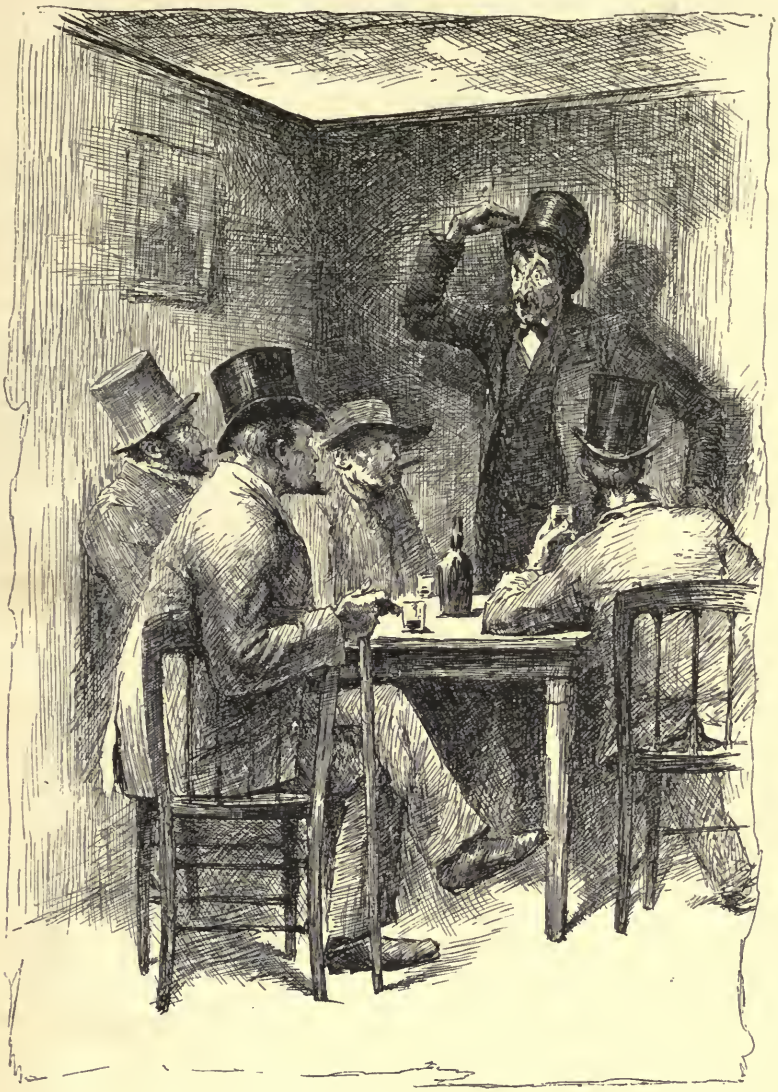
"Mr. Ffrench, jintlemen," he said; "a man of rare scientific attainments and university eddication." All rose, and one after another grasped Mr. Ffrench's hand. This operation was conducted silently, and reminded Gerald of a chorus of conspirators in opera-bouffe. As Mr. Foley, the last to advance, dropped the young man's fingers, he remarked in a husky whisper, and with a suggestion of emotion in his voice:

"This is a great day for Ireland."

"Ye 're right, it is," said Mr. O'Rourke. Then he stepped to the door and called: "Mountain dew, Mat, and bug juice for Mr. Doyle. Ye can drink the ould stuff?" he added, turning to Gerald. Gerald admitted that he could, and then the conversation languished. All resumed their seats, and the ten eyes of the Thryumvirate were leveled at the young man. He bore the scrutiny uneasily, and his color rose. They were "taking stock" of him.

Gerald Ffrench was about twenty-three, and a fair specimen of a class of young men of which the Silent Sister turns out several hundred every year. At this time he had been in America some eight months; in San Francisco less than two. He came of a good old Irish family and had received the younger son's portion of two thousand pounds immediately after his twenty-first birthday. He had read a little for the bar and did not like it; he had thought of entering the army but did not quite fancy it; on the whole, it occurred to him that he could not do better than to try his fortune in the United States. He left Ireland for New York, but did not travel direct. He first visited London and thence passed over to Paris. He found the latter city very fascinating and remained there some time. Then, as it was so close at hand, he thought it a pity not to see the Vienna Exhibition, and he went to Vienna and saw it. The young fellow, accustomed to deny himself nothing, and with more money in his pocket than he had ever possessed before, did not exercise a becoming frugality. When he had had enough of Europe he sailed for America, and New York was scarcely less to his taste than the Old World capitals. He lingered there for several months, but finding himself unappreciated he started for California. He selected the route by Panama, and treated the voyage over tropic seas as a veritable pleasure trip. In San Francisco he remained, possibly because he had not money enough left to go farther. It was not till he had changed his last twenty-dollar piece, however, that he realized his position. He had received all he was entitled to and had spent it. That twenty dollars, represented by a fast-diminishing pile of silver, must be replaced by his own exertions. For what was he fitted, this young man endowed with nothing but health, a good education, and a certain amount of superficial experience? He did not know. He wandered about the streets and envied the blacksmiths and the bricklayers. He would willingly have bartered his education for a good trade. Then he began to write for the papers, but speedily found that the qualifications which had won him an occasional medal for composition at Trinity College were of no value at all in the city department of a newspaper. Again and again were his contributions rejected with the curt remark, "We 've no room to print essays." He offered to write editorials, but was laughed at, though he felt he could have amended the halting English of many of those oracular utterances. His rounds of the journals entailed much wear of heart and of shoe-leather, and but little of silver solace. Still he made a few acquaintances, and it was one of these, an Irishman, and the city editor of an evening paper, who introduced him to Doyle as the very man for "The Irish Eagle." Gerald had jumped at the idea eagerly, and had succeeded in impressing Mr. Doyle with a due sense of his attainments. His eyes sank before those of the Thryumvirate, however. A single question from any one of these shrewd-looking, middle-aged Irishmen might prick the bubble and display him in his true colors — as a man who knew no more of the routine work necessary for a paper than he did of casting its type. He might have reassured himself. Not one was there who did not regard him as an incarnate battering-ram, built expressly to level the battlemented tyranny of England in the dust.

McKeon entered with the refreshments. "Will ye oblige us wid the last number of 'The Irish Aigle'?" said Mr. Doyle, solemnly. Mr. Cummiskey on the right, Mr. Foley on



THE MEETING AT McKEON'S.

the left, Mr. O'Rourke in front, and Mr. Brady from the rear simultaneously and solemnly proffered one to their chairman.

Gerald, who had been led to study the paper by the first hint of the honor in store for him, saw this and hurriedly restored his own copy to his pocket. The action, however, had not passed unnoticed, and called forth an approving smile from the Thryumvirate. Mr. Doyle took a paper from the man nearest him and waved it in the air. He was evidently loaded and primed for a speech.

"By the unanimous vote of mesilf an' colleagues," he began, "you, Mr. Ffrench, are called to the iditorial chair of this journal. The stipind will be seventeen dollars and a half a wake." He paused, to let his words have their due effect. Gerald leaned back with a sigh of relief. It would go hard but he could retain his position for one week at least, and $17.50 looked to him like boundless wealth. The Thryumvirate was watching him. He felt that he was called on to say something.

"Very liberal, most happy," he muttered; and then, as no one spoke and the silence became embarrassing, he ventured to add, "By the bye — 'Irish Eagle,' you know. Is n't it rather an odd name?"

"Why?" asked Mr. Doyle, severely; and Mr. Brady, who had not suggested it, hastened to add: "Maybe Mr. Ffrench could think of a betther?"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Ffrench, after some hesitation, thought that a more personal name —something like the "Fenian," or the— He was interrupted by a very tempest of opposition, and sat appalled at the fury of the storm he had called forth.

"Fenian!" "The dhirty rats!" "The cowardly time-servers!" "They 're the curse of Ireland!" Such were the exclamations that broke from the group; but presently Mr. Doyle's voice rose in connected statement, dominating the confusion.

"Misther Ffrench," he said, "I 'd have ye to know that this organization is thorough! We are no advycates of half-measures, and we propose to free Ireland, if we have to swim in blood to do it. We are advanced Nationalists; we 're far beyant the Fenians! We say, 'Burn London,' 'Burn Liverpool,' 'Import cholera germs into Dublin Castle,' 'Blow up Windsor Castle!' 'Put to the sword the Houses of Parleymint'—ay, Irish mimbers an' all, for they 're no betther nor the rest, keepin' terms with the bloody Saxon oppressor. An' if an army of thim half-hearted Fenians was in it, I 'd say blow thim up too; for they 're no use, an' they 're only palterin' wid the liberty of their counthry. The day of Vinegar Hill is over. It 's not in the open field we 'll honor thim by burnin' powdther, but undher their houses, undher their bridges, undher their public buildin's, an' that 's the mission of 'The Irish Aigle.'"

Gerald's astonishment that any class of Irishmen should be, as Mr. Doyle phrased it, more "advanced" than the Fenians was swallowed up in amazement at this vigorous denunciation. Like most young Irishmen of family and education he had no sympathy whatever with the discontent of the peasantry, and indeed he had only vaguely heard of its existence before he came to America. There, however, he had soon found, to his surprise, that from the mere fact of his being an Irishman it was accepted as inevitable that he must hate England and everything English. To the brother of the Conservative member, Edward Ffrench of Ballyvore Park, all this had seemed absurd enough, but he had let it pass without comment. Now he found himself the central figure of a knot of men who talked bloodshed and savored the word as they uttered it as though it were pleasant of taste—men who condemned war and battlefields as not murderous enough, and who scouted as insufficiently villainous the most reckless organization he had ever heard of. However, brief as had been his newspaper experience, he had learned that in journalism it is not seldom necessary to support one side openly while secretly holding the opposite tenets. This he had come quite prepared to do, and this explosion, murder, and sudden death horrified him for a moment, till the very extravagance of the language brought its own comfort. It was something to laugh at, not to revolt from, this little group of Irishmen proposing to wreck Great Britain from the back-room of a San Francisco saloon; and then there was the $17.50 to think of. He could not afford the luxury of high principles. He would humor the joke and write an article on blowing up the Thames, if they wanted it. It would put money in his pocket and would not affect the Thames.

"With regard to the title of this journal," proceeded Doyle, waving the sheet, "it was silicted by me wid the approval of me colleagues here for the followin' raisons, namely, to wit: In the first place, the aigle is the emblem of America; for we are all American citizens, an' the counthry of our adoption is sicond in our affections only to that of our birth. In the nixt place, the aigle is universally regarded as the burrud of freedom: I niver seen wan free mesilf, nor any other way than in a cage at Woodward's Garden beyant, but it is so rigarded. This is 'The Irish Aigle'; high may she soar an' long may she wave, an' deep be her talents in the black heart of the Saxon oppressor!"

As soon as the wild applause which this sentiment evoked had subsided Mr. O'Rourke rose. "I propose," said he, "that we do now adjourn to the office and install Mr. Ffrench in the iditorial chair, afther havin' inthrojuiced him to our foreman. All in favor of this proposition will signify the same by—"

But as all rose at once, it was not considered necessary to press the question to a vote.

The editorial offices of "The Irish Eagle" occupied a single room at the top of a neighboring building. The apartment was divided into two unequal portions by a board partition which did not reach to the ceiling. In the outer room was the "plant" of the paper, consisting of a few cases of type, a roller for "pulling proofs," and half a dozen galleys. There was an imposing-stone in the center on which lay the forms just as they had come back from the printer. A shaky old man was distributing type at one of the cases. To him Gerald was duly presented. "Mr. Ffrench, this is our foreman, Mr. Mike Carney. Mike, this is the new iditor. Come inside now, an' take charge"; and the whole party trooped into the sanctum.

It was a small place and seemed crowded when all had entered. The furniture was scanty, consisting of a large table, a few office stools, and an arrangement of shelves against the partition for the accommodation of the unsold copies of the paper. The table was littered with exchanges, and a volume of the poems of Thomas Davis lay on the floor.

Mr. Doyle at once proceeded to business. "The paper goes to priss Fridays," he said; "so ye see, this bein' Monday, ye have no time to lose. How are ye off for copy, Mike?"

"Bad," answered the old printer. "I 've a little reprint, but no original matter at all."

"We 'll soon remedy that," said Gerald cheerfully, with all the ready complaisance of a new hand. "How many editorials do you generally have?"



MIKE CARNEY, THE FOREMAN.

"The more the merrier," said Mr. Cummiskey. "Now here 's a good subject—'The Duty of the Day.' I started it mesilf." Gerald took a slip of manuscript from his hand. It was written in pencil and showed many corrections and interlineations. It was not easy to read, but the new editor was in no position to neglect a hint.

"Since MacMurragh flourished and died a traitor's death," so Mr. Cummiskey's contribution began, "there has been only the one duty for Irishmen, and that is vengeance." Gerald paused in thought. Who was MacMurragh, when had he flourished, and for what had he been hanged? He wished that his new employers would not deal so much with obscure history. He ventured an observation.

"Undoubtedly the judicial murder of the unfortunate MacMurragh calls for exemplary vengeance," he began. A howl of execration interrupted him. "The vilyan! The thraitor! The bloody agint of Saxon oppression!" Evidently he was on the wrong track and MacMurragh was anything but popular. Gerald read the paragraph again, but it furnished no new light. "Let me see," he said tentatively; "what was the exact date of MacMurragh's — ah — ahem — death?"

"Elivin hundhred an' sivinty-sivin," shouted the Thryumvirate as one man. Evidently MacMurragh belonged to a familiar historical epoch. Gerald swallowed his surprise and merely remarked, "Ah, yes; I had a dispute with Professor Galbraith once on that very point. He maintained that it was 1188, but I knew I was right."

"Av coorse ye were," said Cummiskey, triumphantly. "Sivinty-sivin, an' I 'll maintain it agin the wurruld."

"But," ventured Gerald, "as your article is on the duty of the day, don't you think we are going back rather far for an illustration?"

"Who the divil wants an illusthration? It 's an apoch: since Dermot MacMurragh — bad cess to him for that same — invited the English into Ireland, the counthry has niver been quit of them. Our duty began that day, an' it has n't changed since. It 's to kill ivery Englishman."

"But to do that we must organize!" broke in Foley, springing on his favorite hobby at a bound; "organize an' be free! That 's the lesson to tach Irishmen to-day. Make yer first article on organization, Mr. Ffrench."

"With pleasure," said Gerald. "Do you advocate any particular plan of organization?"

"Niver heed the plan. Jist organize. Whin Irishmen the wurruld over are wilded into a solid new clayus, thin the death knell of Saxon oppression will be flashed abroad visible as the firmymint. Thim 's the very wurruds I stated in me own iditorial on the subject."

"And a noble sintiment it is," said Mr. Doyle.

"Nobly expressed," added Gerald with a bow to Mr. Foley, thereby making that gentleman a friend for life.

"Without wishin' to dictate to ye, Mr. Ffrench," said Doyle after a brief pause, "I 'll ax if ye know anything about dynamite."

"I know it is a very powerful explosive," said Gerald, somewhat surprised, "and that it bids fair to take the place of all other preparations of nitro-glycerine; but why?"

"Why?" repeated Mr. Doyle, in a deep voice. "Because what Ireland needs is a powerful explosive; what England will get is a powerful explosive; that 's the why, an' the chief mission of "The Irish Aigle" is to bear powerful explosives to the sufferin' children of



"MR. DOYLE CLEARED HIS THROAT AND ROSE."

Erin, whether they cower beneath the glass-ears of the North or hide their woes under the thropics. Come, jintlemin, that 's all that 's to be said. We won't waste Mr. Ffrench's time any longer. If ye want any information as to daytails, Mike Carney 's the boy to give 'em ye. Good day to ye, sir." And the Thryumvirate filed out, leaving Gerald to collect such meaning as he might from the suggestions offered and to condense them into an article which should teach the Irish race that the duty of the day was to organize dynamite.

As time wore on, Gerald found himself face to face with a difficult task. Having entered upon his duties with a tacit assumption of qualification, he felt obliged to live up to the character he had brought with him. This prevented him from asking questions, at least directly, and he was constantly on the watch to pick up any unconsidered crumbs of knowledge that might fall in his way. Being engaged as an expert, he could not learn as an apprentice, and yet the trivial details of even such an office as that of "The Irish Eagle" were all new to him. Mike Carney quickly fathomed his ignorance; but the old printer was good-natured, and not only kept the young man's secret, but made an elaborate pretense of belief in him. This, of course, did not impose on Gerald, who reciprocated by always observing the fiction of Carney's sobriety, and the two got on very well together. The editor learned something every day. He soon came to distinguish between brevier and nonpareil, and he corrected his proofs without marking errors in the middle of the line as they happened to occur. The Thryumvirate never suspected that an editor was being educated in the office, and the tangible results, as shown in the paper, were on the whole satisfactory. Gerald always wrote at least three articles — one on organization, one on the manifest duty of Irishmen, and one on the theory and practice of dynamite. These essays — for they were nothing less — abounded in long words and involved sentences, and in so far as they were incomprehensible to the patriots gave eminent satisfaction. There could be no doubt of the new editor's ability and scholarly attainments. But Doyle, who had all his life been accustomed to call a spade a spade, and an Englishman a bloody, brutalized robber, detected a certain weakness in the academic phrases of the young collegian. "Our hereditary enemies," "the despoilers of our land," etc., were to the Irishman far less direct and forcible than "spawn of the Saxon thraitor," or "red and pitiless monster," and Gerald's incapacity to realize the fact that an Englishman of moral life or good intentions is as much a creature of fancy

as the unicorn was at first rather trying to the patriot. "But he 's young," Doyle would remark by way of consolation, "and he has n't been ground under the heel of the Saxon for over forty years as I have"; which, as the speaker had been a resident in the United States for a quarter of a century or thereabout, was quite likely to be the truth.

But, all in all, Gerald suited them very well. His editorial utterances took on more of the tone of his surroundings, and while still marshaling his verbal three-deckers for weekly action he contrived now and then to throw a hot shot into the enemy's stronghold which delighted Doyle himself. As for Foley, he had sworn by the young man from the first, and committed to memory long passages from the paper and recited them as opportunity offered either in the bosom of his family or in McKeon's saloon. Gerald soon began to enter with spirit into the game of vilifying the Saxon. His common sense told him that no harm could result from the frothy nonsense, and he even took a mischievous pleasure in sending his brother a copy of the paper each week. These, however, were addressed by the boy who wrote the wrappers. He would not have identified himself with the sheet for twice his weekly salary.

This same salary was the principal thorn in young Ffrench's bed of roses. It was never paid. He received money, to be sure, when his necessities urged him to press for it; but it was five dollars at one time, two at another—sometimes only fifty cents. "When the paper gets upon its legs"—that was the only answer he received when he asked for a settlement. There was no regular paymaster. A request addressed to Mr. Doyle, who seemed the moving spirit, would call forth some such answer as, "Money? Av coorse; why not? Can ye get along wid three dollars till to-morrow?" But to-morrow, in the sense that Gerald looked for it, never came, and the Eagle Publishing Company sank deeper and deeper into his debt.

Indeed, the paper was not prosperous. Subscriptions fell into arrears; advertisers did not pay up. McManus withdrew the card of his saloon altogether, on the ground that McKeon received all the office patronage. Carney was forthwith provided with a dollar and instructed to go out and invest it over McManus's bar. This he did with scrupulous exactitude, but without result, unless his incapacity for work during the remainder of the day can be regarded as such. The change of whisky did n't agree with him, he said. The following week McKeon reduced his advertisement. "As long as McManus don't put his card in the paper," argued McKeon, "there 's no sinse in my carryin' such a big 'ad.'" Truly the "Eagle" had fallen on evil days.

The fact was that, though all five of the original promoters were enthusiastic in their self-sought mission, they had not calculated upon, nor could they afford, the constant drain which the paper made upon them. The office rent had to be paid; also the paper bill, and the weekly account for presswork. Gerald and Carney were less imperative items in the expense account, and they had to wait accordingly. The latter was not exacting: as long as he had a few "bits" to spend for liquor he seemed satisfied, and Gerald was at least making a living, such as it was, which was more than he had been able to do before. His receipts may have averaged twelve dollars a week, and he paid the balance willingly as the price of experience, confessing to himself that he was only an apprentice.

An appeal to the wealthy Irishmen of the State, drawn up by Gerald and signed by the Thryumvirate, did not meet with conspicuous success. There were few responses. Mr. Patrick Byrne, the millionaire vine-grower of San Antonio County, sent a full-page advertisement of his "Golden Wine" marked for one insertion, and inclosed his check for two hundred and fifty dollars. But this was only a sop to Cerberus. The paper bill took most of it; Gerald and Carney got ten dollars apiece. Evidently things could not go on in this way. "The Irish Eagle" was falling after a brief flight of some six months; it was slowly starving to death, and the first pound of dynamite was still unbought—the lowest step of Queen Victoria's throne was still unshattered.

The end was not long deferred. Gerald had just finished a handsome obituary notice of Mr. Phelim O'Gorman, a wealthy and prominent Irish resident who had died the day before, and Mike Carney was engaged in embalming the virtues of the deceased in cold type, when the Thryumvirate filed slowly into the editorial sanctum. There was gloom on the brows of the patriots and sorrow in their tones. Mr. Martin Doyle flung a small sheaf of advertising bills on the table. "I can't collect the first cint," he said with a groan. The groan was echoed by his colleagues, and the editor looked serious and sympathetic. He felt that this was not a moment to urge the question of his arrears, though during the last few weeks the sum had rolled up with startling rapidity.

"They would n't organize," remarked Mr. Foley, despondently. "They might have been free by this time if they 'd only have organized."

"They 've niglected the clare duty of the day," said Mr. Cummiskey; "an' this is what it 's brought us to."

Mr. Doyle cleared his throat and rose, but evidently he did not feel equal to a rhetorical flight. He only said:

"At a meetin' of the stockholders of the Aigle Publishing Company, duly called an' convaned, it has been decided to discontinue the publication of 'The Irish Aigle' for the prisint."

The announcement did not take Gerald wholly by surprise. He had been looking for something of the sort.

"And what about me?" he asked.

"This issue will be printed an' published as usual," said Mr. Doyle. "It 's all med up, anyhow, an' goes to priss to-night. Afther that, Mr. Ffrench, the company will have no further call for yer services."

"You owe me, as I suppose you are aware," began Gerald, but a storm of indignant protests drowned his voice.

"Bad cess to the dhirty money!" "Is it yer arrairs ye 're thinkin' of whin the last hope of Irish indipindance is shattered in the dust?" "Are n't we all losers together?" and much more to the same effect. Gerald waited till silence was restored, and then attempted to renew his appeal, but Mr. Doyle turned on him with oppressive dignity.

"Ye're an Irishman, Mr. Ffrench, I belave?"

Gerald admitted his nationality.

"Very well, thin; it 's proud an' thankful ye ought to be to make a thriflin' sacrifice for the land of yer burruth." In moments of excitement or emotion Mr. Doyle's native Doric took on a richer tone. "We 've all med our sacrifices for the good cause. Let this wan be yours."

It was impossible for Gerald to explain to these perfervid patriots that their cause was not his — that all his sympathies, all his habits, bound him to the class they were aiming to overthrow. Out of his own mouth, or rather out of his own editorials, they would have convicted him as something more advanced than a Fenian; weak, indeed, in details of Irish history, but sound to the core on the great question of Irish liberty. As he sat silent, vainly seeking some reply to this appeal to his patriotism, the Thryumvirate rose as one man and stalked from the room.

From the case outside Mike Carney could be heard in a flood of song:

> Oh, how she swum the wathers,
> The good ship Castletown,
> The day she flung our banner forth,
> The Harp without the Crown.

The old printer was occasionally patriotic in his cups. Gerald likened "The Irish Eagle" to the dying swan, and realized that the end was near.

The following week was one of anxious inaction. Ffrench vibrated between the office and McKeon's saloon; Carney confined himself strictly to the latter. The Thryumvirate was seldom visible; and had it not been for a lucky accident, the editor of "The Irish Eagle" would have left that paper penniless. A son of the late Mr. Phelim O'Gorman, pleased with the prominence given to his father's virtues and ignorant of the suspension of the paper, entered the office one day and found Gerald seated, like Marius, alone among the ruins. The greater part of the edition was still unsold on the shelves, and when Mr. O'Gorman, Jr., asked for a few copies of the issue containing the notice of his father's death the editor was prompt to accommodate him. How many would he have?

"How many can you spare me?"

"All you want," answered Gerald, briskly; and young O'Gorman purchased two hundred "Irish Eagles" at their regular retail price of ten cents apiece, and departed leaving Gerald with a glow of gratitude in his heart and a twenty-dollar-piece in his pocket. He gave the defunct publishing company credit for this amount in his account for arrears.

So fell "The Irish Eagle."

Gerald Ffrench turned his back on Washington street and patriotism, and took himself, his talents, and his new experience to more sordid and business-like journals. He began to meet with more success. He had learned habits of thrift and industrious routine, and he had imbibed a hearty hatred for Irish Nationalists and all their ways. This last fact, however, was long unsuspected by Foley, Cummiskey, and the others. Mr. Martin Doyle, in particular, followed the career of the dethroned editor with deep interest, and considered him the shining light of the San Francisco press. He used to point out Gerald with pride as one who "had worked hard and med his sacrifices for the cause." He even invited the young man to attend a banquet of the Red Cross Knights on St. Patrick's Day. This invitation was declined, Gerald keenly recalling that immortal anniversary the year before and his mortification when the Thryumvirate had insisted on having "The Irish Aigle" printed in green ink in honor of the day. But that was all over now. Mr. Ffrench had resumed his ancestral rôle as a "Saxon opprissor," though the scattered members of the Thryumvirate were slow to believe it.

Conviction came on them at last, and with crushing force. A certain noble earl was murdered in Ireland under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The victim was an old man, but he was also a large land-holder, and a howl of exultation at his death and execration of his memory went up from all the Irish societies. An important election was at hand, and the city papers, willing to cater to the Irish vote, took up the cry. The murdered earl was

branded as a tyrant, tales of harrowing evictions were invented and ascribed to him, and it was broadly hinted that he had received no more than his deserts. This was more than Gerald Ffrench could stand. He had known the old gentleman in former days, had dined at his table and been "tipped" by him as a school-boy. He sat down and wrote a letter to "The Golden Fleece," a weekly paper of wide circulation. He took the earl's murder for a text, and told all he knew of the "wild justice of revenge" as executed by a blunderbuss from behind a hedge. His heart guided his pen; he rang out a withering impeachment of the methods of his countrymen, and signed it with his full name.

Mr. Martin Doyle, Mr. Andrew Cummiskey, Mr. Peter O'Rourke, Mr. Frank Brady, and Mr. James Foley met the same evening in the private snuggery behind Mr. Matthew McKeon's sample room on Washington street. Mr. Doyle had a paper in his hand.

"Have ye read it?" he asked.

All admitted that they had.

Mr. Doyle arose. "Fri'nds an' fellow-counthrymen," he said: "this letther, difindin' the memory of a black-hearted landlord; this letther, callin' the noblest atthribute of our common humanity, the atthribute of rivinge, a crime, was written by Gerald Ffrench [groans]. Is he an Irishman? ['No, no.'] I don't care a trauneen if he was born in Westmeath; I don't value it a kippeen if he was eddycated in Thrinity College; it 's nothin' to me if he did idit 'The Irish Aigle' for filthy lukker; I here and now do brand and stiggatize him as a vile spawn of the Saxon opprissor. All in favor thereof will signify the same by saying, 'Aye.' Conthrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so orthered."

All recorded their votes of censure against Gerald, even Mr. Foley, who acquiesced with a shake of the head, adding, "But he had grand ideas intirely about organization." Mr. Cummiskey took the suffrages of the party on the advisability of waylaying the culprit some night and giving him "the bating he had deserved," but this was overruled by Mr. Doyle. "It 's no use, boys," he said; "a diginerate Irishman like that wud think nothin' of app'aling to the police for purtection. L'ave him alone. Vingeance will overtake him, along wid the rest of the accursed Saxon brood."

George H. Jessop.

A LYRIC.

IF any one can tell you
How my song is wrought
And my melodies are caught,
I will give, not sell you,
The secret, if there be one
(For I could never see one),
How my songs are wrought.

Like the blowing of the wind,
Or the flowing of the stream,
Is the music in my mind,
And the voice in my dream,—
Where many things appear,
The dimple, the tear,
And the pageant of the Year,
But nothing that is clear,
At Even and Morn
Where sadness is gladness
And sorrow unforlorn,
For there Song is born.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE LAST MANUSCRIPT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[THIS fragmentary article was the last piece of Mr. Beecher's manuscript. He was engaged upon it during the last week of his life, and the pages were found on his table after the attack which resulted in his death. It was the rough draft of the beginning of a paper on his English tour of 1863 which he had arranged to write for THE CENTURY "War Book." On the morning of the day on which he was stricken Mr. Beecher came to the office of THE CENTURY to discuss certain details of the paper. In the course of a long conversation at the time concerning this tour and its effect upon the public opinion and the diplomacy of England, he touched interestingly upon many points. He said that he had no word of blame for English prejudices on the questions involved in the war, since he knew that they were founded in ignorance which only needed to be enlightened; that on the whole when they were fully informed as to the facts the English were a just and candid people; that he knew it was only necessary to demonstrate to them that the triumph of the North meant the end of slavery. He stated (and he expected to touch upon the topic in the article) that the first overtures for the purchase of English cruisers for use in our war had come not from the Confederacy, but from the United States Navy Department through Assistant-Secretary Fox. He spoke lightly and yet with feeling of the fact that his work in England had been pointedly ignored by Secretary Seward, specifically in a speech of the Secretary's to a New York committee in Washington, of which Mr. Beecher was one. He expressed gratification at learning in this conversation that Cobden had told an American gentleman (Mr. W. H. Osborn) that Beecher had saved the day for the North in England. (Mr. Cobden further said: "The gentlemen who preceded Mr. Beecher worked in society, in drawing-rooms, etc.; Mr. Beecher determined to reach public opinion through the press — his vigorous speeches were copied in all the journals of Great Britain. I consider him the first platform orator living. He slaps back with tremendous force, and when insulted by the mob who had collected to put him down, his instantaneous retorts were powerful; he displayed great qualities; demanded fair play, which the audience were compelled to give him. Thus the case reached the whole English people.") Mr. Beecher also dwelt especially upon the sacrifices which the championship of the North entailed upon the Lancashire operatives — emphasizing with personal expression the tribute with which this article closes, and which will be recognized as a fitting and characteristic last word in a life devoted to the cause of the poor and the oppressed.— EDITOR.]



IN June of 1863, in company with Professor John H. Raymond, I visited England. I have often seen it stated that I was sent by the United States Government, or at least with the knowledge and suggestion of President Lincoln's administration. But this is an error. I went upon my own errand, and, so far as I know, without the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet; nor during my stay abroad did I receive any commission or communication of any kind from the American Government. I went simply for rest and re-invigoration.

Aside from the duties of my parish, I had since 1856, when Frémont was the candidate of the nascent Republican party, labored in season and out of season. During July, August, and September of 1856 I traversed the State of New York, addressing large popular audiences. For the most part the meetings were in the open air, and ranged from five to ten thousand people. My voice, by excessive speaking, had become very rough, and it required three years to restore it to its accustomed smoothness.

The country came to the election in 1860 with constantly increasing excitement. At that time I had assumed the editorship of the New York "Independent," and between preaching, lecturing, editing, and the intense solicitude for the fate of our armies, I began to flag, and determined to go to Europe for rest and recuperation.

We sailed on the *City of Richmond*, Captain Brooks. Lying on my back, I said to myself: For years I have been studying every phase of American slavery — its history, its relation to morals and religion, to political economy, to the welfare of the laboring men of the world. But, I reflected, this war will surely destroy slavery. Neither religion nor patriotism has checked or alleviated its evils. Commerce had yielded to its golden blandishments, and politics had protected it and fostered its influence upon governmental policy. Nothing but the fiery plow of war was to tear up its roots, and destroy it, branch and seed. And as I lay, half dreaming, I said to myself, All my preparation has been vain; I shall have no more use for my years of reflection and study. I knew not that just before me lay a work in which every element of preparation would be needed to the utmost!

We steamed up the Mersey in a dull, rainy morning. When the tug came off to the ship,

A more pathetic Example of the
heroism of the Poor, than was seen

Exhibited, than in the case of the
Lancashire Weavers. They saw
their industries wasting, the Trade
grew scarce, even their poverty
became poorer, nor was there
any sign upon the horizon that
this cloud would soon pass
away, & yet, they held fast their
integrity, and believing that the
Cause of the North was the Cause
of the day laboured the world over,
they patient, brave, famine, and
distress, ~~Until the dawn~~ with for the dawn
till the day dawned. No other men
among all English Speaking people
gave a testimony of like loyalty,
so heroic & so pathetic as the Weavers
of Lancashire

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF THE LAST MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

it brought a committee from Manchester requesting me to speak in that city. What I thought of them, I well remember; what they thought of me, I cannot imagine. My soft hat had been white when I embarked, but was crushed on my head gray and grimed, and a huge shawl was swathed about the shoulders, dripping with rain, and the incredulous look with which they greeted me was fully justified by my appearance.

I gave them a short and sharp refusal. In my then state of mind I felt that England had played false to my country. I was thoroughly angry. I determined to pass through to the Continent, and shake off the dust of my feet against our unnatural mother. Nothing was to be hoped from her; her statesmen, her courtiers, her lords, spiritual and temporal, her clergymen, for the most part, even her abolitionists and the very Quakers, who had for years pricked our consciences with gentle spurs, laying on us the responsibility of slavery, now that we had arisen, and begun a war which should exterminate it, refused us all sympathy, were almost coquetting with the South, or were indifferent. What had I to do with these lukewarm friends or undisguised enemies? Yes; I was soundly angry, and felt as Jonah, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

A few days' rest, a trip to the lakes and into Wales, somewhat ameliorated my disposition, and anger ultimately was changed to compassion. I consented to attend a temperance breakfast at Glasgow, and on the pledge that no report should be published made a speech, which got me into disgrace with General Hooker, who, however, at a later date, after the war, was reconciled, and remained friendly. In London, too, I attended a breakfast of ministers and clergymen, and laid open some views of the struggle going on in America. Respectful attention, but little sympathy and no enthusiasm, was shown to the Northern cause.

I left England in no amiable mood, and made a hurried tour through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, returning to London in September. While in Paris I was comforted with news of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. I staid at the Grand Hotel. In the glass-covered court there was daily an assemblage of Southerners. They were swollen with confidence in the Southern cause, and after the old-fashioned insolence of fire-eaters they made their presence known whenever I passed through the court, not only by contemptuous demeanor, but by sending insulting messages by the servants. At length came the tidings of the surrender of Vicksburg and of Lee's defeat! There was then no ocean telegraph. The news was sent to Queenstown and reached us on a Sunday morning. Mr. Dayton was then our Minister to France. I sat in church with his family. After the opening services, and while the notices for the week were being read, I turned to Miss Dayton and said: "Lee has been defeated." "True?" "Yes, certain." She turned to a young lady by her side, an American, too, and whispered the news. On rising to sing the hymn before the sermon, the two attempted to sing, but broke down on the first two lines, and in a flood of tears sat down. Three of us were busy at the same time. The news of the fall of Vicksburg came about noon of the same day. I learned it from George Jones, of "The New York Times," and dashed around to Mr. Dayton's mansion to tell the joyful tidings. On going down-stairs I met Mr. Jones coming up. Alas! he was too late! I did not in the wild excitement of the moment dream that I should not have snatched from him the pleasure of announcing the joyful tidings to our minister. It was a "beat." From that hour I had no reason to complain of the ungentlemanly conduct of the Southern gentlemen. They were seen no more during my stay in Paris.

I returned to London in September, meaning to embark for America. I refused to enter the field in England — refused all invitations to speak at public meetings, and was, generally, out of sorts with Great Britain. With one or two notable exceptions the leading papers of the kingdom were unfavorable to the North. The great majority of Parliament, with few exceptions, the nobility, the great body of professional men, men of education and wealth, the clergymen and dissenting ministers, Quakers and antislavery men of the old stripe, and in short, as it was said to me, "All men who can afford to ride in first-class cars, and put up at first-class hotels, are prejudiced against the North, even when not in sympathy with the South." To this must be added the discouragement of Americans in England; they seemed cowed by the sentiment about them, walked softly, and whispered like men conscious of danger.

Meantime, as the days went on, men began to say, "It is best that the nation should be divided." Indeed an eminent clergyman of London, a warm personal friend, said to me: "I tell you, Beecher, we have seen for some time that your nation was getting too strong, and was dividing with England the rule of the sea, and we felt that the time would come when we should have to step in and repress you — and so, we are glad to have the South step in and do it for us." No matter what my reply was: it was more pungent than wise or polite. The whole atmosphere was chilly, and I felt myself to be in a hostile nation. Some bright spots there were — and, singu-

larly enough, they represented the extremes of society. When the capture of the *Trent*, with Mason and Slidell, had set Great Britain into a blaze, and Lord John Russell was about to send to the British representative at Washington a dispatch couched in terms that would have inflamed our people, the Queen had employed her husband, Prince Albert, to modify the tone, and to strike out some of the most offensive passages entirely.[1] It was the dictate of wisdom, both on moral and political grounds, and quenched the sparks that, if suffered to take air, might have burst into dangerous flames. It is said that aside from political prudence there was a maternal inspiration. The extraordinary enthusiasm with which the then young Prince of Wales had been received by the American people of the North, which in cordiality had surpassed his reception in Canada, gave to Queen Victoria great gratification. This illustrious lady, among other excellences, has, in eminent degree, fidelity to friends and friendship.

On the other hand, the laboring classes, especially cotton workers in Lancashire, were friendly to the cause of the North. But for the non-voting hand-workers of Great Britain, Parliament would without doubt have decreed belligerent rights to the South. It was in the hearts of the legislators, but they were restrained by the knowledge of the strong sympathy of the common people for the cause of liberty. Trained in America, where universal manhood suffrage prevails, it puzzled me to understand how the Government should be affected by men without votes. It was explained to me that Englishmen without the right of suffrage were jealous of legislation, and were in danger of great excitement and even of violence when the voting class disregarded the popular wishes. The weakness of the unvoting common people was, under certain circumstances, their strength —at any rate to the extent of making legislators cautious in pursuing a measure against the known wishes of the common people.

It would naturally be expected that the men whose livelihood depended upon the South and its cotton would be prejudiced against a war which interrupted commercial intercourse and stopped the supply of cotton. But it is to be remembered that Manchester had been educated by such men as John Bright, Richard Cobden, [and] W. E. Forster, who with others of like noble natures had fought the Corn Laws and brought in the policy of free trade.

A more pathetic example of the heroism of the poor was never exhibited than in the case of the Lancashire weavers. They saw their industries wasting, the bread grew scarce, even their poverty became poorer, nor was there any sign upon the horizon that this cloud would soon pass away, and yet they held fast their integrity; and, believing that the cause of the North was the cause of the day laborer the world over, they patiently bore famine and distress with fortitude till the day dawned. No other men among all English-speaking people gave a testimony of the love of liberty so heroic and so pathetic as the weavers of Lancashire.

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Henry Ward Beecher.

[1] While Her Majesty was doubtless in entire accord with the Prince Consort in this matter, the authoritative account given by Sir Theodore Martin in his "Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., pp. 349, 350 (D. Appleton & Co.), would indicate that the initiative came from the Prince.— EDITOR.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Christmas.

IT was old Thomas Tusser, away back in fifteen hundred and something, who sang:

> At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
> For Christmas comes but once a year.

The return of this anniversary is no longer a matter of indifference in any department of thought or life. In Tusser's day it was chiefly an occasion for mirth under the sanction of religion — and far off be the time when such an observance of Christmas shall cease. For what this age needs — and coming ages promise to need it quite as much — is mirthfulness.

The intensity of modern life and the deepening of consciousness through intelligence breed sadness. We think too much and work too hard to have time for enjoyment, and if we suddenly discover that we have need of it, we take it in inordinate quantities, rather than in simple and natural ways; we go out and buy pleasure at so much the hour instead of somehow contriving to live a mirthful life. Close observers of modern society, like Walter Besant, have discovered that a main lack in the lives of the poor is that of cheer, and he urges that philanthropic plans should embrace measures for daily brightening the lives of the people by some simple experience of a pleasurable sort. It would be a somber fact if the number of those who live through a day without a laugh or even a smile could be ascertained,— a strange miscarriage of Nature, since man is the only being within her dominion who is capable of that action. Christmas has rendered the world this good service, that now for many centuries it has called men to sympathetic cheerfulness. It comes, indeed, but once a year, but for some days the cloud on the brow of humanity lifts a little and the wail dies out of its voice. At times it has been too obstreperous in its mirth and called for puritanic check, but for the most it has been true to its origin and stirred the human heart to sympathetic gladness and hope. We shall soon hear the growls of the pessimistic critic over the wastefulness of

Christmas gifts and the irrationality of Christmas mirth. Heed him not: he does not know that the key-note of the universe is joy, and that Christmas laughter is only a stray echo of an eternal hymn, and nearly the only one that has reached us, and that it is well worthy of being caught if we would ever hear the whole. Therefore, fathers, give gifts to your children, even if you have to lessen the daily portion, remembering the wisdom of Mahomet, who said, that if "he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed his soul." And, ye children, stir up your fathers to mirth; Christmas comes but once a year, and the years left to them may not be many.

The field of Christmas widens, so to speak, from age to age. It is more than a matter of religion and mirth. As "the time draws near the birth of Christ," we are reminded again how widely and profoundly he has taken possession of human society. If another chapter of Christian evidences were needed, one could be written on the fact that Christianity has in reality taken possession of the modern world in all its leading forms of thought and action, leaving the reader to make the inference as to its origin. The author of "Robert Elsmere" sees a glorious temple of Christianity built on the fond fancies and superstitions of those who were not sufficiently developed to use their faculties in giving testimony, but it seems like an indictment of the intelligence of the civilized world to require it to believe that a fact and force so thoroughly accepted and inwrought by it, making it what it is, has not the basis of full reality. Christianity has not come into the world by some "other door," but through the accredited person and history of Jesus Christ. The impression made by the Christ on the world is the chief *apologia* for the faith. It is no longer a matter of church, but of society at large. It early took the lead of all other forces in determining history; civilization again and again has turned upon it; governments and institutions have been shaped by it; society has drawn from it its temper and tone; it has made humanity a fact; it has created democracy and made it a universal certainty in the near future. The force with which it has penetrated the higher orders of thought is equally striking. Philosophy more and more finds itself agreeing with Christian postulates and issuing in Christian ethics, not so much because the philosopher accepts Christianity as because Christianity has taken possession of the philosopher and taught him on what levels to think. Since last Christmas, Martineau, in his "Study of Religion," has united the highest philosophical thought of the last half of the century with the Christian faith in an inseparable unity.

But the Christmas idea nowhere finds so full expression as in literature. Schopenhauer says that music contains in itself all the concepts of the world. So literature may be said to contain in itself the concepts of whatever is best and truest in human experience; and just as there is nothing false or evil in music, so literature takes into itself only what is true and good. The final judgment of reality and worth in this world's history is the consensus of literary genius. The absoluteness with which literature has indorsed Christmas is so much proof of its reality. A true poet might well suspect himself and the divineness of his inspiration if he found himself out of sympathy with Him whose "blessed feet" walked "in the holy fields" of Syria. Matthew Arnold utters cries of desolation because he can get no clearer vision of Him who lies dead —"in the lorn Syrian town."

What poet has not sung of Christmas? — from the "Ring out, ye crystal spheres," of Milton, to the "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," of Tennyson, and always in one key of hope and gladness, yet with great contrasts. It can hardly be said that Tennyson is more earnest than Milton: certainly he is not a greater poet, and the famous stanzas in "In Memoriam" sink far below the level of Milton's "Hymn on Christ's Nativity" in point of art and melody; but we must admit that Tennyson's Christmas bells ring with a truer and more intelligent note. But this only shows that Christmas comes with fuller and clearer meaning as the centuries go by. Milton can see little but the forsaken temples of "Peor and Baälim"; he hears only "The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint"; and the Egyptian gods are buried in "profoundest hell." Tennyson comes much nearer the idea of Christmas in those eight stanzas that "ring out" the actual evils of the world, and

> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Progress of Ballot Reform.

THE subject of reform in our election methods is likely to attract great attention in many of our State legislatures this winter. All the States which have given it legislative consideration heretofore but have enacted no laws — New York, Michigan, Kentucky, Iowa, and Connecticut — are certain to return to it, for the popular interest in it is much greater now than at any previous time. In fact, there is scarcely a State in the Union in which there are not earnest advocates of the reform. In Rhode Island a Ballot Reform Club was formed several months ago for the express purpose of drafting a bill to submit to the legislature, and less formal but no less earnest efforts in the same direction are being made in other States.

The record of the present year has been one of great encouragement to the friends of this most important reform. In April last the Wisconsin act went into operation for the first time, in a municipal election in Milwaukee. As our readers will perhaps remember, this act is only a partial application of the English and Australian systems. It is notable as the first application of the principle of ballot distribution by the State. Under its provisions the voter receives his ballots from a sworn official of the State in a room called the "ticket-room," which only one voter is allowed to enter at a time, passes alone to the "voting-room," where he deposits his ballot, and then goes out of a door provided for that purpose. No crowd of persons is allowed to collect within one hundred feet of the polling-places, and no person is allowed to offer tickets or to solicit votes within the same distance. In brief, from the time the voter enters the polling-place he is free from espionage and intimidation of all kinds, and can deposit a free and secret ballot. The first trial of the law was a most complete and satisfactory demonstration of its practicability and wisdom. Not only was the election the most quiet and orderly that the city had seen in recent years, but ticket-peddling and the browbeating of ignorant voters were annihilated at

a blow. The press of the city was unanimous in expressing approval of the workings of the new law.

The most important legislative achievement of the year has been the enactment of a complete ballot law in Massachusetts. This measure, while modeled primarily upon the bill which the New York legislature passed, but which Governor Hill vetoed, differs from it in many respects. It contains an especially valuable provision for preventing the forgery of official ballots, and is, taken all in all, probably the most intelligent and comprehensive application of the English and Australian systems to American needs which has been made. It places the entire printing and distributing of the ballots in the hands of the State, to be paid for at the public expense. It provides, also, for independent nominations by a specified number of voters, and requires the printing of the residence, street and number, of each candidate after his name upon the ballot. The Massachusetts law ought to be carefully studied by the framers of the new bill which is to be presented to the New York legislature this winter. It is likely to become the model for bills which are to be presented in other States, as indeed it ought to be; for, aside from its great merits, it would be most desirable to have our different State laws upon this subject as nearly homogeneous as possible.

We speak with entire confidence of the possibility of the different States having such laws in the near future. This is one of the reforms which must come, for without it our system of popular government cannot be maintained. Every election, especially in our large cities, shows that until this reform is secured all other reforms are impossible of accomplishment. The control of the election machinery, of the printing and distributing of the ballots, must be taken from the politicians and put into the hands of the State. That is, we must take the power to control our elections away from the men who have no responsibility and no interest in government save extravagance and corruption, and put it into the hands of officials who are sworn to do their duty. Of what use is it to try to get honest men nominated for office when we leave in the hands of the political workers the power to defeat them at the polls by distributing fraudulent or defective ballots, or by making "deals" and "dickers" which cheat the people of their will? We have talked for years about reforming the primaries and the nominating conventions, but not one particle of progress has been made. Under the Massachusetts law any 400 voters, in case of a candidate for State office, and any 100 voters, in case of a candidate for a lesser office, by uniting in a petition in behalf of a candidate of their choice can have his name printed upon the official ballots and have those ballots distributed at the polls at the public expense. What more certain way of reforming the primaries could be devised than this? If there were such a law in New York City there would be an end to the astonishing spectacle which is there so often presented of a "boss" setting up a candidate of his own for office in spite of all protests, and frequently electing him in spite of all opposition. Under such a law both "bosses" and primaries would in a very short time lose their present dominance in our politics.

In fact, there is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election methods which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid at one stroke of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bulldozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of "deals" and "dickers" and "trades" at the polls. All these would disappear, for the simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and imperative reform as this cannot be long delayed.

Should there be an "Aristocracy of Criminals"?

THE prisons of the State of New York at present furnish a very impressive object-lesson in political "economy," or perhaps it may better be said, in political extravagance. In order that it may be fairly understood it must be approached from the standpoint of a few very plain and generally acknowledged propositions. They are:

1. That the prisons belong to the whole people.

2. That the prison system is maintained for the protection of society against the criminal.

3. That society is never fully protected against the criminal so long as he remains a criminal.

4. That the criminal remains a criminal until he dies or is reformed.

5. That no criminal is likely to cease to be a criminal until he has the ability and the inclination to earn his own living.

6. That the fact of a man being a criminal does not release him from the obligation of earning his own living; it gives him no right to support at the expense of the honest tax-payer.

7. That no criminal can earn his own living without working for it.

8. That no criminal can acquire the habit of industry and the ability to earn his own living without working to do it.

9. That since the prisons belong to the whole people, and not to any trade or class, all the interests and responsibilities in the prisons should be planned with reference to the whole people, and not for the benefit of any particular trade or class.

10. That the whole people demand in the penal system the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost to the tax-payer.

11. (*a*) That the maximum of protection can only be attained when the prisoner is taught to be self-sustaining. (*b*) That the criminal cannot be taught to be self-sustaining unless he be made to work.

12. (*a*) That the minimum of cost can only be attained by making the prisoner as nearly self-supporting as is possible. (*b*) That the prisoner cannot be self-supporting unless he work for his living.

13. That idleness in our prisons increases the expense of the prisons to the maximum and reduces protection to society to the minimum, thus inflicting a wrong on every honest tax-payer.

14. That all taxes come ultimately from the earnings of the laborer.

15. That the honest laborer, in demanding the idleness of the criminals in prison, simply insists upon the minimum of protection at the maximum of cost, and further insists upon paying a large part of the cost himself.

These propositions, if grouped with the statement that all the prisoners in the New York prisons are idle, hardly need comment. In many of the other States

of the Union the same conditions exist that have brought about the passage of the Yates prison bill, the law that has thrown our prisons into this frightful state of demoralization. The demand was made by the so-called labor-reform leaders for a reduction in the competition of prison labor with free labor. The Yates bill was the result. While allowing hand labor in the prisons, it prohibits the sale of all prison products, and demands that the prisoners shall only work in supplying the needs of the State institutions. This would furnish labor to not more than one-twentieth of those incarcerated in our penal institutions. The act was "to take effect immediately"; and it has taken effect. To-day in our New York State prisons, and worst of all in the Elmira Reformatory, the shops are closed, the men are locked in their cells, they have ceased to earn their own living, the idleness that has already cursed their lives has fallen upon their lives again; they have nothing to do but to brood over their criminal exploits of the past and to plan criminal acts for the future. They will go out of prison in the same hopeless and helpless condition in which they entered it. They will go out as they came in — criminals. They will continue to prey upon society, and all the more successfully because of the criminal associations that they have formed in the idle hours of their imprisonment. In the mean while honest laborers may have the satisfaction of knowing that a man has only to be caught in committing a burglary or in robbing a bank to demand support from their earnings.

Every shoemaker, and hatter, and tailor, and day laborer in this State is to-day paying his share in the support of the fifteen thousand criminals in our penal institutions; and the laborer is paying the larger part. He may not directly pay the increased taxes, but insomuch as his employer's and his landlord's taxes are raised, insomuch will his wages be reduced, his house rent increased. And not only so, but when the criminal that the workman has been supporting comes out of prison, he will be a greater menace to the honest laborer's safety than when he went into prison. By his futile attempt to save the small fraction of a cent on his day's wages, the workman has increased the chances of having his earnings stolen, and multiplied the dangers that encompass his life and property.

It will of course be said by the friends of the Yates bill that when it is fully in operation it will not prevent systematic labor in the prisons. But one has only to glance at the law to see that it is entirely out of harmony with the spirit of the age. It forbids the use of machinery in prisons; and even the few prisoners who under the full operation of the law may be allowed to work go out, with only some old-time handicraft by which to earn a support, into a world that lives by machinery. It forbids the sale of prison products, but it does not prohibit the purchase of supplies from the outside world. As there are no earnings, all supplies must be purchased by the public funds, which, of course, finally come out of the pockets of those whose unscrupulous leaders made this law.

This law passed through a Republican legislature as a purely political measure. It was signed by a Democratic governor. It will be remembered hereafter as the most expensive prison law the State has ever known. It opens up immeasurable opportunities for corruption and theft. When the intelligent working-man stops to think of the inevitable results of this law, he should call to account every man who has had a part in its origin, or its passage, or its signature; he should never permit these men to pose as the friends of labor and the laborer. No man is a friend to the laborer who leads him to do an injustice, or who puts an additional burden on his already overburdened shoulders.

A Confusion in American Party Names.

A CONFUSION exists in America in the use of party names which arises in part from the Constitution of the American Union — from the existence of States within the state. No merely local elections in England, for instance, are so important as our State elections. The local policy and local morality of the two leading parties as differentiated by the State communities are constantly varying north, south, east, and west. In one State, as in one city, one of the great party names may be used by a trading clique or a venal majority for unworthy purposes. In another State, as in another city, the other great party name may be in like manner degraded. Meantime the two great parties of the nation enunciate and act out their respective policies in the national conventions and in the legislative and executive branches of the General Government.

This condition of affairs has often a most unfortunate effect. Men of ability and of a fair amount of civic virtue are constantly being crippled in their public usefulness by being falsely and mischievously committed, against their clear convictions and better impulses, either to the local branch of a party through their approval of the same party's national principles, or to the national policy of a party through their approval of the so-called same party's local action. The finest contempt of the professional party-manipulator is reserved for the freeman who stands up for good local government, municipal or State, under whatever party name it may be offered, and stands up with equal determination for what he conceives to be good government in the nation, under whatever party name that government may be at the time best attained, even if he finds himself consorting on a State or a municipal issue with one party and on a national issue with another.

But the "free and independent" voter is a better citizen than the voter who is dazzled or intimidated by banners, badges, and words without meaning. There is no sincerity in the partisan abuse showered upon such a voter. The abuse is meant to produce the effect of trepidation upon the man who sees clearly and votes straight to the mark every time. But year by year the trepidation is less apparent, and the partisan scolding more of a sham. The greatest scolds are notoriously partisans who have themselves scratched and bolted whenever it was their interest or pleasure to do so. The time appears to be approaching when he will be regarded as a poor creature indeed who is governed in his voting for municipal, State, or national candidates by the good or the ill opinion of some other person, rather than by his own conscientious convictions. If the "whipper-in" should permanently succeed, and voting at all elections should be a matter of precedent, habit, or domination of mere party names, it would be time to despair of the republican experiment in the New World. The caucus and the boss would have supplanted free, representative government.

OPEN LETTERS.

Political Corruption.

THERE is a certain feeling of satisfaction for us in finding out that politicians show the same vices in other countries that they exhibit in our own. In France the canker of political corruption has eaten its way into the innermost circle. It is true that democracies are peculiarly liable to this evil, and for this reason, that in them the highest places are open to men whose sense of honor has not been educated. Man is, zoölogically speaking, a dishonest animal. St. Paul knew this when he said that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and Pope must have recognized the fact when he wrote the line, "An honest man 's the noblest work of God." A polite education does much towards curbing the natural tendency; but such an education cannot be given to the whole male population, and hence can have little effect in a democracy.

Must our Government then be forever honeycombed with corruption? If so, we had better admit that it is a failure, and suspend our contract-labor statute for the purpose of importing the Czar at once. But no! We can face and overcome the evil. We have suppressed slavery. We are engaged in fighting the liquor traffic, and look forward to substantial results. We must take up the question of bribery in the same spirit. Our people are capable of great enthusiasm on moral subjects. Our thanks are due to the Abolitionists and the Prohibitionists for showing the deep moral sense of the community. We need some fanatics on the question of honesty. The moral sense of the people is well developed on the side of — what shall we call it? — physical morality. Our religious teachers do a great work for sobriety and chastity and all the domestic virtues. But for some reason or other we fall short on the side of the doctrine of *meum et tuum*. We cannot allow American honesty to take its place in history beside Punic faith. We must call to life the latent virtue of our people and sweep the curse away.

It would of course be impossible, if it were desirable, to change our form of government for the purpose of attaining this end. Pope says:

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

We have outgrown such theoretical teaching. The masses prefer to govern themselves ill rather than that others should govern them well. Government nowadays must meet the wishes, rather than the wants, of the people. It must give the greatest satisfaction, not the greatest good, to the greatest number. We must take things as they are and seek a remedy compatible with universal suffrage.

Now there are three principal ways in which we can proceed. We can punish the briber and the bribe-taker, we can diminish the number of opportunities for bribery, and we can educate the people so that they will rise above it. The enforcement of the penal laws is probably our weakest refuge. The desire for money outweighs the perils of the law. While the trial of an alderman for bribery was in progress in our court-house, the Board of Aldermen was reveling in the same kind of corruption in the City Hall. We can in many cases take away the opportunities for bribery. We have an example of this method in the general laws under which corporations can be formed without applying to the legislature. A statute requiring all proposed acts to be filed and published before the meeting of the legislature would go far towards preventing corrupt legislation. The Australian system of voting will discourage bribery at the polls.

But it is in education that we can hope for the best results. The remedy must go to the root of the disease. We must begin in the public schools. This education should take two forms: it should show the pupil that bribery is an injury to the public and to him, so that he will oppose it by his vote; and then it should go further and raise his character, so that he would not himself give or accept a bribe. A simple text-book could cover the ground, teaching the fundamental facts of taxation, viz., that the landlord adds his taxes to the rent of his rooms, and the grocer includes them in the price of his groceries; and that in this way the poor pay the bulk of our taxes. It could show that every bribe paid to a public officer for a privilege or a franchise should have gone to the reduction of taxation, and hence to the reduction of rents and prices. What a strange state of affairs is presented by the results of our elections in the city of New York! The assemblymen and aldermen who represent the wealthiest constituents, including the directors and stockholders of corporations, are usually honest men, who will not vote for a bad measure for all the inducements which a corporation can offer. The tenement-house districts, on the other hand, are apt to select men who pose as friends of the laboring man, and yet as soon as they are elected become the tools of the moneyed institution which bids highest. Many of their constituents know this, and would consider them fools if they did not make something out of the legislative and aldermanic "business." These foolish electors are not unlike the two flunkeys in Cruikshank's picture. One says to the other, "What is taxes, Thomas?" and Thomas answers, "I 'm sure I don't know," and the scene is entitled, "Where ignorance is bliss." But for our voting population ignorance is not bliss. It ought to be easy to teach these voters that they are putting their worst enemies into power, and handing the government over to what Mr. Roosevelt has aptly called the "wealthy criminal classes." The press can do great good in educating the public on these subjects, and it has already given valuable assistance in its recent attacks on bribery. Our newspapers must cease, however, to treat this crime as if it were a laughing matter.

The other part of education — the moral elevation of the person — is, to be sure, the noblest method. It can be partly accomplished in the public schools, but their teaching should be supplemented by the church.

The task is by no means hopeless. The bribe-taking alderman, the bribe-giving director, will not pick your pocket. Can they not be taught to regard these acts as alike? It is largely a matter of education. We have heard a man inveigh against political dishonesty while he wore a suit of clothes which he had smuggled through the custom-house. No lesson can be more important than that which teaches us to distinguish accurately between honesty and dishonesty. A proper regard for truth and honesty is the fundamental virtue. A nation of drunkards would be Utopia itself in comparison with a nation of cheats, and the character of a nation cannot be better than that of the individuals who compose it.

But let us come to the practical suggestion to which all the above is prelude. Why should we not establish an American Society for the Promotion of Political Honesty? Such an association could have branches in all our prominent cities. It could have committees on the enforcement of penal laws, on legislation, on education. It could exert its influence through the press and through our school boards. Before long it would gain the fear, if not the respect, of our political parties, and the movement once begun would not end until political corruption had ceased to be a national sin.

Ernest H. Crosby.

Another Side of the Woman's Work Question.

It is a cheering sign for the great army of women who are obliged to earn their livelihood, that the "woman question" is being agitated in the light of woman's work. The question of what she is paid; of what she ought to be paid; of what she does; and, above all, "What shall she do?" is filling our papers and our councils.

But there is a side which, it seems to me, as a practical working and self-supporting woman, is very little considered. This is the question, "How does she do it, and how should it be done?"

It is my belief, strengthened by experience and observation, as well as by conversations with those who look at the question from a practical and business point of view rather than from a sentimental one, that one great drawback to woman's success in the business world — I mean equal success with man — is in her want of thoroughness, both in preparation for her work and in carrying it out. Women generally, as a mass, look upon self-support and labor as a thing to be avoided, and, only too often, to be ashamed of. It is a melancholy comment upon this assertion that, in the recent census in one of our large cities, the house-to-house census declared that the number of women who earned their living or were engaged in some daily, wage-earning avocation was only about half of that which the census of the female employees in business houses and factories declared. Can woman complain that she is not considered equal with man in the wage-earning world, if she herself takes so little interest and pride in her work that she denies it? The truth is, that woman, *en masse*, has for so short a time been supporting herself in any way which takes her out of the seclusion of the household that she is, *en masse*, ashamed of it.

Of course, there are many noble exceptions, but the exceptions themselves will acknowledge the truth of the assertion. This being the fact, is it to be supposed that woman can claim the same regard as a wage-earning factor as if she took the pride in her work that a man does? Man has hundreds of years the advantage of us: he has the hereditary business instinct and training, the wholesome pride in honest work which comes from tradition and custom; and therefore he is that much more valuable than the woman who merely takes it up as a makeshift till she can be supported by some one else, or who has never given any thought to the subject, and so drudges on, poorly paid, but still, perhaps, paid as much as she is worth.

That there are thousands of ill-paid women, there can be no question or shadow of a doubt. But is not this rather because these thousands of women only do work which requires no skill beyond that possessed by every other woman; which requires no special training, and which, if she abandons it, any other woman can do as well?

The woman physician is as well paid as the man. I know a woman who is a dentist who makes more than most men in the profession. The woman who is an author, a painter, an actress, or a singer is as well paid as a man of equal talent and opportunity. To go lower in the scale of talent, the dressmaker, the milliner, the skilled female worker in our factories, is paid on the average as well as the male. A woman who is a good weaver is well paid; and while I am open to correction on this point, my understanding is that in all mill work, where skill and knowledge of the business is necessary, the woman operative is almost as well paid as the men engaged in the same work. She is at least recognized in labor unions and in strikes. That there is, and naturally will be, the slight difference in the pay given which comes from the man having been so long in the field is a thing which will right itself only in time.

But I would say, Let a girl feel that it is as natural and praiseworthy for her to earn her living as that her brother should; that if she would be as well paid as her brother she must be willing to give the same time, attention, effort, and endeavor to make herself a success and valuable to her employer as her brother does. She must be *thorough*. Any woman can measure a yard of muslin or can hand out books from a circulating library, any woman can work a sewing-machine; and any woman who does these things in the way that they are ordinarily done is as well paid as her brother who does the same things in the same way, and is so often contemptuously called a "counter-jumper." The men who earn good salaries as retail salesmen are men who, by years of attention to the qualities of goods and the desires of the market, combined with an amount of tact which would do credit to a successful diplomat, have made themselves a place which is open to every woman who will devote the same number of years of patient endeavor and ability. There are some such women, and they are well paid. Let a woman devote to this branch of business the amount of tact, *finesse*, patience, and taste which she doubtless possesses to a greater degree than a man, and she will almost always succeed.

I have said that the great trouble with this matter of woman's labor and woman's pay is that women do

not take up things which are in themselves valuable, nor do they give such effort to make themselves thoroughly valuable as men do. In regard to the first of these statements, it may be said that business is business. There can be no sentimentality in it. The law of supply and demand is inexorable. If there are twenty or fifty women to fill a position which any one of them can fill as well as another, no one of them will be well paid. In regard to the second, men make a study of their business, as a thing with which they wish to support themselves and their prospective or actual families — as a means to wealth. A woman, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, takes some business which will enable her to help herself till she marries. The hundredth woman is the well-paid one. Here lies the great trouble. Every woman, or nearly every woman, looks upon labor as an evil to be borne as lightly as possible till it can be shouldered upon a man. And at last, some sad day, she wakes up to a realization of the fact that there are not enough men to go around, and that she is stranded on the shore of low-waged incompetency. Some then make a noble struggle and retrieve their lost ground; and this is the reason that nearly all the well-paid women in our stores are those who by reason of their years have come to a realizing sense that probably no man will ever support them, and that they must carry the load themselves. As to that sad and weary army of sewing women, whose toil and hard lot brings tears to our eyes, it is mostly made up of those women who have never learned any real business; who have married, and, left widowed with little children to care for, and not the means to embark in that other weary business of boarding-house keeping, are obliged to take to that one thing which they as well as thousands of other women can do. They are forever handicapped.

Women do not usually — I say it with regret — put their hearts into their work as men do. They look upon it as a temporary affair, and so — as I have been told by both men and women who employ both men and women — they are not worth as much as a man, who wants to stick at the work.

There is but one remedy for this. As I have said before, let our young women and girls be taught that it is as necessary for them to know how to earn their livings with some true business as it is for their brothers.

Do not bring them up to believe that marriage is the aim of a woman's life any more than it is of a man's, or that it is more honorable and dignified than work. Let them learn one of the hundred real trades or employments which women can learn; let them feel that the better they can do their work the more account they will be in the world and the more respected; that they should put their whole hearts into their employment and make themselves valuable as working factors, leaving marriage to come or not as they and fate will; and then, and not till then, they will become as valuable working factors as men, who already do all this. There is always room and good pay at the top. Value will command value, and a dollar's worth will generally bring a dollar.

(I must make one parenthesis and one exception here, and that is with regard to the respective pay of men and women teachers. That the discrepancy in this is as great as it is unjust I do not pretend to deny; and the only reason I can give for it, according to my view, is, that there are too many women who wish to be teachers. It is the great refuge for every woman who has a fair education and wishes to earn her living in a "genteel" manner. The market is glutted with women teachers.)

As I have said before, man has the advantage of possession; life is the survival of the fittest; and since man has the vantage ground, only those women who are armed with the same weapons, have the same determination to succeed and the same stake to lose, will gain the same footing. I do not mean to accuse man of any more injustice than comes of this struggle for life; as I have said, business is business. No man pays for anything more than he is compelled to pay. Let our girls become really thorough saleswomen, both wholesale and retail, even if it comes to traveling; let them practically learn printing, engraving, designing, light cabinet-work, stenography, book-keeping, watch-making, goldsmithing, dressmaking (at which the practical woman sometimes makes a fortune) — any of the hundreds of things for which their nimble and delicate fingers, native wit and taste, quick perceptions and faithful perseverance, fit them, and let them learn it as a business, thoroughly, honorably, with the determination to be first-class workwomen, and soon they will share the pay as well as the work of men. And believe me, our girl will be no less fitted to be a good, loving wife and mother, if she sees fit to marry; and she will not be driven into a thoughtless marriage to escape the drudgery of earning the pittance which will not support her, nor of making a sacrifice which is generally considered to be even more disgraceful than that. Think of this, you who bemoan the thousands of unhappy marriages and the frequency of divorce. And if she is left, as so many women are left, with children depending on her for support, she is in no worse condition than the widower who is left with them to care for. Think of this, you who may be widows.

I will say here that men have objected to this idea, saying that if women are self-supporting they will not care to marry. Surely, I reply, if a man depends upon his money alone to attract and keep, the time has arrived when woman should compel him to make himself worthy of her love and her possession.

There are many bright instances where women have met and understood this condition of affairs, and have gone to work like men and made themselves valuable. They have something which they can do better than other women and as well as a man. And I am glad to say that my experience has been that such women are admired, appreciated, and valued. As one old business man said to me, "If you want a faithful, trustworthy employee, have a woman who understands her business." Woman has every element of success in her; teach her to bring it to bear on the situation.

L. E. Holman.

Home Rule and Culture.

SHOULD the hoped-for "Reorganization of the British Empire" include "Home Rule" for Ireland, with representation in the Imperial Parliament, not the least interesting of the phenomena following it in Ireland will be the revival of national culture, especially in fine and industrial art. Travelers in Switzerland, in

Germany, in Italy, in France, and in Belgium are perplexed in the museums by Gaelic manuscripts, many of them delicately illuminated, concerning which the custodians or catalogues make scant explanation. At Oxford and in the British Museum, in various public and private collections in Dublin, are beautiful evidences that the arts of design were early associated with the classical and sacred volumes which the Irish scholars, driven from their native haunts, carried away with them. In decorative art, in architecture, in sculpture, and in the manipulation of metals, Ireland has an obscured history that makes more pathetic her long intellectual death. While Western Europe sank into darkness a twilight of learning and of art activity prevailed in Ireland; but when the glory of the Renaissance gradually spread over the Continent and extended its mild radiance to England, war and penal statutes had destroyed the vestiges of culture in Ireland.

Her churches, ark-shaped, with plain or twisted pillars and round-headed windows in incised moldings; with interiors in which simple dignity is warmed by modest ornament; her bells and bell shrines, her chalices and crosiers, her book-covers and book-cases, showing that her artists were expert in filigree and in damasking, in *repoussé* and enamel, both *cloisonné* and *champlevés;* her belfries, towers, and duns; her clasps and mosaics, glass engraving and gem mounting, of which authentic examples are cherished illustrating the skill of the country from the fifth century to the fourteenth — all serve only to make more deplorable the decadence of a people whom penal laws so depressed that when the present monarch reached the throne three-fourths of the natives could neither read nor write. The sturdy commercial industry of Ireland which appeared during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been as ruthlessly destroyed by statutes scientifically contrived in the interest of English rivals. To-day the shops of the Irish cities are filled with the manufactures of English towns. There is no considerable native production, except linen. All the arts of design have long been dead.

The happiest as well as the most trustworthy symptom in the Home Rule movement is that its growth has been parallel with the resuscitation of intelligence. The penal laws expired in 1829. The national schools were officially opened in 1832. With a population of 7,000,000 the enrollment was only 100,000, so long were the masses of the people accustomed to the conviction that education was felonious. Each succeeding decade has found the enrollment increased; and when it now reaches its maximum of more than 1,000,000 in a population of less than 5,000,000,— the highest in proportion to population of all countries, not even excepting our own,— the demand for Home Rule is found also at its maximum. More than three-fourths of the representatives chosen to speak for Ireland in Westminster have cast for three years a solid vote for the restoration of the national legislature. That this demand will be acceded to, no student of the English mode of dealing with modern political problems can doubt. The feud, political, religious, ethnical, that has raged for centuries, will cease. Good-will will become a habit of the English and Irish people towards each other. With the fixity of that habit we may look with confidence for a revival of culture in Ireland which will be found especially attractive in fine and industrial art.

Since the abolition of the Irish Parliament in 1800 there has been no native authority for the appropriation of revenue. During the same period England has become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of encouraging science and art. Availing herself of the fifty thousand volumes and the hundreds of cases of natural history left by Hans Sloane, a native of Ireland, she founded the British Museum. Later in the century she spent half a million dollars on the National Gallery, and has annually bestowed upon it a liberal allowance. The South Kensington Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, and the India Museum are all of comparatively recent origin, and have cost the treasury millions for their foundation and support. Museums of art have been opened in the provincial towns, supported in part by corporate, in part by private, and in part, indirectly, by Parliamentary aid. The effect of Kensington and other training schools upon the industry of England has been such that last year a leading French authority cried out that if France did not bestir herself England would take from her the markets of the world, which the superior technic and taste of the French designers have monopolized for a century, or since the establishment of art schools throughout France. Parliament expended last year upon the science and art of England nearly $5,000,000, and upon science and art in Ireland less than $300,000, one-half of this being only for buildings. Would not an Irish Parliament deal more wisely with Irish art and Irish manufactures?

England has used Irish talent for her own profit with sagacity and success. Her art owes much to James Barry and Sir Martin Shee — neither a first-class painter, but both admirable instructors and critics. When the Queen makes her progress to open or to prorogue Parliament, she passes through a national gallery the sides of which are frescoed by Maclise. In music Ireland claims Balfe and Wallace. In philosophy Boyle and Berkeley, Thompson and Tyndall, are hers. Moore obtained no attention until he tuned his dulcet lyre to praise a Prince of Wales; and Lecky is popularly classified as English with as little hesitation as a Burke, a Sheridan, a Goldsmith, a Philip Francis. There is a spurious and a lofty patriotism. There is a true and a false nationalism. It ought to be possible for the genius of the Irish people to express its individuality, as it was possible for that of Greece, for that of Venice; and that individuality is as genuine and characteristic as we believe American nationality to be. Under the beneficent operation of home rule and the permanent adjustment of the relations of England and Ireland on a political basis of justice and mutual friendship, we shall see the arts and industries of Ireland flourishing, encouraged by her own legislature; and her men and women of genius, no longer expatriated, working with love and confidence upon the noblest problems of her destiny.

Margaret F. Sullivan.

The Holt Method of Teaching Music.

BY A TEACHER.

THE Holt system, so rapidly growing in favor throughout the United States, differs very widely from most others in that it presents the "music end" first.

This mistake has been made in teaching music — the names of the characters representing music have

been taught first, instead of music itself. To little children, and even to children of a larger growth, it is dry and uninteresting; but if we reverse the process and teach *music* first and the names of characters incidentally, the work will be a constant delight and much valuable time will be saved.
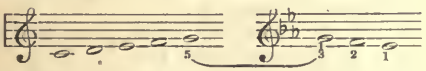
Mr. Holt does not claim to have invented anything, but simply to have discovered that the educational principles which underlie the *true* teaching of any other subject can be applied to music. He has discovered a method of presentation according to such principles so that any one having teaching ability can successfully lead even the little child of five years to a surprising knowledge of music, provided only that the teacher has at the outset the musical ability to sing the scale.

In order to become a musical nation we must have music taught in the public schools, and the daily work must be done by the regular teachers with special supervision at certain intervals. The *only* rote lesson in the whole course is the first — the teaching of the scale which is taken as the unit of thought in tune. Aside from this there is no imitation. It is a system of much thinking. Tune and time are taught separately, the whole measure being taken as the unit in time.

Mr. Holt has studied what *not* to teach, and has stripped music of the technicalities and enigmas which have been a bugbear to so many.

He has shown — and we have proved it in our own schools — that it is as easy for children to read in one key as in another. There are no difficulties in the *representation* of music. One strong point is that we teach practically but one scale in different positions.

The syllables are used simply as a means to an end, and are dropped as soon as we can do without them. They are valuable in elementary work if used within certain limits; otherwise, they become a hinderance. It can only be said that their use is better than none, since they bring up quickly the characteristic quality of the intervals. In that all music is written upon the basis of tone relation and the syllables used help the mind to grasp the idea of this relation of sounds, the "movable *do*-ists" seem to have a little the stronger side of the argument. Try



It is easier to sing the 3, 2, 1 as "mi, re, do" than in any other way. The change of syllable gives the impression connected with the syllable. Until you think of the *g* as "3," you are still in the other key.

Mary L. Lewis.

Herbert Spencer.

THE August CENTURY contained a powerful article from the pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott on "The Pulpit for To-day." Its lesson — a much needed one — was given with the force of poetic beauty; but in it the learned preacher says, "The materialism that threatens the American Church is not the materialism of Herbert Spencer" — implying, of course, that Herbert Spencer is a materialist. The truth is that Mr. Spencer has furnished the most complete demonstration of the utter fallaciousness of materialism in its proper sense. The only materialism chargeable against Herbert Spencer is that of urging as the first duty of all to provide for their sustenance; and that is a materialism from which there is no escape, as even Dr. Abbott himself observes.

Every truth proclaimed by Dr. Abbott has been stated, and all its consequences have been developed, by Herbert Spencer with scientific exactness and with a logical power which has not, and never had, a parallel. He also has given to the preacher an unanswerable, philosophic basis for his labor. Dr. Abbott says, "It cannot be expected in such a paper as this that I should attempt to unfold a Christian sociology." Herbert Spencer has attempted a *scientific* sociology, and the scientific world generally concedes that he has succeeded. And this sociology is so far *Christian* that Dr. Abbott might have enforced all his good lessons by reference to it. Again, in his quotation from De Tocqueville, Dr. Abbott, leaving "that question" "to the reflection of the reader," might have added that Mr. Spencer had reflected on it to considerable consequence, as he has also on the questions of education and labor, to which Dr. Abbott also refers with much pertinence.

It will be noticed that I write merely to correct the misleading reference of Dr. Abbott's article, not to take any issue with it. Indeed, as I have said above, I admire the great beauty and I commend the great usefulness of the lesson it conveys. What it offers under each of its heads I believe to be valuable truths.

Dr. Abbott says very beautifully that "Whether a people diverse in race, religion, and industry can live happily and prosperously together, with no other law than the invisible law of right and wrong, and no other authority than the unarmed authority of conscience, is the question which America has to solve for the world." America is not yet practically engaged in solving that problem; but that she will solve it, and that the world will benefit by the fullness of the solution, is the faith of Herbert Spencer and his followers.

M. H.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Noblesse Oblige. A. D. 760.

SAID Short Pepin, aloud
Before the awe-struck crowd:
"Rebel! betrayer of trust!
Whom word of mine can bring to the dust,
O Count that you are, O Magnifico!
Who made you so?"

Said the Count of Périgord,
With fingers tapping his sword,
Eyeballs merry as wine,
And proud as hid jewels in the mine:
"Come, Sire, don't quibble with the thing!
Who made you King?"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

Joy Doubled.

I SING as sings the bird
On yonder branchlet swinging;
It is not that the song be heard,
But for the joy of singing.
And yet, if there chance by,
Or hap to linger nigh,
Who listens to my lay,
Then with a heart less troubled
Goes bravely forth to meet the day,
The joy of song is doubled.

Julia Anna Wolcott.

The Song of Songs.

I 'M a man thet 's fond o' music,
An' w'en folks are not eround,
I kin make our old accorjun
Squeak a mighty takin' sound;
An' thet banjer hangin' yander,
With its gentle plink, plank, plink,
'Pyears to git plumb at the bottom
Of the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays
'For' the pray'r at church is said,
Jes to stand an' hyear "Old Hunderd"
Soarin' fur up overhead!
An' I 'most kin spy the angels
Leanin' 'crost the gate up thar,
When old Abrum Blackburn's darter
Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

But ef you sh'u'd want to see me
W'en I hev my broades' smile,
You must ketch me in the kitchen,
W'en the kittle 's on the bile!
Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'
Ever riz on red-birds' wings
Thet kin holt a taller candle
To the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller
In the kittle's first sweet note,
Till I fancy weddin' music
Screakin' f'om the iron th'oat.
Sech times, ef I squent my eyes up,
I kin fahly 'pyear to see
Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter
Smilin' thoo the steam at me!

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

Anti-Climax.

BREATHLESS the audience sat;
Dozens of women were crying;
The cruel Moor had done his worst,
And Desdemona was dying.

How beautifully she died!
One last fond look at her lover,
Then the blue eyes closed on his swarthy face,
As he wrathfully stood above her.

A silence that could be felt
Followed — it really was freezing!
Then — a ripple of laughter stirred the house,
For Desdemona was sneezing!

The Moor was in earnest now;
His face made a darkness round it;
But no one but Desdemona heard
His low, intense "Confound it!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

To J. W. R.

ON ATTAINING POPULARITY.

SINGING and whistling on his woodland way,
We thought we heard a happy, careless boy
Filling the forest with a sound of joy
As leafy aisles prolonged each early lay.
The rustling of the silken ranks of corn,
The cry of swimmers in the shady pool,
Sweet, moonlight trysts in evenings calm and cool,
And orchard fragrance on his songs were borne.

Now, in the open glade, take your own place
That waits beneath the greenwood tree of song!
Welcome from those who did not judge you wrong,
But said, "A singer," ere they saw his face.
Take up your reed and charm us once again!
Happy the land where minstrel notes repeat
In newer measures, wild and fresh and sweet,
The simple themes whose beauty cannot wane.

The scenes of toil, the restful hours of peace,
The cabin idyls, prairie gloom and glow,
Make lilt and sing till all the folk shall know
And tell them to the children at their knees!
Aye, pipe and sing each new surprising lay,
And plaudits new if with a greater joy
You fill the ears you pleased when, like a boy,
You sang and whistled on your woodland way!

C. H. Crandall.

Aphorisms from the Study.

SOME one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in shaping his prejudices.

In moments of decision there is danger of mistaking the exhaustion of long spiritual struggle for resignation to fate.

We talk of immortality, but we even do not know yet what time is. Perhaps time has possibilities that dwarf immortality, and we are fooling ourselves with the poorer choice. Let us have the very best.

If Heaven should grant one more gift to this country, the mistake would not be great were it a more sacred observance of parentage.

Faith, like any virtue, must have its test, and probably the reason for inexplicable evil.

An optimist is an unreflective individual with nerves at concert pitch.

Xenos Clark.

A Baker'z Duzzen uv Wize Sawz.

THEM ez wants, must choose.
Them ez hez, must lose.
Them ez knows, won't blab.
Them ez guesses, will gab.
Them ez borrows, sorrows.
Them ez lends, spends.
Them ez gives, lives.
Them ez keeps dark, is deep.
Them ez kin earn, kin keep.
Them ez aims, hits.
Them ez hez, gits.
Them ez waits, win.
Them ez *will*, *kin*.

E. R. Sill.

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HEAD OF CHRIST, BY GIOTTO.

(DETAIL FROM "CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS" FRESCO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ARENA, PADUA.)

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GIOTTO.

(BORN 1276, DIED 1336.)

CIMABUE'S claim to be the restorer of art I have said to be unjustifiable if that term is to be taken in the full sense. I admit it only so far as he was the master and judicious trainer of Giotto in those sound technical traditions which enabled the pupil to attain to that supreme felicity and facility which make the master in art. The precocity of the child Giotto which attracted the attention of Cimabue as recounted in the tradition of the first interview is, if true, nothing uncommon in children, and is rarely the indication of serious talent. As a legend it remains because the popular mind loves legends and marvels; but the more probable history is told by a commentator of Dante, that the boy was sent to a wool-worker to learn that trade, but on the way used to stop at Cimabue's workshop. One day the father went to the wool-worker to inquire how the boy was getting on, and learned that he played truant from the service he was sent to and had not been seen for many days. So, taking counsel from Cimabue, the father changed his son's vocation. This story is better and more conformed to the qualities of art than that of his precocious use of the slate and pencil before he had seen anything of art. Vasari was fond of fables and what was most marvelous; he accepted whatever stories were current in his time and made them part of his record.

How the boy prospered with Cimabue, Vasari does not tell us, save briefly that he "not only equaled his master, but became so good an imitator of nature that he broke up that grotesque Greek manner and revived the modern and good art of painting, introducing the drawing well of living persons, which for more than two hundred years had not been exercised." This expression is curious as showing that even in the time of Vasari it was understood that painting had only been sleeping, and that in the eleventh century it had had a healthy development, and that Giotto had revived it (*resuscito*). But Giotto was more than a restorer. He did indeed break up completely the close prescription from which Cimabue even never escaped; and while he still held fast to the purely decorative side of Byzantine art, as we may see in the decorative work between and around the separate pictures in the Arena Chapel in Padua, he introduced into the art a dramatic element hitherto unknown, save by some doubtful tradition of perished Greek pictures, where its presence must have been exceptional, as in the case recorded in the history of classical art of the sacrifice of Iphigenia when the father, unwilling to see the consummation of the sacrifice, wraps his head in his cloak.[1] But this case, celebrated in all classical tradition, bears no comparison to the full, ever-present, and intense imaginative power of Giotto. The veiling of the head by the Greek painter was probably due quite as much to the inability of the artist to master the expression

[1] This is preserved in a picture from Pompeii now in the Naples Museum, which, however it may be degraded from the Greek original, still justifies the opinion I express.

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of the face as to dramatic feeling. He was used simply to the embodiment of types which, like those of the early Christian art, were as prescriptive as were the masks of tragedy and comedy on the stage. The preservation of the type was antagonistic to the quality of dramatic expression, which, until Giotto, was, so far as we know, entirely obscured.

It is absurd to say, as Ruskin does, that Giotto had nothing to learn in art of the men who came after him: the extravagant eulogium falls pointless when we consider that it was only two hundred years later that color, the highest attainment in art, as harmony is in music, began to be reduced to its definite expression. Giotto rejoiced in vivid color and made it a more important element of decorative effect than it had ever been before; but as it was known to the great Venetians, even to Bellini, Giotto had no conception of it, and it probably needed the modified processes of oil painting to enable the painter to work it out — the processes employed by Giotto and all his predecessors and contemporaries, of *tempera* or *fresco*, not lending themselves to the highest development of color effect,[1] and perhaps not leading to its study.

If Ruskin had said that what Giotto lacked of the qualities of his successors was of no value to him (Ruskin), he may have told all the truth; but we have long known that Ruskin's ideals of art are very far removed from those which the best modern artists maintain, and that to some of the rarest qualities of Venetian and even of later art he is absolutely insensible. Giotto's color is not essentially different from that of his time. Pale and simple tints dominate throughout, and it is clear that the picture was intended to aid as far as possible in keeping the churches light and to be clearly seen and understood in the building, dimly illuminated at the best, where it was painted. The relation to the art of Cimabue and his contemporaries is evident enough. But in dramatic power I am inclined to think that he has never been equaled, and in that utterly modern phase of art which may be called the story-telling he has no rival since. In the details of his art, in the method of using nature, he varies so little from the men who worked with him that we have Vasari praising as one of his highest achievements a picture painted by Don Lorenzo of Camaldoli; and we have read Ruskin's unmeasured eulogies over a picture in Santa Croce in Florence as Giotto's which is now shown not to be his. This only shows that in cases where his rare imaginative gift is not developed, his technical powers are not so superior to those of other painters of his day that his work can always be distinguished from theirs.

Perhaps the works of Giotto which best show the contributions he made to art are the subjects of the Arena Chapel, and among them one of the most remarkable is the head of Christ, who turns to look reproachfully at the Roman who drives him along with a whip, which head Mr. Cole has chosen for reproduction; another is the "Visitation," in which the momentary expression of the faces, the intense congratulation of Elisabeth, and the serene content of the Virgin, combined with the action, so intensely dramatic without the least overcharge, are given all the power and refinement which the capacities of art at that day permitted. If we compare the faint smile which kindles in the face of the Virgin with that of Leonardo's "Gioconda," the technical refinement of the latter will show wherein art had made advances, for the head which occupied Leonardo for years, overworked, retouched, and corrected, can by no means be set in the same category as the rapidly painted fresco of Giotto, which perhaps occupied him, without any aid from the model, as many minutes as Leonardo gave months to his picture; but when this was finished it remained mechanical and photographic as compared with the inspired and unhesitating brush of Giotto. Again, the figure belongs to a design entirely heroic, with no affectation of simpering graces such as we find too often in Raphael's madonnas — graces borrowed from the women about him, and whom he made his saints.

That Giotto never painted from nature, in the sense in which we now accept the expression "painting from nature," is clear, not only from the enormous numbers of works he executed, but from the study of the works themselves, in which we find continually evidence of the pure invention of the accessories, the slight and conventional treatment of draperies, the formal and prescriptive treatment of the hands and feet, the so general adherence to profile, and the absolutely conventional quality of his light and shade. The hands and feet, especially in their prescriptive rendering, and even the treatment of the heads, so far from anything like the recognition of realism, show unmistakably that the modern treatment of facts was not even conceived by him.

The story of Giotto's O is another of those legends in which Vasari found matter for marvel, but in which, when properly interpreted, is a genuine revelation of the nature of the training and accomplishments of the artist of that day. Being asked for a drawing to be sent to the Pope as a proof of his powers, he

[1] Artists understand this readily. For others I will say that the methods used by Giotto and his contemporaries do not permit the gradual development of color effect. Glazing was impossible; color remained as it was laid.



THE VISITATION OF MARY TO ELISABETH.
(Fresco No. 15 of the Series in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua.)

took a sheet of paper (or parchment), and with a brush dipped in red color, and holding his arm firmly to his side and moving his wrist only, drew a circle of such perfect design that it has ever since stood as the type of free-hand drawing. But this *per se* is not such a remarkable thing to do that even among smaller men than Giotto's contemporaries it should have given one a reputation. The legend seems to be well established, and has a certain recognizable relation to the art of that day which it is well to point out. The painter was then best known as a craftsman and esteemed for his skill in doing certain set designs; so that Giotto's O, which implied no knowledge of nature or loftiness of conception, told the Pope simply that the draughtsman had a skillful hand. And it was precisely his skillful hand—his penmanlike steadiness of hand—on which Giotto prided himself; because it was on that control of his muscles, the precision and facility united in his touch, that he and those to whom he addressed himself based his standing as a craftsman. This was indeed, in the kind of work to which he was called, in fresco and tempera, of highest importance; but that the

possession of this certainty of hand, even in the highest perfection, should satisfy the Pope of Giotto's capacities as an artist we can only conceive on one of two hypotheses — that the Pope was so well educated in art that he knew the whole value of this gift, which is not probable; or that he looked at religious painting as the Byzantines did, as something to be done by set pattern, and all that was necessary was that the artist should be a master of his pencil. The latter was probably the case. A pope or a bishop, a convent or a chapter, ordered a picture as one might a chasuble or a piece of church furniture. The pupils began by drawing the Madonna according to a certain pattern, and they drew them pretty much in the same way, only more quickly and with more mastery, to the end. The imagination and the personality of Giotto probably weighed less with his public and time than did his O.

Yet in Giotto's series of pictures from the life of St. Francis, Vasari notes with great emphasis, as showing his idea of the artist's excellence,— an idea doubtless held by a portion, but certainly not the ecclesiastical portion or the majority, of his public,— that a figure of a thirsty man, "in whom one sees the lively longing for water, drinks bending earthwards towards the fountain with very great and wonderful effect, so much so that it seems to be a living person who drinks." And of a picture of Job he says, somewhat fancifully, I suspect:

> Equally of stupendous grace is the figure of a servant, who with a fan stands near Job, who is doubled up and as if abandoned by everybody, and well done [the servant] in all parts and marvelous in his action, driving away the flies from his leprous and stinking master with one hand, while with the other, *dirty*, he holds his nose, not to perceive the smell.

But the refinement of expression which Giotto gives his figures may be sufficiently well judged by Mr. Cole's faithful reproductions, in which the exact degree is rendered, and in which we see that the standard of what we now consider as refinement of drawing or execution was far less remarkable than the extraordinary vigor and freshness of invention. In the "Ascension of St. John the Evangelist," from Santa Croce, note the young disciple who looks down into the grave and with his fellow wonders at the void, not at the saint rising above, who seems invisible to the whole group at the left, so that they only know by the emptiness of the grave that the saint has risen. Yet no pupil of any modern master would be proud of the draperies of the figures on the extreme left. Throughout the whole picture of the death of St. Francis (also at Santa Croce) Mr. Cole's rendering of the drawing of the heads and draperies is of the same absolute fidelity,[1] and it is in the single dramatic action of some of the figures about the head of the bed that we find the greatness of the artist; and then in the exquisite tenderness of the saint borne in the spirit away into the blue sky by the angels.

It is at Padua rather than at Santa Croce that one must learn Giotto, not merely because there the work is in better general preservation, but because the Arena Chapel contains such a series of masterly designs of such sustained invention and balanced power, in which all that is most characteristic of the painter in his prime is so well given, that there is nothing in the world of art to equal it. In this collective achievement of so much that was new in the art world — imagination, pictorial invention, knowledge of human nature, dramatic power, and knowledge of the resources of his art unapproached before his time — one may realize the relation of Giotto to the art of his day, the most individual, the most imaginative, and, with at most two or three exceptions, the most intellectual, of all artists whose work we possess. But to understand this inexhaustible quarry of pure art we must dismiss the ideas of modern standards and remember that the art of Giotto was, *toto cælo*, at variance with that of the present school based on fidelity to surface, and that the realistic perfection even of the nobler Venetian schools was as much out of the reach of the human intellect in the days of Giotto as the evolutionary philosophy was in the days of Aristotle. Painting was until long after his day the book of the Church, the only means of making the people realize the doctrines whose importance was then supreme. To represent sacred things in conformity with the canons of the Church it was necessary to have some measure of ecclesiastical education; whence the obligation of learning Latin, which we are told was one of the first steps in Giotto's education, as it must have been in that of any painter whose business it was to illustrate the sacred text, the Bible existing only in Greek or Latin. In this condition of choice of subject and in the resulting manner of treatment is to be found the chief influence that shaped the art of the epoch. Neither nature nor science had any claims on the human intellect when compared with the dogmas of the Church; and the personality of the artist and his subjective qualities were in themselves of no weight whatever. To recount the story of Christ, the glories of heaven, and the horrors of hell was the business of the painter; and a greater measure of

[1] I return, perhaps needlessly, to this assurance, because the heaviness and almost wooden look of some of these heads might be ascribed falsely to the engraver. They belong to the original.



MARY AND ELISABETH.
(From the "Visitation," in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua.)

truth to the ordinary aspects of the physical world carried no weight, any more than did the greater attainment of those qualities which now we recognize as the most vital to art; *i. e.*, harmony of line and tint, and composition of masses and colors.

These qualities were in Giotto the spontaneous accompaniments of all his conceptions, and mark his artistic supremacy more clearly than they now would, in a time when their value has been recognized as the highest aim of the painter. We have these qualities in many other painters, and in some of them to a degree which denotes a refinement of research which Giotto never shows; but in them they are the result of comparative study and the accumulation of example and tradition. In him art springs to life unheralded and unexampled. In some respects his position may be compared to that of Shakspere, rising isolated in his excellence above all around him—like him also in vivid dramatic instinct and in fervid imagination. His technique is that of the school—a school, however, in which he was so large and powerful an element that, while his work is confounded with that of his pupils and his contemporaries, most of the credit of it must come back to him. "In those days," says Morelli, "originality was differently understood." The aim of the artist was to paint in the best manner; not to make a manner of his own by which, in some petty peculiarity of treatment, the painter should be found. That Giotto fecundated all the art of his day, not only technically but intellectually, appears from the constant attribution to him of pictures by his followers. For instance, in the long and minute description of the pictures of the life of the Beata Michelina given by Vasari, in which the dramatic qualities of Giotto are particularly insisted on as making this series "one of the most beautiful and excellent things which Giotto ever did," and of certain figures in them as "worthy of infinite praise for being, especially in the manner of the draperies, of a naturalness of folding which makes us understand that Giotto was born to give light to painting." But these pictures were not by Giotto, who died in 1336; whereas the Beata died in 1356, and was therefore probably beatified only about 1400. As, like most of Giotto's pictures, they have been covered with whitewash by the reverent care of ecclesiastical authorities, or "to lighten the church," we cannot say by whom they were painted, though their reputation bears testimony to the vigor of the school of which Giotto was the founder and chief. This was the function and property of all the true schools of art, that they imparted even to their minor members such a perception of the qualities of style, and awakened by their contagion of intellectual sympathy such ideal activity, that it becomes often impossible to distinguish the work of the master from that of the pupil. This is the case in the school of Titian no less than in that of Giotto.

The genius of Giotto is as nobly shown by his Campanile at Florence as by his pictures; but in all his work, and especially in the pure decoration, as in the Arena Chapel, we find the exquisite feeling for decorative art which makes the Campanile so precious. Nothing in art is beneath his devotion, nothing too great for his grasp. But the anonymous commentator of Dante who records the history of Giotto's beginning has a statement for which there is no other confirmation, and for which we must all hope in the love of poetic justice that there is no good foundation. The commentary says: "He designed and directed the marble campanile of Santa Riparata [the Duomo, afterwards called Santa Maria del Fiore]—a notable campanile and of great cost. He there committed two errors—one that it had not proper foundations [*ceppo di pie*], the other that it was too narrow: he took this so much to heart that he sickened from it and died." This commentary, written probably within a half-century of Giotto's death, may be considered the earliest authority we have as to any facts of his life. Certain it is that the design of Giotto was not completed, for the Campanile lacks the pyramid which was designed as its termination; and this may be taken as possible confirmation that the foundation and dimensions of the base were not considered sufficient for the structure he intended to have reared on them, and that the modifications of the plans so made necessary may have produced the effect that the commentator records. Vasari says nothing of it, but Vasari was remote from Giotto's epoch and often ill informed. If the condemnation of Giotto's plans was the result of a deliberation of the authorities, they may have studiously suppressed the facts through fear of exciting popular indignation; but if due to Giotto's recognition of the mistake supposed to be made,—for time has hardly justified the assumption of the insufficiency of the foundations,—his illness, if due to that cause, would have been of the nature to exalt the popular imagination and would be certain to survive as legend. If we recall the pride in his work and the jealousy of criticism recorded of Cimabue we may the more easily credit the report of the commentator, concluding that Giotto was obliged to abandon the original plan by the official condemnation of his capacity as an architect. But as Giotto died two years and a half after the beginning of the work, there could have been but a small part



DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.
(Fresco in the Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.)

of it above ground when the fatal disease began, which was after his return from Milan in 1336; and any condemnation of the foundations could have had no justification in signs of failure of the substructure, which is sound to this day. If the statement of the commentator is correct, Giotto died of unmerited humiliation—the incompetence of his judges. He was succeeded as architect by Andrea Pisano, who was dismissed, his work being disapproved for reasons now unknown. The part which Giotto saw built is the basement, and Andrea's part is the story in which are statues. The inconsistency noted in the decoration of this part with that of the basement and the upper part as far as the cornice, which is common to both church and campanile, probably shows the reason why Andrea was dismissed, as the work above the cornice again resumes the character of that below, and therefore accords with the design of Giotto.

Of the works ascribed to Giotto now in existence, in all probability a large proportion are only of his school; but the authentic record of his accomplished work shows a facility and rapidity of execution unrivaled in the history of art. He is to be studied in Assisi as well as in Florence and Padua. The frescos in the Incoronata of Naples are certainly not his, and the famous portrait of Dante in the Bargello can no longer be held as the tribute of the friendship which existed between the painter and the poet. To my mind there is no question but this is the copy of a portrait by Giotto which has perished, and that it is due to one of his pupils. Of the personal history of the great artist we know almost as little as of Cimabue and Memmi.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

PADUA, August 3, 1886.—I am here in the Arena Chapel, and am at last confronted by Giotto. How brilliant, light, and rich the coloring is! It quite fulfills all that I had read or thought of Giotto. I am conveniently located and the light is good, but it is hard to keep to work with so many fine things above one's head. I can scarcely escape the feeling that the heavens are open above me, and yet I must keep my head bent downward to the earth. Surely no one ever had a more inspiring workshop.

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

THE "Christ before Caiaphas" is in the Arena Chapel of Padua. The history of the Madonna and of Christ is here rendered in a series of thirty-eight frescos. Photographs of these are on sale in the chapel, and each one is numbered. The "Christ before Caiaphas" is No. 31. It represents that portion of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew from the sixty-fifth to the sixty-eighth verse: "Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; . . . behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? . . . And others smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, Who is he that smote thee?"

Christ stands bound before Caiaphas, who, seated, is tearing his garment open from his breast, throwing himself somewhat back in rage, while his colleague seated by his side, with outstretched hand and body bent slightly forward in solemn and impressive attitude, pronounces the words, "Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" Christ has just been smitten by the leader of the angry crowd behind, who has his arm raised for another blow: his hand is open, showing that he smote with the palm. What could be finer than the action of Christ, full of gentleness, as with calm and unshaken dignity he turns to look upon his smiter? The attention centers in this supremely fine face, one of Giotto's masterpieces of subtile expression. He shows the perfect mastery of Christ over his emotions at a moment of surprise. There is a benign sweetness in the countenance. But to appreciate this fully one must see the original, in which not only is there the added charm of color,—for there is a delicate blush suffusing the face,—but the contrast of the surrounding faces, brutal with hate and anger, serves to throw into greater relief the peculiar strength and sweetness of this face of Christ. The glory around the head is gilded, and in rather high relief from the picture. The hair is of a soft brown color; the beard of the same color, but a little lighter; the overrobe of a light fresh blue; and the underrobe of a soft dull red.

THE VISITATION OF MARY TO ELISABETH.

THE fresco by Giotto of "The Visitation of Mary to Elisabeth" is No. 15 of the series at the Arena Chapel, Padua, and is one of the most beautiful of the thirty-eight that adorn its walls. The deep feeling exhibited in the remarkable face of the old Elisabeth takes one captive instantly. It seems to me finely descriptive of the text: "And Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, . . . and said, Blessed art thou among women," etc. (Luke i. 41, 42.)

The composition is no less remarkable for strength and simplicity. The text says that Mary "entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth" (verse 40). Giotto, on the contrary, makes Elisabeth come out of her house to receive Mary upon the threshold. Here is a poetic license and a happy device, one in which he has been followed by all artists among the Italians who have treated this subject successfully; and I doubt not that it allows of greater simplicity of treatment and greater directness in telling the story. In the present instance we see at a glance, with Elisabeth by her threshold, that Mary is the visitant. Then, by placing the scene in the open air, there is the advantage of greater breadth and largeness in the distribution. Here we have the portico, the open doorway, and the figure of the maid-servant on one side of



ASCENSION OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
(Fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.)

Elisabeth, balanced by the group of Mary and her two servants on the other side, with a clear space above — always a valuable consideration with the artist. But for this clear space above, the ornamentation on the portico, for instance, would have been insignificant and of no apparent consequence; but now it stands forth and gives a pleasing variety. Also, against this clear space the faces have value and importance, while the space is of value in itself as a rest for the eye.

In point of color this fresco is one of the finest of the series. There is a suggestion of the later Venetian coloring in the rich soft maroon tone of the drapery of Mary. Her white sleeve comes out finely against it, and is the highest point of light in the picture. The overrobe of Elisabeth is of a fine tone of yellow, her dress being a rich soft shade of brown. Finely contrasted is the fresh complexion of Mary with that of Elisabeth, which is brown and weather-worn. The drapery of the maid-servant behind Elisabeth is of a fine soft gray tone. Of the drapery of the two maids on the other side, that of the foremost is of a grayish-yellow tone, inclining to the latter shade; that of the farther, of a bluish gray. The sky is of a bright ultramarine blue, strong in color. Giving its proper value in black and white conveys no idea of the freshness and liveliness of the tint. All the skies of the series are of this prevailing hue. I remember Mr. Stillman's remarking in connection with these things, some time after I had engraved this example, that the color blue, though strong and positive, yet carries the idea of light with it; so that its proper value in black and white contradicts the idea of light which it conveys. I think I should have done better, on the whole, had I engraved the sky lighter; though to give the proper value of the faces against the sky was a consideration not to be lost sight of. I have always found, however, the color blue a difficult tint to reproduce properly in black and white.

DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE fresco by Giotto of the "Death of St. Francis" is the lower one on the eastern wall of the Bardi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. It is 8 feet 10 inches high, 14 feet 5 inches long. The saint reclines upon a bier in an open part of the cloister, surrounded by the brethren of the Order in their grayish-brown robes and bending over him in various attitudes of affectionate grief. Three at the head and three at the feet in white robes stand reading the mass. A cardinal in his red robe bordered with ermine kneels with his back to the spectator, probing with his fingers the wound in the saint's side — one of the marks of the Stigmata. Others of the brethren kiss and dwell over his hands and feet, similarly marked; one of them at the head has caught sight of the soul of St. Francis as it is borne to heaven by angels. The sky is deep blue. The background of the cloister and the architecture on each side is of a pinkish hue. The cloth thrown over the bier on which St. Francis is lying is yellowish in tone. This fresco, and indeed the entire chapel, was restored in 1853. The feeling of grief in this beautiful work is stirring and passionate, while as a composition it is preëminent in the perfection of its arrangement.

ASCENSION OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

THE "Ascension of St. John the Evangelist" is in the Peruzzi Chapel — the second chapel west of the Bardi — of the Church of Santa Croce, and, like the "Death of St. Francis," is oblong in shape, being 8 feet 6 inches high by 14 feet 8 inches long. It is the lower fresco of the western wall of the chapel. The "St. John" is said to be less retouched than the "St. Francis," and certainly is finer in tone and color. The prevailing colors of the garments of the spectators are soft yellowish-gray tones of white, blue, and red; those of the Evangelist's, purple and blue. The glories around the heads are of gold. The background or interior of the architecture is a warm gray tone, while that of the more forward and outer portions is pinkish. Christ and the saints break through suddenly from a fiery cloud in the deep blue sky; golden rays stream from the Saviour's countenance, flooding the Evangelist. The picture is dramatic in the highest sense and wonderfully impressive.

T. Cole.

HORSES OF THE PLAINS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

TO men of all ages the horse of northern Africa has been the standard of worth and beauty and speed. It was bred for the purpose of war and reared under the most favorable climatic conditions, and its descendants have infused their blood into all the strains which in our day are regarded as valuable. The Moors stocked Spain with this horse, and the so-called Spanish horse is more Moorish than otherwise. It is fair to presume that the lightly armored cavaliers of the sixteenth century, or during the Spanish conquests in America, rode this animal, which had been so long domesticated in Spain, in preference to the inferior northern horse. To this day the pony of western America shows many points of the Barbary horse to the exclusion of all other breeding. His head has the same facial line; and that is a prime point in deciding ancestry in horses. Observe, for instance, the great dissimilarity in profile displayed by old plates of the Godolphin Arabian and the Darley Arabian, two famous sires, kings of their races, the one a Barb and the other an Arabian.

In contemplating the development of the horse, or rather his gradual adjustment to his



THE FIRST OF THE RACE.

environment, no period more commends itself than that of the time from the Spanish invasion of Mexico to the present day. The lapse of nearly four centuries and the great variety of dissimilar conditions have so changed the American "bronco" from his Spanish ancestor that he now enjoys a distinctive individuality. This individuality is also subdivided; and as all types come from a common ancestry, the reasons for this varied development are sought with interest, though I fear not always with accuracy. Cortes left Cuba on his famous expedition with "sixteen horses," which were procured from the plantations of that island at great expense.

As a matter of course these horses did not contribute to the stocking of the conquered country, for they all laid down their lives to make another page of military history in the annals of the Barbary horse. Subsequent importations must have replenished the race. Possibly the dangers and expense attendant on importation did not bring a very high grade of horses from Spain, though I am quite sure that no sane don would have preferred a coarse-jointed great Flemish weight-carrier for use on the hot sands of Mexico to a light and supple Barb, which would recognize in the sand and heat of his new-world home an exact counterpart of his African hills. As the Spaniards worked north in their explorations, they lost horses by the adverse fortunes of war and by their straying and being captured by Indians. At a very early date the wild horse was encountered on the plains of Mexico, but a long time elapsed before the



AN OLD-TIME MOUNTAIN MAN WITH HIS PONIES.

horse was found in the north. La Salle found the Comanches with Spanish goods and also horses in their possession, but on his journey to Canada it was with great difficulty that he procured horses from the Indians farther north. In 1680, or contemporaneously with La Salle's experience in the south, Father Hennepin lived with the Sioux and marched and hunted the buffalo on foot. At a much later day a traveler heard the Comanches boast that they "remembered when the Arapahoes to the north used dogs as beasts of burden." That horses were lost by the Spaniards and ran in a wild state over the high, dry plains of Mexico and Texas at an early day is certain; and as the conditions of life were favorable, they must have increased rapidly. How many years elapsed before the northern Indians procured these animals, with which they are so thoroughly identified, is not easily ascertainable. Cheyenne Indians who were well versed in that tribal legend which is rehearsed by the lodge fire in the long winter nights have told me gravely that they always have had horses. I suspect that this assertion has its foundation in the vanity of their cavalier souls, for the Cheyenne legend runs very smoothly, and has paleface corroboration back to a period when we know that they could not have had horses.

Only on the plains has the horse reached his most typical American development. The range afforded good grass and they bred indiscriminately, both in the wild state and in the hands of the Indians, who never used any discretion in the matter of coupling the best specimens, as did the Indians of the mountains, because of the constant danger of their being lost or stolen, thus making it unprofitable. Wild stallions continually herded off the droves of the Indians of the southern plains, thus thwarting any endeavor to improve the stock by breeding. It is often a question whether the "pinto,"[1] or painted pony of Texas, is the result of a pinto ancestry, or of a general coupling of horses of all colors. The latter, I think, is the case, for the Barb was a one-color horse, and the modern horse-breeder in his science finds no difficulty in producing that color which he deems the best. The Comanches, Wichitas, and Kiowas hold that stallion in high esteem which is most bedecked and flared by blotches of white hair on the normal color of his hide. The so-called Spanish horse of northern Mexico is less apt to show this tendency towards a parti-colored coat, and his size, bone, and general development stamp him as the best among his kind, all of which qualities are the result of some consideration on the part of man with a view to improve the stock. The Mexicans on their Indian-infested frontier kept their horses close herded; for they lived where they had located their ranches, desired good horses, and took pains to produce them. The sires were well selected, and the growing animals were not subjected to the fearful setbacks attendant on passing a winter on the cold plains, which is one of the reasons why all wild horses are stunted in size. Therefore we

[1] Parti-colored "calico," as sometimes called.

must look to the Spanish horse of northern Mexico for the nearest type to the progenitors of the American bronco. The good representatives of this division are about fourteen and a half hands in stature; of large bone, with a slight tendency to roughness; generally bay in color; flat-ribbed, and of great muscular development; and, like all the rest, have the Barbary head, with the slightly oval face and fine muzzle.

Nearly identical with this beast is the mustang of the Pacific coast—a misnomer, by the bye, which for a generation has been universally applied by fanciful people to any horse bearing a brand. This particular race of horses, reared under slightly less advantageous circumstances than the Spanish horse of old Mexico, was famous in early days; but they are now so mixed with American stock as to lose the identity which in the days of the Argonauts was their pride.

The most inexperienced horseman will not have to walk around the animal twice in order to tell a Texas pony; that is, one which is full bred, with no admixture. He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a "glass eye" and a pinto hide. Any old cowboy will point him out as the only creature suitable for his purposes. Hard to break, because he has any amount of latent devil in his disposition, he does not break his legs or fall over backwards in the "pitching" process as does the "cayuse" of the North-west. I think he is small and shriveled up like a Mexican because of his dry, hot habitat, over which he has to walk many miles to get his dinner. But, in compensation, he can cover leagues of his native plains, bearing a seemingly disproportionately large man, with an ease both to himself and to his rider which is little short of miraculous. I tried on one occasion to regenerate a fine specimen of the southern plains sort, and to make a pretty little cob of the wild, scared bundle of nerves and bones which I had picked out of a herd. I roached his mane and docked his tail, and put him in a warm stall with half a foot of straw underneath. I meted out a ration of corn and hay which was enough for a twelve-hundred work-horse in the neighboring stall. I had him combed and brushed and wiped by a good-natured man, who regarded the proceeding with as much awe as did the pony. After the animal found out that the corn was meant to be eaten, he always ate it; but after many days he was led out, and, to my utter despair, he stood there the same shy, perverse brute which he always had been. His paunch was distended to frightful proportions, but his cat hams, ewe neck, and thin little shoulders were as dry and hard as ever. Mentally he never seemed to make any discrimination between his newly found masters and the big timber wolves that used to surround him and keep him standing all night in a bunch of fellows. On the whole it was laughable, for in his perversity he resisted the regenerating process much as



A TEXAN PONY.



BRONCOS AND TIMBER WOLVES.

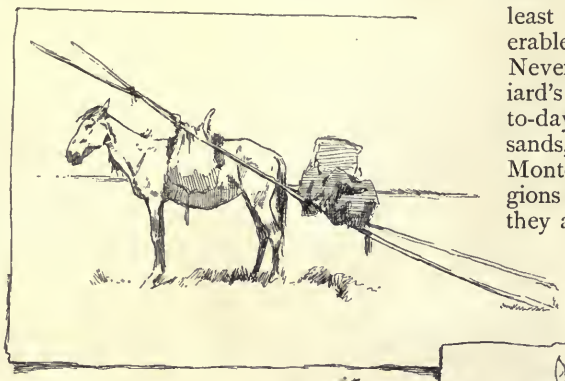
any other wild beast might. For all that, these animals are "all sorts of a horse" in their own particular field of usefulness, though they lack the power of the Spanish horse. Once in Arizona I rode one of the latter animals, belonging to Chief Ascension Rios of the Papagoes, at a very rapid gallop for twenty-four miles, during the middle of the day, through the desert sand. The thermometer stood as high as you please in the shade, and the hot sun on the white sand made the heat something frightful; and personally I am not noted for any of the physical characteristics which distinguish a fairy. At the end of the journey I was confirmed in the suspicion that he was a most magnificent piece of horse-flesh for a ride like that, and I never expect to see another horse which can make the trip and take it so lightly to heart. He stood there like a rock, and was as good as at starting, having sweat only a normal amount. The best test of a horse is, not what he can do, but how easily he can do it. Some of the best specimens of the horse and rider which I have ever had occasion to admire were Mexican *vâqueros*, and I have often thought the horses were more worthy than the men.

The golden age of the bronco was ended some twenty years ago when the great tidal wave of Saxonism reached his grassy plains. He was rounded up and brought under the yoke by the thousand, and his glories departed. Here and there a small band fled before man, but their freedom was hopeless. The act of subjugation was more implied than real, and to this day, as the cowboy goes out and drives up a herd of broncos to the corral, there is little difference between the wild horse of old and his enslaved progeny. Of course the wild stallion is always eliminated, and he alone was responsible for the awe which a wild horse inspired. As I have before remarked, the home of the Simon-pure wild horse is on the southern plains, and when he appears elsewhere he has been transported there by man and found



SPANISH HORSE OF NORTHERN MEXICO.

his freedom later on. I have found food for reflection in tracing the causes of the varied development of these broncos under different conditions. A great many of the speculations in which I indulge may be faulty, as they deal with a subject not widely investigated by any more learned savants than one is apt to find about the fires of the cow-camps in the far West. One must not forget, also, that the difficulty increases as years pass, because the horses are driven about from one section to another, and thus crossed with the stock of the country until in a very few years they became a homogeneous type. The solutions to these problems must always be personal views, and in no sense final. One thing is certain: of all the monuments which the Spaniard has left to glorify his reign in America there will be none more worthy than his horse. This proposition I have heard combated, however, by a person who had just been "bucked" violently from the back of a descendant of the Barbs. He insisted that the Spaniards had left little to glorify their reign in America, least of all their miserable scrubby ponies. Nevertheless, the Spaniard's horses may be found to-day in countless thousands, from the city of the Montezumas to the regions of perpetual snow; they are grafted into our equine wealth and make an important impression on the horse of the country.





THE INDIAN PONY.

There is a horse in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, and Missouri, called the Cherokee pony, which is a peculiar animal. Of low stature, he is generally piebald, with a great profusion of mane and tail. He is close set, with head and legs not at all of the bronco type, and I know that his derivation is from the East, though some insist on classing him with our Western ponies; but he is a handsome little beast,

easily adapts himself to surroundings, and is in much favor in the Eastern markets as a saddle pony for boys and for ladies' carts.

The most favorable place to study the pony is in an Indian camp, as the Indians rarely defeat the ends of nature in the matter of natural selection; and further, the ponies are allowed to eat the very greenest grass they can find in the summer time, and to chew on a cottonwood saw-log during the winter, with perfect indifference on the part of their owners. The pony is thus a reflex of nature, and, coupled with his surroundings, is of quite as much interest as the stretch of prairie grass, the white lodges, and the blanketed forms. The pist should he look along the humpy ribs and withered quarters. But alack! when the young grass does shoot, the pony scours the trash which composes his winter diet, sheds his matted hair, and shines forth another horse. In a month "Richard 's himself again," ready to fly over the grassy sward with his savage master or to drag the *travaux* and pack the buxom squaw. Yet do not think that at this time the Indian pony is the bounding steed of romance; do not be deluded into expecting the arched neck, the graceful lines, and the magnificent limbs of the English hunter, for, alas! they are not here. They have existed only on paper. He may be all that the wildest en-



PONIES PAWING IN THE SNOW.

savage red man in his great contest with nature has learned, not to combat nature, but to observe her moods and to prepare a simple means of escape. He puts up no fodder for the winter, but relies on the bark of the cottonwood. Often he is driven to dire extremity to bring his stock through the winter. I have been told that in the Canadian North-west the Blackfeet have bought grain for their ponies during a bad spell of weather, which act implies marvelous self-denial, as the cost of a bushel of oats would bring financial ruin on any of the tribe. Before the early grass starts in the spring the emaciated appearance of one of these little ponies in the far North-west will sorely try the feelings of an equine philanthro-

thusiast may claim in point of hardihood and power, as indeed he is, but he is not beautiful. His head and neck join like the two parts of a hammer, his legs are as fine as a deer's, though not with the flat knee-cap and broad cannon-bone of the English ideal. His barrel is a veritable tun, made so by the bushels of grass which he consumes in order to satisfy nature. His quarters are apt to run suddenly back from the hips, and the rear view is decidedly mulish about the hocks. The mane and the tail are apt to be light, and I find that the currycomb of the groom has a good deal to do in deciding on which side of the horse's neck the mane shall fall; for on an Indian pony it is apt to drop on the right and the left, or stand up in the



HORSE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

middle in perfect indecision. The Indian never devotes any stable-work to his mount, although at times the pony is bedecked in savage splendor. Once I saw the equipment of a Blackfoot war pony, composed of a mask and bonnet gorgeous with red flannel, brass-headed tacks, silver plates, and feathers, which was art in its way.

As we go very far into the Canadian Northwest we find that the interminable cold of the winters has had its effect, and the pony is small and scraggy, with a disposition to run to hair that would be the envy of a goat. These little fellows seem to be sadly out of their reckoning, as the great northern wastes were surely not made for horses; however, the reverse of the proposition is true, for the horses thrive after a fashion and demonstrate the toughness of the race. Unless he be tied up to a post, no one ever knew an Indian pony to die of the cold. With his front feet he will paw away the snow to an astonishing depth in order to get at the dry herbage, and by hook or by crook he will manage to come through the winter despite the wildest prophecies on the part of the uninitiated that he cannot live ten days in such a storm. The Indian pony often finds to his sorrow that he is useful for other purposes than as a beast of burden, for his wild masters of the Rocky Mountains think him excellent eating. To the Shoshonees the particular use of a horse was for the steaks and the stews that were in him; but the Indian of the plains had the buffalo, and could afford, except in extreme cases, to let his means of transportation live. The Apaches were never "horse Indians," and always readily abandoned their stock to follow the mountains on foot. In early times their stock-stealing raids into Mexico were simply foraging expeditions, as they ate horses, mules, cattle, and sheep alike. In the grassy valleys of the northern Rocky Mountains, walled in as they are by the mountain ranges, horse-breeding was productive of good, and was followed. Thus the "cayuse," a fine strain of pony stock, took its name from a tribe, though it became disseminated over all that country. As it was nearly impossible for the Indians to steal each other's horses on every occasion, the people were encouraged to perpetuate the good qualities of their favorite mounts.

The cayuse is generally roan in color, with always a tendency this way, no matter how

slight. He is strongly built, heavily muscled, and the only bronco which possesses square quarters. In height he is about fourteen hands; and while not possessed of the activity of the Texas horse, he has much more power. This native stock was a splendid foundation for the horse-breeders of Montana and the North-west to work on, and the Montana horse of commerce rates very high. This condition is not, however, all to the credit of the cayuse, but as a thoroughbred, with his structural points corrected, and fit for many purposes. He has about the general balance of the French ponies of Canada or perhaps a Morgan, which for practical purposes were the best horses ever developed in America. At this stage of the development of the bronco he is no longer the little narrow-shouldered, cat-hammed brute of his native plains, but as round and square and arched as "anybody's horse," as a Texan



A "CAYUSE."

to a strain of horses early imported into Montana from the West and known as the Oregon horse, which breed had its foundation in the mustang.

In summing up for the bronco I will say that he is destined to become a distinguished element in the future horse of the continent, if for no other reason except that of his numbers. All over the West he is bred into the stock of the country, and of course always from the side of the dam. The first one or two crosses from this stock are not very encouraging, as the blood is strong, having been bred in and in for so many generations. But presently we find an animal of the average size, as fine almost would express it. In this shape I see him ridden in Central Park, and fail to see but that he carries himself as gallantly as though his name were in the "Stud-Book." I often see a pair of these horses dragging a delivery wagon about on the pavements, and note the ease with which they travel over many miles of stone-set road in a day. I have also a particular fad which I would like to demonstrate, but will simply say that this horse is the *ne plus ultra* for light cavalry purposes. In the Department of Arizona they have used many Californian horses, and while some officers claim that they are not as desirable as pure American stock, I venture to think that they



A BRONCO IN CENTRAL PARK.

would be if they were used by light cavalry and not by dragoons.

In intelligence the bronco has no equal, unless it is the mule, though this comparison is inapt, as that hybrid has an extra endowment of brains, as though in compensation for the beauty which he lacks. I think that the wild state may have sharpened the senses of the bronco, while in domestication he is remarkably docile. It would be quite unfair to his fellows to institute anything like a comparison without putting in evidence the peculiar method of defense to which he resorts when he struggles with man for the mastery. Every one knows that he "bucks," and familiarity with that characteristic never breeds contempt. Only those who have ridden a bronco the first time it was saddled, or have lived through a railroad accident, can form any conception of the solemnity of such experiences. Few Eastern people appreciate the sky-rocket bounds, and grunts, and stiff-legged striking, because the "bucking" process is entered into with great spirit by the pony but once, and that is when he is first under the saddle-tree. If that "scrape" is "ridden out" by his master the bronco's spirit is broken; and while he may afterwards plunge about, he has intelligence enough not to "kick against the pricks."

His greatest good quality is the ease with which he stands any amount of hard riding over the trail; and this is not because of any particular power which he has over the thoroughbred, for instance, but because of his "hard stomach." He eats no grain in the growing stages of his life, and his stomach has not been forced artificially to supply a system taxed beyond the power of the stomach to fill. The same general difference is noted between an Indian and a white man. You may gallop the pony until your thoroughbred would "heave and thump" and "go wrong" in a dozen vital places, and the bronco will cool off and come through little the worse for the experience.

Some years ago I drove up to a stage station in the San Pedro Valley in Arizona, and the Mexican stock tender had had a hard time in rounding up his stage stock. His herd pony had been run until, as he stood there under the shade of a brush corral, covered with foam and dust, with his belly drawn up almost to his spine and gasping occasionally as though it was his last, I felt sure I should see him die before I left the station. I was afterwards told by the stage boss in a bluff, matter-of-course way, in answer to my inquiry, that he had "pulled through all right: you can't kill them critters"; and now I am perfectly positive that you cannot.

As a saddle animal simply, the bronco has no superior. The "lope" is a term which should never be applied to that motion in any other

breed of horses. I have watched a herd of cow-ponies being driven over the prairie where the undulations of the backs in the moving throng were as regular and easy as the rise and fall of the watery waves. The fox-trot, which is the habitual gait of all plainsmen, cowboys, and Indians, is easily cultivated in him, and his light, supple frame accommodates itself naturally to the motion.

This particular American horse lays claim to another quality, which in my estimation is not least, and that is his wonderful picturesqueness. He graces the Western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the heat and burden and the vicissitudes of all that pale of romance which will cling about the Western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or the wagon he seems a living protest against utilitarianism; but, unlike his red master, he will not go. He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain-man, and the vaquero through all the glories of their careers; but they will soon be gone, with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new régime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the ground.

Frederic Remington.



THE WINTER LAKES.

OUT in a world of death far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer,
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird;
But only the silence and white, the shores that grow chiller and dumber,
Wherever the ice-winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid, faint glimmer of dawn;
Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfs are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like specters, whited regions of winter,
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
Miles on miles of lake far out under the night;
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rimmed, winding,
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and landward it roars.

William Wilfred Campbell.



DOLLARD AND HIS COMMAND TAKING THE OATH.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.[1]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

XII.

DOLLARD'S CONFESSION.



IF Dollard was surprised at finding Claire standing by the fire dressed for her journey, he gave himself no time for uttering it, but directed Jacques to bring down madame's boxes and to wake Louise.

"One casket will be enough, Jacques," countermanded madame; "the one which has been opened. If there is such haste, the others can be sent hereafter. As for my poor Louise, I will not have her waked; this is but her second night's sleep on land. Some one can be found in Montreal to attend me, and I shall see her again soon."

Jacques shuffled down from his master's apartment, carrying the luggage on his shoulder and his candle in one hand. Dollard waited for him, to say aside:

"In three weeks come to Montreal and ask for your lady at the governor's house. Subject yourself to her orders thenceforward."

"Yes, m'sieur," grunted Jacques.

Again his candle on the twisted staircase caused great shadows to stalk through the cellar gloom — Claire's shadow stretching forward a magnified head at its dense future; Dollard's shadow towering so high as to be bent at right angles and flattened on the joists above. Once more were the bars put up, this time shutting two inmates out of the seigniory house.

Dollard hurried his wife into the boat. One Indian held the boat to the beach, another stored the luggage, and immediately they dropped into their places and took the oars, and the boat was off.

It was a silent night and very little breeze flowed along the surface of the water. The moon seemed lost walking so far down the west sky. She struck a path of gold crosswise of Lake St. Louis, and it grew with the progress of the boat, still traveling down-river and twinkling like a moving pavement of burnished disks.

Going with the current, the Hurons had little need to labor, and the gush of their oars came at longer intervals than during the upstream voyage.

Dollard had wrapped Claire well. He held the furs around her with one arm. By that ghostly daylight which the moon makes she could follow every line and contour of his face. He examined every visible point on the river's surface, and turned an acute ear for shore sounds. Before he began to speak, the disturbance of his spirit reached her, and quite drove all mention of Mademoiselle de Granville from her lips.

Having satisfied himself that no other craft haunted the river, Dollard turned his eyes upon Claire's, and spoke to her ear so that his voice was lost two feet away.

"Claire, the Iroquois are the curse of this province. Let me tell you what they have done. They are a confederation of five Indian nations: their settlements are south of the great Lake Ontario, but they spread themselves all along the St. Lawrence, murder settlers, make forays into Montreal and Quebec; they have almost exterminated the Christian Hurons, and when they offer us truces they do it only to throw us off our guard. The history of this colony is a history of a hand-to-hand struggle against the Iroquois."

"If they are so strong," whispered Claire, "how have the settlements lived at all?"

"Partly because their mode of warfare is peculiar, and consists in overrunning, harassing, and burning certain points and then retiring to the woods again, and partly because they needed the French. We are useful to them in furnishing certain supplies for which they trade. But they also trade with the Dutch colony on the Hudson River. Only lately have they made up their minds to sweep over this province and destroy it."

"How do you know this?"

"I know that at this time two bands of these savages, each hundreds strong, are moving to meet each other somewhere on the Ottawa River. We have heard rumors, and some prisoners have been brought in and made to confess, and the mere fact that no skulking parties haunt us shows that they are massing."

Dollard drew a deep breath.

"I shall not dread this danger, being with you," said Claire.

"This is what I must tell you. Claire, there was a man in Montreal who thought the sacking of New France could be prevented if a few

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determined men would go out and meet these savages on the way, as aggressors, instead of fighting simply on the defensive, as we have done so long. This man found sixteen other young men of his own mind, and they all took a sacred oath to devote themselves to this purpose."

"Sixteen!" breathed the shuddering girl. "Only sixteen against a thousand Indians?"

"Sixteen are enough if they be fit for the enterprise. One point of rock will break any number of waves. These sixteen men and their leader then obtained the governor's consent to their enterprise, and they will kneel in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu and receive absolution at daybreak this morning."

"Their leader is Adam Dollard!" Claire's whispered cry broke out.

"Their leader is Adam Dollard," he echoed.

She uttered no other sound, but rose up in the boat.

Dollard caught her in his arms and set her upon his knees. They held each other in an embrace like the rigid lock of death, the smiling, pale night seeming full of crashing and grinding noises, and of chaos like mountains falling.

Length after length the boat shot on, dumb heart-beat after dumb heart-beat, mile after mile. It began to shiver uneasily. Alert to what was before them, and indifferent to their freight of stone in the boat's end, the Hurons slipped to their knees, each unshipped his oars and took one of the dripping pair for a paddle, fixed his roused eyes on the twisting current, and prepared for the rapids of Lachine. Like an arrow just when the bowstring twangs came the boat at a rock, to be paddled as cleanly aside as if that hissing mass had been a shadow. Right, left, ahead the rapids boiled up; slight shocks ran through the thin-skinned craft as it dodged, shied, leaped, half whirled and half reversed, tumultuously tumbled or shot as if going down a flume. While it lasted the danger seemed endless. But those skilled paddlers played through it with grins of delight folding creases in their leather faces, nor did they settle down dogged and dull Indians again until the boat shot freely out of the rapids upon tame moonlighted ripples once more.

After the Lachine, Dollard lifted his head and said to Claire:

"We start on our expedition as soon as mass is done this morning. It goes without saying that I was pledged to this when I went to Quebec. I cannot go back from it now."

"There is no thought of your going back from it now," Claire spoke to him. "But, Dollard, is there hope of any man's returning alive from this expedition?"

"We are sworn to give no quarter and to take none."

The Indians, pointing their boat towards Montreal, were now pulling with long easy strokes. A little rocky island rose between voyagers and settling moon.

"O Claire! I loved you so! that is all my excuse. I meant not to bring such anguish upon you."

"Dollard, I forbid you to regret your marriage. I myself have no regrets."

"I knew not what I was doing." His words dropped with effort. She could feel his throat strongly sobbing.

"Don't fret, my Dollard." Claire smoothed down those laboring veins with her satin palm. "We are, indeed, young to die. I thought we should live years together. But this marriage gave us nearly a week of paradise. And that is more happiness, I am experienced enough to believe, than many wedded couples have in a lifetime."

"Claire, the family of the Governor Maisonneuve will receive you and treat you with all courtesy; first for your own sake, and in a small degree for mine. I have set down in my will that you are to have all my rude belongings, and Jacques is sworn your trusty servant."

"Dollard, hear what I have to say," she exclaimed, pressing his temples between her hands. "You meant to leave me behind you at St. Bernard. You forget that the blood of man-warriors, the blood of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, runs in my veins. Doubt not that I shall go with you on this expedition. Do you think I have no courage because I am afraid of mice and lightning?"

"I knew not that you were afraid of mice and lightning, my Claire."

"Am I to be the wife of Dollard and have sixteen young men thrust between him and myself, all accounted worthy of martyrdom above me?"

"Daughter of a Montmorency!" burst out Dollard with passion; "better than any man on earth! I do you homage—I prostrate myself—I adore you! Yet must I profane your ears with this: no woman can go with the expedition without bringing discredit on it."

"Not even your wife?"

"Not even my wife. After absolution in the chapel this morning we are set apart, consecrated to the purpose before us."

Claire dropped her face and said:

"I comprehend." He held her upon his breast the brief remainder of their journey, prostrated as she had not been by the shock of his confession.

Mount Royal stood dome-like on Montreal island, a huge shadow glooming out of the north-west upon the little village. After shifting

about from a river point of view, those structures composing the town finally settled in their order: the fort, the rough stone seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hôtel Dieu, the wooden houses standing in a single long row, and eastward the great fortified mill surrounded by a wall. The village itself had neither wall nor palisade.

Surrounding dark fields absorbed light and gave back no glint of dew or springing green blade, for the seed-sowing was not yet finished. Black bears squatting or standing about the fields at length revealed themselves as charred stumps and half trees.

"You have not told me the route your expedition goes," whispered Claire.

"We go in that direction — up the Ottawa River." Dollard swept out his arm indicating the west.

"There is one thing. Do not place me in the governor's charge. How can I be a guest, when I would lie night and day before some shrine? Are there no convents in Montreal? A convent is my allotted shelter."

"There are only the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu," he murmured back. "They, also, would receive you into kind protection; but, my Claire, they are poor. Montreal is not Quebec. Our nuns lived at first in one room. Now they have the hospital; but it is a wooden building, exposed by its situation."

"Let me go to the nuns," she insisted. "And there is one other thing. Do not tell them who I am. Say nothing about me, that I may have no inquiries to answer concerning our marriage and his reverence the bishop."

"Our nuns of St. Joseph and the Sulpitians of Montreal bear not too much love for the bishop," said Dollard. "But every wish you have is my wish. I will say nothing to the nuns, and you may tell them only what you will."

A strong pallor toning up to yellow had been growing from the east to the detriment of the moon. Now a pencil line of pink lay across the horizon, and the general dewiness of objects became apparent. The mountain turned from shadow into perpendicular earth and half-budded trees. Some people were stirring in Montreal, and a dog ran towards the river barking as the boat touched the wharf.

XIII.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HÔTEL DIEU.

JOUANEAUX, the retainer of the hospital nuns, though used to rising early to feed their pigs and chickens, this time cast his wary glance into the garden while it was yet night. The garden held now no tall growths of mustard, in which the Iroquois had been known to lurk until daylight for victims, but Jouaneaux felt it necessary that he should scan the inclosure himself before any nun chanced to step into it.

The sisterhood's dependent animals were quartered under the same roof with themselves, according to Canadian custom. Jouaneaux scattered provender before the cocks were fairly roused to their matin duty of crowing; and the sleepy swine, lifting the tips of their circular noses, grunted inquiringly at him without scrambling up through the dusk.

Scandal might have attached itself even to these nuns of the Hôtel Dieu for maintaining so youthful a servitor as Jouaneaux, had not the entire settlement of Montreal known his cause for gratitude towards them and the honest bond which held him devoted to their goodness.

He was not the stumpy type of French peasant, but stood tall and lithe, was rosy-faced, and had bright hair like a Saxon's. A constant smile parted Jouaneaux's lips and tilted up his nose. He looked always on the point of telling good news. Catastrophe and pain had not erased the up-curves of this expression. So he stood smiling at the pigs while Indian-fighters were gathering from all quarters of Montreal towards the hospital chapel.

"Jouaneaux!" spoke a woman's well-modulated voice from an inner door.

"Yes, honored Superior," he responded with alacrity, turning to Sister Judith de Brésoles, head of the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to whom he accorded always this exaggerated term of respect. She carried a taper in her hand, its slender white flame casting up the beauty of her stern spiritualized features.

Bound at all times to the duty of the moment, whether that duty was to boil herbs for dinner, to ring the tocsin at an Indian alarm, or to receive the wounded and the dying, Sister Brésoles conferred briefly with her servitor.

"Jouaneaux, is the chapel in complete readiness?"

"Yes, honored Superior; everything is ready."

"The Commandant Dollard has arrived, and he brought his young relative with him to place her in our care."

"His sister who lives on his seigniory?"

"Certainly. Could it be any other? His sister, Mademoiselle Dollard, therefore — "

"Pardon, honored Superior," — the tip of his nose shifted with expressive twitches, and he had the air of imparting something joyful, — "Mademoiselle de Granville. She is but half-sister to Monsieur Dollard."

"The minutest relationships of remote families are not hid from you, Jouaneaux," commented Sister Brésoles. "But I have to mention to you that the parlor fire must be lighted now

and every morning for Mademoiselle de Granville, if she choose to sit there."

"It shall be done, honored Superior."

"And that is all I had to tell you, I believe," concluded Sister Judith, turning immediately to the next duty on her list.

Early as it was, the population of Montreal was pressing into the palisade gate of the Hôtel Dieu. Matrons led their children, who mopped sleep from their eyes with little dark fists and stood on tiptoe to look between moving figures for the Indian-fighters. Some women had pale and tear-sodden cheeks, but most faces showed that rapturous enthusiasm which heroic undertaking rouses in the human breast. Unlike many meetings of a religious character, this one attracted men in majority: the seignior, the gentilhomme, the soldier from the fort, the working-smith or armorer.

When Sister Brésoles received Claire she had given her directly into the hands of a white, gentle, little nun, the frame-work of whose countenance was bare and expressive. She took the girl's hand between her sympathetic and work-worn tiny palms.

They stood in the refectory, the dawn-light just jotting their outlines to each other.

"I am Sister Macé, dear mademoiselle," said the little nun. "Do you wish me to sit by you in the chapel?"

"I cannot sit in the chapel, Sister."

"Then let me take you to our parlor. My Sister Brésoles will have a fire lighted there. On these mornings the air from the river comes in chill."

"No, Sister," said Claire, her eyes closed. "Thank you. Be not too kind to me. I wish to retain command of myself."

Sister Macé let a tear slip down each cheek hollow and took one hand away from Claire's to tweak her dot-like nose and catch the tears on a corner of her veil. The Sisters of St. Joseph were poorly clad, but the very fragrance of cleanness stirred in Sister Macé's robe. She glanced about for something which might comfort Claire by way of the stomach; for stomach comfort had gained importance to these gently bred nuns after their Canadian winters on frozen bread.

"Sister," said Claire, "is there any hiding-place about the walls of the chapel where I can thrust myself so that no weakness of mine may be seen, and behold the ceremonies?"

"There is the rood-loft," replied Sister Macé. "And if you go directly to it before the chapel is opened for the service, nobody would dream you were there."

"Let us go directly," said Claire.

Directly they went. Sister Macé paused but to close with care the chapel door behind them. The chapel was dark and they groped across it and up the stairway, Sister Macé talking low and breathlessly on the ascent.

"Ah, mademoiselle, what a blessed and safe retreat is the rood-loft! How many times have my Sister Maillet and I flown to that sacred corner and prostrated ourselves before the Holy Sacrament while the yells of the Iroquois rung in our very ears! We expected every instant to be seized and to feel the scalps torn from our heads. I have not the fortitude to bear these things as hath my Sister Brésoles,— this way, mademoiselle; give me your hand,— but I can appreciate noble courage; and, mademoiselle, I look with awe upon these young men about to take their vows."

The sacrament and its appendages had been removed from Sister Macé's retreat to the altar below. There was a low balustrade at the front of this narrow gallery which would conceal people humble enough to flatten themselves beside it, and here the woman bereft and the woman her sympathizer did lie on the floor and look down from the rood-loft. Before many moments an acolyte came in with his taper and lighted all the candles on the altar. Out of dusk the rough little room, with its few sacred daubs and its waxen images, sprung into mellow beauty.

Claire watched all that passed, sometimes dropping her face to the floor, and sometimes trembling from head to foot, but letting no sound betray her. She saw the settlement of Montreal crowd into the inclosure as soon as the chapel door was opened, and a Sulpitian priest stand forth by the altar. She saw the seventeen men file into space reserved for them before the altar and kneel there four abreast, Dollard at their head kneeling alone.

The chapel was very silent, French vivacity, which shapes itself into animated fervor on religious occasions, being repressed by this spectacle.

Claire knew the sub-governor Maisonneuve by his surroundings and attendants before Sister Macé breathed him into her ear.

"And that man who now comes forward," the nun added as secretly—"that is Charles Le Moyne, as brave a man as any in the province, and rich and worthy, moreover. His seigniory is opposite Montreal on the south-east shore."

Charles Le Moyne, addressing himself to the kneeling men, spoke out for his colleagues and brethren of the settlement who could not leave their farms until the spring crops were all planted. He urged the seventeen to wait until he and his friends could join the expedition. He would promise they should not be delayed long.

Claire watched Dollard lift his smiling face

and shake his head with decision, against which urging was powerless.

She witnessed the oath which they took neither to give quarter to nor accept quarter from the Iroquois. She witnessed their consecration and the ceremonial of mass. The kneeling men were young, few of them being older than Dollard.[1] They represented the colony, from soldier and gentilhomme down to the lower ranks of handicraftsmen. Whatever their ancestry had been, a baptism of glory descended upon all those faces alike. Their backs were towards the crowded chapel, but the women in the rood-loft could see this unconscious light, and as Claire looked at Dollard she shuddered from head to foot, feeling that her whole silent body was one selfish scream, "He is forgetting me!"

Lighted altar, lifted host, bowed people, and even the knightly splendor of Dollard's face, all passed from Claire's knowledge.

"It is now over, dear mademoiselle," whispered Sister Macé, sighing. "Do you see?—the men are standing up to march out four abreast, headed by the commandant. Ah, how the people will crowd them and shake their hands! Are you not looking, my child? O St. Joseph! patron of little ones, she is in a dead faint. Mademoiselle!" Sister Macé began to rub Claire's temples and hands and to pant with anxiety, so that the rood-loft must have been betrayed had not the chapel been emptying itself of a crowd running eagerly after other objects.

"Let me be," spoke Claire, hoarsely. "I am only dying to the world."

Sister Macé wept again. She patted Claire's wrist with her small fingers. The girl's bloodless face and tight-shut eyes were made more pallid by early daylight, for the candles were being put out upon the altar. Sister Macé in her solicitude forgot all about the people pouring through the palisade gate and following their heroes to the river-landing.

"Oh, how strong is the love of brother and sister!" half soliloquized this gentle nun. "These ties so sweeten life; but when the call of Heaven comes, how hard they rend asunder!"

The trampling below hastened itself, ebbed away, entirely ceasing upon the flags of the Hôtel Dieu and becoming a clatter along the wharf.

"Is the chapel vacant now, Sister?" her charge breathed at her ear.

"The last person has left it, dear mademoiselle."

"Presently I will go down to lie on that spot where he knelt before the altar."

"Shall I assist you down, dear mademoiselle?" said Sister Macé with the solicitude of a sparrow trying to lift a wounded robin.

"No, Sister. But of your charity do this for me in my weakness. Go down and stand by the place. I have not known if any foot pressed it, and I will not have it profaned."

Sister Macé, therefore, who respected all requests, and who herself had lain stretched on that cold stone pavement doing her religious penances, descended the stairs and stood near the altar; while her charge followed, holding by railing or sinking upon step, until she reached the square of stone where Dollard had knelt.

As a mother pounces upon her child in idolatrous abandon, so Claire fell upon that chill spot and encircled it with her arms, sobbing:

"Doubt not that I shall find you again, my Dollard, my Dollard! Once before I prayed mightily to Heaven for a blessing, and I got my blessing."

While she lay there, cheer after cheer rose from the river-landing, wild enthusiasm bursting out again as soon as the last round had died away. The canoes had put out on their expedition. Those who watched them with the longest watching would finally turn aside to other things. But the woman on the chapel floor lay stretched there for twenty-four hours.

1 The following list may be found in the parish register of Villemarie, June 3, 1660:

1. Adam Dollard (Sieur des Ormeaux), commandant, âgé de 25 ans.
2. Jacques Brassier, âgé de 25 ans.
3. Jean Tavernier, dit la Hochehère, armurier, âgé de 28 ans.
4. Nicolas Tellemont, serrurier, âgé de 25 ans.
5. Laurent Hebert, dit la Rivière, 27 ans.
6. Alonié de Lestres, chaufournier, 31 ans.
7. Nicolas Josselin, 25 ans.
8. Robert Jurée, 24 ans.
9. Jacques Boisseau, dit Cognac, 23 ans.
10. Louis Martin, 21 ans.
11. Christophe Augier, dit Desjardins, 26 ans.
12. Étienne Robin, dit Desforges, 27 ans.
13. Jean Valets, 27 ans.
14. René Doussin (Sieur de Sainte-Cécile), soldat de garnison, 30 ans.
15. Jean Lecomte, 20 ans.
16. Simon Grenet, 25 ans.
17. François Crusson, dit Pilote, 24 ans.

Also cited in "Histoire de la Colonie Française," II., 414, 416:

"A ces dix-sept héros chrétiens, on doit joindre le brave Annahotaha, chef des Hurons, comme aussi Metiwemeg, capitaine Algonquin, avec les trois autres braves de sa nation, qui tous demeurent fidèles et moururent au champ d'honneur; enfin les trois Français qui périrent au début de l'expédition, Nicolas du Val, serviteur au fort, Mathurin Soulard, charpentier du fort, et Blaise Juillet, dit Argnon, habitant."

Of the ambush in which these last-mentioned three men were slain, and the subsequent volunteering of others in their places, this romance does not treat.

XIV.

MASSAWIPPA.

All that pleasant afternoon, while a spring sun warmed seeds in the ground and trees visibly unfurled green pennons, Montrealists stood in groups looking solemnly up-river where the expedition canoes had disappeared, or flinging their hands in excited talk. "They talked too much," says one of their chroniclers. For the expedition was to be kept secret, particularly from all passing Indians.

There was no wind to cut away tremulous heat simmering at the base of the mountain. Grass could be smelled, with the delicious odor of the earth in which it was quickening. On such a day the soul of man accomplishes its yearly metempsychosis, and finds itself in a body beating with new life.

Jouaneaux carried his happy countenance from group to group along the single street of Montreal, standing with respectful attention when his superiors talked, or chiming in with authority when his equals held parley instead of pushing their business.

Before night a small fleet of Indian canoes came up the river and landed on the wharf of Montreal forty warriors and a very young girl. The chief, leading the girl by the hand, stalked proudly westward along the street, his feathers dancing, his muscular legs and moccasined feet having the flying step of Mercury. His braves trod in line behind him.

"All Hurons," remarked Jouaneaux to his crony, a lime-burner.

"And should be seeding their island of Orleans at this season," said the lime-burner, "if Quebec set them any example but to quarrel and take to the woods."

"That chief can be nobody but Annahotaha," said Jouaneaux. "Now where dost thou say he stole that brown beauty of a little Sister?"

"He stole her," responded the lime-burner, "from a full-blooded French girl below Three Rivers, that some Quebec Jesuit mixed up with him in marriage. My cousin lives in the same côte, and little liking hath she for this half-breed who scorns her mother's people and calls herself a princess."

"Good hater art thou of Quebec Jesuits," said Jouaneaux, spreading his approving smile beyond dots of white teeth around large margins of pink gums. "But Quebec Jesuits have done worse work than mixing the blood of this princess. What a little Sister of St. Joseph she would make!" he exclaimed, stretching his neck after the girl and disclosing the healthy depths of his mouth.

"You never look at a woman but to take her measure for the Sisterhood of St. Joseph," laughed the lime-burner.

"And to what better life could she be measured?" demanded the nuns' retainer, instantly aggressive, "or what better Sisterhood?"

"There be no better women," yielded the lime-burner.

All night Sister Brésoles and Sister Macé in turns kneeled beside the prostrate woman in the chapel. She was not disturbed by offers of food or consolation, for they respected her posture and her vigil. The young novices, of whom there were a few, had duties set for them elsewhere. All night a taper burned upon the altar and a nun knelt by it, her shadow wavering long and brown; and the woman's body, with its arms stretched out on the stones, stirred only at intervals when the hands grasped and wrung each other in renewed prayer.

Before matins Sister Brésoles left her support of this afflicted spirit to devote herself to the revival of the body, by concocting a broth for which she is yet celebrated in Church annals on account of the Divine assistance she received in its preparation. The very odor should rouse Claire from her long fast and cause her to eat and rise, bearing her burdens.

During Sister Brésoles's absence another figure came in and bowed before the altar.

Conscious of physical disturbance, Claire turned her vacant look towards it, as she had done each time the nuns changed vigils.

This was no serene Sister of St. Joseph, but a dark young girl also flattening herself on the pavement, and writhing about in rages of pain.

"My child, what ails *you?*" whispered Claire, compassion making alive the depths of her eyes.

But the girl, without heeding her, ground a few prayers between convulsive teeth, and then beat her head upon the stones.

By degrees the silence and self-restraint of a woman not greatly her elder, lying in trouble as abject as her own, had its quieting effect on her. Tears, scantily distilled in her, ran the length of her eyelid rims and fell in occasional drops on the floor.

Their cheeks resting on a level, the two unhappy creatures looked at each other across a stone flag.

"Has your father or your brother gone with Dollard?" whispered Claire.

"Madame, my father goes to fight the Iroquois."

"I thought it."

"Madame, I have just been making a vow."

"So have I."

"I will follow my father wherever he is going, come life or come death, and nobody shall prevent me."

Claire rose upon her knees.

Sister Brésoles opened the chapel door, carrying in a bowl of soup as she would have carried it to a soldier whose wounds refused to allow his being lifted.

The patient was in evident thanksgiving. Daylight had just begun to glimmer in. Claire's face shone with the passionate white triumph which religious ascetics of that day looked forward to as the crowning result of their vigils. Flushed with reactionary hope, she rose to her feet as if the pavement had left no stiffness in her muscles, and met the nun.

"St. Joseph and all the Holy Family give you peace, mademoiselle."

"Peace hath been granted me, Sister. My prayer is answered."

"Great is the power of the Holy Family. But after your long vigil you will need this strengthening broth which I have made for you."

"Sister, you are kind. Let me take it to your refectory. I know the place. And may this young girl attend me?"

"I will carry it myself, mademoiselle," said Sister Judith, "to our rude parlor, if you will follow me up the stairs. The refectory is somewhat chilly, and in the parlor we have a fire kindled. And you may bathe your face and hands before eating your soup."

Up a stairway Claire groped behind the nun, and came into a barn-like huge room, scant of comforts except an open fire, which Jouaneaux had but finished preparing entirely for her. The cells of the nuns were built along one side of this room, and from the cells they now emerged going devoutly to matins.

"Touching the half-breed girl of whom you spoke," said Sister Brésoles, lingering to put a basin of water and coarse clean towel within reach of her guest, "she shall come to you as soon as she hath finished her morning devotions. Her father is chief of the Hurons, and hath placed her here as a novice. We have many girls come," added Sister Brésoles with a light sigh, "but few remain to bear the hardships of life in a frontier convent."

"Girls are ungrateful creatures," said Claire, "bent on their own purposes, and greedy of what to them seems happiness. I am myself so. And if I do or say what must offend you, forgive me, Sister."

She unfastened her necklace and held it up—a slender rope braided of three strings of seed pearls and fastened by a ruby.

"This is a red sapphire, Sister, and has been more than a hundred years in the house of—"

She suppressed "Laval-Montmorency," and pressed her necklace upon the nun's refusing palm.

"Why do you offer me this, mademoiselle?"

"Because from this day gems and I part company forever. That is the only hereditary ornament I brought with me into New France. Enrich some shrine with it if you have no need to turn it into money for your convent."

"Our convent is very poor, mademoiselle," replied Sister Brésoles, divided between acceptance and refusal. "But we want no rich gifts from those who make their retirement with us. Also, the commandant, your brother, left with us more value than our poor hospitality can return to you."

"Yet be intreated, Sister," urged Claire. "I want it to be well placed, but no more about my throat."

Sister Brésoles, with gentle thanks, therefore,—"It shall still do honor to your house in works of charity, mademoiselle,"—accepted the gift and went directly to matins.

When Claire had washed her face and hands and tightened the loose puffs of her hair, she took her bowl of soup and sat before the fire, eating it with the hearty appetite of a woman risen from despair to resolution.

The odor of a convent, how natural it was to her!—that smell of stale incense intertwined with the scentless breath of excessive cleanliness. Through the poor joints of the house she could hear matin chanting arise from the chapel. Daylight grew stronger and ruddier, and a light fog from the river showed opal changes.

On moccasined feet, and so deft of hand that Claire heard her neither open nor close the door, the half-breed girl came to the hearth. A brown and a white favor in woman beauty were then set in strong contrast. Both girls were slenderly shaped, virginal and immature lines still predominating. Claire was transparently clear of skin, her hair was silken white like dandelion down, and the brown color of her eyes, not deeply tinged with pigment, showed like shadow on water; while the half-breed burned in rich pomegranate dyes, set in black and fawn tints. They looked an instant at each other in different mood from their first gaze across the flagstone.

"Your father is an Indian chief, the Sister tells me," said Claire.

"My father is Étienne Annahotaha, chief of the Hurons."

"And what is your name?"

"Massawippa."

"Massawippa, the Virgin sent you into the chapel to answer my prayer."

The half-breed, standing in young dignity, threw a dark-eyed side-glance at this perfect lily of French civilization. She was not yet prepared to be used as an answer to the prayers of any Frenchwoman.

"Did you know that an expedition started yesterday to the Ottawa River?" inquired Claire.

Massawippa shook her head.

"But your father, also — he is going to fight the Iroquois?"

"I know not where they are, but I shall find out," said Massawippa.

"I know," said Claire. "The Iroquois are coming down the Ottawa."

"From their winter trapping," the girl assented with a nod.

"Your father, therefore, will follow Dollard's expedition."

"My father has but forty-three men," Massawippa said gloomily.

"Child," said Claire, "Dollard has only sixteen!"

"And, madame, the Iroquois are like leaves for number. But I did not mean our Hurons are forty-three strong. Mituvemeg,[1] the Algonquin, meets my father here."

"Do you know this country? Have you lived much in the woods?"

"Yes, madame."

"Have you ever been up the Ottawa River?"

"Yes, madame. The very last summer my father took me up the Ottawa beyond Two Mountains Lake."

"Two Mountains Lake?"

"Yes, madame; a widening of the river, just as Lake St. Louis is a widening of the St. Lawrence."

"Could we go up this river in a boat, you and I?"

Massawippa looked steadily at Claire, searching her for cowardice or treachery. The Laval-Montmorency smiled back.

"Twenty-four hours, Massawippa, I lay on the chapel pavement, praying the Virgin to send me guide or open some way for me to follow the French expedition up that Ottawa River. You threw yourself beside me and answered my prayer by your own vow. We are bound to the same destination."

The half-breed girl looked with actual solicitude at the tender white beauty of her fellow-plotter.

"Madame, it will be very hard for you. You and I could not, in a boat, pass the rapids of Ste. Anne at the head of this island; they test the skill of our best Huron paddlers."

"Can we then go by land?"

"We shall have to cross one arm of the Ottawa to the mainland. Montreal is on an island, madame. Two or three leagues of travel would bring us to that shore near the mouth of the Ottawa."

Sister Macé, unobtrusive as dawn, opened the door and stole softly in from matins, breaking up the conference. She called Massawippa to learn how pallets must be aired and cells made tidy. The half-breed girl saw all this care with contempt, having for years cast out of mind her bed of leaves and blankets as soon as she arose from it.

Claire went with unpromising novice and easy teacher to breakfast in the refectory, and afterwards by herself to confession — a confession with its mental reservation as to her plans; but the rite was one which her religion imposed upon her under the circumstances. She had been even less candid towards the nuns in allowing them to receive and address her as Dollard's sister. The prostration of grief and reaction of intense resolve benumbed her, indeed, to externals. But in that day of pious deception, when the churchmen themselves were full of evasive methods, a daughter of conventual training may have been less sensitive to false appearances than women of Claire's high nature bred in a later age. She saw no more of Massawippa until nightfall, but lay in the cell assigned to her, resting with shut eyes, and allowing no thought to wander to the men paddling towards that lonely river.

All day the season grew; shower chased sun and sun dried shower, and in the afternoon Jouaneaux told Sister Brésoles that he had weeded the garden of a growth which would surprise her.

At dusk, however, he brought the usual small log up to the parlor, and with it news which exceeded his tale of weeding.

Sister Brésoles was folding her tired hands in meditation there, and Massawippa, sullen and lofty from her first day's probation, curled on the floor in a corner full of shadows.

"Honored Superior," said Jouaneaux after placing his log, "who say'st thou did boldly walk up to the governor to-day?"

"Perhaps yourself, Jouaneaux. You were ever bold enough."

"I was there, honored Superior, about a little matter of garden seeds, and I stood by and hearkened, as it behooved the garrison of a convent to do; for there comes me in this chief of the Hurons, Annahotaha, swelling like—"

Jouaneaux suppressed "cockerel about to crow." His wandering glance caught Massawippa sitting in her blanket. The Sisters of St. Joseph were at that time too poor to furnish any distinguishing garments to their novices; and so insecure were these recruits from the world that any uniform would have been thrown away upon them. With the facility of Frenchmen, Jouaneaux substituted,

[1] "They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal. . . . Thither, accordingly, they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, the Huron with thirty-nine."— *Francis Parkman.*

—"like a mighty warrior, as he is known to be. And he asks the governor, does Annahotaha, for a letter to Dollard; and before he leaves the presence he gets his letter."

Sister Brésoles raised a finger, being mindful of two pairs of listening ears, and two souls just sinking to the peace of resignation.

"Honored Superior," exclaimed Jouaneaux, in haste to set bulwarks around his statement, "you may ask Father Dollier de Casson if this be not so, for he had just landed from the river parishes, and was with the governor. V'là," said Jouaneaux, spreading an explanatory hand, "if Annahotaha and his braves join Dollard without any parchment of authority, what share will Dollard allow them in the enterprise? Being a shrewd chief and a man of affairs, Annahotaha knew he must bear commission."

"Come down to the refectory and take thy supper and discharge thy news there," Sister Brésoles exclaimed, starting up and swiftly leaving the room.

Jouaneaux obeyed her, keeping his punctilious foot far behind the soft rush of her garments.

He dared not wink at the nun, even under cover of dusk and to add zest to his further recital; but he winked at the wall separating him from Massawippa and said slyly on the stairs:

"Afterwards, however, honored Superior, I heard the governor tell Father de Casson that he wrote it down to Dollard to accept or refuse Annahotaha, as he saw fit."

As soon as the door was closed Claire came running out of her cell and met Massawippa at the hearth, silently clapping her hands in swift rapture as a humming-bird beats its wings.

"Now thou see'st how the Virgin answers prayer, Massawippa!"

The half-breed, sedately eager, said:

"We must cross the arm of the Ottawa and follow their course up that river. Madame, I have troubled my mind much about a boat. For if we got over the Ottawa arm and followed the right-hand shore, have you thought how possible it is that they may fix their camp on the opposite side?"

"Can we not take a boat with us from Montreal?"

"And carry it two or three leagues across the country? For I cannot paddle up the Ste. Anne[1] current. But if we could get one here it would draw suspicion on us and we might be followed. I see but one way. We must depend upon that walking woman above Carillon; and if she be dead, and they camp on the other side, we must raft across the Ottawa. But if we must first make a raft to cross at the mouth, how much time will be lost!"

"Massawippa, we have vowed to follow this expedition, and with such good hap as Heaven sends us we shall follow it. May we not start to-morrow?"

"Madame, before we start there are things to prepare. We must eat on the way."

"What food shall we carry?"

"Bread and smoked eels would keep us alive. I can perhaps buy these with my wampum girdle," suggested Massawippa, who held the noble young dame beside her to be as dowerless as a Huron princess, and thought it no shame so to be.

"Why need you do that?" inquired Claire. "I have two or three gold louis left of the few I brought from France."

"Gold, madame! Gold is so scarce in this land we might attract too much attention by paying for our supplies with it."

"I have nothing else, so we must hazard it. And what must we take beside food and raiment?"

"Madame, we cannot carry any garments."

"But, Massawippa, I cannot go to Dollard all travel-stained and ragged!"

"If we find him, madame, he will not think of your dress. Is he wedded to you?"

Claire's head sunk down in replying.

"He is wedded to glory. Men care more for glory than they care for us, Massawippa."

"Madame," said the younger, her mouth settling to wistfulness, "the more they care for glory the more we love them. My father is great. If he was a common Indian little could I honor him, whatever penance the priest laid upon me."

"Yes, Dollard is my husband. He is my Dollard," said Claire.

"The nuns call you mademoiselle."

"I have not told them."

"They might see!" asserted Massawippa, slightingly. "Do women lie in deadly anguish before the altar for brothers?" she demanded, speaking as decidedly from her inexperience as any young person of a later century, "or for detestable young men who wish to be accepted as lovers?"

"Assuredly not," said Claire, smiling.

"But fathers, they are a different matter. And in your case, madame, husbands. We shall need other things besides bread and eels. For example, two knives."

"To cut our bread with?" inquired Claire.

"No; to cut our enemies with!" Massawippa

[1] Ste. Anne de Bellevue, an old village at the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, "always a rendezvous of the voyageurs and coureurs de bois up the Ottawa."

"The waters of the Ottawa are about three inches higher than the waters of Lake St. Louis (in the St. Lawrence), and are therefore precipitated through the two channels running around Île Perot with considerable force, forming a succession of short rapids."—*From Report of Public Works*, 1866.

replied, with preoccupied eye which noted little the shudder of the European.

"O Massawippa! they may be engaged with the Iroquois even now. Dollard has been gone two days."

"Have no fear of that, madame. There will be no fighting until Annahotaha reaches the expedition," assumed the chief's daughter with a high air most laughable to her superior. And after keen meditation she added: "We might start to-morrow daybreak if we but had our supplies ready."

"Massawippa," exclaimed Claire, "how do you barter with merchants? Can we not send for them and buy our provisions at once?"

"Madame, send for the merchants? You make me laugh! Very cautiously will I have to slip from this place to that; and perhaps I cannot then buy all we need, especially with gold louis. They may, however, think coureurs de bois have come to town. And now at dusk is a better time than in broad daylight."

Claire went in haste to her casket, which stood in the nuns' parlor, and selected from it things which she might not have the chance of removing later. These she put in her cell, and came back to Massawippa with her hand freighted.

"How much, madame?" the half-breed inquired as pieces were turned with a clink upon her own palm.

"All. Three louis."

"Take one back, then. Two will be too many, though one might not be enough. Madame, that Frenchman who feeds the nuns' pigs and tends this fire, he will let me out; and what I buy I will hide outside the Hôtel Dieu."

XV.

THE WOOING OF JOUANEAUX.

In consequence of Massawippa's plan the Frenchman who fed the nuns' pigs guarded in dolor his palisade gate at about 10 o'clock of the evening.

The hospital had these bristling high pickets set all about its premises as a defense against sudden attacks, and its faithful retainer felt that he was courting its destruction in keeping its bolts undone so late. There was, besides, the anticipative terror of a nun's stepping forth to demand of his hands the new novice. Cold dew of suspense stood on his face; and he could only hope that Sister Maillet, who usually had charge of the last novice, believed her to be folded safely in her cell by Sister Brésoles, and that Sister Brésoles believed her to be thus folded by Sister Maillet. When at last the cat footsteps of Massawippa passed through the palisade gate she requited his sufferings with scarce a nod of thanks, though she hesitated with some show of interest to see him fasten both gate and convent door. Indignation possessed him while he shot the bolts, and freed itself through jerks of the head.

But instead of going to her cell, Massawippa entered the chapel; and Jouaneaux, feeling himself still responsible for her, followed and closed the door behind him.

A solitary light burned on the altar. The girl knelt a long time in her devotions.

Jouaneaux knelt also, near the door, and after a pater and an ave it may be supposed he begged St. Joseph to intercede for a poor sinner who felt beset and impelled to meddle with novices.

Having finished her prayers, Massawippa began to ascend the stairway to the rood-loft.

"Where are you going?" whispered Jouaneaux, following her in wrath.

She turned around and held to the rail of the stair, while he stood at the foot, she guarding her voice also in reply.

"I am going up here to sleep, lest I wake the Sisters. The floor is no harder than their pallets, and the night is not cold."

"And in the morning my honored Superior calls me to account for you."

"No one has missed me. I shall be up early."

"How do you know you are not missed? Some one may this moment open that chapel door."

"Go away and quit hissing at me then," suggested Massawippa, contracting her brows.

Jouaneaux, drawn by a power irresistible, fell into the error of vain natures, and set himself to lecture the creator of his infatuation.

"I want to talk to you. I want to give you some good advice. Sit down on that step," he demanded.

Massawippa settled down, and rested her chin on her dark soft knuckles. Sparks of amusement burned in the deeps of her eyes. Accustomed to having men of inferior rank around her, she was satisfied that he kept his distance and sat three steps below her, literally beneath her feet. Her beaver gown cased her in rich creases.

Seeing her thus plastic, Jouaneaux's severity ran off his cheeks in a smile. He forgot her abuse of the privilege he had stolen for her. His genial nose tilted up, and as overture to his good advice, showing all his gums, he whispered:

"What a pretty little Sister of St. Joseph you will make!"

Massawippa stirred, and with her dull red blanket arranged a rest for her head against the balustrade.

"What do you think of me?" he inquired.

After reticent pause of a length to embarrass a modest questioner, Massawippa admitted:

"You are not so black and oily as La Mouche."

"Who is La Mouche?"

"He is my father's adopted nephew."

"Does he want to wed you?"

"He dare not name such a thing to me!"

"That is excellent," commended Jouaneaux. "You have the true spirit of a novice. You must never think of marriage with any man." He gloated upon her, his entire chest sighing.

The scandal of the situation, should any nun open the chapel door, was a danger which made this interview the most delightful sin of his life. But the two Sisters most given to vigils had watched all the previous night, and he counted upon nature's revenge to leave him unmolested.

The taper burned upon the altar, and there were the sacred images keeping guard, chastening both speakers always to a reverent murmur of the voice which rose no louder, and which to a devout ear at the door might have suggested, in that period of miracles, some gentle colloquy between the waxen St. Joseph and his waxen spouse. Massawippa, childishly innocent, and Jouaneaux, nearly as innocent himself, would scarcely be such objects of veneration, though their converse might prove equally harmless.

"Is this the good advice you wished to give me?" inquired Massawippa.

"It is the beginning of it," replied Jouaneaux.

"I do not intend to wed. There is no man fit to wed me," said the half-breed girl in high sincerity, leveling her gaze above his bright poll.

"Look you here, now!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I am good enough for you, if I would marry you. For while your fathers were ranging the woods, mine were decent tillers of the soil, keeping their skins white and minding the priest. Where could you get a finer husband than I would make you? But I shall never marry. The Queen of France would be no temptation to me. There you sit, enough to turn the head of our blessed St. Joseph, for you turned my head the moment I looked upon you; but I don't want you."

"I will bid you good-night," said Massawippa, drawing her blanket.

"At the proper time, little Sister; when I speak my mind freer of its load. I must live a bachelor, it is true; but if I were a free man I would have you to-morrow, though you scratched me with your wild hands."

"I am not for your bolts and bars," returned Massawippa, scornfully.

"If we were settled in the house I made upon my land," said Jouaneaux, tempting himself with the impossible while he leaned back smiling, "little need you complain of bolts and bars. My case is this: I had a grant of land on the western shore of this island of Montreal."

"Not where the Ottawa comes in?" questioned Massawippa, impaling him with interest.

"That was the exact spot." Jouaneaux widened his mouth pinkly as he became retrospective. "And never wouldst thou guess what turned me from that freeholding to a holy life. I may say that I lead a holy life, for are not vows laid upon me as strait as on the Sulpitian fathers? And straiter; I am under writings to the nuns to serve them to the day of my death, and they be under writings to me to maintain my sickness and old age. It is likely my skeleton barn still stands where I set it up to hold my produce. Down I falls from the ridge of it headlong to the ground, and here in the Hôtel Dieu I lay for many a month like a rag, the Sisters tending me. It was then I said to myself, 'Jouaneaux, these be angels of pity and patience, yet they soil their hands feeding pigs and bearing up such as thou.' Though I am equal to most of my betters, little Sister, I always held it well to be humble-minded. The result is, I give up my land, I bind myself to serve the saints in this Hôtel Dieu, and therefore I cannot marry."

Jouaneaux collapsed upon himself with a groaning sigh.

"Then your house and your barn were left to ruin?" questioned Massawippa, passing without sympathy his nuptial restrictions.

"My house!" said Jouaneaux, looking up with reviving spirit. "Little Sister, you would walk over the roof of my house and not perceive it."

"In midwinter?"

"No, now, when young grass springs. I could endure to risk my store of crops where the Iroquois might set torch to them, but this pretty fellow, this outer man of me, I took no risks with him. I chooses me a stump, a nice hollow stump."

"And squeezed into it like a bear?"

"Jouaneaux is a fox, little Sister. Call your clumsy La Mouche the bear. No: I burrows me out a house beneath the stump; a good house, a sizable hole. Over there is my fireplace, and the stump furnishes me a chimney. Any Iroquois seeing my stump smoking would merely say to himself, 'It is afire.' Let a canoe spring out on the river or a cry ring in the forest — down went Jouaneaux into his house, and, as you may say, pulled the earth over his head. I also kept my canoe dragged within there, for there was no telling what might happen to it elsewhere."

Massawippa regarded him with animation. "You had also a boat?"

"Indeed, yes!" the nuns' man affirmed, kindled higher by such interest. "A good birch craft it was, and large enough for two people." Another groaning sigh paid tribute to this lost instrument of happiness.

"But your house may be all crumbled in now."

"Not that house, little Sister. Look you! it had ceiling and walls of timbers well fastened together and covered with cement. Was not that a snug house? It will endure like rock, and some day I must go and see it once more."

"Perhaps you could not find it now."

Jouaneaux laughed.

"My house! I could walk straight to it, little Sister, and lay my hand on the chimney. That chimney stump, it standeth near the river, the central one in a row of five. Many other rows of five there be in the field, but none, to my eye, exactly like this."

Massawippa rose suddenly and dived like a swallow up the stairway. So much keener was her ear than Jouaneaux's that she was out of sight before he realized the probability of an interruption.

A hand was on the chapel latch, and he turned himself on the step as Sister Judith Brésoles entered, her night taper in her hand. When she discovered him, instead of screaming, she stood and fixed a stern gaze on him, her mouth compressed and her brows holding an upright wrinkle betwixt them. Her servitor stood up in his most pious and depressed attitude.

"Jouaneaux, what are you doing here?"

"Honored Superior, I have been sitting half an hour or so meditating before the sacred images."

"Where is the novice Massawippa?"

"That is what troubles my conscience, honored Superior." Beneath his childlike distress Jouaneaux was silently blessing St. Joseph that it was not Sister Macé with her tendency to resort to the rood-loft. "Here is the case I stand in: the little Sister you call Massawippa, she came begging me for a breath of air by the river before I fastened the bolts to-night."

"You turned that child upon the street!" exclaimed Sister Brésoles. "I cannot find her in any cell or anywhere about the Hôtel Dieu. You have exceeded your authority, Jouaneaux. It is a frightful thing you have done!"

"Honored Superior, she will be back in the morning. Those half-Indians are not like French girls; they have the bird in them. This one will hop over all evil hap."

"I would ring the tocsin," said Sister Brésoles, "if alarming the town would recall her. Without doubt, though," she sighed, "the girl has returned to her father."

"Honored Superior, if she comes not back to matins as clean and fresh as a brier-rose, turn me out of the Hôtel Dieu."

"Get you to bed, Jouaneaux, and, let me tell you, you must meddle no more with novices. These young creatures are ever a weight on one's heart."

"Especially this one," lamented Jouaneaux, as, leaving the chapel behind Sister Brésoles, he rolled his eyes in one last gaze at the rood-loft.

XVI.

FIRST USE OF A KNIFE.

THE capeline, or small black velvet cap, which Claire had worn on her journeys about New France sheltered her head from the highest and softest of April morning skies. Though so early and humid that mists were still curling and changing form around the mountain and in all the distances, it promised to be a fine day.

Massawippa led the way across the clearing, leaning a little to one side as a sail-boat does when it flies on the wind, her moccasined feet just touching the little billows of plowed ground; and Claire followed eagerly, though she carried her draperies clutched in her hands. The rising sun would shine on their backs, but before the sun rose they were where he must grope for them among great trees.

One short pause had been made at the outset while Massawippa brought, from some recess known to herself among rocks or stumps in the direction of the mountain, a hempen sack filled with her supplies. She carried this, and a package of what Claire had made up as necessaries from her box in the Hôtel Dieu, as if two such loads were wings placed under the arms of a half-Huron maid to help her feet skim plowed ground.

When they had left the clearing and were well behind a massed shelter of forest trunks, Claire was moist and pink with haste and exertion, and here Massawippa paused.

They were, after all, but young girls starting on an excursion with the morning sky for a companion, and they laughed together as they sat down upon a low rock.

"When I closed the door of the parlor," said Claire with very pink lips, "I thought I heard some one stirring in the cells. But we have not been followed, and I trust not seen."

"They were rousing for matins," said the half-Huron. "No, they think I ran away last night; and you, madame, they do not expect to matins. We are taking one risk which I dread, but it must be taken."

"You mean leaving the palisade and entrance doors unfastened? My heart smote me

for those good nuns. Is the risk very great? We have seen no danger abroad."

"Not that. No, madame. Their man, that stupid, who ranks himself with Sulpitian fathers, he is always astir early among his bolts and his pigs. It is his suspicion I dread. For he knows I slept in the chapel last night, and he told me of his house, and in that house we must sleep to-night. Perhaps he dare not tell the Sisters, and in that case he dare not follow to search his house for us. We have also his stupidity to count on. Young men are not wise."

Present discomfort, which puts coming risks farther into the future in most minds, made Claire thrust out her pointed satin feet and look at them dubiously.

"What would Dollard think of these, Massawippa? I have one other pair of heeled shoes in that packet, but they will scarcely hold out for such journeying."

"Madame, that is why I stopped here," said Massawippa, opening her sack. "It was necessary for us to kneel in the chapel and ask the Holy Family's aid before we set out; but we have no time to spend here. Let me get you ready."

"Am I not ready?" inquired Claire, giving her companion a rosy laugh.

"No, madame; your feet must be moccasined and your dress cut off."

The younger girl took from the sack a pair of new moccasins and knelt on one knee before Claire—not as a menial would kneel, but as a commanding junior who has undertaken maternal duty. She flung aside the civilized foot-beautifiers of Louis' reign and substituted Indian shoes, lacing them securely with fine thongs.

"These are the best I had, madame, and I carried them out of the Hôtel Dieu under my blanket and hid them with our provisions last night."

"What a sensible, kind child you are, Massawippa! But while you were doing this for me I took no thought of any special comfort for you."

"They will bear the journey."

Massawippa rose and took from her store two sheathed knives with cross hilts — not of the finest workmanship, but of good temper: their pointed blades glittered as she displayed them. She showed her pupil how to place one, sheathed, at a ready angle within her bodice, and then took up the other like a naked sword.

"Now stand on the rock, madame, and let me cut your dress short."

"Oh, no!" pleaded Claire for her draperies. "You do not understand, Massawippa. This is simply the dress which women of my rank wear in France, and because I am going into the woods must I be shorn to my knees like a man?"

Retreating a step she stretched before her the skirt of dark glacé satin with its Grecian border of embroidery at the foot, and in doing so let fall from her arm the overskirt, which trailed its similar border upon the ground behind her.

"Madame," argued Massawippa, suspending the knife, "we have a road of danger before us. That shining stuff hanging behind you will catch on bushes, and weary you, and will soon be ragged though you nurse it on your arm all the way."

"Cut that off, therefore," said Claire, turning. "I am not so childish as to love the pall we hang over our gowns and elbows. But the skirt is not too long if it be lifted by a girdle below the waist. Cut me out a rope of satin, Massawippa."

The hiss of a thick and rich fabric yielding to the knife could be heard behind her back. Massawippa presently lifted the plenteous fleece thus shorn, and pared away the border while the elder girl held it. Together they tied the border about Claire's middle for a support, and over this pulled the top of her skirt in a pouting ruff.

It was now sunrise. Having thus finished equipping themselves they took up each a load, Claire bearing her packet on the arm her surplus drapery had burdened, and when Massawippa had thrust both cast-off shoes and satin under a side of the rock they hurried on.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.



STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA. III.

FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN BAYOU PLAQUEMINE — THE FIGHT WITH WILD NATURE.



LAQUEMINE was composed of a church, two stores, as many drinking-shops, and about fifty cabins, one of which was the court-house. Here lived a multitude of Catalans, Acadians, negroes, and Indians. When Suzanne and Maggie, accompanied by my father and John Gordon, went ashore, I declined to follow, preferring to stay aboard with Joseph and Alix. It was at Plaquemine that we bade adieu to the old Mississippi. Here our flatboat made a détour and entered Bayou Plaquemine.[1]

Hardly had we started when our men saw and were frightened by the force of the current. The enormous flatboat, that Suzanne had likened to a giant tortoise, darted now like an arrow, dragged by the current. The people of Plaquemine had forewarned our men and recommended the greatest prudence. "Do everything possible to hold back your boat, for if you strike any of those tree-trunks of which the bayou is full it would easily sink you." Think how reassuring all this was, and the more when they informed us that this was the first time a flatboat had ventured into bayou!

Mario, swearing in all the known languages, sought to reassure us, and, aided by his two associates, changed the manœuvring, and with watchful eye found ways to avoid the great uprooted trees in which the lakes and bayous of Attakapas abound. But how clouded was Carpentier's brow! And my father? Ah! he repented enough. Then he realized that gold is not always the vanquisher of every obstacle. At last, thanks to Heaven, our flatboat came off victor over the snags, and after some hours we arrived at the Indian village of which you have heard me tell.

If I was afraid at sight of a dozen savages among the Spaniards of Plaquemine, what was to become of me now? The bank was entirely covered with men, their faces painted, their heads full of feathers, moccasins on their feet, and bows on shoulder — Indians indeed, with women simply wrapped in blankets, and children without the shadow of a garment. And all these Indians running, calling to one another, making signs to us, and addressing us in incomprehensible language. Suzanne, standing up on the bow of the flatboat, replied to their signs and called with all the force of her lungs every Indian word that — God knows where — she had learned:

"Chacounam finnan! O Choctaw! Conno Poposso!" And the Indians clapped their hands, laughing with pleasure and increasing yet more their gestures and cries.

The village, about fifty huts, lay along the edge of the water. The unfortunates were not timid. Presently several came close to the flatboat and showed us two deer and some wild turkeys and ducks, the spoils of their hunting. Then came the women laden with sacks made of bark and full of blackberries, vegetables, and a great quantity of baskets; showing all, motioning us to come down, and repeating in French and Spanish, "Money, money!"

It was decided that Mario and Gordon should stay on board and that all the rest of the joyous band should go ashore. My father, M. Carpentier, and 'Tino loaded their pistols and put them into their belts. Suzanne did likewise, while Maggie called Tom, her bulldog, to follow her. Celeste declined to go, because of her children. As to Alix and me, a terrible contest was raging in us between fright and curiosity, but the latter conquered. Suzanne and papa laughed so at our fears that Alix, less cowardly than I, yielded first, and joined the others. This was too much. Grasping my father's arm and begging him not to leave me for an instant, I let him conduct me, while Alix followed me, taking her husband's arm in both her hands. In front marched 'Tino, his gun on his shoulder; after him went Maggie, followed by Tom; and then Suzanne and little Patrick, inseparable friends.

Hardly had we gone a few steps when we were surrounded by a human wall, and I real-

[1] Flowing, not into, but out of, the Mississippi, and, like it, towards the Gulf.—TRANSLATOR.

ized with a shiver how easy it would be for these savages to get rid of us and take all our possessions. But the poor devils certainly never thought of it: they showed us their game, of which papa bought the greater part, as well as several sacks of berries, and also vegetables.

But the baskets! They were veritable wonders. As several of those that I bought that day are still in your possession, I will not lose much time telling of them. How those half-savage people could make things so well contrived and ornamented with such brilliant colors is still a problem to us. Papa bought for mamma thirty-two little baskets fitting into one another, the largest about as tall as a child of five years, and the smallest just large enough to receive a thimble. When he asked the price I expected to hear the seller say at least thirty dollars, but his humble reply was five dollars. For a deer he asked one dollar; for a wild turkey, twenty-five cents. Despite the advice of papa, who asked us how we were going to carry our purchases home, Suzanne and I bought, between us, more than forty baskets, great and small. To papa's question, Suzanne replied with an arch smile:

"God will provide."

Maggie and Alix also bought several; and Alix, who never forgot any one, bought two charming little baskets that she carried to Celeste. Each of us, even Maggie, secured a broad parti-colored mat to use on the deck as a couch *à la Turque*. Our last purchases were two Indian bows painted red and blue and adorned with feathers; the first bought by Celestino Carlo, and the other by Suzanne for her chevalier, Patrick Gordon.

An Indian woman who spoke a little French asked if we would not like to visit the queen. We assented, and in a few moments she led us into a hut thatched with palmetto leaves and in all respects like the others. Its interior was disgustingly unclean. The queen was a woman quite or nearly a hundred years old. She sat on a mat upon the earth, her arms crossed on her breast, her eyes half closed, and muttering between her teeth something resembling a prayer. She paid no attention to us, and after a moment we went out. We entered two or three other huts and found the same poverty and squalor. The men did not follow us about, but the women—the whole tribe, I think—marched step by step behind us, touching our dresses, our *capuches*, our jewelry, and asking for everything; and I felt well content when, standing on our deck, I could make them our last signs of adieu.

Our flatboat moved ever onward. Day by day, hour by hour, every minute it advanced—slowly it is true, in the diminished current, but it advanced. I no longer knew where I was. We came at times where I thought we were lost; and then I thought of mamma and my dear sisters and my two pretty little brothers, whom I might never see again, and I was swallowed up. Then Suzanne would make fun of me and Alix would caress me, and that did me good. There were many bayous,—a labyrinth, as papa said,—and Mario had his map at hand showing the way. Sometimes it seemed impracticable, and it was only by great efforts of our men ["no zomme," says the original] that we could pass on. One thing is sure—those who traverse those same lakes and bayous to-day have not the faintest idea of what they were [il zété] in 1795.

Great vines hung down from lofty trees that shaded the banks and crossed one another a hundred—a thousand—ways to prevent the boat's passage and retard its progress, as if the devil himself was mixed in it; and, frankly, I believe that he had something to do with us in that cavern. Often our emigrants were forced to take their axes and hatchets in hand to open a road. At other times tree-trunks, heaped upon one another, completely closed a bayou. Then think what trouble there was to unbar that gate and pass through. And, to make all complete, troops of hungry alligators clambered upon the sides of our flatboat with jaws open to devour us. There was much outcry; I fled, Alix fled with me, Suzanne laughed. But our men were always ready for them with their guns.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWICE-MARRIED COUNTESS.

But with all the sluggishness of the flatboat, the toils, the anxieties, and the frights, what happy times, what gay moments, we passed together on the rough deck of our rude vessel, or in the little cells that we called our bedrooms.

It was in these rooms, when the sun was hot on deck, that my sister and I would join Alix to learn from her a new stitch in embroidery, or some of the charming songs she had brought from France and which she accompanied with harp or guitar.

Often she read to us, and when she grew tired put the book into my hands or Suzanne's, and gave us precious lessons in reading, as she had in singing and in embroidery. At times, in these moments of intimacy, she made certain half-disclosures that astonished us more and more. One day Suzanne took between her own two hands that hand so small and delicate and cried out all at once:

"How comes it, Alix, that you wear two wedding rings?"

"Because," she sweetly answered, "if it gives you pleasure to know, I have been twice married."

We both exclaimed with surprise.

"Ah!" she said, "no doubt you think me younger [bocou plus jeune] than I really am. What do you suppose is my age?"

Suzanne replied: "You look younger than Françoise, and she is sixteen."

"I am twenty-three," replied Alix, laughing again and again.

Another time my sister took a book, haphazard, from the shelves. Ordinarily [audinaremend] Alix herself chose our reading, but she was busy embroidering. Suzanne sat down and began to read aloud a romance entitled "Two Destinies."

"Ah!" cried my sister, "these two girls must be Françoise and I."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Alix, with a heavy sigh, and Suzanne began her reading. It told of two sisters of noble family. The elder had been married to a count, handsome, noble, and rich; and the other, against her parents' wish, to a poor workingman who had taken her to a distant country, where she died of regret and misery. Alix and I listened attentively; but before Suzanne had finished, Alix softly took the book from her hands and replaced it on the shelf.

"I would not have chosen that book for you; it is full of exaggerations and falsehoods."

"And yet," said Suzanne, "see with what truth the lot of the countess is described! How happy she was in her emblazoned coach, and her jewels, her laces, her dresses of velvet and brocade! Ah, Françoise! of the two destinies I choose that one."

Alix looked at her for a moment and then dropped her head in silence. Suzanne went on in her giddy way:

"And the other: how she was punished for her plebeian tastes!"

"So, my dear Suzanne," responded Alix, "you would not marry—"

"A man not my equal—a workman? Ah! certainly not."

Madame Carpentier turned slightly pale. I looked at Suzanne with eyes full of reproach; and Suzanne remembering the gardener, at that moment in his shirt sleeves pushing one of the boat's long sweeps, bit her lip and turned to hide her tears. But Alix—the dear little creature!—rose, threw her arms about my sister's neck, kissed her, and said:

"I know very well that you had no wish to give me pain, dear Suzanne. You have only called up some dreadful things that I am trying to forget. I am the daughter of a count. My childhood and youth were passed in châteaux and palaces, surrounded by every pleasure that an immense fortune could supply. As the wife of a viscount I have been received at court; I have been the companion of princesses. To-day all that is a dreadful dream. Before me I have a future the most modest and humble. I am the wife of Joseph the gardener; but poor and humble as is my present lot, I would not exchange it for the brilliant past, hidden from me by a veil of blood and tears. Some day I will write and send you my history; for I want to make it plain to you, Suzanne, that titles and riches do not make happiness, but that the poorest fate illumined by the fires of love is very often radiant with pleasure."

We remained mute. I took Alix's hand in mine and silently pressed it. Even Suzanne, the inquisitive Suzanne, spoke not a word. She was content to kiss Alix and wipe away her tears.

If the day had its pleasures, it was in the evenings, when we were all reunited on deck, that the moments of gayety began. When we had brilliant moonlight the flatboat would continue its course to a late hour. Then, in those calm, cool moments, when the movement of our vessel was so slight that it seemed to slide on the water, amid the odorous breezes of evening the instruments of music were brought upon deck and our concerts began. My father played the flute delightfully; Carlo, by ear, played the violin pleasantly; and there, on the deck of that old flatboat, before an indulgent audience, our improvised instruments waked the sleeping creatures of the centuries-old forest and called around us the wondering fishes and alligators. My father and Alix played admirable duos on flute and harp, and sometimes Carlo added the notes of his violin or played for us cotillons and Spanish dances. Finally Suzanne and I, to please papa, sang together Spanish songs, or songs of the negroes, that made our auditors nearly die a-laughing; or French ballads, in which Alix would mingle her sweet voice. Then Carlo, with gestures that always frightened Patrick, made the air resound with Italian refrains, to which almost always succeeded the Irish ballads of the Gordons.

But when it happened that the flatboat made an early stop to let our men rest, the programme was changed. Celeste and Maggie went ashore to cook the two suppers there. Their children gathered wood and lighted the fires. Mario and Gordon, or Gordon and 'Tino, went into the forest with their guns. Sometimes my father went along, or sat down by M. Carpentier, who was the fisherman. Alix, too, generally sat near her husband, her sketch-book on her knee, and copied the surrounding scene. Often, tired of fishing, we gathered flowers and wild fruits. I

generally staid near Alix and her husband, letting Suzanne run ahead with Patrick and Tom. It was a strange thing, the friendship between my sister and this little Irish boy. Never during the journey did he address one word to me; he never answered a question from Alix; he ran away if my father or Joseph spoke to him; he turned pale and hid if Mario looked at him. But with Suzanne he talked, laughed, obeyed her every word, called her Miss Souzie, and was never so happy as when serving her. And when, twenty years afterward, she made a journey to Attakapas, the wealthy M. Patrick Gordon, hearing by chance of her presence, came with his daughter to make her his guest for a week, still calling her Miss Souzie, as of old.

CHAPTER VI.

ODD PARTNERS IN THE BOLERO DANCE.

ONLY one thing we lacked — mass and Sunday prayers. But on that day the flatboat remained moored, we put on our Sunday clothes, gathered on deck, and papa read the mass aloud surrounded by our whole party, kneeling; and in the parts where the choir is heard in church, Alix, my sister, and I, seconded by papa and Mario, sang hymns.

One evening — we had already been five weeks on our journey — the flatboat was floating slowly along, as if it were tired of going, between the narrow banks of a bayou marked in red ink on Carlo's map, "Bayou Sorrel." It was about 6 in the afternoon. There had been a suffocating heat all day. It was with joy that we came up on deck. My father, as he made his appearance, showed us his flute. It was a signal: Carlo ran for his violin, Suzanne for Alix's guitar, and presently Carpentier appeared with his wife's harp. Ah! I see them still: Gordon and 'Tino seated on a mat; Celeste and her children; Mario with his violin; Maggie; Patrick at the feet of Suzanne; Alix seated and tuning her harp; papa at her side; and M. Carpentier and I seated on the bench nearest the musicians.

My father and Alix had already played some pieces, when papa stopped and asked her to accompany him in a new bolero which was then the vogue in New Orleans. In those days, at all the balls and parties, the boleros, fandangos, and other Spanish dances had their place with the French contra-dances and waltzes. Suzanne had made her entrance into society three years before, and danced ravishingly. Not so with me. I had attended my first ball only a few months before, and had taken nearly all my dancing-lessons from Suzanne. What was to become of me, then, when I heard my father ask me to dance the bolero which he and Alix were playing! . . . Every one made room for us, crying, "*Oh, oui, Mlle. Suzanne; dancez! Oh, dancez, Mlle. Françoise!*" I did not wish to disobey my father. I did not want to disoblige my friends. Suzanne loosed her red scarf and tossed one end to me. I caught the end of the shawl that Suzanne was already waving over her head and began the first steps, but it took me only an instant to see that the task was beyond my powers. I grew confused, my head swam, and I stopped. But Alix did not stop playing; and Suzanne, wrapped in her shawl and turning upon herself, cried, "Play on!"

I understood her intention in an instant.

Harp and flute sounded on, and Suzanne, ever gliding, waltzing, leaping, her arms gracefully lifted above her head, softly waved her scarf, giving it a thousand different forms. Thus she made, twice, the circuit of the deck, and at length paused before Mario Carlo. But only for a moment. With a movement as quick as unexpected she threw the end of her scarf to him. It wound about his neck. The Italian with a shoulder movement loosed the scarf, caught it in his left hand, threw his violin to Celeste, and bowed low to his challenger. All this as the etiquette of the bolero inexorably demanded. Then Maestro Mario smote the deck sharply with his heels, let go a cry like an Indian's war-whoop, and made two leaps into the air, smiting his heels against each other. He came down on the points of his toes, waving the scarf from his left hand; and twining his right arm about my sister's waist, he swept her away with him. They danced for at least half an hour, running the one after the other, waltzing, tripping, turning, leaping. The children and Gordon shouted with delight, while my father, M. Carpentier, and even Alix clapped their hands, crying "Hurrah!"

Suzanne's want of dignity exasperated me; but when I tried to speak of it, papa and Alix were against me.

"On board a flatboat," said my father, "a breach of form is permissible." He resumed his flute with the first measures of a minuet.

"Ah, our turn!" cried Alix; "our turn, Françoise! I will be the cavalier!"

I could dance the minuet as well as I could the bolero — that is, not at all; but Alix promised to guide me: and as, after all, I loved the dance as we love it at sixteen, I was easily persuaded, and fan in hand followed Alix, who for the emergency wore her husband's hat; and our minuet was received with as much enthusiasm as Suzanne's bolero. This ball was followed by others, and Alix gave me many lessons in the dance, that some weeks later were very valuable in the wilderness towards which we were journeying.

CHAPTER VII.

A BAD STORM IN A BAD PLACE.

THE flatboat continued its course, and at long intervals some slight signs of civilization began to appear. Towards the end of a beautiful day in June, six weeks after our departure from New Orleans, the flatboat stopped at the pass of Lake Chicot.[1] The sun was setting in a belt of gray clouds. Our men fastened their vessel securely and then cast their eyes about them.

"Ah!" cried Mario, "I do not like this place; it is inhabited." He pointed to a wretched hut half hidden by the forest. Except two or three little cabins seen in the distance, this was the first habitation that had met our eyes since leaving the Mississippi.[2]

A woman showed herself at the door. She was scarcely dressed at all. Her feet were naked, and her tousled hair escaped from a wretched handkerchief that she had thrown upon her head. Hidden in the bushes and behind the trees half a dozen half-nude children gazed at us, ready to fly at the slightest sound. Suddenly two men with guns came out of the woods, but at the sight of the flatboat stood petrified. Mario shook his head.

"If it was not so late I would take the boat farther on."

[Yet he went hunting with 'Tino and Gordon along the shore, leaving the father of Françoise and Suzanne lying on the deck with sick headache, Joseph fishing in the flatboat's little skiff, and the women and children on the bank, gazed at from a little distance by the sitting figures of the two strange men and the woman. Then the hunters returned, supper was prepared, and both messes ate on shore, Gordon and Mario joining freely in the conversation of the more cultivated group, and making altogether a strange Babel of English, French, Spanish, and Italian.]

After supper Joseph and Alix, followed by my sister and me, plunged into the dense part of the woods.

"Take care, comrade," we heard Mario say; "don't go far."

The last rays of the sun were in the treetops. There were flowers everywhere. Alix ran here and there, all enthusiasm. Presently Suzanne uttered a cry and recoiled with affright from a thicket of blackberries. In an instant Joseph was at her side; but she laughed aloud, returned to the assault, and drew by force from the bushes a little girl of three or four years. The child fought and cried; but Suzanne held on, drew her to the trunk of a tree, sat down, and held her on her lap by force. The poor little thing was horribly dirty, but under its rags there were pretty features and a sweetness that inspired pity. Alix sat down by my sister and stroked the child's hair, and, like Suzanne, spite of the dirt, kissed her several times; but the little creature still fought, and yelled [in English]:

"Let me alone! I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Joseph advised my sister to let the child go, and Suzanne was about to do so when she remembered having at supper filled her pocket with pecans. She quickly filled the child's hands with them and the Rubicon was passed. . . . She said that her name was Annie; that her father, mother, and brothers lived in the hut. That was all she could say. She did not know her parents' name. When Suzanne put her down she ran with all her legs towards the cabin to show Alix's gift, her pretty ribbon.

Before the sun went down the wind rose. Great clouds covered the horizon; large raindrops began to fall. Joseph covered the head of his young wife with her mantle, and we hastened back to the camp.

"Do you fear a storm, Joseph?" asked Alix.

"I do not know too much," he replied; "but when you are near, all dangers seem great."

We found the camp deserted; all our companions were on board the flatboat. The wind rose to fury, and now the rain fell in torrents. We descended to our rooms. Papa was asleep. We did not disturb him, though we were greatly frightened. . . . Joseph and Gordon went below to sleep. Mario and his son loosed the three bull-dogs, but first removed the planks that joined the boat to the shore. Then he hoisted a great lantern upon a mast in the bow, lighted his pipe, and sat down to keep his son awake with stories of voyages and hunts.

The storm seemed to increase in violence every minute. The rain redoubled its fury. Frightful thunders echoed each other's roars. The flatboat, tossed by the wind and waves, seemed to writhe in agony, while now and then the trunks of uprooted trees, lifted by the waves, smote it as they passed. Without a thought of the people in the hut, I made every effort to keep awake in the face of these menaces of Nature. Suzanne held my hand tightly in hers, and several times spoke to me in a low voice, fearing to wake papa, whom we could hear breathing regularly, sleeping without a suspicion of the surrounding dangers. Yet an hour had not passed ere I was sleeping profoundly. A knock on the partition awoke us and made us run to the door. Mario was waiting there.

1 That is, "Lake full of snags."

2 The Indian village having the Mississippi probably but a few miles in its rear.—TRANSLATOR.

"Quick, monsieur! Get the young ladies ready. The flatboat has probably but ten minutes to live. We must take the women and children ashore. And please, signorina,"— to my sister,—"call M. and Mme. Carpentier." But Joseph had heard all, and showed himself at the door of our room.

"Ashore? At such a time?"

"We have no choice. We must go or perish."

"But where?"

"To the hut. We have no time to talk. My family is ready." . . .

It took but a few minutes to obey papa's orders. We were already nearly dressed; and as sabots were worn at that time to protect the shoes from the mud and wet, we had them on in a moment. A thick shawl and a woolen hood completed our outfits. Alix was ready in a few moments.

"Save your jewels,—those you prize most,—my love," cried Carpentier, "while I dress."

Alix ran to her dressing-case, threw its combs, brushes, etc. pell-mell into the bureau, opened a lower part of the case and took out four or five jewel-boxes that glided into her pockets, and two lockets that she hid carefully in her corsage. Joseph always kept their little fortune in a leathern belt beneath his shirt. He put on his vest and over it a sort of great-coat, slung his gun by its shoulder-belt, secured his pistols, and then taking from one of his trunks a large woolen cloak he wrapped Alix in it, and lifted her like a child of eight, while she crossed her little arms about his neck and rested her head on his bosom. Then he followed us into Mario's room, where his two associates were waiting. At another time we might have laughed at Maggie, but not now. She had slipped into her belt two horse-pistols. In one hand she held in leash her bull-dog Tom, and in the other a short carbine, her own property.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAGGIE AND THE ROBBERS.

"We are going out of here together," said Mario; "but John and I will conduct you only to the door of the hut. Thence we shall return to the flatboat, and all that two men can do to save our fortune shall be done. You, monsieur, have enough to do to take care of your daughters. To you, M. Carpentier—to you, son Celestino, I give the care of these women and children."

"I can take care of myself," said Maggie.

"You are four, well armed," continued Mario. (My father had his gun and pistols.) "This dog is worth two men. You have no risks to run; the danger, if there be any, will be with the boat. Seeing us divided, they may venture an attack; but one of you stand by the window that faces the shore. If one of those men in the hut leave it, or show a wish to do so, fire one pistol-shot out of the window, and we shall be ready for them; but if you are attacked, fire two shots and we will come. Now, forward!"

We went slowly and cautiously: 'Tino first, with a lantern; then the Irish pair and child; then Mario, leading his two younger boys, and Celeste, with her daughter asleep in her arms; and for rear-guard papa with one of us on each arm, and Joseph with his precious burden. The wind and the irregularities of the ground made us stumble at every step. The rain lashed us in the face and extorted from time to time sad lamentations from the children. But, for all that, we were in a few minutes at the door of the hovel.

"M. Carpentier," said Mario, "I give my family into your care." Joseph made no answer but to give his hand to the Italian. Mario strode away, followed by Gordon.

"Knock on the door," said Joseph to 'Tino. The boy knocked. No sound was heard inside, except the growl of a dog.

"Knock again." The same silence. "We can't stay here in this beating rain; open and enter," cried Carpentier. 'Tino threw wide the door and we walked in.

There was but one room. A large fire burned in a clay chimney that almost filled one side of the cabin. In one corner four or five chickens showed their heads. In another, the woman was lying on a wretched pallet in all her clothes. By her slept the little creature Suzanne had found, her ribbon still on her frock. Near one wall was a big chest on which another child was sleeping. A rough table was in the middle, on it some dirty tin plates and cups, and under it half a dozen dogs and two little boys. I never saw anything else like it. On the hearth stood the pot and skillet, still half full of hominy and meat.

Kneeling by the fire was a young man molding bullets and passing them to his father, seated on a stool at a corner of the chimney, who threw them into a jar of water, taking them out again to even them with the handle of a knife. I see it still as if it was before my eyes.

The woman opened her eyes, but did not stir. The dogs rose tumultuously, but Tom showed his teeth and growled, and they went back under the table. The young man rose upon one knee, he and his father gazing stupidly at us, the firelight in their faces. We women shrank against our protectors, except Maggie, who let go a strong oath. The younger man was frightfully ugly; pale-faced, large-

eyed, haggard, his long, tangled, blonde hair on his shoulders. The father's face was written all over with depravity and crime. Joseph advanced and spoké to him.

"What the devil of a language is that?" he asked of his son in English.

"He is asking you," said Maggie, "to let us stay here till the storm is over."

"And where do you come from this way?"

"From that flatboat tied to the bank."

"Well, the house is n't big nor pretty, but you are its masters."

Maggie went and sat by the window, ready to give the signal. Pat sank at her feet, and laying his head upon Tom went straight to sleep. Papa sat down by the fire on an inverted box and took me on one knee. With her head against his other, Suzanne crouched upon the floor. We were silent, our hearts beating hard, wishing ourselves with mamma in St. James. Joseph set Alix upon a stool beside him and removed her wrapping.

"Hello!" said the younger stranger, "I thought you were carrying a child. It 's a woman!"

An hour passed. The woman in the corner seemed to sleep; Celeste, too, slumbered. When I asked Suzanne, softly, if she was asleep, she would silently shake her head. The men went on with their task, not speaking. At last they finished, divided the balls between them, put them into a leathern pouch at their belt, and the father, rising, said:

"Let us go. It is time."

Maggie raised her head. The elder man went and got his gun and loaded it with two balls, and while the younger was muffling himself in an old blanket-overcoat such as we give to plantation negroes moved towards the door and was about to pass out. But quicker than lightning Maggie had raised the window, snatched a pistol from her belt, and fired. The two men stood rooted, the elder frowning at Maggie. Tom rose and showed two rows of teeth.

"What did you fire that pistol for? What signal are you giving?"

"That is understood at the flatboat," said Maggie, tranquilly. "I was to fire if you left the house. You started, I fired, and that 's all."

"———! And did you know, by yourself, what we were going to do?"

"I have n't a doubt. You were simply going to attack and rob the flatboat."

A second oath, fiercer than the first, escaped the man's lips. "You talk that way to me! Do you forget that you 're in my power?"

"Ah! Do you think so?" cried Maggie, resting her fists on her hips. "Ah, ha, ha!" That was the first time I ever heard her laugh — and such a laugh! "Don't you know, my dear sir, that at one turn of my hand this dog will strangle you like a chicken? Don't you see four of us here armed to the teeth, and at another signal our comrades yonder ready to join us in an instant? And besides, this minute they are rolling a little cannon up to the bow of the boat. Go, meddle with them, you 'll see." She lied, but her lie averted the attack. She quietly sat down again and paid the scoundrel not the least attention.

"And that 's the way you pay us for taking you in, is it? Accuse a man of crime because he steps out of his own house to look at the weather? Well, that 's all right." While the man spoke he put his gun into a corner, resumed his seat, and lighted a cob pipe. The son had leaned on his gun during the colloquy. Now he put it aside and lay down upon the floor to sleep. The awakened children slept. Maggie sat and smoked. My father, Joseph, and 'Tino talked in low tones. All at once the old ruffian took his pipe from his mouth and turned to my father.

"Where do you come from?"

"From New Orleans, sir."

"How long have you been on the way?"

"About a month."

"And where are you going?" etc. Joseph, like papa, remained awake, but like him, like all of us, longed with all his soul for the end of that night of horror.

At the first crowing of the cock the denizens of the hut were astir. The father and son took their guns and went into the forest. The fire was relighted. The woman washed some hominy in a pail and seemed to have forgotten our presence; but the little girl recognized Alix, who took from her own neck a bright silk handkerchief and tied it over the child's head, put a dollar in her hand, and kissed her forehead. Then it was Suzanne's turn. She covered her with kisses. The little one laughed, and showed the turban and the silver that "the pretty lady," she said, had given her. Next, my sister dropped, one by one, upon the pallet ten dollars, amazing the child with these playthings; and then she took off her red belt and put it about her little pet's neck.

My father handed me a handful of silver. "They are very poor, my daughter; pay them well for their hospitality." As I approached the woman I heard Joseph thank her and offer her money.

"What do you want me to do with that?" she said, pushing my hand away. "Instead of that, send me some coffee and tobacco."

That ended it; I could not pay in money. But when I looked at the poor woman's dress so ragged and torn, I took off [J'autai] my shawl, which was large and warm, and put it

on her shoulders,— I had another in the boat, — and she was well content. When I got back to the flatboat I sent her some chemises, petticoats, stockings, and a pair of shoes. The shoes were papa's. Alix also sent her three skirts and two chemises, and Suzanne two old dresses and two chemises for her children, cutting down what was too large. Before quitting the hut Celeste had taken from her two lads their knitted neckerchiefs and given them to the two smaller boys, and Maggie took the old shawl that covered Pat's shoulders and threw it upon the third child, who cried out with joy. At length we returned to our vessel, which had triumphantly fought the wind and floating trees. Mario took to the cabin our gifts, to which we added sugar, biscuits, and a sack of pecans.

CHAPTER IX.

ALIX DE MORAINVILLE.

For two weeks more our boat continued its slow and silent voyage among the bayous. We saw signs of civilization, but they were still far apart. These signs alarmed Mario. He had already chosen his place of abode and spoke of it with his usual enthusiasm; a prairie where he had camped for two weeks with his young hunters five years before.

"A principality — that is what I count on establishing there," he cried, pushing his hand through his hair. "And think! — if, maybe, some one has occupied it! Oh, the thief! the robber! Let him not fall into my hands! I 'll strangle — I 'll kill him!"

My father, to console him, would say that it would be easy to find other tracts just as fine.

"Never!" replied he, rolling his eyes and brandishing his arms; and his fury would grow until Maggie cried:

"He is Satan himself! He 's the devil!"

One evening the flatboat stopped a few miles only from where is now the village of Pattersonville. The weather was magnificent, and while papa, Gordon, and Mario went hunting, Joseph, Alix, and we two walked on the bank. Little by little we wandered, and, burying ourselves in the interior, we found ourselves all at once confronting a little cottage embowered in a grove of oranges. Alix uttered a cry of admiration and went towards the house. We saw that it was uninhabited and must have been long abandoned. The little kitchen, the poultry-house, the dovecote, were in ruins. But the surroundings were admirable: in the rear a large court was entirely shaded with live-oaks; in front was the green belt of orange trees; farther away Bayou Teche, like a blue ribbon, marked a natural boundary, and at the bottom of the picture the great trees of the forest lifted their green-brown tops.

"Oh!" cried Alix, "if I could stay here I should be happy."

"Who knows?" replied Joseph. "The owner has left the house; he may be dead. Who knows but I may take this place?"

"Oh! I pray you, Joseph, try. Try!" At that moment my father and Mario appeared, looking for us, and Alix cried:

"Welcome, gentlemen, to my domain."

Joseph told of his wife's wish and his hope. . . . "In any case," said Mario, "count on us. If you decide to settle here we will stay two weeks — a month, if need be — to help you establish yourself."

As soon as we had breakfasted my father and Joseph set out for a plantation which they saw in the distance. They found it a rich estate. The large, well-built house was surrounded by outbuildings, stables, granaries, and gardens; fields of cane and corn extended to the limit of view. The owner, M. Gerbeau, was a young Frenchman. He led them into the house, presented them to his wife, and offered them refreshments.

[M. Gerbeau tells the travelers how he had come from the Mississippi River parish of St. Bernard to this place with all his effects in a schooner — doubtless via the mouth of the river and the bay of Atchafalaya; while Joseph is all impatience to hear of the little deserted home concerning which he has inquired. But finally he explains that its owner, a lone Swede, had died of sunstroke two years before, and M. Gerbeau's best efforts to find, through the Swedish consul at New Orleans or otherwise, a successor to the little estate had been unavailing. Joseph could take the place if he would. He ended by generously forcing upon the father of Françoise and Suzanne the free use of his traveling-carriage and "two horses, as gentle as lambs and as swift as deer," with which to make their journey up the Teche to St. Martinsville, the gay, not to say giddy, little capital of the royalist *émigrés*.]

My father wished to know what means of transport he could secure, on his return to this point, to take us home.

"Don't let that trouble you; I will arrange that. I already have a plan — you shall see."

The same day the work began on the Carpentiers' home. The three immigrants and 'Tino fell bravely to work, and M. Gerbeau brought his carpenter and a cart-load of lumber. Two new rooms were added. The kitchen was repaired, then the stable, the dovecote, the poultry-house; the garden fences were restored; also those of the field. My father gave Joseph one of his cows; the other was promised to Carlo. Mme. Gerbeau was with us

much, helping Alix, as were we. We often dined with her. One Sunday M. Gerbeau came for us very early and insisted that Mario and Gordon should join us. Maggie, with her usual phlegm, had declined.

At dinner our host turned the conversation upon St. Martinsville, naming again all the barons, counts, and marquises of whom he had spoken to my father, and descanting especially on the grandeur of the balls and parties he had there attended.

"And we have only our camayeu skirts!" cried Suzanne.

"Daughter," observed papa, "be content with what you have. You are neither a duchess nor a countess, and besides you are traveling."

"And," said M. Gerbeau, "the stores there are full of knickknacks that would capture the desires of a queen."

On returning to our flatboat Alix came into my room, where I was alone, and laying her head on my shoulder:

"Françoise," she said, "I have heard mentioned to-day the dearest friend I ever had. That Countess de la Houssaye of whom M. Gerbeau spoke is Madelaine de Livilier, my companion in convent, almost my sister. We were married nearly at the same time; we were presented at court the same day; and now here we are, both, in Louisiana!"

"O Alix!" I cried, "I shall see her. Papa has a letter to her husband; I shall tell her; she will come to see you; and —"

"No, no! You must not speak of me, Françoise. She knew and loved the Countess Alix de Morainville. I know her; she would repel with scorn the wife of the gardener. I am happy in my obscurity. Let nothing remind me of other days."

Seeing that Alix said nothing of all this to Suzanne, I imitated her example. With all her goodness, Suzanne was so thoughtless and talkative!

CHAPTER X.

ALIX PLAYS FAIRY.— PARTING TEARS.

In about fifteen days the work on the cottage was nearly done and the moving began, Celeste, and even Maggie, offering us their services. Alix seemed enchanted.

"Two things, only, I lack," she said—"a sofa, and something to cover the walls."

One morning M. Gerbeau sent to Carpentier a horse, two fine cows and their calves, and a number of sheep and pigs. At the same time two or three negresses, loaded down with chickens, geese, and ducks, made their appearance. Also M. Gerbeau.

"What does all this mean?" asked Joseph.

"This is the succession of the dead Swede," replied the generous young man.

"But I have no right to his succession."

"That 's a question," responded M. Gerbeau. "You have inherited the house, you must inherit all. If claimants appear — well, you will be responsible to them. You will please give me a receipt in due form; that is all."

Tears came into Carpentier's eyes. . . . As he was signing the receipt M. Gerbeau stopped him. "Wait; I forgot something. At the time of Karl's [the Swede's] death, I took from his crib fifty barrels of corn; add that."

"O sir!" cried Joseph, "that is too much —too much."

"Write!" said M. Gerbeau, laying his hand on Joseph's shoulder, "if you please. I am giving you nothing; I am relieving myself of a burden."

My dear daughter, if I have talked very much about Alix it is because talking about her is such pleasure. She has been so good to my sister and me! The memory of her is one of the brightest of my youth.

The flatboat was to go in three days. One morning, when we had passed the night with Mme. Gerbeau, Patrick came running to say that "Madame 'Lix" wished to see us at once. We hastened to the cottage. Alix met us on the gallery [veranda].

"Come in, dear girls. I have a surprise for you and a great favor to ask. I heard you say, Suzanne, you had nothing to wear —"

"But our camayeu petticoats!"

"But your camayeu petticoats." She smiled. "And they, it seems, do not tempt your vanity. You want better?"

"Ah, indeed we do!" replied Suzanne.

"Well, let us play Cinderella. The dresses of velvet, silk, and lace, the jewels, the slippers — all are in yonder chest. Listen, my dear girls. Upon the first signs of the Revolution my frightened mother left France and crossed into England. She took with her all her wardrobe, her jewels, the pictures from her bedroom, and part of her plate. She bought, before going, a quantity of silks and ribbons. . . . When I reached England my mother was dead, and all that she had possessed was restored to me by the authorities. My poor mother loved dress, and in that chest is all her apparel. Part of it I had altered for my own use; but she was much larger than I — taller than you. I can neither use them nor consent to sell them. If each of you will accept a ball toilet, you will make me very happy." And she looked at us with her eyes full of supplication, her hands clasped.

We each snatched a hand and kissed it.

Then she opened the chest, and for the first and last time in my life I saw fabrics, ornaments, and coiffures that truly seemed to have been made by the fairies. After many trials and much debate she laid aside for me a lovely dress of blue brocade glistening with large silver flowers the reflections of which seemed like rays of light. It was short in front, with a train; was very full on the sides, and caught up with knots of ribbon. The long pointed waist was cut square and trimmed with magnificent laces that re-appeared on the half-long sleeves. The arms, to the elbow, were to be covered with white frosted gloves fastened with twelve silver buttons. To complete my toilet she gave me a blue silk fan beautifully painted, blue satin slippers with high heels and silver buckles, white silk stockings with blue clocks, a broidered white cambric handkerchief trimmed with Brussels point lace, and, last, a lovely set of silver filigree that she assured us was of slight value, comprising the necklace, the comb, the earrings, bracelets, and a belt whose silver tassels of the same design fell down the front of the dress.

My sister's toilet was exactly like mine, save that it was rose color. Alix had us try them on. While our eyes were ravished, she, with more expert taste, decided to take up a little in one place, lower a ribbon in another, add something here, take away there, and, above all, to iron the whole with care. We staid all day helping her; and when, about 3 o'clock, all was finished, our fairy godmother said she would now dress our hair, and that we must observe closely.

"For Suzanne will have to coiffe Françoise and Françoise coiffe Suzanne," she said. She took from the chest two pasteboard boxes that she said contained the headdresses belonging to our costumes, and, making me sit facing my sister, began to dress her hair. I was all eyes. I did not lose a movement of the comb. She lifted Suzanne's hair to the middle of the head in two rosettes that she called *riquettes* and fastened them with a silver comb. Next, she made in front, or rather on the forehead, with hairpins, numberless little knots, or whorls, and placed on each side of the head a plume of white, rose-tipped feathers, and in front, opposite the riquettes, placed a rose surrounded with silver leaves. Long rose-colored, silver-frosted ribbons falling far down on the back completed the headdress, on which Alix dusted handfuls of silver powder. Can you believe it, my daughter, that was the first time my sister and I had ever seen artificial flowers? They made very few of them, even in France, in those days.

While Suzanne admired herself in the mirror I took her place. My headdress differed from hers in the ends of my feathers being blue, and in the rose being white, surrounded by pale blue violets and a few silver leaves. And now a temptation came to all of us. Alix spoke first:

"Now put on your ball-dresses and I will send for our friends. What do you think?"

"Oh, that would be charming!" cried Suzanne. "Let us hurry!" And while we dressed, Pat, always prowling about the cottage, was sent to the flatboat to get his parents and the Carlos, and to M. Gerbeau's to ask my father and M. and Mme. Gerbeau to come at once to the cottage. . . . No, I cannot tell the cries of joy that greeted us. The children did not know us, and Maggie had to tell Pat over and over that these were Miss Souzie and Miss Francise. My father's eyes filled with tears as he thanked Alix for her goodness and generosity to us.

Alas! the happiest days, like the saddest, have an end. On the morrow the people in the flatboat came to say good-bye. Mario cried like a child. Celeste carried Alix's hands to her lips and said in the midst of her tears:

"O Madame! I had got so used to you—I hoped never to leave you."

"I will come to see you, Celeste," replied Alix to the young mulattress, "I promise you."

Maggie herself seemed moved, and in taking leave of Alix put two vigorous kisses on her cheeks. As to our father, and us, too, the adieus were not final, we having promised Mario and Gordon to stop [on their journey up the shore of the bayou] as soon as we saw the flatboat.

"And we hope, my dear Carlo, to find you established in your principality."

"Amen!" responded the Italian.

Alix added to her gifts two pairs of chamois-skin gloves and a box of lovely artificial flowers. Two days after the flatboat had gone, we having spent the night with Alix, came M. Gerbeau's carriage to take us once more upon our journey. Ah! that was a terrible moment. Even Alix could scarce hold back the tears. We refused to get into the carriage, and walked, all of us together, to M. Gerbeau's, and then parted amid tears, kisses, and promises.

(To be continued.)

George W. Cable.

PAGAN IRELAND.

STUDY of a nation's past is not waste of time though it leave one with little better understanding of the present. No land has more anomalies to show than Ireland, baffles more its own law-givers and puzzles more the persons who hold themselves competent to legislate for it. In the following pages I hope by analysis of the national character in the light of mythology, literature, language, and monuments to indicate what elements have gone to the making of a brave but unfortunate people, and to explain thereby, after a fashion however rude, some of the peculiarities that have alternately charmed and daunted the friends of Erin. The study has been far from a narrow one, and the results apply to a much wider range of people than those within the four provinces. If they are correct, they teach many curious facts regarding the ancestors of nearly every people of Europe and America.

For the past seven centuries Ireland has been so disturbed within by political and religious faction and so interfered with from without that prosperity has not reached it like other lands. As a slender offset, the poverty of the community has kept the restorer's hand from many objects of value to antiquaries; misery has forced the people to turn for relief and consolation to the legends and literature of periods when the population was relatively large and the nation more on terms of equality with the rest of Europe. Persecution of heathen customs and beliefs by Christian converts a thousand years ago, gentle though it was compared with the same movement elsewhere, attached the Irish to their ancient superstitions. Much more did Protestant bigotry, confounding the remains of heathenism with Roman Catholicism, beget in the masses a love for all national records. The very rage of men who hunted priests and ruined the family owning a book in the old tongue, treated hedge-poet and hedge-schoolmaster as felons, and dragooned a peasantry restive under an oligarchy upheld by the British Parliament, was of service to us in causing the folk to esteem, as under happier circumstances they never would have esteemed, the records of their past.

Geographical circumstances are such that traits, habits, customs, laws, legends, and religious ideas which once existed in Europe at large, but more particularly in the Baltic provinces, Germany, the Netherlands, Denmark, and France, are now to be found alive only in remote places like Ireland, or embedded in such a literature as Ireland owns — one of the most wonderful in Europe. Noting the map, you find the island westward in the Atlantic, yet near enough to southern Gaul to make it certain that from very remote periods commerce and conquest would flow to and fro past Land's End as well as by way of Britain. Hence Ireland would receive the overflow of each folk-wave of Europe, but not always and of necessity across the Irish Sea. Great Britain is protected by the Silver Streak; but the fame of the Irish strait for wrecks, the sinister name of the country for witchcraft in early centuries, and the supposed ferocity of its denizens, gave Ireland double security. The force of the wave would be apt to be spent, the conquerors relatively few, the area conquered small, and the chance of the overthrown to survive relatively good compared with nations in France and Germany. Had Ireland been much smaller, there had been less energy to rise after conquest and assimilate the intruders. Had she been much larger, she would have been invaded by greater hordes. Had she been less fertile, she had lacked the means to foster literature and the arts, for there had been no margin for rewards to poets, historians, priests, artisans. Her records had not been so abundant as to survive in any quantity, but would have disappeared like those of Scotland and Wales — countries of small size, mixed of much the same ethnic elements. We find in her history the beach-marks of movements in Europe which have left elsewhere few signs. Hence from Ireland we may be able to reconstruct the past, not of the Irish alone, but of the Welsh, Scotch, Old British, and Gauls, and of other peoples less near of kin. Her literature is a storehouse for the understanding of that *officina gentium* in dread of which the Latins stood and which included many other peoples beside the Teutons.

That "Eriu," as the island was called by the natives, should retain many traces of the pagan past is remarkable when we recall that Christianity reached it very early. It is true that in the ninth century heathen hordes from the Baltic cut a wide swath, plundering as well for revenge as for booty. Charlemagne had barbarously slaughtered their heathen kindred on the Rhine "for the love of God"; so the adventurers singled out religious settlements and cemeteries as much for the plunder of al-

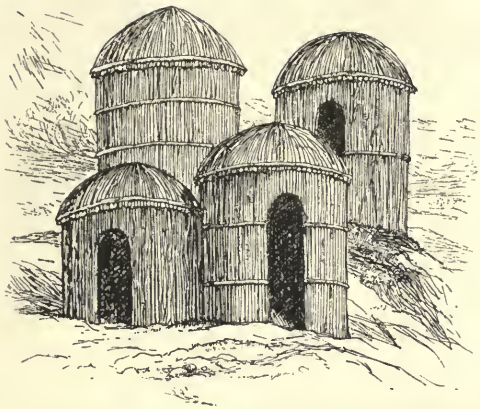
tars and graves as for the pleasure of slaying priests and monks. Where an old castle shattered by gunpowder in the Cromwellian wars overlooks a plain of river-stretches, fat meadows, arable lands, and bog at Clonmicnois, on the Shannon, a famous leader of exiles from the Baltic seized the monastery church and schools. He has been identified from Icelandic records as Ragnar Lodbrog, the conqueror of Northumberland. A woman who accompanied him held pagan rites there. Seated on the high altar, which ran with the blood of men and beasts, she gave prophetic answers like one of the Druidesses mentioned in the Gaelic records of centuries before. Ota, her given name, means "awe" or "horror"; but she has been identified also as Aslaug, daughter of Sigurd, who sailed away with Ragnar in the character of a Valkyr, or war goddess. Had Ragnar understood the Irish and known how thin the varnish of Christianity was, he might have called forth the paganism in the people and established his line as overlords of the island. But he took the Irish at their word, and slaughtered them as Christians until his rule disappeared in blood, as it was founded. According to the native records he was slain at last by youths in the dress of girls. So it came about that the Danish invasions, as they were called, left no heathen mark behind them on the laws and religion; they merely caused certain changes in architecture and town life, which may wait to be explained. The men of the Baltic who settled later in Ireland, founding the chief cities, Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, were nominally Christian. No, the paganism of Ireland was completely blent with Christianity before these "Danes" arrived. As introduced by St. Patrick three centuries before, it was a most primitive faith, unsupported by armies or by influence and forced to win a way by concessions to the people after acceptance from the chiefs. Undoubtedly a few cases of the violent destruction of idols occurred. One large image was broken by Patrick somewhat as in Germany at a later period Charlemagne destroyed the Irminseul, a Keltic *dallàn*, or monolith, taken over from the ousted Kelts by the Saxons when the latter moved into the heart of Germany.



MEDIEVAL CASTLE AT CLONMICNOIS.

The Irish idol, surrounded by satellites which may have signified the months or seasons of the year, was called Crom, the Maggot, in allusion, it is said, to the flesh of human victims with which it was fed according to Druidic rite. About it was the Bloody Plain, so called because the pagans mutilated forehead, nose, and arms by beating themselves against the ground, or cutting themselves in other parts of the body with knives. So the civilized Indians of Mexico and Yucatan worshiped gods of fire and the sun; so the nations of Palestine, not excluding the Hebrews, sought merit by the infliction of wounds. Horrors and infamies like these the Church attacked; she waged war against the burning alive for theft, infidelity, and other crimes, against the immolation of children, and polygamy. But in general the Church was too weak to carry matters with a high hand. Even more than in Italy and Gaul she adopted diplomatic methods perforce; but having once established herself, the native Church was hostile to further changes from any source whatsoever. Hence by a wise toleration of the bards, legends, customs, and least obnoxious rites, and even of some idols, the Church established herself and at the same time preserved for us the greater part of what we know of Keltic paganism.

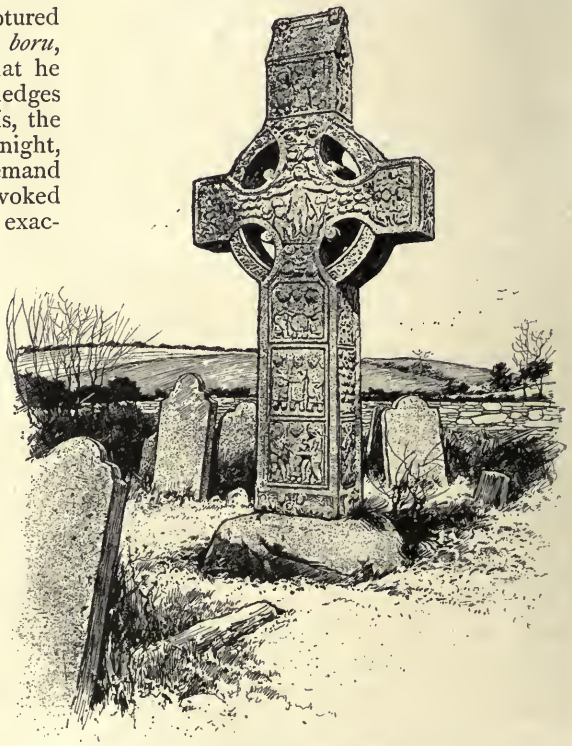
When the land-hungry band of Welsh and Norman barons entered Ireland they found a shrine of St. Brigit at Kildare with a fire kept constantly burning. Twenty nuns watched it in rotation day and night; the man who dared



WICKER HOUSES FROM THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS.
(BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAMS & NORGATE.)

to enter its inclosure fell dead. St. Brigit represents a patroness of learning great in renown among the pagan British and Gauls as well. The latter called her Brigindo; according to votive altars discovered in France and England, the British name was Brigantia. Her rites, as described by Giraldus de Barry, were plainly heathen, and belonged to the worship of fire and the sun. We learn of nature-worship of a primitive cast in the story of Loegairé of Ulster, a powerful king. He favored St. Patrick and caused many of the under-kings to accept the faith; but when he made an oath it was by the gods of the elements. Captured by the Leinstermen while collecting his *boru*, or tribute in cattle, he gave pledges that he would never return for tribute. "Pledges were given to the Leinstermen—that is, the sun and moon, water and air, day and night, sea and land—that he would not demand the *boru* during his life." The curses invoked in case of failure to abstain from his exactions were fatal to Loegairé. Going against Leinster once more for tribute, he "died there of the sun, and the wind, and the other pledges, for one durst not transgress them at that time." Again we hear of another king. "These were the pledges which Tuathal took, mighty at exacting—heaven, earth, sun, pure moon, sea, land, harvest."

A later phase of religion is shown by goddesses who stand for the various emotions of battle. One was called Badb, another Fea, a third Ana, a fourth Morrigu, a fifth Macha, a sixth Neman. The first is found in France on an altar under the form Catubodua, or Badb of battles. In Frisia the Romans were very fitly defeated at Baduhenna, a place that recalls this old Keltic war-goddess. Neman seems to have struck panic among soldiers and caused them to mistake friend for foe. Macha gave the instinct to mutilate and exult over the slain; but all animate to the slaughter, all are grim and terrible fiends. Compared with the Valkyrs of the Norse they offer every sign of great antiquity. The Valkyrs might be taken from them by a race arrived at a higher stage of cultivation, but they could not derive from the Valkyrs. Undoubtedly there were many members of the Irish pantheon on a lower scale than these, spirits of mountain, valley, and river, whose names occur as famous fairies, male and female, haunting certain spots. Such in Finland were Tapio, god of the forest; Wirokannas, ruler of the wilderness; and Maähiset, the pigmies. Doubtless the pagan elements rose up in Ireland again and again, favored by the destruction of churches and abuses in the Church itself. Parts of the island may have remained untouched by the faith at the very age when Europe was filled with learned and zealous Irish monks carrying the word to heathen Swiss, Flemings, Franks, and Germans. Poets are generally contemptuous of clerics, as the ballads of Oisín and St. Patrick show. In Ireland the guild assumed many of the less obnoxious traits of the Druids; they preserved themselves by outward conformity, but in secret retained a number of magical tricks. By their aid it is that



CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE, SHOWING SUN-WHEEL.

we can pry and probe a little into the dark past of the Kelts and of Europe.

One has but to look at the Irish cross to see paganism in the chief symbol of the faith. The cross part is not Latin, but Greek, and tells a story of the early commerce with the Greek city of Marseilles and the East by the valley of the Garonne; recalls the fact that a special spot in famous Irish fairs was set apart for Greek merchants; that Cæsar reported the use of Greek letters among the Gauls; and that the legends are full of terms like "King of Greece," "Daughter of the Greek King." It suggests the myths of temporary residence, on the part of celebrated founders of Irish nations, in Thrace, Greece, or Egypt. But the Irish cross is as much a wheel as a cross. It is in truth the pagan symbol of the sun's wheel baptized but scarcely disguised, the emblem seen in the hand of bronze images from France, or carved on altars found there with pagan inscriptions. Gauls on the reliefs of the Arch of Orange wear the sun-wheel on their helmets, and a window of stained glass in Chartres Cathedral shows Christ and certain apostles in direct relation with the same symbol. The praying-wheel exists in old chapels in Brittany as a religious toy, formerly used with rites half magical under the sanction of the local clergy. In old Greece a Nemesis was depicted with a wheel; Fortuna also was placed sometimes on a wheel instead of a globe. Coins of Gaul of the time of Vercingetorix bear the even-armed cross with florid connections between the ends which represented a four-spoked wheel. The Irishman who saw a bicycle for the first time exclaimed, "Riding on a wheel, like the devil!" In the old paganism, of which he still feels the stirrings, a god whom his ancestors feared rode upon, or carried, a wheel. The priests explained this god to be the devil; certainly devil-



ROUND TOWER AT ARDMORE, SHOWING BANDS LIKE WICKER HOUSES.

ish were some of his attributes and devilish the toll he exacted; wherefore by way of legend, or by a subtler road, the modern peasant saw the analogy and with his customary shrewdness spoke.

The pagan survives in architecture. Buildings were generally square and of wood, or round and of wattles plastered with clay and painted in bright colors. After Christianity was established and the use of stone became less rare in religious and military life, the conservative bent of the people kept a form of tower no longer represented in Great Britain and the mainland. As early as the twelfth century, when the Norman-Welsh began to make stone the rule instead of the exception, Giraldus, the traveled prelate, talks of ecclesiastical towers, "which according to the custom of the country are slender and lofty and moreover round." He knew that they were peculiar but did not suspect that this form of tower represented an inheritance from a pagan religion

any more than he saw the paganism of the rites at the shrine of St. Brigit. Yet unlettered Irish tradition has kept the thread of fact without being able to give the historical sequences. In its immediate use the round tower was a sort of military necessity, and came after the ruin of monastic settlements by the pagans from the Baltic. During sudden raids it was a place of security which could not be burned down like the timber churches near by or the wattled cabins of monks and clerics within the *cashel* wall. It was a belfry whence hand-bells were rung to call the students to school and the faithful to prayer. It was a watch-tower and beacon. But it reaches through military usage back to pagan times. In a polished and highly artificial shape, due to Byzantine science in architecture, it represents the rude wattled house of Gauls. Seeing how the Irish kept heathen ideas in other things, we can perceive



UPPER STONE OF QUERN, WITH SUN-WHEEL DECORATION.

how the round wicker house of the Kelt, such as we see it carved on the column of Antoninus at Rome, developed into the wood and wicker outlook tower and beacon, and in skillful hands became the Irish round tower perpetuated to our day by the hundred or more shafts of cut stone which lend charm to as many Irish landscapes. Christian in usage, they are pagan in design. The Northmen caused the demand, heathenism supplied the pattern, and Byzantine craftsmen, driven from the East by the bigotry of the image-breaking emperors, supplied the science to rear towers more durable, useful, simple, yet stately, than anything Ireland had seen before or has seen since. The history of towers in Mohammedan countries which can be derived from a worship of the heavenly bodies supplies a very remarkable parallel which the archæologists of the last century perceived but could not define. In America the round tower, with its high entrance and adaptation to watchers and sun worship, is found among the extinct cliff-dwelling Indians. Towers in Mexico and Yucatan were in use for the same purpose. Observe in the round tower preserved at Ardmore the bands which repeat, without any useful object in stone, the horizontal bands that strengthened the tall wicker house of Gauls. Such apparently trivial points weigh heavily in favor of the indigenous character of the round tower of Ireland.

Carved figures of a grotesque barbarousness too unseemly to be reproduced have been found about the island, even in the walls of a church. They are the degraded remains of a worship of the creative processes of nature overlooked in the first zeal of iconoclasm. For an island without snakes that reptile has strange prominence in carved and illuminated work of Christian times. Cross and grave-stone bore the emblem of Christ, but on the sides of the shaft appeared the pagan decorative designs to which the sculptor was accustomed, which the people had inherited, and which they dimly understood as lucky. As the coarsest figure might leer with goggle eyes and protruding tongue from the chapel wall, finding protection under the wing of the conservative church of Ireland, so the serpent emblems invaded the margins of missals and rubrics of Holy Writ, and were not only preserved but were fashioned by Christian monks, scarcely aware that these were to teach us something of the pagan past. Gaulish reliefs have the serpent in connection with a Keltic god, perhaps representing night and death. In the Kalewala, Hisi, spirit of evil, a pagan Satan, creates the serpent from the spittle of Suoyatar, a female demon.

> Hisi heard this conversation
> Ever ready with his mischief,
> Made himself to be creator,
> Breathed a soul into the spittle
> To fell Suoyatar's fierce anger.
> Thus arose the poison-monster.[1]

Pagan altar-horns found in Denmark show many serpents in those compartments which are thought to represent the realm of death and hell. How are we to account for the pertinacity with which the old Irish held fast to beliefs, traditions, and objects which belong to a past epoch and have relations with races and peoples who seem disconnected from the Keltic past?

We speak for convenience of the past of Ireland as Keltic. What gives us warrant so to do? Not the historians, who are more anxious

[1] J. M. Crawford's translation.

to call only the best of the old swarms Gaelic than to claim them all. Not the wider view of Europe and Asia which is now entertained, for that does not warrant a likelihood that one race settled Ireland. Soon the term will be inadequate to express it, when the many-colored threads that form the present Irish nation shall be unraveled and separately examined. Analysis that should start from the present day backward would bring into relief a steady influx of English, Welsh, and Scotch allured by the comparative cheapness of land at certain periods. It would consider the plantations formed in Ulster by London corporations, the confiscations under William III., which brought English, German, and Dutch blood into the land. After Cromwell's campaign there was a wholesale peopling of the best lands of the dispossessed by soldiers and colonists from England, and the same thing occurred at other times on a less extensive scale. Before Elizabeth and Henry VIII., the conquerors of parts of the island, with their men of Welsh, Flemish, and Norman blood, were merged into the Keltic mass — and yet only seven centuries have been traversed. Were these the only inroads of foreign blood one might think that according to ordinary rules of intermarriage, and notwithstanding strong prejudices of rank and race, there could hardly be in Ireland to-day such a person as a Kelt of pure stock.

But before 1172, when an English king first assumed to own the island, the same infusion of non-Irish blood went forward. Scandinavian princes ruled at Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, intermarrying with Irish ruling houses, and setting an example to their subjects. Scotch armies came to Ireland, and Irish troops went to Alba, as we see in Shakspere. Slavery was the rule at a still earlier date; the raids by sea brought "foreign bond-women" into Ireland from all the shores, and the slave-trade supplied Irish markets with women and children from the Saxon provinces of Great Britain. Yet for all that Ireland remained Keltic in spirit if not pure in blood, because the people assimilated the settlers, wave after wave. At various times Gaelic drove out Norse, Norman-French, and English.

Before Christian times, at any rate, one might expect to find all pure Kelts. Yet the deeper we probe the less certain is it that the first centuries of our era saw Ireland occupied throughout by Gaels. Doubtless the language was Gaelic in the main. But the written language during the Middle Ages proves that Gaelic was not the soft, slurring tongue that we now hear, "telescoping" syllables and avoiding harsh meetings of consonants. It must have been a rough, consonantal speech full of harsh gutturals, or these would never



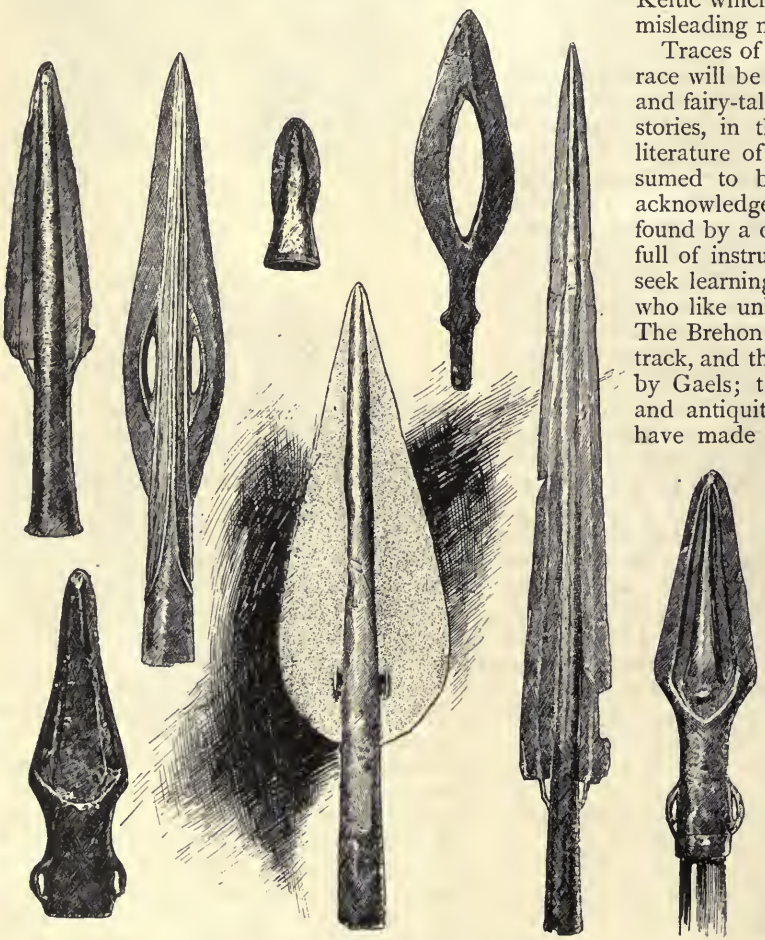
ROUND TOWER AT MAYAPAN, YUCATAN. INDIAN TYPE.

have found their way into the written words. The common German, who turns hard *g* into *y* and melts two syllables into one, is a purist compared with the Gael, who thinks nothing of making a word of three syllables but one in pronunciation, who turns *b* into *m*, *t* into *h*, *gh* into *y*, and otherwise departs in his speech from the letters laid down centuries ago as the proper spelling of words. Wherefore the change? The answer is one of many that may result from the view of Ireland's past taken in this paper. It also affords by analogy an explanation of the similar but less extreme phenomenon observed in the speech of uneducated Germans to-day.

In Ireland each century saw the educated classes who spoke Gaelic as it was written abandon it for Latin, or for Norman-French, or for English. Each century it was left more and more to the uneducated commons. Now if the commons were largely descended from quite another race, on whom the Gaels had imposed their tongue and yoke; if from that other language, which they had lost, they retained what disappears last,— tricks of the tongue, inability to pronounce certain consonants, dislike to hear certain combinations of sound, a fashion of telescoping words and avoiding sounds that cannot easily be sung,— then the fashions of speech peculiar to the vanished language would live on in the tongue of the conquerors. As the servile class became free, it would affect the speech of the whole nation;

as the upper classes ceased to speak their own language, the corrupted or modified Gaelic would become the standard. This has happened to the Irish.

There were certain tribes—some enslaved, others tributary, others almost free—who were not Kelts originally, and in former epochs did not speak a Keltic tongue. There is reason to believe that the Picts were not Keltic and that they lived in Ireland and Britain before the coming of the Kelts. What we know of these earliest historical people is minimized by the neglect of Gaelic historians and by their hostility. Thus they have attributed bestial traits to the leaders of these tribes when they revolted and massacred the nobles. One is called Cathead, another Doghead; frightful calamities befell river and plain, cow, fish, and orchard, while they held sway. Such temporary risings could not reëstablish their old tongue; only, the foreign elements in Gaelic emanating from their tribes would be intensified; the gods and demi-gods, the heroes and famous ancestors of the subject tribes, would enter more into the mass of legend and song; but the revolutionists would be too divided into local bands and too mixed with Gaelic tribes reduced to their level by poverty and war to permit of any national feeling apart from the Gaels. So the Saxons were forced to accept Norman-French, and the modern Irish, for the most part, to learn that mixture of Saxon, Norman, and Keltic which we know under the misleading name of English.



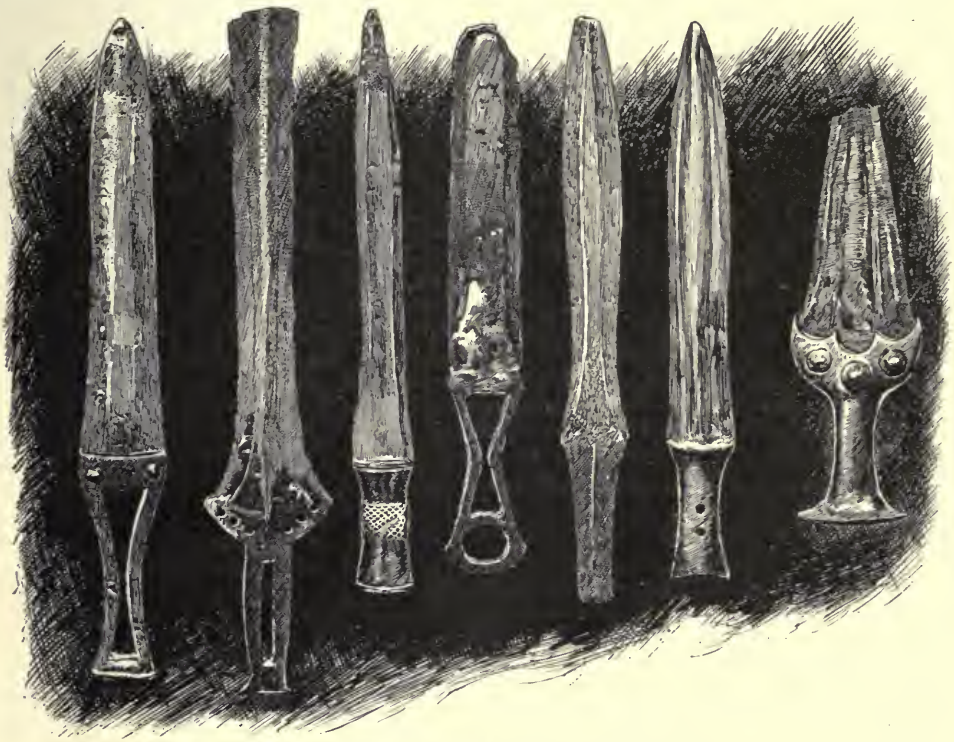
JAVELIN AND SPEAR HEADS FROM THE RIVERS.

Traces of an early non-Keltic race will be found in the legends and fairy-tales, ghost and specter stories, in the wonderful heroic literature of the island, once assumed to be non-existing, then acknowledged but neglected, now found by a delighted world to be full of instruction for those who seek learning, and color for those who like unhackneyed literature. The Brehon law also shows their track, and the histories composed by Gaels; the arts, architecture, and antiquities, moreover, which have made Ireland a rich field for the archæologist. Legends and ballads resting on a substratum of fact can be used to piece out the bare hints of history. Working thus, the ethnologist may find spots where the early non-Keltic blood is, if not pure, yet relatively strong, and detect the presence of a primitive race in the features and skulls of the people. A short, broad nose, a long upper lip, a thin or late developing beard, high cheek-bones, short muscular figure, round head, broad face with small projecting chin, brownish or yellowish complexion, and a tendency to dark and red hair, with gray eyes, are characteristics that may serve as guides to a large infusion of this non-Keltic blood, rather than as sure signs of it. There are traces in the Hebrides and the north of Scotland, but evictions and sheep-pastures have reduced it to very small proportions.

Let us see what distinctions have been made in the population of Ireland in former times.

In 1650 Macfirbis, the last of a distinguished family of historians in the West, a man of immense industry and research, quotes from an old book this "distinction which the profound historians draw" between Milesians, Dananns, and Firbolgs:

Every one who is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth, and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat — they are the descendants of Milesius in Erinn.



BRONZE SWORDS WITH BRONZE HANDLES, PAGAN EPOCH.

Every one who is fair-haired, vengeful, large; and every plunderer; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances who are adepts in all Druidical and magical arts — they are the descendants of the Dé Danann in Erinn.

Every one who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, and the promoters of discord among people — these are the descendants of the Firbolgs in Erinn.

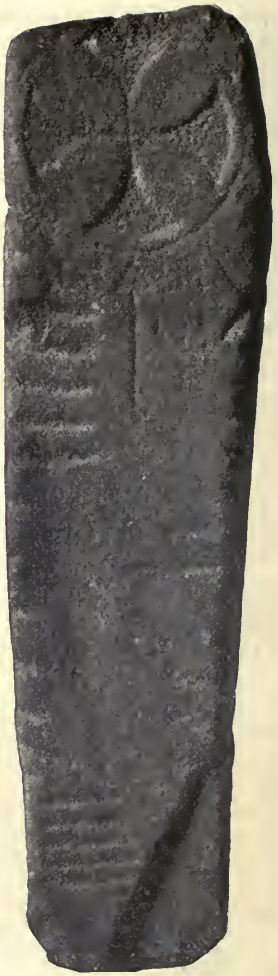
Whoever composed this ready rule to find an Irishman's ancestry from his looks and character, it is certain that he was not a Firbolg. Though fierce with antique hatreds, it is proof that before the last great infusion of foreign blood under Cromwell there existed traditions of differences in complexion and size between at least three streams of pagan settlers. Judging from internal evidence the composer of the rule thought that Milesians and Dananns were Gaels, the Firbolgs not. They were undoubtedly the least Gaelic, and in his opinion little better than the crowd of serfs and peasants who were not worthy of mention. The Danann folk were much better, though tainted with magic and Druidism. The sons of Miledh formed his standard of all that is most excellent in Kelts. Roughly this division would tally with a cross-section of medieval society, the Milesians, being nobles and gentry, on top; the Dananns, professional and tradesmen and artisans, in the middle; the Firbolgs, ignorant and brutalized peasantry, at the bottom. Yet it preserves the traditional prejudices of the Gael. Note that the Milesians, who are posed as princes and nobles after the European ideals of the Middle Ages, "bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth, and rings,"— the substitute for coin,— are white-skinned, brown-haired men, not remarkable for size. That describes certain types found in the south and west of Ireland as well as on the opposite shores of France and down the coast of Spain. We can fancy the Milesians, who came last, greatly softened by Greek and Latin example before reaching

the island. The description of the Danann folk is very like that given of the Gauls and other Keltic tribes who invaded Italy. A race hatred, as inextinguishable as that between Iran and Turan, the Aryans and Ugrians of Asia, is the only thing that will fully account for the bitterness of the description of the Firbolgs. It might have been written by a Persian wishing to blacken the Turkman who has ravaged his land, and whom he thinks "guileful, noisy, contemptible, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable."

The head of the Irish pantheon was the "good god" Dagdé, who was in some respects like Saturn, in others like Thor, but oftener a comical character—a very old man who fed on porridge. As Thor was the head of the Asa gods, as Ukko was the venerable chief of the Finnic pantheon, so Dagdé, before he was degraded to the rank of a fairy, was a god like Saturn, venerable, but outshone by his children. Later he became like Waïnamoïnen, the god-like bard of Finland. He was old like him, a magician, but unlucky in various ways.

More nearly a parallel to Hermes was Lug, the god from whom the cities of Lyons and Leyden derive their names; but he had specialists under him for various arts—Diancecht, patron of physicians; Creidné, patron of bronze-workers; Goibniu, the marvelous blacksmith; Luchtiné, the god of carpenters. A subterranean king of fairies, who was probably once a god, was Midir. A kind of Minerva, but the mother of a triplet of literary gods, was Brîg or Brigit. The Isle of Man is named from Manannan, a Neptune afterwards reduced to a trader of magical powers. By the ninth century these gods had become humanized to such an extent that they seem heroes merely, fairies or magicians, and supplied that varied celestial and aërial fauna which delights us in the epic of Spenser, some of Shakspere's plays, the great Italian narrative poems, and the works of troubadours and trouvères. The variations in rank from full god to ordinary human being have given archæologists much trouble; for how is one to know at what date a story was composed and whether the author regarded a figure as that of a god or a man? Very singular are the problems in historical perspective presented by these tales.

We have authority for assigning to the people called Dé Danann (of the goddess Dana) the war-goddesses named already; for in the campaigns between Dananns and Firbolgs these among them fight on the side of the former: Badb, Macha, and Morrigu. The god of eloquence, Ogma, was also a power in their camp. From his name comes *ogam*, which was an ancient writing, a secret jargon, and also a cipher which was notched on the edges of pillar-stones above men's graves, as in the illustration. Observe that this stone has three pagan sun symbols. Below the large wheel, on each side of the arrow, is a *swastika*, or sun-mark, very much obliterated by weather. This was the Hercules Ogmios whose picture Lucian saw—that Gaulish god wearing the trappings of the classic hero, but old, bent, bald, and dragging along a crowd of men by chains fastened to the tip of his tongue. From the goddess from whom the *tuatha* or people Dé Danann got their name, descends the word Denmark, though the present Danes may have little of the blood of that old swarm which passed by northern Britain into Ireland. The Danish swamps have yielded weapons, horns, and chariots used in religious processions, whose appearance and decorations tally marvelously with the accounts of such things in the Irish tales. Doubtless they were preserved in heathen sanctuaries in Denmark long after their general use went out elsewhere. A few of these deities we can give to the Danann tribes, but of the other gods, demigods, and deified great men it is hard to say to what swarm they belong. It is more profitable for the present to search history for grander subdivisions of the Irish people.



PAGAN GRAVESTONE, WITH SUN SYMBOLS AND OGAM CIPHER.

In his sketch of the Finnic language the Finlander Kellgren made forty years ago a patriotic but it may be not unprophetic claim:

> If any language in the Ural-Altaic family can be assumed as a prototype of the others, and as a complete expression of their common character, this place of honor ought to be allowed the Finnic. It is the

only one to which enough quiet has been permitted to unfold without interruption its natural spirit. Ever attacked by alien nations, the Hungarians have inhabited in constant disquiet and continuous warfare one of the great fighting-grounds of diverse nations, and their speech has not been able to develop itself pure from alien elements. The Turks have been overpowered by the strength of a foreign culture. In its first budding the development and power of their language was interfered with. It is the Finnic folk alone, protected by the situation of its country, which has been able to evolve organically and uninfluenced, in the deep shade of the woods and by the silent lakes of the home-land, a language protected by the ballads of the past. I do not think that I am carried away by fallacious hope when I announce the expectation that many a bright ray will fall from the Finnic tongue upon the still obscure realm of languages belonging to its widely separated stock, and that therefore Finnic deserves something more than the interest of the specialist.

The Keltic tongues belong to the Aryan group, the same family of languages as the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic; yet the Irish branch shows certain rudimental likenesses to the Finno-Ugrian or Ural-Altaic. Old Gaelic holds to modern Irish somewhat the position that early English does to our tongue. . It is much more elaborate and requires a special study. Yet modern as well as ancient Irish shows a number of points of similarity with Finnic, and occasional likenesses to Hungarian and Turkish, chiefly in matters of pronunciation; to a less degree in the formation of the sentence. The verb, for instance, takes precedence in the sentence, being the most important part thereof, whilst in German it brings up the rear. The vowel of the first syllable of a word is apt to give the sound for the succeeding syllables. That contraction of several written sounds into one spoken syllable, which I have called telescoping; that change of certain consonants at the beginning of words when another word precedes, which is so marked in modern Irish and seems to have existed to some degree at least in old Gaelic; that sensitiveness to the harsh sounds of many consonants coming together—these are fundamental in Finnic. Such indications, coming together with the hints from history and the arts, are enough to change our view of the Keltic make-up of the Irish.

It is the Finno-Ugrian section of mankind which seems to have held Ireland before the Kelts—that section which includes the Hungarians, Turks, Bulgarians, Finns of Russia and Sweden, Lapps and Uighurs of Central Asia. It was once represented in Asia Minor by the people of Sumir and Accad, plain and mountain, who gave to Chaldæa and Assyria their impulse in the arts and sciences, of whose mythology the Old Testament is full. Traces of them exist in nearly every part of Europe: in Italy as the basis of the Etruscan nation which furnished the Latins with kings, laws, and religion; in Spain to this day among certain hill-tribes red-haired, short, gray-eyed, slow-witted; in Germany among the Pommeranians and Courlanders; and in Russia very pure and unadulterate, among the Finns and Lapps. Nor is Great Britain without them, especially in north Scotland and Wales. Imagine Europe spread thinly with comparatively peace-loving nomads, worshiping the sun and fire, fearing fetiches; idolaters addicted to certain grave vices, and very crude as regards morality, but on the whole a fine race. Into their scattered tribes penetrate the Kelts with a stronger civilization; active minded; belligerent; more chivalrous to their own women; given to agriculture, but passionately fond of roving; not skilled in the arts and magical sciences. Imagine these conquering in most countries—only to be split in turn by wedges of Teutons and Slavs. Somewhere in the Ural district, it may be, the Finns escaped slavery from these swarms, and learned to hate and fear their kindred, the Lapps, as sorcerers and guileful folk who met ruse with ruse, as we see them shadowed forth in the runes of the Kalewala. Thus they brought with them to the Baltic the traditions, habits, and customs of a Central Asian race untouched by alien influences. The renown of Finns and Lapps for magic in northern Europe is like that of Britons in Gaul at Cæsar's time. When ill, the Tsar Ivan the Terrible sent to Lapland for two witches to cure him. Other branches of the same stock had a like sinister fame, namely the Chaldæans and Etruscans. The softness of Italian compared with Latin may come from the rise of this soft-spoken stratum of Italy's population during the centuries when education ceased. Thus on all sides are evidences of the unity of an underlying race forced to accept other tongues, whose trace can still be pursued in the greatest literary monuments of the world—the Bible, Homer, the Kalewala, Shah-Nameh, and the epical and legendary compositions of the old Gaels.

Native historians have left hints of aborigines belonging to this stock, if one burrow beneath the grotesque derivations from Palestine, Greece, and Egypt which later fashions, chiefly Christian, have added to the records. Partholon was the first permanent settler, just three hundred years after the Deluge! yet he had to fight hunter and fisher tribes for a lodgment. Curiously enough, in the name of these aboriginal tribes there is a Ugrian touch. Their ruler was descended, we learn, from a king of the Ughmor mountains, which Eugene O'Curry calls the ancient Gaelic name for the Caucasus! The Cyclopean fort on the Arann Islands, off

Galway, was built by a son of Ughmor, famous for his poisoned spear,—a trait of various hated foes of the Gaels,—and a Fomorian, or sea-robber, of the race that fortified Tory Island, on the north coast. The name is Uighur if the *m* is softened into a *w* according to Gaelic practice. This is a fair hint that the Fomorians, in whom Professor de Jubainville sees little more than a fabulous race of night and fog demons, have at least some historical reality to stand on. Tory Island has been supposed to get its name from its "tors," or pinnacles of rock, or from "tory," a robber. We can now perceive, however, a likelier origin for the word, whether applied to the island or to the bands of political refugees and malcontents who fled to the bogs of Ulster in troubled times. We find in the Kalewala that Turya was a name for Lapland, or the country of wizards where the Kaleva heroes go to beat the Lapps in magic, and also, singularly enough, to get their brides. Tory Island may well have gained its name when the Finno-Ugrians still spoke their old tongue in Ireland. There, it now appears, they held out as Fomorians — perhaps *Fer-Ughmor*, Uighurmen — against the Gaels, until dislodged with fearful sacrifice of men on both sides. Then arose the ill-fame of Tory Island for witchcraft and pirates. Then it must have been that the word "tory" became fixed in the Irish language as a synonym for robber.

In Asia war has gone on for ages between the Aryans of Iran and the Turks of Turan. In Ireland a similar warfare existed; but it ended ages ago in the obliteration and absorption of the nomads. The great battles of Tura-Plain,—which many think historical, others fabulous,—what are they but campaigns in the warfare of Aryan against Turanian fought at the extreme west of Europe? The very names are the same. Archæologists have been deterred from seeing this merely because in the last century men made bold guesses, and in trying to work them out landed, through lack of evidence, in obvious absurdities. It is time to examine with composure even the writings of General Vallancey, and give that much-abused archæologist credit wherever it is deserved.

This clue in hand, we can explore many labyrinths of Ireland's past hitherto unthreadable. Startling resemblances between old Irish and Hebrew customs, which caused native writers to assert direct emigrations from Palestine, are explainable through ideas coming to the Jews from Chaldæans and those coming to the Kelts from their Ugrian ancestors. The bloody and horrible rites of Phenicians found again in Ireland do not mean a colony from Carthage, but result from like traditions among ancient men of the same stock living far apart. It explains many things in the arts and architecture of the island.

The pagan literature of Ireland may be divided provisionally into an earlier and a later epoch. The earlier may be called the "Mab-Cuchulinn" period, to which most of the extravagant giant and fairy stories with traits like those in the Finnic Kalewala may be assigned. In the feast of Bricriu Poison-tongue, the hero Cuchulinn appears under the most savage aspect. He cuts down harmless workingmen nine at a time out of pure deviltry, strolls through the country on head-hunting tours like a Dyak of Borneo, demands the daughters of his temporary hosts for his pleasure, meets a princess and carries her off, stops the enchanted spear of her father by magic, and is cursed by him to wander till he can solve certain riddles. In doing so he combats goblins and sea-witches, who are counterparts of Grendel of the Marshes and Grendel's mother in the Anglo-Saxon lay of Béowulf. Queen Meave, or Mab, and her husband Ailil are the royal persons round whom many extravagant stories revolve. They seem to belong to the fairy race Danann, while the champion Cuchulinn is their enemy, appearing to be a Firbolg. Keltic traits exist in plenty, but many features are Finnic, after the spirit of the Kalewala. Cuchulinn fights the whole army and court of Meave, just as Waïnamoïnen and his fellow-heroes proceed alone to cope with the magic and armed bands of Louhi, the fell hostess of Pohjola.

The later pagan ballads we will call the Fion-Oisîn cycle, because Fion, or Find, the hero round whom the adventures of the Fenian troops have crystallized, is generally the chief actor or singer, while very often the words are put in the mouth of Oisîn, his son, the Ossian of Macpherson's late Gaelic poems. Here belong the ballads in which Oisîn, a revenant from the Land of Eternal Youth at the time of St. Patrick, recites to him the adventures of the Fenians with a rumble of hatred against bell, book, priests, and hymns which is extremely humorous and diverting. The doings and sayings of Fion are only a little less Finnic than those of Cuchulinn. There is the same invincibility through magical arts, the swords that kill of themselves, the harness dipped in poison to make it spear-proof. As one reads the Kalewala in the recent translation by Dr. J. M. Crawford:

> Mother dear, my gray-haired mother,
> Wilt thou straightway wash my linen
> In the blood of poisoned serpents,
> In the black blood of the adder?
> I must hasten to the combat,
> To the campfires of the Northland,
> To the battlefields of Lapland.

There is the same bold wooing and violent abduction of brides, and restoration of wounded heroes by magical means. The methods of the physician partook of the practice of Siberian *shamans* or Indian medicine-men, though the profession stood very high when learning flourished in Ireland and languished elsewhere. In one tract we read how the learned Fionîn (little Fion) is called to heal a chief who has been badly wounded, but an enemy has secretly bribed his attendant to put certain objects in the wounds, which have healed over. Fionîn approaches the wicker house with four pupils, the number to which he is legally entitled, and hears three groans in succession from this Irish Philoktetes.

"What groan is that?" asks Fionîn of his first pupil.

"It is from a poisoned barb."

"And what groan is that?" he demands of the second scholar.

"It is from a hidden reptile."

"And what groan is that?"

"It is from a poisoned seed," answers pupil number three.

Fionîn then enters and cuts open the wounds, extracts from one a poisoned barb, from another a reptile, from a third a seed, and the chief gets well. This is evidence that the native doctor used the same jugglery we find among the Indians when the medicine-man pretends to extract some object from his patient and by so doing often encourages him back to health. Customs that have hardly disappeared from Finland and Ireland, or are fresh in tradition, existed in both countries, such as putting children out to fosterage, blood-brotherhood,—a rite whereby champions bound themselves closer than by natural ties of birth,—keening and waking the dead, domestic slavery, burial of objects to help the spirit on its way, tools and weapons of bronze, and utensils of wood much the same in shape. Morality of a very lax type among chiefs and of a higher sort among peasants is alike found, as well as a confusion between the human being and animals — each and all traits and resemblances which would mean little taken separately, but which aid materially the argument when all the other similarities are considered.

But a fuller statement of the manners and customs, the myths and legends, which point to a vanished Turanian race in Ireland must be deferred for the present. I hope to show that in one way or another many puzzling points in the history of Ireland and the character of her people can be solved by means of this key.

Charles de Kay.



A FIRE OPAL.

IRIS dwells in thee and throws
Rays of leaf-green and of rose,
Limpid amber courseth through
Violet glooms of fading hue.

Opal, well surnamed of fire,
If some stranger should inquire
Whence thy swift caprices came,—
Morn-mist closing evening-flame,—
Do thou kindling answer bring,
Many-passioned lambent thing!
Say with cosmic throe was born
All thy life of love and scorn,
Yet not chance but deathless law
Bred thy beauty from a flaw.
Speak thou, too, with perfect art,
For wild Genius' burning heart,
Whose perfection springs, like thine,
From some touch of scath divine.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE LIFE OF ADMINISTRATIVE EXILES.

IN order that I may set forth in a connected and intelligible form the results of my investigation of the Russian exile system, at this point I find myself compelled to break the continuity of my narrative, and to bring together in a single paper a quantity of material relating to but one branch of my subject, but gathered piecemeal at different times, and in many widely separated parts of Siberia. To present a large number of closely related facts in the chronological order in which they were obtained would be to scatter them through half a dozen articles, and thus deprive them of much of their cumulative force and significance. It seems best, therefore, to group such facts in a single paper dealing exclusively with that particular feature of the subject to which they all relate. This will necessitate a brief interruption of the narrative, and an omission, for a single month, of the pictorial illustrations; but it will enable me to deal broadly and comprehensively with one of the most interesting and important phases of the exile system.

In the article entitled "Exile by Administrative Process," printed in THE CENTURY for September, 1888, I grouped a number of related facts to show the working of what is known in Russia as the "administrative" banishment of political offenders. I purpose in the present paper to group in a similar way as many facts as possible with regard to the life of political offenders in the places to which they have been "administratively" banished.

The forcible deportation of "untrustworthy" Russian citizens to Siberia by executive order and without trial first became common in the later years of the reign of Alexander II. Administrative banishment had occasionally been resorted to before that time as a convenient means of getting rid of obnoxious persons; but in 1878 and 1879, when the struggle between the police and the terrorists grew hot and fierce, exile by administrative process became a common thing, and people who were known to hold liberal opinions, or who were thought to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, were sent to Siberia by the score. If forbidden books, or copies of the "Messenger of the Will of the People," were found by the police in a young man's room, the fact was regarded as a sufficient warrant for his banishment. If an enthusiastic university student, inspired with an unselfish desire to do something to elevate the lower classes, ventured to open an evening school for factory operatives in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, he was sent to Siberia by administrative process. If a dozen or more young people were surprised together at night under suspicious circumstances, their names were recorded in the "untrustworthy" list of the police, and the next time the Government found it necessary to "take more vigorous measures for the preservation of public order," these unfortunate young men and women, who perhaps had assembled merely to read and discuss the works of Herbert Spencer or of John Stuart Mill, were arrested and sent to Siberia as conspirators. Friends and relatives of convicted revolutionists were banished by administrative process as a matter of course, and long before the assassination of Alexander II. six or eight hundred young people, representing all classes and all social grades, had been swept into the prisons by the drag-net of the police, and sent thence to Siberia by administrative process without even the pretense of a trial.[1] Before the end of the year 1880 there was hardly a town or large village in Western Siberia that did not contain administrative exiles, and there were whole colonies of such offenders in Tara, Tiukalinsk, Ishim, Yalutorfsk, Semipalatinsk, Kokchetav, Akmolinsk, Kurgan, Surgut, Ust Kamenogorsk, Omsk, Tomsk, and Berezof.

No rules for the government of these exiles were at that time in force. Banishment by administrative process was, in a certain sense, an extra legal measure — a measure not defined and regulated by legislative enactment, but rather set in operation and directed by personal impulse. As a natural consequence it was pliant, changeable, and wholly subservient to the will of the higher authorities. By administrative process a man might be banished to Siberia for a year, for ten years, or for life; he might be sent to the hot sun-scorched plains of the Irtish, or to the snowy wilderness of Yakutsk; he might be treated like an infant ward, like a forced colonist, or like a hard-labor convict; and, as against the Minister of the Interior, he had not a single legally sanctioned and enforceable right. His situation

[1] In 1882 the number of persons who had been dealt with by administrative process and were living under police surveillance was officially given as 1500. Most of these people were in exile. ("Review of the Rules concerning Police Surveillance," Juridical Messenger, Moscow, December, 1882, p. 557.)

was in many respects worse than that of a common felon. The latter knew at least how long and for what reason he had to suffer; his political status was definitely fixed by law, and to some extent he was protected by law from capricious ill treatment at the hands of petty Siberian officials. The administrative exile, however, had no such protection. He stood wholly outside the pale of promulgated law: his term of banishment was not fixed, but could be indefinitely extended by the authorities at pleasure; he had no ascertainable rights, either as a citizen or as a criminal, and no means of knowing whether the local officials in dealing with him overstepped or did not overstep the limits of their rightful authority. The only checks upon their power, so far as he was concerned, were the "secret" letters of instruction that they received now and then from the Minister of the Interior. Even these checks were nominal rather than real, since the letters were often inconsistent one with another; they did not provide for half of the multifarious cases that arose; and the local authorities, when in doubt, acted upon their own judgment, and when irritated or excited disregarded the letters of instruction altogether. The natural results of such a state of affairs were confusion, disorder, and constant abuse of power. In one place the administrative exiles were required to appear every day at the police station, sign their names in a book, and report personally to the ispravnik; in another place they were subjected to a constant and humiliating surveillance, which did not respect even the privacy of young women's bedrooms. One ispravnik would allow them to earn a little money by teaching or practicing medicine, while another would throw them into prison for merely giving a music lesson or prescribing a single dose of quinine. An exile in Ust Kamenogorsk might go three or four miles from his place of banishment without receiving so much as a reprimand, while another exile, in Ishim, might be sent to an ooloos in the province of Yakutsk for merely walking two hundred yards into the woods to pick berries. Everywhere there were irregularities, inconsistencies, and misunderstandings which brought the administrative exiles almost daily into collision with the local authorities.

This state of things continued until the year 1882, when the present Tsar approved a code of rules for the government of all persons living at home or in exile under police surveillance.[1] I purpose to review briefly this Code, and then to illustrate, by means of selected cases, its bearing upon the life of administrative exiles in Siberia. The Code comprises forty sections and fills five closely printed octavo pages; and it is a somewhat singular fact that, although its provisions relate almost wholly to persons who have been administratively banished, they do not contain anywhere the word "exile," nor the word "banishment," nor the word "Siberia." The author of the Code seems to have been ashamed to let it clearly and definitely appear that these are regulations for the government of men and women who have been torn from their homes and banished without trial to the remotest parts of Siberia. The only suggestion of exile in the whole document is contained in the words:

> Police surveillance, over *persons assigned to definite places of residence*, takes effect by virtue of such assignment, and for the period of residence fixed. [Sect. 2.]

There is nothing whatever in these colorless words to indicate that the "definite places of residence" to which the offending "persons" have been "assigned" may be situated within the Arctic Circle, 5000 miles east of St. Petersburg; and I am confident that an uninstructed reader might commit the whole Code to memory without even suspecting that it relates to men and women who have been banished without trial to the wild frontiers of Mongolia, or to Yakut oolooses near the Asiatic pole of cold. The author of the Rules has made police surveillance the most prominent feature of his legislation, and has artfully hidden behind it, in the background, what he euphemistically calls "assigned to definite places of residence."

It might have startled the moral sense even of the Russian community if he had entitled his Code, as he ought to have entitled it, "Rules to govern the behavior of men and women exiled without trial to Siberia by the Minister of the Interior." The plain, blunt words, "exile without trial to Siberia," sound badly; but there is nothing to shock the most sensitive mind in the periphrastic statement that "Persons prejudicial to the public peace may be assigned by administrative process to definite places of residence."

When one is told that a Russian citizen, not accused of any crime, may be arrested by the police; may be sent, by virtue of a mere executive order, to a peasant village in Siberia; and may be forced to reside there for a term of years, one naturally asks, "What are the conditions of the life that such a person is compelled to live? What provision does the law make for his support? What is he allowed to do? What is he forbidden to do? and How in general is he treated?" To each of

[1] Polozhenie o Politseskom Nadzore [Rules concerning Police Surveillance]. Approved by the Tsar, March 12, 1882.

these questions the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" furnish an answer; and as the official replies to such questions naturally carry more weight than the replies that might be made by the banished persons themselves, I will briefly summarize the Code, which administrative exiles sometimes humorously call their "Constitution," or "Bill of Rights." It is as follows:

The maximum limit of banishment with police surveillance shall henceforth be five years. [Sect. 3.]

As soon as an exile reaches his destination he shall be deprived of his passport, and shall be furnished with another document setting forth his name, rank, and previous residence, and giving notice to all concerned that he is authorized to live in the village of X——. [Sect. 5.]

He shall not leave the place to which he has been banished without permission from the proper authorities; and if he move from one house to another, he shall notify the police within twenty-four hours. [Sect. 7.]

He may be allowed to absent himself temporarily, in a case of particularly urgent importance, if his behavior has been such as to meet the approval of the police; but in every such case he shall obtain the permission of the governor before going outside the limits of the district, and the permission of the Minister of the Interior before going outside the limits of the province. [Sect. 8.]

An administrative exile to whom such permission has been granted must be provided with a pass and a detailed description of the route to be followed; he shall not stop on the way unless sick or unable to proceed, in which case he must give notice at once to the nearest authorities; he shall report to the police in every town or village through which he passes; and he may be sent back to his place of banishment at any time and from any point in his journey, without regard to his permit, if his behavior shall seem to be suspicious. [Sects. 9–16.]

Administrative exiles shall always report in person to the police at the first summons. [Sect. 17.]

The local police authorities shall have the right to enter the house or room of an administrative exile at any hour of the day or night, and they shall also have the right to search such house or room and to take away any of its contents. [Sect. 19.]

Administrative exiles shall not hold any position in the service of the state or of society, and shall not do any writing for any state, municipal, or other institution, without special permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sect. 21.]

Administrative exiles shall not be the founders, the presiding officers, nor the members of any private society or company; and they shall not act as guardians, or as curators, without permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sects. 22, 23.]

Administrative exiles are forbidden to engage in any kind of pedagogic work; they are forbidden to give instruction in the arts or trades to scholars or apprentices; they are forbidden to deliver lectures or public addresses; they are forbidden to take part in public meetings of scientific societies; they are forbidden to participate in theatrical performances or scenic representations; and they are forbidden, generally, to exercise any public activity. They are also forbidden to have anything to do, in the capacity either of proprietor, overseer, clerk, or laborer, with any photograph gallery, lithographic establishment, printing-office, or library; they are forbidden to deal in books or other productions of the press; they are forbidden to keep tea-houses or grog-shops; and they are forbidden to trade in any way in intoxicating liquor. [Sect. 24.]

Administrative exiles shall not be received into state, municipal, or private schools, or educational institutions, without special permission from the Minister of the Interior, approved by the educational authorities. [Sect. 25.]

Administrative exiles shall not appear and plead in the courts except in behalf of themselves, their parents, their wives, or their children. They shall not act as physicians, accoucheurs, apothecaries, or chemists, without permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sects. 26, 27.]

All lawful occupations, not above mentioned, shall, as a rule, be open to administrative exiles; but the governor of the province may nevertheless, in his discretion, forbid an exile to engage in any business that may, by virtue of local conditions, enable such exile to attain illegal ends, or render him a menace to public peace and order. [Sect. 28.]

The Minister of the Interior shall have the right to withhold from administrative exiles all letters and telegrams, and to subject their whole correspondence — including both letters written and letters received — to police supervision. [Sect. 29.]

Failure to submit to any of the rules set forth in Sections 11–29 shall be punished with imprisonment for a period of not less than three days nor more than one month. Administrative exiles who leave their places of banishment without permission may also be tried and punished under Section 63 of the Code providing for offenses within the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. [Sect. 32.]

Administrative exiles who have no pecuniary means of their own shall receive an allowance from the Government treasury for their support, and for the support of their families, if the latter voluntarily go with them to their places of banishment. This allowance, however, shall not be made to exiles who fail to obtain employment through bad conduct or habitual laziness. [Sects. 33–37.]

Administrative exiles and their families shall be treated in the local hospitals, when sick, at the expense of the Government. [Sect. 38.]

Administrative exiles who may not have means to defray the expense of return to their homes at the expiration of their terms of banishment shall receive aid from the Government, in accordance with the imperial order of January 10, 1881, unless special directions with regard to the return of such persons shall have been given by the Minister of the Interior. [Sect. 40.]

Such, in brief, is the administrative exiles' "Constitution." I have everywhere substituted the words "administrative exiles," "banishment," and "places of banishment," for the ambiguous or misleading expressions, "persons under police surveillance," "assignment to definite places of residence," and "places of domiciliation," which are used in the text; but

in so doing I have merely given clearer expression to the real meaning of the Code. Men and women banished by administrative process are not known to Russian law as "exiles." They are "pod-nadzorni," or "persons under surveillance," and their banishment is called by a euphemistic legal fiction "vodvorenia," or "domiciliation" in "definite places of residence." It must, of course, mitigate the grief of a bereaved mother to learn from a perusal of this law that her only son has not been "exiled," but merely "domiciled" in an "assigned place of residence" near the spot where Captain De Long and the sailors of the *Jeannette* perished from cold and hunger.

When an administrative exile, after weeks or months of travel "by étape," reaches at last the Siberian town or village to which he has been "assigned," and in which he is to be "domiciled," he is conducted to the police station, is furnished with an identifying document called a "veed na zheetelstvo," or "permit to reside," and receives, from the ispravnik or the zasedatel, a printed copy of the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He is informed at the same time that he cannot go outside the limits of the village without permission; that his correspondence is "under control"; and that, as a precaution against escape, he will be required to report personally at stated intervals to the chief of police, or will be visited as often as may be necessary by an officer detailed to watch him. His first need, of course, is shelter; and taking his exile passport and his copy of the "Rules" in his hand, he goes in search of a "domicile." The fact that he is a political exile is not stated in his "permit to reside," but everybody knows it,—he has been seen to arrive in the village under guard,—and householders are naturally unwilling or reluctant to give him lodgings. A political exile is presumably a dangerous man, and, moreover, a man who is liable to be visited at all hours of the day and night by the police. A peasant villager does not care to have his house invaded every day, and perhaps half a dozen times a day, by a suspicious police officer; and, besides that, he (the householder) may be required to watch the movements of his dangerous lodger, and at inconvenient times may be summoned to the police station to answer questions. In view of these unpleasant possibilities, he thinks it safest not to have anything to do with a person about whom nothing is known except that he is a state criminal under police surveillance. As the tired political goes from house to house seeking lodgings, and as he finds himself regarded everywhere with fear or suspicion, he understands and appreciates the feeling that impels a common criminal colonist to call an exile's "permit to reside" a "wolf's passport."

At last, with the aid perhaps of other political exiles, he finds and rents a single scantily furnished room in the house of some poor peasant, unpacks his portmanteau, and proceeds to make the acquaintance of his environment. The first and most important question that arises in his mind is the question of subsistence. How is he to live? He has left his wife and young children entirely unprovided for in European Russia; he has long been tortured by a vivid consciousness of their helpless and destitute condition, and now he finds himself suddenly confronted with the question of maintenance for himself. What is he to do? He examines the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and learns from Section 33 that "administrative exiles who have no pecuniary means of their own shall receive an allowance from the Government treasury for their support." This "allowance," as he soon ascertains, is six rubles, or a little less than three dollars, a month. He makes inquiries in the town or village market-place, and finds, as the result of his investigations, that if he receives the Government allowance, and buys only the things that he regards as absolutely essential to life, his monthly budget will stand as given below.[1]

From this balance-sheet it appears that although an administrative exile in the province of Tobolsk limits himself to the barest essentials of life; spends nothing for service, for

1 This is a real, not an imaginary, exile balance-sheet, and the prices are those that prevailed in the town of Surgut, province of Tobolsk, Western Siberia, in the spring of 1888.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Government allowance	$3.00	Rent of a single room	$1.00
Deficit	1.72	40 lbs. of meat	1.50
		40 lbs. of wheat flour	.58
		40 lbs. of rye flour	.33
		10 eggs	.12
		A "brick" of tea — cheapest	.79
		1 lb. of sugar	.10
		1 lb. of tobacco, cheapest sort	.25
		1 lb. of kerosene	.05
	$4.72		$4.72

washing, for fuel, or for medicines; and uses only five cents' worth of kerosene and ten cents' worth of sugar in a month, he exceeds by $1.72 his monthly allowance. It is evident, therefore, that the question of personal maintenance is not to be solved in this way. The thoughts of the exile then turn naturally to employment. He cannot expect, of course, to find in a remote Siberian village as many opportunities for the exercise of trained intellectual ability as he might find in St. Petersburg or Moscow; but he does not insist upon profitable employment, or even upon employment that shall be pleasant and congenial; he is ready to undertake work of any kind that will enable him to keep soul and body together. He has had a university training; he knows three or four languages; he is, perhaps, a skillful physician and surgeon like Dr. Baillie in Verkhoyansk, a photographer like Mr. Karelin in Ust Kamenogorsk, or a journalist like Mr. Bielokonski in Minusinsk; he is an expert penman, a good accountant, a competent teacher, and a fair musician. It seems to him that he can hardly fail, even in Siberia, to earn fifty cents a day, and fifteen dollars a month would enable him to live in comparative decency and comfort. However, upon again consulting the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," he finds that he is strictly forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to act in the capacity of teacher, doctor, chemist, photographer, lithographer, librarian, copyist, editor, compositor, contributor, reporter, lecturer, actor, lawyer, bookseller, or clerk. He cannot hold any position in the service of the state or of society; he cannot be an officer or a partner in any commercial company; he cannot be a member of any scientific body; he cannot have anything to do with drugs, medicines, photographic or lithographic materials, books, weapons, or newspapers; and, finally, he cannot "exercise any public activity." What is there left for an educated man to do? All the pursuits for which his life and previous training have qualified him are absolutely closed to him. He has not the manual skill necessary to fit him for the work of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a wheelwright, or a blacksmith; he cannot turn merchant or trader, for lack of the requisite capital; and he cannot become a driver or a teamster, on account of his inability to leave the village to which he has been assigned. The only occupation, therefore, that seems to be open to him is the cultivation of the soil. The "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" do not forbid him to raise potatoes, turnips, and cabbages,— there is no danger that he will infect the soil with his "seditious" ideas,— and in agricultural labor he determines to seek a solution of the hard problem of life. He soon learns, however, that all of the arable land in the neighborhood of the village belongs to the village commune, and has already been allotted to its members. He cannot find a single acre of unappropriated soil without going four or five versts away, and if he steps outside the narrow limits of the settlement he renders himself liable to arrest and imprisonment. In this disheartening situation — banished to Siberia and tied hand and foot by the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" — he can do absolutely nothing except make an appeal to the Governor, the Governor-General, or the Minister of the Interior, and beg, as a favor, for a recognition of his right to labor for his daily bread.

In 1883 the political exiles in the town of Akmolinsk applied to General Kolpakofski, the Governor-General of the steppe provinces, for permission to give music lessons. They found it almost impossible, they said, either to live on the Government allowance, or to support themselves by any of the means that the "Rules" left open to them. They could, however, teach music, and they begged to be allowed to do so. This seemed — or would seem to an American — a very modest, natural, and reasonable request. There is nothing "dangerous" or "prejudicial to public order" in a piano, and it was hardly to be supposed that Siberian children would become nihilists as a result of learning five-finger exercises. Governor-General Kolpakofski, however, either thought that the petitioners would undermine the loyalty of the children of Akmolinsk by teaching them revolutionary songs, or believed that destitution and misery are the natural and proper concomitants of administrative exile. He therefore replied to the letter by saying that teaching was an occupation forbidden by the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and that if the administrative exiles in Akmolinsk needed work, in order to obtain the necessaries of life, they might "hire themselves out to the Kirghis, who pay from five to seven cents a day for laborers." This was almost as cruel and insulting as it would be to tell post-graduate students of the Johns Hopkins University, who had been banished without trial to the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, that if they needed employment they might catch grasshoppers for the Digger Indians.

About the same time, the political exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk asked General Kolpakofski for permission to occupy and cultivate a tract of Government land near their place of banishment. They offered to improve the land, to pay rent for it as soon as it should become productive, and to leave all their improvements to the state, without reimbursement, at the expiration of their term of exile. This, again, was

a reasonable proposition, and, moreover, a proposition advantageous in every way to the state. The Governor-General, however, made to it the same reply that he had made to the petition of the administrative exiles in Akmolinsk, viz., that if they needed work they might hire themselves out as day laborers to the Cossacks.[1]

The "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" are not enforced with uniform strictness at all times, nor in all parts of Siberia, and the extent to which they debar exiles from employment is largely dependent upon the character of the officials who are intrusted with their enforcement. General Tseklinski, the late Governor of the province of Semipalatinsk, treated the exiles in his jurisdiction with humanity and consideration; not because he was in sympathy with their views, but simply because he was a gentleman and a humane and considerate officer. The same statement may justly be made, I think, with regard to Mr. Nathaniel Petukhof, who at the time of my visit was acting-governor of the province of Tomsk. In the province of Tobolsk, on the other hand, the administrative exiles have always been treated with harshness, and at times with brutal severity. As recently as April of the present year (1888) the political exiles in the town of Surgut,[2] to the number of nineteen men, addressed a respectful letter to the Minister of the Interior, protesting against the tyrannical cruelty of Mr. Troynitski, the present Governor of the province of Tobolsk, declaring that their situation had become insupportable, and solemnly giving notice that, whatever might be the consequences, they would no longer submit. A copy of this protest has been sent to me from Siberia and lies before me as I write. It is too long and circumstantial to be embodied in this article, but I hope to publish it, with other similar documents, at an early day. How desperate the situation of these exiles must have been appears from the fact that some of them had almost finished their terms of banishment, and had only to suffer a little longer without complaint in order to be free; but they could suffer *no* longer. There is a limit to human endurance, and that limit the Surgut exiles had reached. All that I know of their fate, and of the result of their protest, I learn from a brief paragraph in the "Siberian Gazette," which announces that "nineteen audaciously impudent political exiles" in the town of Surgut "have been removed"; and that the ispravnik of Surgut and the chief of police of Tobolsk have been officially "thanked" by the provincial governor, Mr. Troynitski, for the distinguished services rendered by them on the occasion of this "removal." To what lonely and far-away corner of Siberia these nineteen unfortunate politicals have been sent for their "audaciously impudent" attempt to touch the heart and awaken the sympathies of Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, I do not know. There are only a few "places of domiciliation" worse than Surgut. One of them is Berezof, near the mouth of the river Ob, 2700 miles from St. Petersburg; another is Turukhansk, a "town" of 32 houses and 181 inhabitants situated near the Arctic Circle, 4100 miles from St. Petersburg; and the third is the dreaded province of Yakutsk.[3]

The administrative exile who, upon reaching his place of banishment, finds himself within the jurisdiction of a governor like Mr. Troynitski is probably forced by imperious necessity to petition the Minister of the Interior for relief. He is without pecuniary means of his own; he cannot live on the allowance of three dollars a month made to him by the state; and the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" are enforced by the Governor with such pitiless severity that a man who is subject to them cannot possibly earn his daily bread and at the same time keep out of jail. Under such circumstances the banished political offender, who perhaps is a physician, writes to the Minister of the Interior a statement of the facts, informs his Excellency that there is no physician in the town or village to which he (the exile) has been assigned, and asks if he cannot be allowed to resume the practice of his profession. This, apparently, is even more than a reasonable request. The petitioner is a trained and skillful physician. He is living perhaps in a district containing twenty thousand inhabitants, scattered over hundreds of square miles, and urgently in need of medical advice and

[1] These illustrations of official harshness and indifference were given to me in writing by a political exile in the province of Semipalatinsk whose statements I have every reason to trust. I did not meet General Kolpakofski while in Omsk, and I have no personal knowledge of his character; but I did meet there the Governor of the province of Akmolinsk, and he impressed me as a man who would be quite capable of preparing for the Governor-General's signature just such a letter as that which was sent to the Akmolinsk exiles in response to their petition for leave to teach music. In some parts of Eastern Siberia official acts even more extraordinary and incredible than these came under my direct personal observation.

[2] Surgut is a small town of 1300 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the river Ob, in the province of Tobolsk, about five degrees south of the Arctic Circle. It is 575 miles north-east of the city of Tobolsk, and 2500 miles from St. Petersburg.

[3] To these places are sent political offenders who, after their banishment to Siberia, manifest an insubordinate disposition, or, in other words, address "audaciously impudent" complaints of ill treatment to the Minister of the Interior.

help.[1] To an American it would seem as if the request of an exiled physician to be allowed to practice in such a country as this must not only be granted, but be welcomed with gratitude. Does the Minister of the Interior so treat it?

In 1883 the Medical Society of the city of Tver[2] sent a memorial to the Minister of the Interior setting forth the facts with regard to the lack of medical assistance and the urgent need of trained medical officers in Siberia, calling his Excellency's attention to the large number of physicians and medical students living in that part of the empire under sentence of banishment, and asking whether the Government would not consider favorably a suggestion that such physicians and medical students be exempted from the disabilities imposed by Section 27 of the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and be allowed to practice in the provinces to which they had been banished. Nothing certainly could have been more wise and humane; nothing could have been more worthy of respectful consideration than such a suggestion from such a source. With what reception did it meet? I am sorry to say that it met with swift punishment. For sending this memorial to the Minister of the Interior — for venturing to intercede in behalf of physicians banished upon suspicion of political "untrustworthiness" — the Medical Society of Tver was closed and forbidden to hold further meetings, and two of its members, who happened to be in the service of the state as surgeons in the Tver hospital, were summarily dismissed from their places.[3]

If persons who merely suggest that exiled physicians be allowed to practice are punished in this way by the Minister of the Interior, one can imagine how exiled physicians themselves who practice without permission are punished by that minister's subordinates.

In the year 1880 there was living in the city of Kharkoff a young medical student named Nifont Dólgopólof. He had finished his course of instruction in the medical faculty of the Kharkoff University, and was about to take his final examination, when there occurred one of the scenes of tumult and disorder that are so common in Russian universities, when a large number of students, excited by some real or fancied grievance, undertake to hold an indignation meeting in the street opposite the university buildings. In Kharkoff, on the occasion to which I refer, the disturbance became so serious that the university authorities were unable to deal with it, and a troop of mounted Cossacks was sent to break up the meeting and to disperse the mob of excited undergraduates. Irritated by the resistance that they encountered, and determined to clear the street at all hazards, the Cossacks rode through the crowd of hooting students, striking right and left at random with the short, hinged riding-whips known in Russia as "nagaikas."[4] Mr. Dólgopólof, who was not a revolutionist, nor even an "untrustworthy" person, had nothing to do with the disorder; but he happened to be present in the street as a spectator, and when the Cossacks began using their whips he turned to a chinovnik — an officer of the civil service — who stood near him and exclaimed indignantly, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! It is cowardly and disgraceful to strike men with whips!" The chinovnik called the attention of the police to Mr. Dólgopólof, and caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison as a person who was aiding and abetting the dis-

[1] In a "secret" report made by the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia to the Tsar in 1881, a copy of which is in my possession, it is stated that "the number of physicians in the country is utterly insufficient. I shall not depart from the truth if I say that in the cities only is there any possibility of taking medical measures for the preservation of the health of the people. In every other part of Eastern Siberia physicians are almost wholly lacking, and the local population is left helpless in its struggle with diphtheria and other contagious diseases which desolate the country. The adoption of measures to prevent the spread of disease among cattle is out of the question. Immense numbers of cattle die every year from plague, causing the people incalculable loss." ("Secret" and hitherto unpublished report of Governor-General Anutchin to the Tsar; section entitled "The Construction and Medical Departments.")

[2] Tver is a city of European Russia, situated on the Nikolaievsk railroad a short distance from Moscow. It is the capital of the province of the same name.

[3] My authorities for the facts of this case are four or five citizens of Tver, including two members of the Tver Medical Society.

[4] There was nothing extraordinary in this method of breaking up a street meeting of indignant students. It was common enough at that time, and it has often been resorted to since. Precisely in this way began, on the 26th of November, 1887, the notorious revolt of the students in Moscow, which led eventually to the closing of all the great universities in the empire. A peaceful meeting of students on the Strastnoi Boulevard had been broken up by a "sotnia" of Cossacks with whips, under circumstances that made the outrage absolutely intolerable. The sufferers sent a circular letter of complaint and protest to their fellow-students in St. Petersburg, Kazan, Kiev, Kharkoff, and Odessa; the excitement extended, with growing intensity, from university to university; and the agitation finally culminated in the "going out" of 10,000 students and the arrest, rustication, or exile of more than 1000. The Russian Government attributes the spread of "nihilism" in the empire to the efforts of a few desperate fanatics and assassins who seek to overthrow all existing institutions. It is, perhaps, pertinent to inquire whether the horse-whipping of university students in the streets may not have some remote bearing upon the distressing phenomenon, and whether it may not explain to some extent the lamentable state of affairs that forces a naturally benevolent government to send its erring subjects to Siberia without trial.

order. Some months later the young medical student, without even the pretense of a trial, was exiled by administrative process to the town of Kurgan, in Western Siberia. In March, 1881, he was required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar, Alexander III., and as a punishment for refusing to do so was sent to the town of Tiukalinsk. At that time the ispravnik of Tiukalinsk was a hot-tempered, unscrupulous, and brutal man named Ilyin; and with this official the young medical student soon came into collision. The first skirmish grew out of Dr. Dólgopólof's failure to obey strictly the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He was a man of generous and sympathetic disposition, as well as a skillful surgeon, and he found it extremely difficult at times to avoid acting in a professional capacity. He never sought practice, nor made it a means of support; but when a peasant in the incipient stage of typhus fever asked him for advice, or a man suffering from cataract came to him for relief, he gave the requisite advice, or performed the necessary operation, without pay, simply because he regarded the rendering of such service as a duty imposed upon him by humanity. The fame of Dr. Dólgopólof's cures soon reached the ispravnik, and that official, summoning the young surgeon to the police station, called his attention in an offensive manner to Section 27 of the "Rules," and forbade him thereafter, upon pain of arrest and imprisonment, to treat sick peasants under any circumstances, with pay or without pay. Dr. Dólgopólof, after some hot words, submitted, and discontinued entirely his irregular and unauthorized practice; but his relations with the ispravnik at once became hostile. At that time the mayor of Tiukalinsk was a prominent and wealthy merchant named Balákhin. In the autumn of 1883 Mr. Balákhin's son, while handling a revolver, accidentally shot his mother in the leg. The wound was a dangerous one, and the extraction of the ball would necessitate a difficult surgical operation. The only regular physician in the place, a nervous and rather timid man named Hull, was called in, and succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage from the cut artery; but he declined to undertake the operation for the removal of the ball, and advised Mr. Balákhin to send for Dr. Dólgopólof. "He is a skillful surgeon," said the local practitioner, "and I am not. He can do what is necessary far better than I can, and I don't like to undertake so serious an operation." Mr. Balákhin thereupon hastened to Dr. Dólgopólof and asked his aid.

"I am not allowed to practice," said the young surgeon.

"But this may be a case of life or death," urged Mr. Balákhin.

"I can't help it," replied Dr. Dólgopólof; "my relations with the ispravnik are strained. I have already been once in trouble for practicing without authority; and I have been strictly forbidden to act professionally, under any circumstances whatever, upon pain of imprisonment."

"You were exiled to Siberia," said Mr. Balákhin, desperately, "for your humanity—because you showed sympathy with people in distress. Have you not courage and humanity enough now to come to the help of a suffering woman, even though you may be imprisoned for it?"

"If you put the question in that way," replied Dr. Dólgopólof, "I have. I will perform the operation and take the punishment."

Upon making an examination, Dr. Dólgopólof found that Mrs. Balákhina was not in immediate danger, and he thereupon suggested that a telegram be sent to Governor Lissogorski, at Tobolsk, asking that Dr. Dólgopólof be authorized to perform a grave surgical operation which the local practitioner declined to undertake. The telegram was sent, and in an hour an answer came, saying that the case was not one over which the Governor had jurisdiction, and directing the mayor to apply for the desired permission to the Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior.

"You see," said Dr. Dólgopólof contemptuously to Mr. Balákhin, "how much regard your rulers have for human life."

He then performed the operation, extracted the ball, tied up the artery, and left Mrs. Balákhina comfortable and out of danger. On the following day the ispravnik, Ilyin, caused the young surgeon to be arrested and thrown into prison, and began proceedings in a case which still stands on record in the archives of the province of Tobolsk as "The affair of the unauthorized extraction of a bullet, by the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, from the leg of Madame Balákhina, wife of the mayor of Tiukalinsk." While these proceedings dragged along in the Circumlocution Office of the provincial administration at Tobolsk, Dr. Dólgopólof lay in the foul district prison at Tiukalinsk, where he finally contracted typhus fever.[1]

Of course the case of Dr. Dólgopólof excited intense feeling in the little provincial town, and when he was taken sick, people came to the prison every day to inquire about him and to bring him food or flowers. These manifestations of public sympathy were not without their effect even upon the ispravnik, and, in

[1] The sanitary condition of the Tiukalinsk prison in 1884 was such that thirty per cent. of its inmates were treated in the prison hospital. (Report of the Prison Department for 1885.)

view of them, that official finally ordered that the young surgeon be released and taken to his home. At the same time, however, he wrote officially to Governor Lissogorski that the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, while awaiting trial upon a criminal charge, was exerting a very dangerous and pernicious influence in the town; that people were showing him sympathy by bringing him food and flowers; and that this sympathy would very likely go even to the extent of furnishing him with means of escape. Under such circumstances he (the ispravnik) felt burdened with a responsibility that he thought should not be laid upon him, and he begged leave to suggest to his Excellency that the prisoner be removed forthwith to the town of Surgut, or to some other part of the province where he would not be known, and where he might be more securely guarded. There was not an intimation in the letter that Dr. Dólgopólof was lying dangerously ill from typhus fever; and Governor Lissogorski, ignorant of this important fact, telegraphed the ispravnik to send the prisoner at once "by étape" to the town of Surgut. The ispravnik summoned the nachalnik of the local convoy command, acquainted him with the Governor's orders, and directed him to carry them into effect. The convoy officer, however, declined to do so, upon the ground that he was strictly forbidden to receive from the local authorities prisoners who were sick; that Dr. Dólgopólof was in a dangerous condition; that he would very likely die on the road; and that he himself (the convoy officer) might then be held to serious accountability for violation of law in taking charge of him. The ispravnik, determined not to be thwarted in his attempt to get rid of a man whom he hated, obtained a peasant's cart, detailed two or three of his own police officers to act as a convoy, and went with them to the young surgeon's house. Dr. Dólgopólof was lying in bed, and was so weak that he could not stand. His wife resisted forcibly the attempt to remove him, whereupon she was tied hand and foot, and her husband, clothed only in a night-shirt, was carried out in a sheet and put into the cart. This transaction occurred on the 24th of October, 1883. The weather was cold and raw, and Dr. Dólgopólof would almost certainly have perished from exposure had not a sympathetic bystander taken off and thrown over him his own fur "shuba," or overcoat. In this condition the sick prisoner was carried to the circuit town of Ishim, a distance of 126 miles. In Ishim there were at that time eleven political exiles, including the well-known Russian novelist Machtet. Many of them knew Dr. Dólgopólof personally, all of them knew his history, and as soon as they discovered his condition they went to the Ishim ispravnik and declared that they would resist to the uttermost, with force, any attempt to carry the young surgeon on. They had him examined by the local medical officer; they induced the ispravnik to draw up a "protocol," or statement of the circumstances of the case; and they telegraphed Governor Lissogorski at Tobolsk, asking whether he had authorized the ispravnik of Tiukalinsk to send a dying man out on the road, at that season of the year, with no other covering than a night-shirt. As soon as the Governor learned that Dr. Dólgopólof was sick he telegraphed the ispravnik at Ishim to have the young surgeon taken to the hospital and properly cared for, and suspended the order for his removal to Surgut. It was currently reported in Ishim that his Excellency also availed himself of this favorable opportunity to "squeeze" five hundred rubles out of the ispravnik of Tiukalinsk as the price of immunity from prosecution on the charge of violating law by sending an exile out on the road while dangerously sick. The report may or may not have been well founded, but it was a notorious fact that the Governor sold to the highest bidder most of the provincial offices at his disposal, and that he received payment in money intentionally lost to him at cards by the office seekers.[1]

Dr. Dólgopólof remained in the Ishim hospital until he recovered his health, and was then sent forward to his destination. He was eventually transferred to the province of Semipalatinsk, where his condition was greatly improved, and where, when I last heard of him, he was engaged in making craniological measurements and anthropological researches among the Kirghis.[2]

I have, perhaps, devoted a disproportionate amount of space to this "affair of the unauthorized extraction of a bullet, by the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, from the leg of Madame Balákhina, wife of the mayor of Tiukalinsk"; but it is a typical case, and

1 There were ispravniks in Siberia, at the time of my visit, against whom were pending as many as ten criminal charges. They had contrived, however, by means best known to themselves and their superiors, to stave off trial year after year, and I have no doubt that they are still holding their places.

2 A fairly accurate account of the treatment of Dr. Dólgopólof by the ispravnik of Tiukalinsk was published in the "Siberian Gazette" at Tomsk, and the substance of it was reprinted in the London "Times" of January 11, 1884 (weekly edition), under the head of "Russia." The Russian censor, however, would not allow the "Siberian Gazette" to say that the victim of this brutality was a *political* exile, and consequently the London "Times" was unaware of the fact. The circumstances that led to the final collision between the ispravnik and the young surgeon are now published for the first time.

not only illustrates the inherent defects of the Russian method of dealing with "untrustworthy" citizens, but shows clearly the specific nature of the grievances against which the Surgut exiles protested in their letter to the Minister of the Interior last April. In that case one of the politicals, the late Mr. Leo Ivanoff, had been virtually murdered by official cruelty and indifference, and two others had been reduced to such a physical condition that, to use their own word, they regarded themselves as "doomed." As these two sick men have since been "removed" to Berezof, Turukhansk, or some worse place, they are, perhaps, by this time dead and out of their misery.

When an administrative exile has succeeded in solving the problem of personal maintenance, and when he is relieved from anxiety with regard to the necessaries of life, such as food, shelter, and clothing, he begins to feel the humiliating restraints of police surveillance and "controlled" correspondence. The officers whose duty it is to watch him are often men of degraded character and criminal antecedents. Many of the "zasedatels," or chiefs of police in the "volosts" or districts, and a still greater number of "pisars," or district police secretaries, are common malefactors, sent to Siberia for felony, and taken into the Government service under assumed names at the expiration of their terms of forced colonization. The initials and places of residence of at least a score of these felons in police uniform have been published in the liberal Siberian newspapers. To men of this character are intrusted, in many parts of Siberia, the health, the honor, and the lives of refined and highly educated political exiles of both sexes, and it is not a matter for surprise if the latter are sometimes outrageously insulted and brutally treated. I personally know police officers in Siberia—and I particularly remember now two, one of them the chief of police in Minusinsk—whom I should hesitate to meet anywhere at night unless I had a revolver. Even in a comparatively well-governed city like Tomsk, the history of the police has been a history stained with acts of violence, outrage, and crime, including the arrest and imprisonment of innocent citizens by the hundred, the taking of bribes from notorious criminals, the subornation of perjury, the use of torture, and the beating nearly to death of pregnant women. According to the "Tomsk Provincial Gazette," an official journal, one of the recently appointed governors of that province received, on the occasion of his very first visit of inspection to the city prisons, no less than three hundred complaints of unjust imprisonment. Upon investigation, two hundred of them were shown to be well founded, and the complainants were set at liberty.[1] So boundless is the power of ispravniks and chiefs of police in the smaller Siberian towns and villages, that among the peasants the expression once became proverbial, "In heaven, God; in Okhotsk, Koch." How many Kochs there are among the ispravniks and zasedatels in the remoter parts of Siberia only God, the peasants, and the political exiles know. The nature of the surveillance maintained by such officers as these over the banished politicals varies in different parts of Siberia; but to what extent the supervision *may* go is shown by an extract from the letter of an administrative exile published in the "Juridical Messenger," the organ of the Moscow Bar Association. It is as follows:

> The surveillance maintained over us is of the most unceremonious character. The police officers strive to earn distinction by surpassing one another in assiduous watchfulness. They enter our quarters repeatedly every day to see that we are at home, and that no one else is there, and they go through all our rooms. They walk past our houses constantly, looking in at the windows and listening at the doors. They post sentries at night on the corners of the streets where we reside, and they compel our landlords and our neighbors to watch our movements and report upon them to the local authorities.[2]

A young lady who was in exile at Tunka, a small East Siberian village on the frontier of Mongolia, told me that it was not an unusual thing to come back to her apartments after a short walk, or a call upon some other exile, and find a police officer in cap and boots asleep on her bed. Fear of insult or outrage has forced most of the banished women in Siberia to live in the same houses with the exiled men. Madame Dicheskula lived in one half of the house occupied by Mr. Lobonofski in Semipalatinsk; Madame Breshkofskaya occupied a room adjoining that of Mr. Shamarin in Selenginsk; and I found the same state of affairs existing in a dozen other parts of Siberia. In fact, it is inevitable. Among the political exiles are defenseless girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, and young married women whose husbands are in other parts of Siberia or in penal servitude at the mines. They cannot live entirely alone under a system of surveillance which authorizes a runaway convict, in the uniform of a police officer, to enter their apartments at any hour of the day or night.

Another feature of administrative exile life, which exasperates and embitters the politicals

1 "Police Law in Siberia," Eastern Review (St. Petersburg, Oct. 13, 1883), No. 41, p. 1.

2 "Review of the 'Rules concerning Police Surveillance,'" Juridical Messenger (Moscow, December, 1882), Vol. XIV., No. 12, p. 561.

almost as much as surveillance, is the supervision of their correspondence. An exile whose correspondence is "under control" cannot send a letter to his wife without previously submitting it to the ispravnik for supervision and approval. The ispravnik may, in his discretion, forward it to its destination, destroy it, or send it to the Minister of the Interior. Letters for an exile received at the local post-office are turned over to the same official, who opens and reads them, crosses out anything that may seem to him objectionable, and delivers them, after such mutilation, at his leisure. If he wishes to torture or punish an exile who is personally obnoxious to him, or who has been "audaciously impudent," he may withhold such exile's letters altogether, and deprive him for months of all news from the wife and children whom he has been forced to leave uncared for in European Russia. The ispravnik of Tara, in the province of Tobolsk, used to take the letters of exiles to the local official club, read them aloud to his friends, and ask advice with regard to the erasure or "blacking out" of particular passages. More than one political in Tara heard of his letters for the first time on the street from some person to whom the ispravnik had shown them. The reader can perhaps imagine, without any assistance from me, the feelings of a political exile who knows that the sacred words of love and tenderness written to him with agony and tears by the unhappy wife who is dearer to him than his own soul have been read aloud by the ispravnik between drinks of vodka to a circle of boon companions at the club. Even when an exile, by a fortunate accident, has heard of a letter addressed to him, he may not be able to get it. The ispravnik, after reading it to his friends, may conclude that it contains a hidden cipher, and that delivery of it is inexpedient. I have seen exile letters that had been scorched with heat and treated with chemicals by suspicious officials who believed, or pretended to believe, that there was invisible writing in sympathetic ink between the lines. Such letters are frequently held by the ispravnik or the chief of police for months, and then, scorched or blistered by experimental tests, and with all of the suspiciously vague or ambiguous expressions carefully crossed out, they are finally delivered. Sometimes an exile is summoned to the police station and subjected to a searching examination with regard to the contents or the meaning of a letter that he has never seen and that is still in the possession of the ispravnik. How maddening such treatment of private correspondence must be to a man who has never been accused of crime, who has never been tried, who has never been legally deprived of his rights as a citizen, and who is already aflame with just indignation, the reader can perhaps imagine.

Another source of exasperation to the administrative exile—and it is the last that I now have space to mention—is the anomalous position in which he is placed by virtue of banishment without trial and subjection to the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He is neither a citizen living under the protection of law, nor a criminal deprived of civil rights by law. He is subject to all the obligations of a citizen, and he does not enjoy even the rights of a criminal. He is, in short, completely at the mercy of irresponsible power. The peculiar situation, from a legal point of view, of a man who has been exiled by administrative process, is clearly shown in the following petition or memorial, sent by an administrative exile in the year 1881 to the "Governing Senate"—the Russian High Court of Appeals. Of course the petitioner did not expect by means of this document to improve his condition, or to secure any guaranty of rights. On the contrary, he was almost certain to render his situation worse by sending to the Governing Senate so "audaciously impudent" a communication. He had just been asked, however, to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar, Alexander III., and it relieved him, I presume, to give expression to his feelings in this half-satirical production. I do not personally know the petitioner, and it is not necessary to state how I became possessed of a copy of his petition. I can, however, vouch for the authenticity, not only of the document itself, but of the indorsement made upon it by the Governing Senate.

KURGAN, PROVINCE OF TOBOLSK,
WESTERN SIBERIA, March 31, 1881.

TO THE GOVERNING SENATE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE: On the 28th day of March, 1881, I [an administrative exile] received a notification from the police authorities of the town of Kurgan to appear at the police station and take the oath of allegiance to the present reigning Emperor of Russia, Alexander Alexandrovitch. This requirement seems to me to be inconsistent with the emperor's manifesto of March 1, 1881. The reason assigned in that manifesto for requiring the oath of allegiance from the peasants of the empire was that such peasants, by virtue of the decree of emancipation, had ceased to be serfs, had become free citizens, and were therefore subject to the laws made for the government of such citizens. I have all proper respect for these words, and I regard as perfectly just, not only the reasoning itself, but the conclusions that logically flow from that reasoning. One of these conclusions is, that if Russian peasants (and other Russians) had not been free citizens, and had not been subject to the general laws of the empire, they would not have been required to take the oath of allegiance. The imperial manifesto of March 1 exacts the oath of allegiance only from free citizens subject to the

operation of all the laws of the State. The question now arises, "What am I; am I a free citizen?" My father was an hereditary noble of the Russian Empire, and my mother was my father's legal wife. According to Russian law I must inherit the rank of my father, and consequently the rights of a free citizen. The most important rights guaranteed by law to a free citizen are, first, the right to personal liberty (so long as he does not commit a crime), and, second, the right to protection for his family and for his property. I myself, however, am deprived of liberty; my family has been broken up; my property has been confiscated by the Third Section,[1] and I am forbidden to engage in the lawful occupations for which I have been specially fitted. I am not allowed to go a step outside the limits of the town of Kurgan; I have been transported to a distance of 3000 kilometres from my family, and I cannot send a letter even to my wife without previously submitting it to strangers for inspection. In view of these facts it is clear that I am neither a nobleman nor a free citizen.

My forcible detention in Siberia, then, raises the question, "Have I not been deprived of all civil rights and sent hither as a forced colonist?" I turn to the laws of the empire relating to forced colonists deprived of all civil rights, and I find that their situation is precisely analogous to mine with one exception. A forced colonist may hope gradually to re-acquire, by successive steps, a part of the rights that have been taken away from him. He may, in time, recover the right to go from place to place within the limits of his province, or even within the limits of Siberia.[2] I, however, can indulge no such hope. I am interned in the town of Kurgan for an indefinite period. It is clear, therefore, that I am not a forced colonist, and this conclusion is confirmed by the fact that forced colonization is a punishment inflicted only by sentence of a court and for crime. What, then, am I? If I am neither a freeman, representing the highest grade of Russian citizenship, nor a criminal, representing the lowest grade, I am debarred from Russian citizenship altogether; or, in other words, I am a foreigner. Indeed I must be a foreigner—unquestionably a foreigner! The Russian state does not recognize me as a free citizen, nor does it put me on the level of a criminal whose rights as a citizen have been taken away. It has refused—and worse than refused—to protect my liberty, my family, and my property. I must, therefore, be regarded as a foreigner. But am I a free foreigner? No; I am not free. If I were a free foreigner I should have the right to leave Russia; and I trust that I could find a civilized country—perhaps more than one—that would receive and recognize me as an honest and loyal citizen. I am, however, deprived of this right; consequently, if a foreigner, I must be a prisoner of war. But to what nation do I belong, where is my fatherland, and in what war was I captured? Has peace been concluded, and, if so, why have I not been returned to my countrymen with other prisoners of war? I am unable to answer these questions; but the situation of a prisoner of war is an intolerably hard one, and in that situation I have been for five years.

I most humbly beg the Russian Governing Senate to accept me as a Russian subject; *i. e.*, to declare me a free Russian citizen living under the protection of the laws. Then, having received all the rights of a citizen, I will gladly perform all a citizen's duties. If, however, the Governing Senate is not willing to accept me as a Russian subject, can it not allow me to leave the Russian Empire, in order that I may find for myself a fatherland?

It seems to me that the oath of allegiance not only imposes certain obligations, but recognizes, at the same time, certain rights. The exaction of that oath from me, therefore, is equivalent to a recognition of my free citizenship. Is not this assumption true? I await an answer. If the Governing Senate, the highest judicial tribunal in Russia, makes it clear to me that I am mistaken, or, in other words, shows me that I must perform all the duties of a Russian subject without enjoying any of a Russian subject's rights, then, as a prisoner of war, I must submit.

VASILLI SIDORATSKI.

(INDORSEMENT ON THE ABOVE PETITION.)

On this the 4th day of June, 1881, the Governing Senate, having heard the within petition, orders: That since such petition does not bear the highest title,[3] and is not in the form prescribed by law (Article 205, part 2, Vol. X. of the Collection of Laws, edition of 1876), it shall be returned to the petitioner without consideration (in accordance with Article 225 of the same part and volume). An ukase to carry this resolution into effect will be sent the provincial administration of Tobolsk.

CHIEF SECRETARY N. BRUD— [remainder of name illegible in the original].
By Ass't CHIEF SECRETARY BARON BUKSHEVDEN.

I do not know what happened to Mr. Sidoratski as the result of the return of this petition, nor do I know whether he is living or dead. I trust that either on this side of the grave, or on the other side, he has at last found for himself "a fatherland."

George Kennan.

[1] The Third Section of the Tsar's chancellery formerly included the Department of Imperial Police. That department, however, has since been put under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior.

[2] Russian law provides for an amelioration of the condition of "poselentse," or forced colonists, who have, by continuous good conduct, shown a disposition to reform. After the lapse of more or less time they may obtain permission to move from place to place within certain prescribed limits, and may even attach themselves eventually to rural Siberian communes, and recover some of their lost rights of citizenship. The point made by Mr. Sidoratski is that he cannot be a criminal colonist because he is denied even the privilege, which is granted to the latter, of improving his condition and re-acquiring civil rights. He is in an anomalous position not recognized or provided for by law.

[3] The meaning is that it is not addressed in the name of the Tsar.

OLIN WARNER, SCULPTOR.

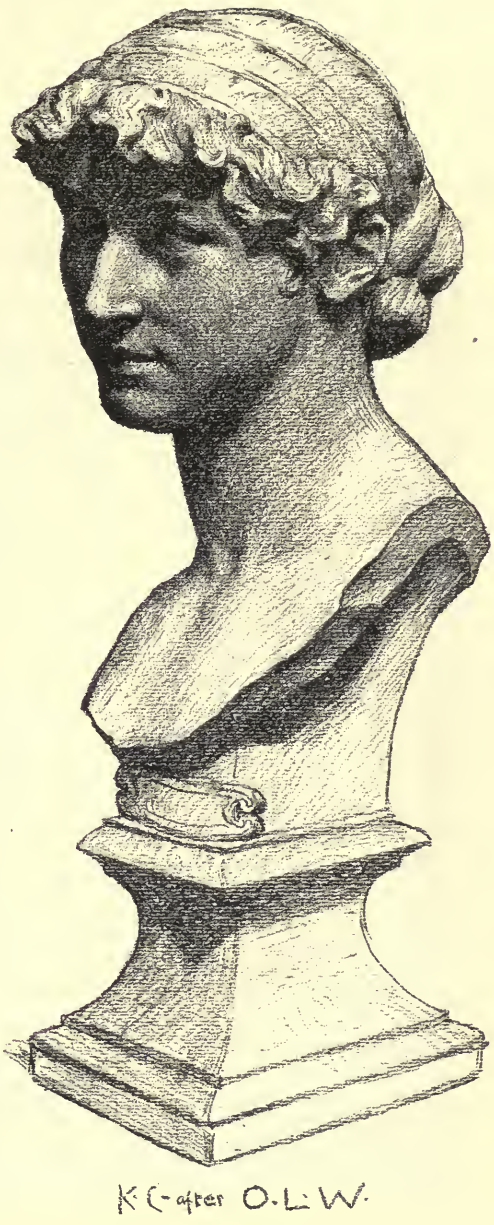
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS WORK.

INDIVIDUAL or nation, it is well to stop now and then to ask one's self candidly, Whither away? Not that man can more than guess the path that person or nation will tread; but it interests and sometimes profits to determine, so far as the signs permit, the goal towards which we tend. The experience of one artist cannot be said to settle definitely a matter so wide-reaching as the trend of sculpture in a community which outwardly is like those of Europe, but differs from them in many important respects. Still, it teaches something, and may direct us to the right view. In matters of the fine arts painting so takes the eye that we are hardly conscious of the extent to which the art of the statuary is called to play a part in the decoration of cities. Comparatively few persons heed the parks of Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and those other cities where statues are amassed. By private efforts for the most part, and only to some degree by the aid of legislatures, our land is gradually becoming peopled with a nation of silent effigies in granite, bronze, and marble. The papers have paragraphs and notices, and faithful reports of ceremonies at the unveiling of memorials get into print; but most of us fail to note how frequent these have become, how large a factor in the landscape of our great cities is the statue. This is true of Great Britain and Ireland, and of France on a yet more comprehensive scale. In these lands the Government is more active than individuals; especially in France does the state actively engage in the support of schools and scholars, grant rewards to merit, and systematically encourage its sculptors and architects, while withholding nothing of these benefits from workmen of other nationalities in the largest and most intelligent way. Perhaps it is because with us the evolution of sculpture is more spontaneous and from the people, so far as it goes, that we are apt to misread the signs of what is too closely bound up with our lives, just as one is likely to be uncertain of the pictures of one's own face and character. This spontaneity, this unfostered quality in American work, should be borne in mind when we come to speak of the future of sculpture here. Meantime it is a truism to say that we cannot be too careful what is the grade of the statuary we put up. To cap it, let another truism be forgiven — the sculptor himself, how necessary that we should understand and appreciate the man to whom such work is intrusted!

Olin Levi Warner was born somewhat more than forty years ago in Suffield, a little Connecticut town where deacons are powerful and where his descent from a hero of the Revolution is oftener heard of than it would be in the city of New York, once the town of tories. His life has been uneventful in the picturesque sense; hard labor, disappointments, meager pay, and meager existence are not sensational matters to any one except him who suffers them. Artisan, telegraph operator, pupil, graduate of a fine-arts school, workman for trades, sculptor — Olin Warner has been each of these in succession, and in each case has done his duty manfully. Very difficult has it been for him to reach the point where recognition was possible; very slow but sure has been his evolution. The school-boy who astonished his mates by "whittling" — observe the trait which is now hardly more than a tradition of the stage Yankee — little figures out of wood, chalk, or plaster was succeeded by the youth of nineteen who determined to test his artistic force after a delightfully ignorant but robust method to decide therefrom whether or not he would devote himself to sculpture. He procured a barrel of plaster, set it solid, removed the staves, and set to work manfully to whittle from the ungrateful mass a portrait of his father. A medallion of his father and mother, made at a much later period, is given in the woodcut to recall this turning-point of his career. For on the success of this his future hung. Luckily for him, perhaps more luckily for us, it was voted a capital likeness; great was the sensation in the small circle in Vermont where his parents then lived. He was dubbed a genius, and a famous future was predicted for him. But nobody came forward with practical aid to enable him to study sculpture. In this dilemma Warner acted with a resolution characteristic of many Americans, and thereby assured himself of eventual success, though at the loss of precious years. He deferred his further education in art until by his own unaided efforts he could collect money with which to live abroad. By learning the trade of an operator on the telegraph he not only supported himself for six years, but laid aside enough to take him to Paris. The heroism of a struggle like that can never be measured, because artistic natures suffer more

than ordinary people from the little miseries of life and the great misery of that hope deferred which sickens the heart.

On his arrival in Paris, at the age of twenty-five, Olin Warner was lucky in meeting several generous young Frenchmen who counseled him wisely and put him in the way of an immediate practical acquaintance with tools, processes, and work. When he entered the École des Beaux-Arts he was already something of a modeler, and avoided a vast amount of routine through which the ordinary scholar wades without understanding why. He was three and a half years in Paris, and always speaks with gratitude of the aid he received there from French fellow-students and masters. While in Paris he modeled a slender girlish dancing figure called "May," which he was forced through poverty to sell to a firm of dealers in artistic gas-burners. Returning to America, he found New York the city most likely to help him, and here for five years more he struggled and starved until recognition came. During this dismal period he worked for manufacturers of silver and plated ware, bronze mantel ornaments, and such matters. Perhaps it is Mr. Daniel Cottier to whom we owe the fact that his courage was not completely overthrown and he forced to give up sculpture. By granting him the use of a room, and encouraging him with his cheery and acute criticism, Mr. Cottier in all probability saved Warner to the fine arts. Others also recognized his honest, earnest character, and among the young founders of the Society of American Artists none was better liked personally, none more esteemed for the quality of his workmanship, than this blunt young sculptor. The period of Indian statuary through which all our sculptors must pass with the regularity of a disease of children brought him no further harm than a statuette, conceived in no petty spirit, in which an Indian brave has a panther down which he is dispatching with his tomahawk in a position that leaves little hope of life to the victor. At the Centennial Exhibition a colossal medallion of Edwin Forrest made an impression, not entirely because it was spirited and because the name was still beloved and admired by old frequenters of the theater, but rather owing to its peculiar broadness and boldness in relief. The effect is anything but soft, nor is it pleasing,— it is almost brutal,— and the modeling makes one think of the French sculptor Rude. Only on remembering the nature and dramatic style of Forrest is one reconciled to such a portrait. But it is the real man. An opposite of opposites was the bust of President Hayes, ordered by Mr. McCormick, the chairman in the campaign that elected Mr. Hayes, and given to the Union League



PORTRAIT BUST OF MISS MAUD MORGAN.

Club, where it now is. Indian heads and heads of beasts in high relief, medallion fashion, were made for the Long Island Historical Society and decorate the façades of the Brooklyn building. In vigorous modeling they recall the Forrest portrait. An order from Mr. I. T. Williams permitted Warner to attack quite another problem. "Twilight" is a half-draped ideal figure of a woman who holds her robe before her face. When this delicate and difficult piece of sculpture was put in marble

it caused no small sensation among those who can separate the fine from the commonplace in the handiwork of sculptors. Doubtless many who had settled in their minds that Mr. Warner was a robust, impressionistic, perhaps a theatrical, modeler, with few traces of refinement, were not a little surprised at the tenderness and grace of this figure. Instead of robustness, there is refinement of contour; in place of theatrical effect to please on a distant view, there are restraint and loveliness fitted for close examination.



MEDALLION OF THE SCULPTOR'S PARENTS.

But the strong characteristic of movement is not lacking: the finely modeled legs and feet are in the expectancy of movement, as a dancer trembles almost imperceptibly on the eve of taking the step. Yet knowledge of these triumphs, though they may prove the most profitable of all, because they belong to the coming advance in sculpture, was restricted to a small circle of artists and amateurs. Other orders brought him into a line which is eagerly sought by the most inexperienced of the profession, but in their hands is for the most part sterile and productive of public contempt. To reach it there was no hurried bound forward; it came to him naturally under the pressure of regular business. In painting it is often held that the portrait is the summit test of an artist's power; if he has the talent to make a likeness and a piece of fine art at the same time, so that the friends of the sitter are not disappointed while others cherish the canvas for its intrinsic art, then indeed is he held a master capable of the highest flights. Among the artists Mr. Warner's bust of Mr. Cottier produced the greatest enthusiasm, for in that he seemed to hit the combination of breadth and delicacy that is classical, and yet neglected nothing essential in the likeness. On all sides one heard the praise

of this Greek work. It is, indeed, a genial thing, not without a suspicion of humor, as if Pan had touched his elbow as he wrought the clay and Bacchus and the Fauns had stood about. It was soon followed by the bust of a young performer on the harp. The sculptor appeared to wish to show that he was master of the feminine face as well as the masculine, and could combine dignity and simplicity with beauty in one rounded piece of art. A lovely grace bathed this figure with a charm that literally and without exaggeration recalled the great antiques. A plaster replica was bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Then came a charming bust of Miss Cottier and the virile, beautiful head of J. Alden Weir the painter, which Mr. Kenyon Cox has drawn. A series of bas-relief portraits belongs to this period, comprising his father and mother on one field in profile, likenesses of artist and writer friends, including the admirable medallion of Mr. Wyatt Eaton for which the sitter has supplied the pen-and-ink sketch, and — ghastly pot-boilers! — busts of the dead recalled from photographs to such poor life as we have to be content with when our dear ones are no more. Likenesses of one sort or another afford an income to the sculptor who neither lives in a country devoted passionately to the fine arts nor has yet won fame. It is so in France, which comes nearest to a land of art. Normally, and on this line, Warner has risen to his present eminence.

The war for the Union found in Connecticut a good, perhaps a great, governor. His face and figure have been reconstructed by the best of Connecticut sculptors, and Buckingham now sits in his curule chair surrounded by the battle flags held and won in that struggle of fratricides. Warner is at a high mark in this subject,—none too grateful, be it said, owing to the hideous clothes with which modern man disfigures himself,—for he brings out the solid worth of Buckingham, his massive proportions and not ignoble presence, and brings them out not coarsely or with melodrama, but soberly, plainly, discreetly. The civil war was precipitated by an agitator of agitators who made slavery his anathema: the statue of William Lloyd Garrison has now been added to the growing list of thorough works of art for which we have to thank Warner. It stands on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Something in the ascetic face reminds one of Emerson and Wendell Phillips, as it leans slightly forward over the chest of a man the reverse of athletic — the chest of a type-setter — while the right hand clutches a roll of paper forcibly, as if the man was inwardly moved, while self-control keeps the features calm, even benignant. The crushed paper represents that press which made possible his struggle with the slave interest at the North and the South. The pose is quiet, easy, dignified; the action pent-up, not gesticulatory; the head and face venerable and intelligent. Under the chair are bound volumes of "The Liberator," artfully adjusted so as to fill gaps, and to carry the eye over



PORTRAIT BUST.

the whole statue, the result sought being what is termed the monumental in statuary rather than the picturesque, which is more befitting to the statuette. Turning from the Buckingham to the Garrison one is more than ever impressed with the narrowness of the range to which the sculptor is restricted. Here are two elderly men of the same period, each wearing the same hideous garb, each seated, each bareheaded, each more connected with books than with weapons,— though in either case a belligerent position had to be taken,— each engaged in the same general warfare as a non-combatant in the ordinary sense, yet each must be originally and individually managed. A separate stamp must be felt in each, so that they who know neither name nor fame of him should gain from the statue some inkling of the services for which he is honored. The picturesque way is to tell the story by accessories; for example, a printing-press for Garrison, a Hartford capitol in miniature for Buckingham. Or the fact that the latter was ex-officio commander of the Connecticut militia might warrant a uniform, while Garrison might have been picturesquely treated with a slave and fetters as accompaniment. But in both cases the strong feeling for the monumental as opposed to the picturesque caused Warner to waive such easy methods of capturing the popular gaze. Without recourse to banalities that breed weariness, he has achieved the difficult task of making two quite distinct works of art on a plan which is nearly identical.

Nevertheless too much stress should not be put on these colossal portraits. For reasons about to be advanced, consider rather the five typical heads of human races which decorate the façade of the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Philadelphia, or an original, well-composed bas-relief of Venus leaning over to caress Cupid, the two figures managed so as to leave the least of the field unoccupied, after the fashion of ancient Greek coins, cameos, and intaglios. The past ten years of hard work for Mr. Warner have been lightened by one trip to the Mediterranean, Italy, and Spain, in company with the ideal colorist Albert Ryder and others of his intimacy. Few sketches were made, except a wax sketch of a Chioggia fisherwoman of the old Venetian peasant stock as she stands in the village street spinning yarn with her primitive spindle and bobbin. The impression must have been strong, for Warner is not a facile, ready sketcher, and the figure has certainly caught a vivid look that shines out through the apparently hopeless confusion of the bits of wax.



BRONZE MEDALLION OF WYATT EATON.

The latest work from Olin Warner has

crossed the continent without having had a proper showing here. The general view of the fountain at Portland, Oregon, reveals the fact that it is finer in parts than as a whole. The caryatids which keep the bowl from slipping from its central support are noble and exquisite maidens, who reduce the architectural part of the fountain to a minimum by their size and beauty instead of being subordinate to the architecture—like the Greek caryatid. The lip of the bowl is chaneled so that thin streams of water form a veil round figures thus raised from the slavery of the caryatid to the more dignified position of Naiads. Observe in the woodcut the way in which the sculptor has filled the difficult gap where the straight shaft meets the round of the bowl. Bent head and arms with elbows forward give a mass analogous to the capital of a column, which also serves as a transition for the eye between the column proper and the entablature. To come on work like this in a new Western town must prove a charming surprise. Here is somebody, one might say, who has discovered in Asia Minor two beautiful draped figures and cleverly disposed of them to decorate a fountain in his town! The men of Portland may well be proud of their fountain, the gift of the late Mr. Skidmore and his friends, for there is nothing so beautiful in statuary westward from Chicago. San Francisco has costlier fountains, and Mr. Story's monument to Key, but nothing to compare with this. Other work completed recently is the portrait of Dr. Morgan for St. Thomas's Church, New York.



PORTRAIT BUST OF J. ALDEN WEIR.

It will be seen from what has gone before that Olin Warner is still to a large extent an unknown quantity, for he has not yet obtained a commission sufficiently important to bring out all the power of which he gives promise. He excels in treating the nude in a way that elevates, having naturally chosen in France the dignified and noble side of French sculpture rather than that which obtains temporary notoriety by an odious suggestiveness. An essay for a Diana was shown at one of the Prize Fund exhibitions in the American Galleries which tested his power to model purity in the nude. It was a Diana with a crescent in her hair, rousing up at the approach of Actæon and holding an arrow in one hand. A little more than half the size of life, this statuette showed that thoroughness, that resolve to remain within the traditional limits of the sculptor's art which forms part of Mr. Warner's character. With all his good humor he is obstinate when it comes to a question of violating the principles of his pro-

fession. He knows that there is no demand here for nude figures, yet he puts his genial patience into a statuette that does not represent a commission with all the determination of the man who can afford to wait. Some day the silly embargo that effaces the highest work, because men are too dull to discriminate, will be lifted, and the labor he has spent on studies of this kind will bring him a rich harvest of power.



STATUE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

Sturdiness is one characteristic of his work, and sturdiness is expressed by the man himself; but there comes a pleasant shock when extreme delicacy, reserve, and nobility of art expression are observed in one who seems ill fitted for the finer graces of sculpture. Such traits render him most proper for employment on some *magnum opus* which shall allow him to express his ideals in sculpture on a large scale unhampered by the amateur advice of those who control the purse-strings.

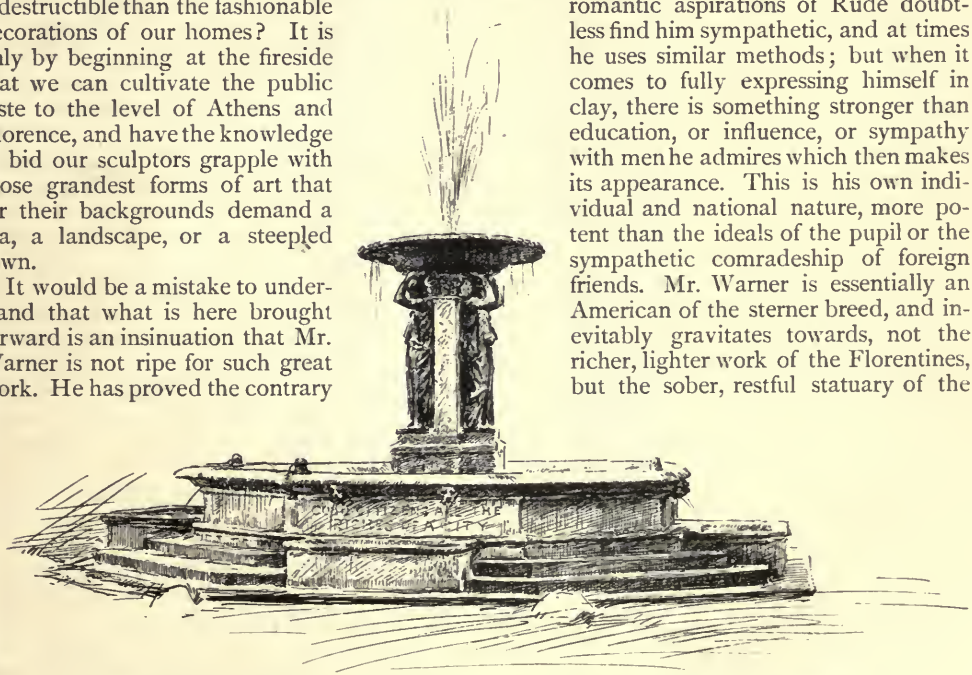
In talking of Warner's life and character we have wandered far from the point which was put at the beginning, namely, that it is well occasionally to ask, Whither away? But we have wandered designedly, in order to see whether in Warner's case it is not possible to detect a certain tendency in statuary. Good sculptors are few, and their excellence not readily acknowledged. Bad public statues are the rule, so that a good one is hailed with infinite relief. How remote from all our lives are most of the cold, stiff statues standing, sitting, and crouching in Central Park, on Boston Common, in Fairmount! How little we think of them, how seldom we so much as raise our eyes to them, if chance throws them in our way! Why is this? Why else, but that the movement to people squares with statues is only in part based on real love for art? Why else, but that, most humanly, we are anxious for the glory of outsides before we know how to be decorative within? Why else, but that we are not ready for so many great statues and monuments, because we have not had time to cultivate widely an intimate love for and appreciation of that branch of the plastic arts? This is not Greece, not Italy at all, not even France. We live indoors far more than out-of-doors. Home, family life, and the association of the sexes not of one family only in sitting-rooms and parlors, are carried to a farther point than in any other country. Now, the decoration of our houses within and without seems destined to encourage a more sensible, well-founded, and healthy statuary than colossi or heroic Washingtons, statues of great men or effigies of little. Indeed, since a review of the public monuments reveals very few worth a regard, very many positively ugly and without redeeming trait, is it not our duty boldly to acknowledge that we have begun at the wrong end? It is manifestly impossible

to expect any quick improvement in works the juries of award for which are of the ordinary kind. Amateurs, not committees who control monument funds, will continue to advance the art of the statuary. The house, not the public square, will be the scene of its triumphs. Fanciful, picturesque ideals and artistic portraiture, not large and costly figures of the dead in bronze on their elaborate pedestals, will be its topics. And to this end Warner, together with contemporaries good, bad, or indifferent, seems unconsciously moving. Sculpture must first be a commonplace, a fashionable necessity in the home life, before it can flourish greatly and nationally in a commonwealth like ours. The field of the sculptor as the rival of the painter in the daily affections of amateurs is practically unworked, scarcely suspected; yet the signs of its presence are on all sides. One straw is the removal of an old prejudice against plaster casts, used in lieu of costlier materials. As to what is now called sculpture — backed as it is by no large mass of trained, cultivated fosterers — the silent nation of marble and bronze statues which men think of when sculpture is mentioned becomes already oppressive. Our parks will soon offer the cluttered chaos of the cemetery and become a derision. But will not then a wider taste, wearying of easel pictures and pictures on the wall, carved woods and bric-à-brac, turn to statuary for agreeable, companionable forms of art, at once calmer in temperament and more indestructible than the fashionable decorations of our homes? It is only by beginning at the fireside that we can cultivate the public taste to the level of Athens and Florence, and have the knowledge to bid our sculptors grapple with those grandest forms of art that for their backgrounds demand a sea, a landscape, or a steepled town.

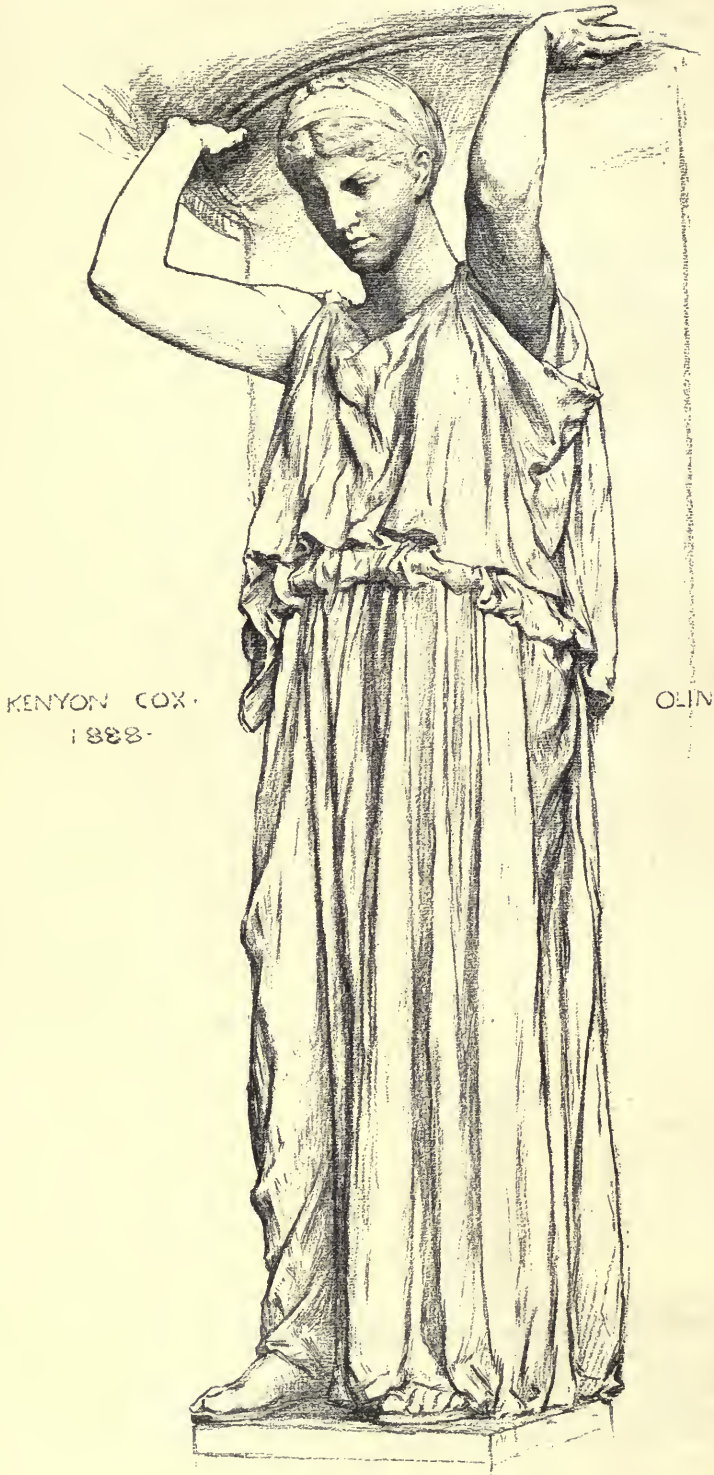
It would be a mistake to understand that what is here brought forward is an insinuation that Mr. Warner is not ripe for such great work. He has proved the contrary so far as he has been allowed to, and I have pointed out how fitted he is for such work. It is the public that needs to study, not Warner and several other American sculptors of his rank. I ask in the interest of art that people use sculpture at the fireside, so that they may live with this noble branch of art and thus learn to understand statues and monuments and avoid the monstrosities that now infest our parks. When they do there will be work for twenty Warners, and the United States will lead the world in sculpture. But that moment seems far off.

In no time and no country have artists of the first rank abounded, and there is no reason why they should with us at the present time. The United States has a few that may fairly be placed among eminent sculptors and perhaps one day will be recognized as men of genius. Among the few stands Olin Warner.

On what grounds, may be asked, is Mr. Warner ranked among the foremost? Not by reason of the number or brilliancy of his achievements, it may be said. His large statues are not many, and his style is quite the reverse of a master's under whom he studied (Jouffroy), or of the master's master, Rude. There is nothing excited, melodramatic, or realistic in the sensational line about Warner's work. His style is almost severe compared with that of some of the men he most admired and most saw during his *burschenschaft*, such as Falguière and Carpeaux. The romantic aspirations of Rude doubtless find him sympathetic, and at times he uses similar methods; but when it comes to fully expressing himself in clay, there is something stronger than education, or influence, or sympathy with men he admires which then makes its appearance. This is his own individual and national nature, more potent than the ideals of the pupil or the sympathetic comradeship of foreign friends. Mr. Warner is essentially an American of the sterner breed, and inevitably gravitates towards, not the richer, lighter work of the Florentines, but the sober, restful statuary of the



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN PORTLAND, OREGON, PRESENTED BY THE LATE STEPHEN G. SKIDMORE.



CARYATID, FROM THE FOUNTAIN IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

classical period; yet in how different a spirit from the old classicists of America who lived in Rome! The fashion of the day compels him to drape his portrait statues in modern clothes, but this is of small importance. Only superficial classicists are they who depend on togas and nudeness to show their classicism; failure to be classical is shown by much deeper traits. And in Warner the instinct to pass by the French pseudo-classicism and the Italian Renaissance and to strike for the highest bloom of Greek statuary shows itself quite as much in the Buckingham as in the "Diana Aroused," in the "May" as in the bas-relief of "Venus consoling Cupid."

Henry Eckford.

AN AMERICAN APPRENTICE SYSTEM.



EACH year in the United States nearly six hundred thousand young men reach the age which separates the minor from the man. In this great host the idlers are few: the census states that the number of those who do not follow some "gainful calling" is too small to enumerate. A great difference exists in the way these young men are trained for the work they are to do. Health, strength, education, and the ability to do some one thing well is the outfit all require. For a small minority great efforts to secure this result have been made. To prepare them for their work scientific schools, schools of law, medicine, theology, and art, normal schools, and business colleges have been established. To give them a liberal education the land is dotted all over with colleges, while others are being founded in such numbers that their utility is questioned. To establish these schools and colleges, or to render them efficient, wealth has been bestowed with a lavish hand. The General Government, the State governments, and private liberality have provided funds of vast amount. In the year ending June, 1887, the gifts from private individuals for purposes of higher education amounted to the sum of $12,507,000, and during the two preceding years to $15,290,000. Unparalleled in history as these gifts for educational purposes are, they do not include the expenditures on the Stanford University in California, the amount of which has not been made public. Owing to their endowments, colleges and preparatory schools offer instruction at less than its cost. No less care is bestowed on physical development. Splendidly equipped gymnasiums are provided, where each student is given a carefully considered course of training. The young athlete, as well as the scholar, wins fame and brings credit to his alma mater.

For the many — for upward of eighty per cent. of these six hundred thousand young men — but little has been done. Hardly an endowment exists for their benefit. This lack of care is owing not to indifference to their wants, but to the fact that until recently all that a young man starting in life required was a good education, which the public schools afforded; then with pluck, and belief in Horace Greeley's favorite advice, the West would provide for him. The West has still its openings, and there is also a new South, but in no part of this country are young men wanted unless they have a knowledge of some useful calling.

The demand for education to fit young men for their work has been gradually widening. Confined at first to a few professions, it is now deemed necessary in all. Business colleges were a novelty a short time ago; now they are attended each year by over forty thousand young men. Instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts suited to foremen and superintendents was next begun at the land-grant colleges, in conformity with the act of Congress under which they received their endowments. Preparatory education thus far had been confined to those who might be termed the brain workers; it was now wanted by a larger class — by the handicraftsmen. To state how this want is being supplied, and the difficulties to be encountered in this extension of special instruction, these few pages are written.

The first effort that was made was in the direction of manual instruction. Hand and eye were to be developed as well as the mind. Manual instruction, which was almost unheard of in the United States until the exhibit of the Moscow Technical School at the Centennial Exhibition attracted public attention to its capabilities, is now engrafted on the public-school system of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In nearly all the other large cities private liberality, by supporting manual training schools for a few, is showing what should be done for all. Manual training, however, is but the beginning. It makes a lad handy and observant; after that has been accomplished he needs to be prepared for some work by which he can earn a living. If he intends to be a mechanic, he must learn a trade.

From a remote period the master workman has been looked upon as the proper person to instruct the young in the mysteries of his trade. On him devolved the duty of transmitting all he knew to the next generation. There were until modern times no schools where the mechanic arts were taught and where a knowledge of them could be treasured up. The monasteries, which preserved letters and the fine arts through the dark ages, did little for the mechanic arts. Trade secrets were forgotten. During the middle ages the apprentice system was introduced. The apprentice of those days was a member of his master's family and worked under his supervision. In modern life and in modern industry this relation between the master workman and his apprentice has become impossible. The master mechanic seldom takes the tools in his own hands nor remains long enough in his workshop to teach his apprentice; neither does he want the lad in his family. In Germany and in France apprentice schools were established to supply the training the master mechanics could no longer give, where lads employed in the trades go in the evening or on certain days in the week. In this country no such precaution was taken. A lad simply got employment in a workshop for as long a time as his services were needed or he might deem it advisable to remain. He picked up his trade by observation and by such advice as might be bestowed upon him. He might acquire wrong instead of right methods, for there was no system, and his training was a matter of chance. Still, with American adaptability, it was possible even under such unfavorable conditions to become a good mechanic, and more of the high wages paid to skilled workmen would have gone to Americans had not the trades-unions interfered with the lads. In every large city, or wherever there were a sufficient number of workmen to form an association, the unions demanded that the number of lads should be so limited as practically to exclude them from the trades. Then the demand was made that the few who were allowed to learn how to work should serve a four or five years' apprenticeship, which still further reduced the number of mechanics an employer could graduate. To both of these demands the master mechanics agreed. As regards the first, they had no option; the second demand, compelling a lad to serve for a long term of years, was not distasteful to them.

To so great an extent has the exclusion of lads from city workshops been carried, that had it not been for the country master mechanics, who, having no trades-unions to contend with, were free to employ boys, American workmen would have disappeared from some of the trades. The report for 1886 of the New York Bureau of Statistics of Labor states that there are large industrial establishments where there is not a single American at work.[1] Now a new power has arisen, and this claim of the trades-unions to fix the number of apprentices is disputed. The desire to regulate and meddle, which has been imported here, caused the union leaders to interfere with the business of the employers, until the latter were forced to forget their rivalries and form associations for mutual protection. These associations are stronger than the unions, and it is to their credit that as soon as they were formed the apprentice question became a prominent one. Young men were eagerly asking for work which the master mechanics were anxious to give them; but before incurring the hostility of the trades-unions, it seemed important to determine how the lads were to be trained and on what terms they were to be employed.

At first there was a very general desire to reëstablish the apprentice system of the middle ages. The traditions of the past were still strong. The lad must "serve his time"; that is, be legally bound to remain with his master for a term of four or five years. The master mechanic looked for an ideal youth who would faithfully serve him until he was twenty-one years of age, on pay based not only on the work he could do, but also on the opportunity given him of learning a trade. Respectable parents, however, would not surrender the control of their sons to other men. They would not deprive them of the right to take a better place if one were offered, or to change their occupation if it should seem advantageous to do so. Apprenticeship, when an indenture is signed, is but a milder name for slavery. The sentence of two indentured apprentices in Philadelphia to a three-months' imprisonment for refusing to obey their master was a warning of the responsibilities incurred by both parties in such a contract. If the lad could be punished for disobedience, it was plain that the master could also be reached by the law for non-fulfillment of his part of the contract. The master mechanic was well aware that he could give little personal attention to his apprentice, and that in signing an indenture he assumed duties he must delegate to foremen or journey-

[1] When the census of 1880 was taken, thirty per cent. of the persons engaged in the trades in Philadelphia were of foreign birth; in Boston, forty per cent.; in New York, fifty-six per cent.; in Chicago, sixty per cent.; and in Brooklyn, sixty-nine per cent. Large as was the proportion of foreign-born skilled workmen then, it is probably larger now. Since the census was taken, trades-union rules excluding boys from the trades have been strictly enforced and immigration has increased.

men; so, although a few indentures were made, chiefly in New York and Chicago, the attempt to revive the old apprentice system was not successful.

The Chicago master plumbers then devised what is known as the Chicago plan. The master still endeavored to retain the service of his apprentice for a term of years, but by association rules instead of by legal documents. The lad was to be discouraged from leaving his employer by placing difficulties in the way of his obtaining work from any other member of the association. The main feature of this plan, however, and its valuable one, was that it recognized the fact that, *owing to the modern subdivision of labor and to the impossibility of the master bestowing much care on his apprentice, the workshop was no longer the best place to learn a trade.* A plumbing school was therefore established. In this school the instruction was confined to lads who were employed by members of the association, the intention being to make trade-school instruction supplement workshop practice, as is done in Europe. The Chicago plan is still in operation in the plumbing trade in that city. It was a long step in the right direction, and it has proved beneficial to the trade; but it has also shown, as had been found to be the case at the trade school in New York, that if the course of instruction is thorough, a long or even a fixed term of apprenticeship is unnecessary. A long apprenticeship is objectionable because it necessitates putting a lad to a trade before it is known for what sort of work he is suited, and because it requires him to be taken from school at the time it is of the greatest importance to his future that he should remain there.

A simpler and what promises to be a better scheme was now proposed. The National Association of Builders, at a convention held in Cincinnati last February, recommended that a lad who wished to enter the building trades should go first to a trade school to learn the science and practice of his trade. When the trade-school course is finished and he has proved by an examination held by a committee of master mechanics that he has profited by it, he is to enter a workshop as a "junior." When old enough, and able to do a full day's work, he is to apply for a second examination, which, if passed, entitles him to be considered a journeyman. The name "apprentice" is to be abolished as misleading. No length of time is fixed during which the young mechanic shall serve as a junior. He may arrange to stay with one employer for a number of years, or he may work by the day. He is to pay for his instruction at the trade school, and is free to dispose of his services for what they are worth after he graduates from it. Proof of ability, not length of service, is the test of what constitutes a mechanic in this system. The lad can take a high-school course, or even go to college, and yet not be too old to enter the trade school. The better educated the young man is, the more quickly he will be likely to learn his trade and the shorter his term as a junior will be. Trade schools, it was believed at the Cincinnati convention, might need fostering by the local associations; but when their value was appreciated, private liberality or private enterprise, as was the case with business colleges, would provide them.

This system recommended by the National Association of Builders differs from all others in its freedom from any attempt to give the employer control of the lad for a specified time, and also in ascertaining by means of examinations whether the young mechanic understands his trade. Arrangements are being made by the Builders' Exchange of Philadelphia to give it a trial in that city. If successful, it is likely to become the American apprentice system, as it is well suited to every calling in which manual skill combined with scientific knowledge is requisite. In this plan there is no need of a young man's asking the permission of a labor organization to learn how to work, or of finding an employer who has the time to teach him. He goes to the trade school to learn his trade, as the future lawyer or physician goes to the law or medical school to learn his profession. By means of the first examination those who are not likely to be good workmen are sifted out, and the second examination prevents any but competent workmen gaining admission to a trade. The value of this second examination, in making a standard of what constitutes a good workman, can hardly be overestimated. A certificate showing that it has been passed would secure the public against much of the loss now incurred through the employment of incompetent workmen.

The plan of beginning the training of the young mechanic at a trade school instead of in a workshop is not an untried one. The report which accompanies the recommendations of the National Association of Builders calls attention to the New York Trade Schools, where for some years the system has been followed of teaching young men the manual and scientific branches of their trade and letting them acquire experience and speed of execution at real work after leaving the school.

The trades-unions might wisely aid in establishing this new apprentice system. The policy of excluding lads from the trades cannot be maintained much longer. It has not accomplished its purpose of reducing the number of skilled workmen. Union men see with dissatisfaction the high wages their sons might have

earned paid, not only to foreigners who come to this country to live, but to "harvesters"—men who come from Europe each spring to work here during the busy season and return home with their savings in the autumn. The trades-unions have been built up with much labor and self-sacrifice. They are necessary for the protection of the wage-earner. They might accomplish much good and gain support where at present they excite hostility were it not for their disregard of private rights and their unwillingness or inability to consider anything but the amount of money it is possible to get from the employer. High wages are regarded as the sole test of prosperity. Five dollars a day is considered more desirable than four, even if the monthly earnings are less. The fact that the demand for an article usually diminishes as its production increases is ignored. Prices are forced up until work grows scarce, until $4 a day does not mean $1200 a year—hardly $800. Then vexatious rules are made which still further increase the cost of the product. Journeymen are cautioned to work more slowly. It is argued that if five hours were made a day's work instead of ten, there would be work enough for twice as many workmen. Comment on such reasoning is unnecessary, yet it controls the actions of thousands of men. Living is made dearer, the poor are made poorer, by union rules. In nearly all callings where skilled labor is required it can safely be asserted that a journeyman receiving $4 a day and working with a trade-school graduate at $2 a day could produce as much as two journeymen now do for $8, a saving in cost of twenty-five per cent. This reduction would do more to make work steady than shortening hours or closing the workshops to young men. At present each journeyman plumber has his "helper," which reduces the cost of plumbing, benefits the lad, and neither lowers wages nor makes work scarce.

In olden times the apprentices were a feature in city life. They were numerous enough to protect themselves. In 1517 the London apprentices drove from that city the foreign workmen, who they thought were monopolizing work Englishmen should have. The time may never come when it will be desirable to have American youths assert themselves in so vigorous a manner, but the time is not distant when the public schools, by means of manual-training classes, will graduate young men far better prepared to assert their rights than heretofore. Accustomed at school to the use of the wood-working and blacksmiths' tools usually employed in such classes, they can soon acquire the use of any other kind of tools. A very little instruction in a trade school or in a workshop will make their labor of considerable value. To obtain work, if difficulties are put in their way, they will work for low wages, and employers will be found. If such competition is as injurious to the trades as journeymen believe, it would be well for the unions to agree with the master mechanics on an apprentice system which will not shut the lads out of the trades, but which, like the one proposed by the National Association of Builders, will guard them from incompetent workmen. The competition of first-class workmen is not to be feared; the demand for good work is greater than the supply and is constantly increasing.

Although the chief aim of an apprentice system must be to turn a lad into a skilled workman, any system worthy of adoption in this country should also make sure that he is so educated as to be a good citizen. Mechanics talk of the necessity of elevating the trades. This can be accomplished only in the schoolroom. The well-educated lad is not only more likely to become a good workman than one who is ignorant, but he will make himself and his calling respected. The indifference of employers and the cupidity, more than the poverty, of parents are shortening the school years. It is not safe to make a liberal education the privilege of the few. The well educated may exert an influence far greater than is represented by the number of their votes, but that influence has its limit. While the learned are writing essays, the ignorant may try disastrous experiments. Every boy is entitled to a good common-school education, and as he grows to manhood opportunities should be given him to acquire a higher education. Young men eagerly make use of every chance to improve themselves, provided it is within their means and does not interfere with the work by which they must earn their living. The Chautauqua system in this country and the University Extension system in England prove that education can go hand in hand with work. American colleges by special courses and summer schools are showing a disregard of the couplet, once deemed indisputable, of the amount which should be imbibed at the Pierian spring. The land-grant colleges graduate men fitted to superintend farms and workshops. They, and even the older colleges, might also graduate mechanics and men who are to work on small farms. A special course of six months, in which a portion of each day could be given to mechanical or agricultural instruction and a portion could be passed in the lecture-room, would not only be a valuable preparation for work, but it would also make manual labor more respected than it is at present. Two classes, joint-heirs to a great heritage, who are now drawn far apart, would by such a college course be brought together. One of these

classes would find with surprise that worth was valued more than wealth; the other, that their poorer friends have manners as good and ideas as high as their own.

The establishment of an apprentice system suitable to American wants concerns in no small degree the welfare of the nation. A brighter day will dawn on this country when the trades are controlled by American workmen. Labor problems, which now seem threatening, will be solved. Well-educated, well-trained American workmen will not be likely to surrender any privilege, but while maintaining their own rights they will respect the rights of others. The education of the handicraftsman is a vast field as yet untilled, but which may be made to yield harvests the value of which cannot be estimated in coin.

Richard T. Auchmuty.

AN OLD SERMON.

O MAN, whoe'er thou be,
Look well about and see
How, on this mortal star,
All things compounded are
Of the four elements,
Though, to thy baffled sense,
Through many forms they range
And are so swift to change.
These, in their nature sure,
Alone do still endure,
And thou, from each in turn,
Shalt a wise lesson learn.

First thou shalt view the soil,
Given to thy patient toil:
See how the teeming earth
To all good things gives birth!
Half the year cold she lies,
Buried in snow and ice,
But when the days of spring
Back the warm sunshine bring,
Meekly she smiles again,
Forgetting all her pain,
And when we wound her fields
Harvest most rich she yields.
So when God tries thy heart
Keenly with ache and smart,
When pain and peril stand,
Threatening, at either hand,
And when the rain of grief
Brings thy spent soul relief,
See that in songs of praise
Still thy faint voice thou raise,
And that thou yield brave deeds
Although thy weak heart bleeds.

Regard thou then the sea,
Which, though so seeming free,
Yet a fixed law obeys
Through all its errant ways.
Hark! how the breakers roar,
Beating upon the shore!
The billows, mountain high,
Threaten the very sky!
Yet there 's no angry wave,
Howe'er it foam and rave,
Dare in rebellion try
To pass its boundary.
Hear'st thou the water teach,
Louder than tongue can preach,
So shall thy firm-set will
Govern thy passions still?
Though a fierce war they wage,
Yea, though they storm and rage,
Not one least whit shall they
Thy strong resolve dismay.

Consider then the air,
Which, passing everywhere,
Although 't is never seen,
God's greatest boon hath been.
So let thy charity
Challenge no human eye,
And, while itself doth hide,
Unto none be denied,
But both on good and ill
Its constant grace distill,
Bringing new life and cheer
To thy sad fellows here.

Mark how the mounting flame,
Returning whence it came,
Ever doth burning rise
To seek the starry skies.
There 's no imperious force
May stay its upward course;
This world holds naught so dear
As can detain it here!
So seek thy goal above,
Unmoved by fear or love;
Thus shalt thou learn from fire
Unswerving to aspire
From this cold breast of earth
To heaven that gave thee birth!

Zoe Dana Underhill.

A PERVERTED FRANCHISE.

IT was a hot campaign throughout the Shenandoah Valley. But the great battle about to be fought was one of ballots, not bullets. The civil war had been ended twenty-two years, and no shadow of the fierce conflict remained upon the face of the fertile valley. The garnered grain of a splendid harvest, the autumn corn in frequent shocks, the cattle and sheep in barn-yards and in grassy meadows, the plowman fallowing the somber fields—all told of peace. Yet the politicians were very busy. To one simple sect, however, whose members were scattered here and there throughout the valley, the stirring political struggle gave but slight concern. The civic convulsions of more than two decades before had scarcely impinged upon their restrained and narrow existence, and the subsequent jar of battle on all sides of them for four years had only settled them at last more firmly in the artless modes of life which had characterized them before the war came. To industry and observance of law they yielded unquestioning reverence. Scrupulous regard for religious form and demeanor was to them a solemn duty, second only to that of a strict adherence to religious precepts. Their characteristic dislike to politics and its offspring, war, had been deeply intensified by the events which followed in the wake of the year 1860.

They tilled their acres and raised their crops, selling them to buy other acres and to raise other crops, absolutely ignoring the refinements and elegances of life which it is the function of wealth to foster, and with little care for the undefined and misty world that lay beyond the scope of their short vision. Within a circumscribed sphere of action, they practiced and exemplified many of the qualities of excellent citizenship, regarding debt with abhorrence, avoiding the clamor and bitterness of litigation, succoring each other in distress, and frowning down the extravagances of life which take shape in dress and display. Their simple existence revolved about a center which the friction of the political strife around them could not warm.

The candidates for the General Assembly were on their best mettle. There were lurid discussions from the hustings on court days at the county seat; and the country schoolhouses and cross-roads groceries reverberated the eloquence of the briefless young lawyers of either party as they advertised their talents to the sovereign people.

But the personal domiciliary visits of the candidates to the voters were recognized as the most potent and effective method of canvassing. This system of party warfare, known in the vernacular as "bushwhacking," required on the part of its successful prosecutor great adroitness, considerable self-poise, and a glib tongue.

Perhaps no man who had ever run for office in the county combined these essential qualifications in so marked a degree as did David Exall. In consequence, the women were charmed with him, the children cried to go to him, and the men voted for him. He had served for several years as attorney for the commonwealth, in which office he had prosecuted criminals with a degree of success which evinced his skill as a lawyer; he had been judge of the county court long enough to acquire and keep the title, and he now aspired to a seat in the legislature of the State.

Accompanied by Reginald Cope, Esq., late from the region lying east of the Blue Ridge, whose newly painted "shingle" pronounced him "Attorney at Law," and who with commendable industry was making the canvass and acquaintances at the same time, Exall rode down the winding way that led through a remote part of the county which the biblical fancy of some long dead and forgotten denizen had quaintly dubbed "The Hill Country of Judea."

The autumn woods were changing to red and gold under the alchemy of the frost. The distant mountains glimmered through purple mists, and nuts and acorns were dropping from the trees. It was perhaps an hour before sunset.

In a turn of the road the two men came face to face with two other men, one of whom bestrode the "wheeler" of a four-horse team drawing a canvas-covered wagon, from the front opening of which peered the countenance of the other. A couple of large dogs of mongrel breed trotted leisurely along beneath the huge wagon, the canvas of which was old and mildewed. The horses were rawboned and angular. In the rear of the vehicle was stored provender for man and beast, while a trough swung from the back of it, and underneath hung a huge horse-bucket. The men were taking a load of game and peltry from the mountains to town for the purposes of barter.

"Evenin', gen'lemen," said Exall, affably,

accommodating himself with ready ease to the dialect of the mountains. "Famblies well?"

The driver, a tall, lank mountaineer in a butternut suit and a cap of skins, pulled up his team and stared at his interlocutor stolidly.

"Fyar ter middlin'," he said, after a brief pause.

"Wot 's the news in the mountings?" queried Exall, further.

"Thar ain't none," said the mountaineer. Then relaxing a little he asked, "Are thar any with you?"

"I 'm a-runnin' fur the legislatur', gen'lemen, on the Democrat ticket," responded Exall, "an' I 'd take it pow'ful proud ef ye 'd put my name in the box when the time comes."

"Wot mought yo' entitle be, stranger?" asked the man under the canvas, leaning forward with a show of interest. He was older and more grizzled than the driver.

"You know me, I reck'n," answered the candidate. "My name 's Exall. Did n' I seen you when I was through here some time ago a-runnin' fur Common*wealth?*"

"Yes," responded the man. "I voted fur ye, an' so did Jim. We whooped ye up, beca'se ye had sont Jack Linsper ter the penitench', when ye was Common*wealth* afo', fur stealin' of Jim's roan mar'. That 's been sev*e*real year, but I 'lowed yer face looked kinder familious-like. I was a witness ter the trial, and so was Jim. Are ye arter Common*wealth* ag'in?"

Naw; I 'm for the legislatur' now," said Exall, who had forgotten the men, but was delighted at the reminiscence.

"Wall, one good turn begits t' other," said Jim. "We 'll give ye a lif' when the time comes, honnuble. We ain't furgot whar ye put Jack Linsper."

"Thar 's Sprouse f'om up in the Holler a-comin' along back thar a piece," said the man in the wagon, with an interest that showed his recollection of Exall's "good turn" in convicting the horse thief to be as keen as Jim's. "He kin he'p ye right smart with them fellers up thar, ef he 's a min' ter. He 's a do-less kind of a devil, Sprouse is, but he 's some punkins with the gang in the Holler."

"Thankee, gen'lemen, thankee," said Exall, exuberantly; "my reegards ter yer famblies. I 'll talk ter Sprouse. Whar did ye mention he lived? An' how many chillun did ye say he 's got? An' what was the oldes' one's name?"

Sprouse lived in Wildcat Hollow. His progeny were five in number. The name of his first-born was "'Mandy Jane."

"Evenin', gen'lemen," said Exall, waving his hand, and riding forward to meet Sprouse.

"You 're a pretty good one at it," said Cope, in admiration.

"I don't know how I shall pan out with Sprouse. There he comes, I reckon," said Exall, as a frowsy mountaineer hove in sight, driving an ox-cart loaded with bark.

"Hello, Sprouse, old boy," called the candidate cheerily; "wot 's the racket up in the mountings 'bout Wilecat Holler?"

Sprouse was evidently surprised.

"Whoa! durn ye!" he called to his oxen; and as the lumbering cart stood still, he looked at Exall curiously.

"Ye got me, Cap'n," he said with ready frankness. "I 'low I orter know ye, but 'pears like I don't."

"Exall 's my name," said the politician. "I was 'roun' here some years ago a-runnin' fur Common*wealth*. How 's 'Mandy Jane an' the boys? An' wot 's the old 'oman up ter these times?"

"They 's all well," said Sprouse, eying him with an expression of puzzled uncertainty.

"'Mandy Jane 's a gre't big gal now, ain't she, Sprouse?"

"Yes, she 's growed pow'ful." Then he continued apologetically, though with dubious intonation: "I think I sorter reecollec's ye now, mister. I had n' saw ye fur so long, I had smack disremembered ye."

"I 'm out fur the legislatur', on the same old Democrat ticket, Sprouse. I want ye ter he'p me through ag'in."

"I nuvver holp ye through afo' on no sich ticket," said Sprouse, with offensive partisanship. "I ain't registered nuther, nor ain't been sence I moved f'om the Raggit Mountings over 'n Albemarle up ter this here durn kentry, 'long of a leetle misonderstan'in' with the neighbors over thar."

"Well, you go down ter Mount Salem an' git registered. Mr. Puffenbarger 'll fix up yer papers," said Exall, nothing abashed. "Don't forgit, Sprouse. An' you whoop up them boys in the mountings fur the Democrat ticket, Sprouse."

"I ain't nuvver whooped that a-way yit, mister," said Sprouse, with a twinkle in his eye; "but I mought do it fur you, bein' as how ye got so much slack-jaw."

Cope laughed.

"Who lives below here, Sprouse?" he queried.

"Morrow, half a mile ter the right."

"He 's a Dunkard," said Exall.

"He won't do ye no good," said the exiled mountaineer. "Heaps o' them Dunkards is like me—they ain't registered. They ain't none sich over in God's Kentry beyant the Ridge. Everybody votes over thar—niggers 'n' all. Folks tells me them Dunkards is agin war 'n' politics. They ain't none sich in the Raggit Mountings—leastways they all fights over thar, war times or peace."

"We might possibly stir him up," said Exall. "Suppose we try?"

"I 'd like to see him," said Cope.

"Well, good-bye, Sprouse, old fellow," called the candidate, as the creaking ox-cart started off. "Don't forget Exall on the secon' Chewsday in November."

"I 'll be thar," answered Sprouse with noncommital promptness, looking back over his shoulder, while an unmistakable smile illumined his face.

"This was my old stamping-ground during the war," said Exall to his companion as they rode along. "I have n't been down this road, however, since I traveled it in a lieutenant's gray jacket."

They had entered one of the little "drafts," or narrow valleys, so common in that hilly country.

"That must be the place," said Cope, and he pointed to a house standing back a short distance from the main road and approached by a contracted lane.

It was a building of four rooms, constructed of hewn logs and weather-boarded at the joints. It had a little porch in front, with some vines from which the leaves were almost all gone. From each end of the house rose a brick chimney. The plank fence which surrounded the diminutive yard, and the trunks of the aspens, whose trembling branches hung over the lane, were alike vividly whitewashed. A few cherry and damson trees grew about the house, and in one corner of the yard was a tall pole on the top of which was perched a tiny bird-box. The barn, which stood to the right and almost on a line with the dwelling, was much larger and more pretentious than the latter, and was neatly painted. The place had a prosperous appearance, and the surrounding acres seemed well tilled and fertile.

"How 're ye, Mr. Morrow?" called the candidate, as the two politicians rode up the narrow lane and drew rein at the stile.

The man who was thus addressed came across the little yard from the direction of the barn, where he had been feeding swill to his pigs. He held the empty bucket in his hand as he slowly approached the stile, eying his visitors searchingly meanwhile.

A woman of some twenty-eight years, with black eyes and regular features, betokening a former beauty that had now faded into sallow insignificance, appeared at the sound of Exall's voice and stood in the doorway. Her gown was of dark gray homespun, cut in a quaint fashion and surmounted by a short cape, but devoid of flounce or furbelow. Her hair, parted in the middle and drawn back closely on each side of her narrow forehead, gave a bold and startled expression to her face. Two small children tugged at her skirts and surveyed the strangers furtively.

"Evenin', marm," said Exall with a flourish, while his companion lifted his hat.

"You 'n' the chillun well?"

"Toluble peart, thankee, mister," she answered. "Won't ye 'light?"

"Thar comes Morrow now," she added, as the tall, rawboned Dunkard approached.

His countenance was grave even to sadness. Life was evidently a serious thing in his contemplation. His long hair, parted in the middle like his wife's, hung over his sloping shoulders. His garments were of dark gray homespun, the coat being a regulation "swallow tail," save that it was collarless and devoid of the twin buttons on the back, which in fashionable society serve to exemplify a sporadic instance of the survival of the useless. His upper lip was closely shaven, but he wore a bushy black beard several inches in length on his chin.

Exall, with an intuitive perception of the man's straightforwardness, did not disguise or defer the object of his visit.

"I 'm 'lectioneerin', Mr. Morrow, fur the legislatur'. I 'd be proud to have yer support."

The sad-faced man set the bucket down upon the ground, and, lifting one foot to the lower step of the stile, looked his visitor squarely in the face.

"Won't ye 'light, gen'lemen?" he queried; "supper 's nigh ready."

"We have n't long ter 'bide, thankee," answered Exall. "We jes drapped by fur a minute on our way ter speakin' at Mossford."

"Ye 're Jedge Exall, ef I mistake not," said Morrow. "I 've saw ye in town."

"That 's my name."

"I 've heern tell ye was an able Common*wealth*, an' a jes jedge," said the Dunkard.

"Obleeged," answered Exall.

"I 'm a Dunkard, Jedge," continued Morrow.

"I know that, Mr. Morrow; but there are a few o' yo' folks that vote, an' I thought that mebbe ye might do likewise, sometimes."

"I almos' always do," he responded.

"Democrat ticket, I hope," ventured Exall.

The man for answer gravely shook his head in the negative.

"Now, Mr. Morrow," said the candidate, with no uncertain appreciation of his own skill as a debater of public questions, throwing one leg over the pommel of his saddle as he spoke, "I 'd like fur ye ter give me the reason o' the faith that is in ye. Mebbe I can persuadge ye that ye 're on the wrong side o' the fence with the Republicins."



"WON'T YE LIGHT, GEN'LEMEN?"

Exall's horse, conscious of a loosened rein, began to crop the grass that grew near the bottom of the fence. Cope listened to the conversation curiously.

"I ain't on that side nuther," said the beset suffragist.

"I 've struck a blind ditch," observed Exall to Cope, "an' I don' see whar she en's."

"I ain't no politicianer, an' I allays votes the Whig ticket, like my daddy did afo' me," the Dunkard explained with some anxiety, anticipating the ridicule of his visitors. "Mebbe it looks foolish," he continued, "but it 's my principles. That ticket tells the faith that 's in me, Jedge Exall."

"But thar ain't no Whig ticket," argued Exall. "How kin ye vote what thar ain't?"

"I make it fur myse'f," the man answered. "My daddy useter 'low that ev'ry citizen orter vote. I can't reeconcile my idees ter them other two; an' so I stick ter the old silvery gray Whig ticket, an' I pick out the names fur myse'f that go on it."

It seemed extremely ludicrous to Exall; he would have laughed aloud but for the fear of offending the Dunkard, whom he hoped to convince of his folly and to persuade to his support.

The woman with the faded face called to her husband:

"Saul, ast the men in ter supper."

"Git down, gen'lemen," he said; "supper 's dished up."

Exall welcomed the opportunity for a further conversation with this abnormal voter, and his young companion was nothing loath to hear the interview to an end.

"Will ye ast a blessin', Jedge?" the Dunkard queried, as they stood about the long pine table, over which the evening sunlight shone through the little western window.

On it was spread a characteristic feast, and indigestion was the lord of it. Plates of hot biscuits flanked dishes of preserves. Hot meats were surrounded by pickles, both sweet and sour; and over all predominated the conventional apple-butter.

Cope looked up with an ill-concealed smile when the Dunkard proffered his request to Exall. But the politician was equal to any emergency. With reverent words and bowed head he besought the Divine blessing, and Morrow's respect for the man was increased fourfold.

"Draw up, reach, an' he'p yo'se'f," he said, uttering the current formula of hospitality, and his guests, to whom their ride had given the zest of a keen appetite, did full justice to all the viands spread before them; though, as Exall subsequently observed to Cope, it was a desperately dangerous venture on the part of one unaccustomed to such regimen.

The faded-faced woman literally "served" the tea and coffee, and waited upon the guests,

who sat on long wooden benches without backs, drawn up along the side of the table. This service was rendered in a silence on her part that was unbroken, save now and then by the interrogative words, "Coffee?" "Butter?" "Pickle?" as she proffered the article mentioned to one or the other.

When the meal was ended Exall produced cigars, and Mrs. Morrow busied herself about her household duties.

The Dunkard did not smoke, but Cope lighted one of the weeds to keep Exall company.

"Now let 's hear about that Whig ticket," said the latter, settling himself as comfortably as possible in a straight-backed splint chair, and smiling benignly at his host.

"Well, I 'll tell ye," said Morrow. "It was all along o' the old man that I tuk up agin the two other parties. It started way back yander in the winter o' sixty-fo', when I was a boy jes fo'teen year' old. Thar had been big fightin' goin' on here in this valley, with the Union soldiers on top at one time, an' then ag'in the Cornfed'rits. The folks o' my faith are agin fightin', Mr. Cope, as mebbe the Jedge here has told ye. My daddy was a Union man afo' the war, like most o' the Dunkards, beca'se they were all agin sich doin's. They did n' take no part nor lot in sesaysion, an' they thought the abolitioners warn't no less wrong. They were in favor o' peace an' quiet. They wanted ter let good enough alone. They were agin breakin' up the Union, beca'se they did n' want ter see no row 'bout it."

"An' they warn't fur from right," observed Judge Exall, sitting with his legs crossed before the open autumn fire, and puffing clouds of smoke from his cigar.

"But when the war kim," continued Morrow, "he did n' go in when Linkhorn called fur them troops, like so many o' the t'other Union men in the county did, that had been Whigs, an' were agin the war. He believed that them who take the sword shall perish by the sword, an' he hated it fur the sin that comes o' spillin' human blood."

"I was a Whig in them days, myself," commented Exall; "still I went in ter the war."

The Dunkard paid no attention to the interruption, but continued, with his eyes set on vacancy. He was looking back into the irrevocable past.

"But when they got ter fightin' all aroun', an' the armies was a-movin' up an' down the valley, summer-time an' winter, he done many a good deed in the way o' he'pin' along the sick 'n' the cold 'n' the hongry. An' he done it like Hezekiah in Judah, with all his heart."

"That was right! that was right!" murmured Exall approvingly from behind his cloud of smoke.

"It did n' make no differ' ter him," continued the reminiscent Dunkard, "whether the man had on a blue jacket or a gray one, ef it kivered a hongry belly. He 'd give one as quick as t'other vittles an' drink an' a seat by the fire an' a bed fur the night. An' ef he did n' w'ar no coat at all,—as many a one did n' in them days,—the old man never pestered himself ter know ef he was f'om Pennsylvany or Georgy; but he clothed his nakedness.

"Still, he told 'em all, Yankees an' Rebels, that he was agin all wars, an' agin the politicianers that permoted strife."

"I see," observed Cope, reflectively.

The chill of the autumn evening was coming on, and the Dunkard rose from his seat and left the room for wood to replenish the dying fire.

"I 'm just beginning to get my bearings," said Exall to Cope. "If I 'm not vastly mistaken, we 've struck a more promising trail than that of our friend Sprouse back yonder."

Before he could explain, the Dunkard returned.

Piling up the hickory logs upon the fire until it leaped and sparkled and lighted up resplendently the tall Dutch clock in the corner and flung strange shadows over the rag-carpeted floor, he resumed his seat and his story together.

"The soldiers let him be fur a long time, an' did n' interrupt him. He was old an' not overly strong, an' he thought they 'd suffer him to spen' his las' days in that peace my people love an' try ter live up ter.

"But in that year o' sixty-fo' men begun ter git scase in the Cornfed'rit army, an' things was a-lookin' kinder bilious fur the sesaysioners."

"Devilish scase! devilish bilious!" interrupted Exall, earnestly.

Then he proceeded to apologize amply to his host for the interruption and its unconventional language.

"The cornscript officers were a-goin' through the kentry, a-draftin' old an' young — a-ransackin' of the very cradle an' the grave, the women folks useter say in them times. I reecollect the day like it was this mornin' when they rid up to that thar stile an' called him out 'n the house. When he kim, I follered him ter the do', boy fashion, an' I heern 'em tell him that he was cornscripted, an' had ter go with 'em ter jine Early's army."

Cope bent forward eagerly to listen, and a smile of pleased expectancy stole over Exall's keen features.

"Mammy kim an' begged 'em not ter take him away. She told 'em that he was her onlies' mainstay and dependence, an' that purty much ev'rythin' else was gone f'om the place. She 'lowed thar warn't no one else ter work the farm or put in a crap an' make a livin' fur her but me — an' me jes a boy.

"But ter cut a long story short, they did n' pay no heed ter her, an' tuk him off."

He paused for a moment in the midst of his narrative and stirred the fire abstractedly. Judge Exall's cigar burned low. The twilight was not very far away, and Cope's mind began to grow distraught between his desire to hear the Dunkard's story to its end and his fear that the audience at Mossford would dwindle away before the arrival of the speakers, and his eloquent oration be, in consequence, lost to posterity.

"Somehow or 'nother," Morrow resumed, "we managed ter scratch through the balance o' that summer 'n' fall, with the neighbors he'pin' us on; the most o' which were women an' chillun like us, an' nigh as bad off as we were. Ole Mis' Simpkins at the aidge o' the draft—she 's dead this many a year, God bless her!—was the closes' an' the kindes'. She useter come over reg'lar ter see us, an' allays fotch her knittin' along. An' thar o' winter evenin's, when the snow was on the groun', an' the win' f'om the Shanado' Mountings was a-howlin' over the draft, them two ole women sot an' talked about the war, an' the foolishness of it."

"Did Mis' Simpkins belong to yo' folks?" queried Exall, sympathetically.

"Naw," he replied, "she was a Methody; but it looked like she did n' have no better opinion o' fightin' than my mammy did. Two o' her boys had been kilt down the valley, close ter Winchester, an' ole man Simpkins was too feeble ter tote a gun, or he 'd 'a' been in it too, she said—he allays actin' contraery-like, an' agin her, she 'lowed.

"Well, one day in December Mis' Simpkins driv her ole gray ter the stile, out thar, an' h'istin' of her coat-tails out o' the slush, tromped in here with a baskit o' things onder her arm, an' her knittin'."

"Allays toted her knittin', hey?" chimed in Exall. He was growing impatient, but gave no hint of it to his host.

"Yes," the latter went on. "An' after she 'd settled down by the fire, a-toastin' o' her feet with the yarn socks over her shoes, she says, says she:

"'Rachel, they tells me that man Early's army is close ter Fishersville. Are it a fac'?'

"'I 've heern tell,' says mammy.

"It went through me like a flash that ole Mis' Simpkins had come ter persuadge us ter sen' arter daddy. An' so it turned out.

"'I 'd have a word down thar ter Enoch afo' Saturday,' she says, 'an' tell him his wife an' his son is a-needin' of him badly at home.'

"'An' ef he comes, an' they ketch him?' says mammy, questionin' like.

"'An' ef he don't come, an' them Yankees shoot him?' says ole Mis' Simpkins. 'Do you think a whole army is a-goin' ter turn out ter hunt one po' ole Dunkard, like a passel o' boys arter a skeered hyar in the snow?' she says.

"Mis' Simpkins's knittin' needles was fyarly a-flyin' 'bout then. Mammy nuvver said nothin'. She 'peared ter be wraslin' with her mind, an' cudden git the best of it. But two days later I was at Fishersville."

"You did n't try to make him desert?" asked Cope.

"He warn't a fightin' man, an' he jes' kim home," responded the Dunkard simply. "Thar was no harm in that, ter his mind, though it did seem ter upset t' other folks powerful. But 't was like ole Mis' Simpkins said: thar were the abolitioners in the Northern army, in front, a-strivin' ter kill him; an' it seemed like the sesaysioners in the Southern army did n' think no mo' o' his life back here."

Exall's gaze was bent on the man's face with an expression of absorbed interest as he spoke.

"Ye orter seen mammy when we got home," he went on. "Her eyes were wet, but not with sorrow, Jedge. I heern her tell him her heart was like ter break—but I knowed it was only beca'se she was so glad ter git him back. Neither on 'em seemed ter look beyant that. An' me—why, sir, I was the happies' boy in the whole hill kentry; beca'se, ye see, I had tuk him the word ter Fishersville.

"But the happiness of it did n' bide long. We had been here not more 'n ten days when another batch o' gray soldiers rid up that lane. I went ter the do' with my heart a-thumpin' an' a-jumpin' onder my jacket like it was a-goin' ter pop out. They ast me ef this was Morrow's. I told 'em it was. They ast me ef Morrow was at home. I knowed daddy was up at the barn, but I suspicioned that they warn't a-lookin' fur him fur any good. Bein' powerful put ter it, I lied—God forgive me!

"'He 's in Early's army,' said I.

"'Lookee here, bub,' said one o' the men, 'that won't do. He 's a deserter in the face o' the enemy, an' I reckon he ain't fur off from jes here.'

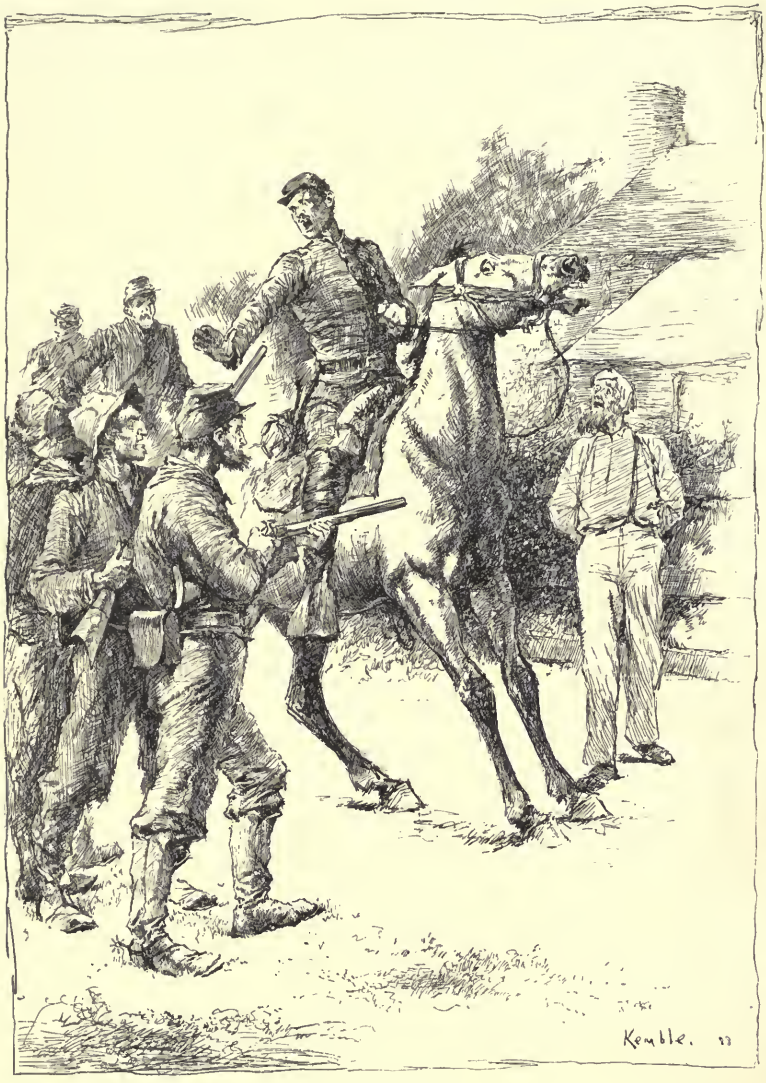
"They got down off 'n thar hosses an' commenced ter s'arch the place. They went to'ds the barn, 'n' seen the old army mule that had fotch' him an' me f'om Fishersville.

"'We 're on a hot trail,' said another one of 'em, an' tuk the Lord's name in vain.

"Presen'ly I seen 'em a-fetchin' him along, an' he was as cool as I am now, Jedge, twel mammy kim a-cryin' an' a-wringin' her han's.

"'Jim,' said the cap'n ter one o' his men, 'this 'll nuvver do. We mus' send the old lady away. Hitch that mule ter the spring waggin onder the shed.'

"Then it come on me like a flash what they wanted with daddy. I reasoned that they



THE CAVALRY SQUAD.

wuddent ha' thought ter send her off ef they were only a-goin' ter take him back ter Early at Fishersville.

"'Thar 's Mis' Simpkins's house down the road on the aidge o' the draft,' said daddy ter the cap'n. It looked ter me like *he* knowed too. 'Saul, drive yer mammy over thar, son,' he said. Then I commenced ter tremble, an' mammy said, 'I won't leave him,' an' fell flat on the flo' in a faint. That was an awful day, Jedge. That day had a heap ter do with makin' me stick ter the straight Whig ticket agin all others."

Exall arose from his seat and flung the stump of his cigar into the fire. His abrupt manner startled the Dunkard, who paused a moment in his narrative.

"Go on," said the candidate. "I 'm a-listenin'."

"They picked her up an' put her in the bottom o' the waggin, an' I driv her ter Simpkins's as fast as I could git that mule ter travel; an' he did appear ter be powerful slow that day. I wore a hickory stick ter frazzles on him afo' we got thar. At last we lifted her inter the house — Mis' Simpkins an' ole man Simpkins an' me. Soon as I seen Mis' Simpkins a-flutterin' round, burnin' feathers an' sich, I said, 'I mus' look arter the mule,' an' I went back out o' the front do'. But I did n' interrupt the beast. I let him stand whar he was, an' I run home the short cut acrost the frozen fields. I crope up the back way out o' breath, an' dodged roun' the corner o' the house. I knowed the men were thar still, beca'se you could see thar hosses picketed ter the barnyard fence from the hill this side o' Simpkins's.

"Jes as I turned that corner, I come acrost a sight that fyarly froze me up. I sometimes see it now in my sleep, Jedge. Six on 'em were a-standin' tergether, with thar guns in thar hands, out thar by the stile, an' on the t' other side o' the lane was daddy a-facin' of 'em, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms twisted behind his back."

The politician's eye kindled and his crest rose. He stepped forward as he would have done to address a great audience.

"I remember it like yesterday," he said. "I have dreamed of it too."

"You?" queried Morrow in wonder.

"Yes; I can see now the cavalry squad under the young lieutenant that galloped up

the lane from behind that hill out yonder, and halted between those leveled guns and that old gray-headed man. It scarcely seems so many years ago."

The Dunkard stood up pale and trembling.

"Were you one o' the men that saved his life, Jedge?" he queried with faltering tongue. "I've been a-hopin' ter see some on 'em ever sence that day."

"I was in command," answered Exall. "We were just in the nick of time."

Tears gathered in Morrow's eyes. He stepped forward with outstretched hand, and the quaver had not left the voice that said:

"Was it you, Jedge? Was it ralely you? *He* nuvver knowed ter his dyin' day the name o' the man that saved him. Howsomever, he did n' forgit ye in his pra'rs, Jedge — no mo' have I, God bless ye!"

The sun had long since set behind the Shenandoah Mountains. It was the moment of the twilight which the valley folk call "the aidge o' the dark." As Exall and Cope stepped from the little porch some cows came from an adjacent pasture-field through bars a short distance away that had been let down by Morrow's eldest boy, a tow-headed urchin of eight or ten years. They filed up the narrow lane, past the stile, and entered the barn-yard.

"The middle class, that is neither too rich nor too poor, is the great conservative class of our country," commented Cope, reflectively, as they emerged from the little lane into the Mossford road. "That man clings to his Whig ticket with a characteristic love for the old landmarks."

But the candidate for the legislature was calculating how many votes his fortunate visit was worth.

"He 'll not cling to it any longer," Exall replied exultantly. "Saul Morrow 'll wake the Dunkards for twenty miles between this and election day."

And they rode away into the dark.

A. C. Gordon.

ROUND ABOUT GALILEE.

THE Bedouins of to-day live in very much the same way as the Bible tells us that the patriarchs did. One need not travel over the whole country for proofs of this. The towns and villages are much alike in their general characteristics, and in all parts of the open country the habits of the nomadic population are the same. It is true that Tiberias boasts of having the most fleas and "the king" thereof; Jericho yields the most persistent crop of beggars; Shechem vies with Jerusalem in presenting the worst cases of leprosy; there is no end to the blind people in Hebron; Bethlehem claims to have the cleanest streets, although I confess I did not



EARLY MORNING, NAZARETH.

miss any of the dirt when I visited it; and the Bethany children are the loveliest of all. Yet in all or any one of these places substantial illustrations of the Bible record rise up on every side.

Nazareth is undoubtedly the most important town in the region of Galilee. It is not very far from Jezreel or Shunem or Nain; Mount Tabor can always be seen from the neighboring hills; a few hours of rough travel brings one to where the ruins of Capernaum receive the whispered messages and the hoarse warnings of the Sea of Galilee. In the general itinerary the approach to Nazareth is from the south. The last day before reaching it Mount Gilboa is passed; then villages near the plains of Jezreel and of Esdraelon are visited, and the effort is made to spend the last two hours in crossing over to the west in the hope of reaching Nazareth by evening. A more enjoyable way is to halt for the night on the western border of the Plain of Esdraelon; then, next morning, long before daylight, to make the climb up to Nazareth on foot. Such a walk will ever be remembered as a delightful trance. If the undertaking occurs at the proper season, the bright stars shimmering overhead will keep hope sustained, while the moon, falling lower and lower and moving backward seemingly, holds out its golden torch and indicates the way by kindling beacons upon the mountains ahead, or by tipping the crags with tender light and sending a tremulous glow through the ravines to cheer the traveler and to rest his heart.

The way is scarcely more than a bridle-path sometimes, and often it is so steep as to cause even the sure-footed Syrian horse to falter a moment while he chooses the way. Through miniature valleys and along narrow passes it goes, until the precipitous ridge which protects Nazareth on the east is gained. The ascent from the plain is about one thousand feet, and rough enough to test the mettle of an expert and ambitious Alpine climber. At the early morning hour the curtains of mist hang low. Sometimes these veils are so thin as to reveal softly and clearly the modeling of the scenes beyond them. The breath of wind that comes and goes is so soft that the deep silence is not disturbed.

Now as the morning glow comes on, the little cultivated terraces are seen hanging upon the sides of the hills, like orchids upon a wall. Some shepherd's home is sure to be near them, and occasionally the tinkling bell of a nervous sheep or goat is heard, followed by the reassuring tones of his wakeful guardian. But that is all that disturbs until Nazareth is very near. Then, crossing the ridge already referred to, there, as its last incline reaches by sharp pitches into a narrow plain, is Nazareth. Fifteen rounded peaks close it in on all sides but one, and there Nature has made the approach impregnable by a series of lofty, abrupt precipices. The early morning view is made grander by the wildness of the surroundings. The soil is so rocky that the vegetation, such as it is, must have a hard time to win life. In some places the soil has been driven away by the descending torrents, and the bald spots thus exposed are as white as Alpine snow.



THE WOOD-MARKET.

Groves of trees of many varieties, dotted here and there, spread out their roots and entangle the soil which is washed down from above until a luxurious growth is presented. When first looking upon Nazareth from the south the stranger is not impressed with its true Oriental character. It seems too new in appearance; too clean. This illusion, like that which strikes one when looking upon Milan Cathedral or the noble group of structures at Pisa, is due to the whiteness of the building-stone. When one goes down into its details,



BEGGARS BY THE ROADSIDE.

however, Nazareth, like Brussels, is found to have its old quarter as well as a modern one.

Now, as the moon sinks out of sight, and the stars are one by one silently eclipsed by the warm rosy light of the eastern sun, the day-book opens, and the grand drama of life in a Palestine town is recorded page after page. The tall minaret of the mosque and the shapely campanile of the Latin church catch the first glimmer of the coming sun. The masterless dogs see the signal and by their tumultuous howls startle the sleepers in the town. Then the light lingers a moment upon the broad segments of the domes of mosque and church alike before creeping down and down until each white house is in a glare and every street is illuminated and warmed into life by the flood of golden color which springs into them. Then the sounds of languages strange and loud fall upon the ear. They come from the drivers of the cattle, and from the street merchant who would draw first attention to the wares he has for sale. The Nazarene of to-day is as turbulent as he was when all Palestine hated him and declared that no good could come out of Nazareth. Once the streets are fairly entered it will be seen that the town is as full of busy life as a hornet's nest. The dark-eyed women are among the first who appear to start the business of the day. They come from the oak-tangles of the environing hills, where they have gathered the bundles of twigs for which there is a ready sale. They squat in the market-place with their snaggy merchandise and timidly await the coming of their patrons. These women have but little sunshine in their lives. There is not much color-cheerfulness in such early morning pictures, except in the orange and crimson and blue face-veils which the women wear, and in their bright eyes, which can be seen sparkling through the veils. The scene brightens when the tall, slender fellows, girt in white "abbas" and many-colored "kufeyehs," flock along, bare-legged, and topped by turbans of white or tarbooshes of red. They are the bread-sellers, the water-carriers, and the fruit-venders. As they go they sidle their toes into the ribs of the night-watchman, who turns over on his face and begins his slumbers simultaneously with the awakening of the sun. Oh, the chattering and the jabbering of such a discordant crowd! Incipient quarrels often occur, but no bloodshed follows. The brown-calved autocrats long ago learned that the howadji regards them as sublimely picturesque, and there is a tacit agreement among them to deck their stage with their most brilliant tints. Sometimes it seems like Naples here in the narrow, dark, dirty streets; and indeed year by year Nazareth grows more and more like an Italian town. Its white hills do not soar so loftily into the blueness of the



NAZARETH FROM THE CAMPANILE OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

air distance as do the pale volcanic piles which environ Naples; neither are they turreted here and there with ruined castles. But it is true that the parti-colored campanile and the white convent are no longer a rarity at Nazareth, and each day is opened and closed with the solemn gamut of the monastery bells, rung in strange dissonance with the muezzin call.

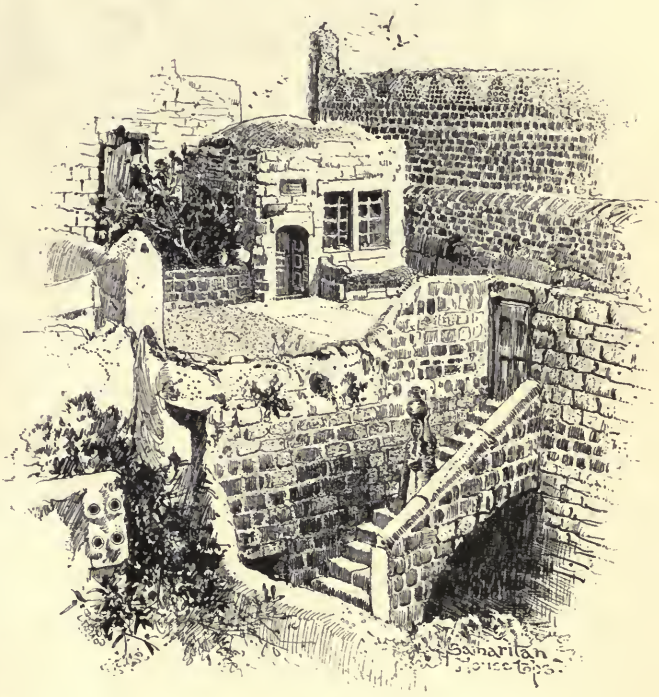
Each turn in the streets brings a change of scene. Everybody who can manages to be there. The dealers in dates, figs, beans, barley, lentils, oranges, cheese, and vegetables ooze out from their bazars and spread their merchandise around them upon the muddy highway in front; the tailor, the cobbler, the coppersmith, the coffee-grinder, and the carpenter all occupy as much of the narrow thoroughfares as the crowd will allow. The dogs scavenger along undisturbed; the lumbering camel sways from side to side with his back full of limestone blocks or cedar logs three times as long as himself, and commands sufficient respect from every one to enable him to have the right of way; the chickens stroll everywhere freely; the children swarm around every stranger begging for backsheesh, and the cosmopolitan donkey brays assent to everything except the blows and tail-twistings he receives from his driver.

There are quieter ones than all these in Nazareth on market day. Seated by the side of the gateway flanked on each side by towers connected by a well-shaped Roman arch flung from one to the other, sits a modern Bartimeus with his companion, blind, and begging, not for the Divine touch which healed, but hopelessly blind and abandoned to that art of the modern Arab, the taking of alms. Picturesque though they are, such groups are always pathetic. They are all too plenty in Palestine. Blindness is so common there that to find a person with two perfect, healthy eyes is the exception rather than the rule. I have frequently been attracted by a pair of expressive eyes peering over a horrid face-veil as their owner came towards me, only to learn with a pang as we met that one of them was white in the

center and the pupil of the other being encroached upon by the fatal blue of ophthalmia. The trouble begins in babyhood. The Arab mother refuses to drive away the flies which swarm around the diseased eyes of the poor little child, seated upon her shoulder, lest "the evil eye of the stranger" fall upon her offspring. But what she imagines is protection from a fatal evil breeds a disease far more dreadful. That, with the sudden climatic changes, makes blindness a scourge in the East. In the olden time the scribes declared almsgiving to be "a grace." For one farthing given to the poor, said they, a man will receive heaven. It is good for the blind man of modern times that this ancient belief still prevails somewhat, for if it did not it would go hard with him.

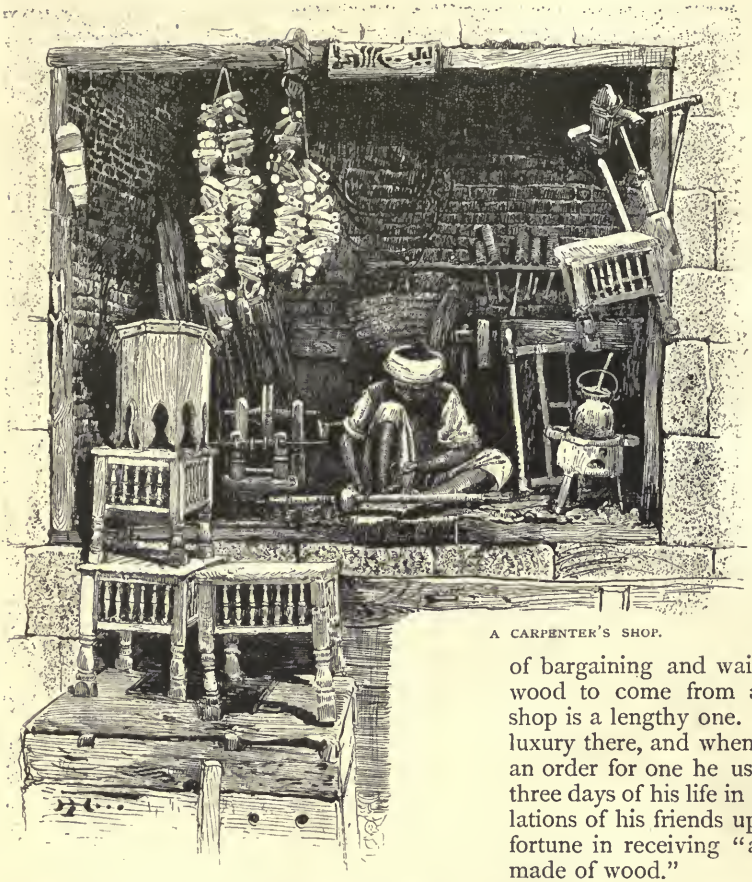
But the attractions of Nazareth are not all of the market-place. The Latin Church of the Annunciation, built, it is claimed, over the spot where the interview between the angel and the Virgin occurred, is a place of much interest. It reminds one of Italy because of its architecture, because of its campanile, and because of the services held there. On one side of the aisle I saw a Franciscan monk teaching about fifty children. It was 7 o'clock in the morning. I thought I never had seen sweeter child faces, and their little voices were as musical as the bird songs which come up from the meadows in the morning. On the other side of the aisle the pharmacy and the apartments of the monks are located. Descending the fifteen steps which lead underneath the altar, "The Place of the Annunciation" is reached. The apartment is about twenty feet both in length and width and ten feet high. It is lined with white marble on all sides. The altar, which is also of marble, is decorated with vases of artificial flowers. The silver lamps which hang from the roof of the cave are never allowed to go out. A fine oil-painting behind the altar, a gift of the Emperor of Austria, represents the Annunciation.

At the right of the altar is a low door which leads to a second portion of the grotto, which is left in its natural state. From this annex a stairway leads up into a low cave called "The Virgin Mary's Kitchen." The monks hold that the house of Mary stood over this grotto. There are a hundred such places underneath the hills which surround Nazareth. Coming up from the grotto into the morning services of the church, one meets a strange composition amid sense-involving accessories. The singing priests; the waving censers; the tender music of the organ; the responses of the motley congregation, made up from all quarters of the globe; the glittering lights coming in from the stained windows and meeting athwart the long aisle; the kneeling women; the impatient children; the inquisitive tourist — all contribute to the understanding of the great painting which hangs upon the wall. This work of some fervid old master represents Gabriel and Mary — the latter kneeling at the feet of the angel, while he addresses her and comforts her with his message of glad tidings.



A GALILEAN HOUSE.

One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and



A CARPENTER'S SHOP.

sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and anything lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph instructing Jesus, and finding that he knew more than they. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation of bargaining and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving "an order for something made of wood."

Ever since the time that Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to Samaria to be cured, the horrid woes of leprosy have clung to some parts of Palestine. One day a dozen or more of its poor victims came limping and leaping after me, begging alms. Every one held out a tiny tin vessel to receive the coin, that his offensive person might not be touched by the almsgiver. They were willing to group themselves for the camera backed by the grim accessories of the lepers' hospital. Eyes, noses, fingers, hands, feet, faces, and even throats were gone in some cases. Their cry was pitiful and strangely varied as well—"Baksees!" "Bah-heez!" "Back-siz!" "Ba-ish!" "Bah-ee!" "'Zees, howadji!" they wailed. Some of them would have been puzzled to pronounce either the "shibboleth" of the Gileadites or the "sibboleth" of the Ephraimites had they been challenged after the battle at the passage of the Jordan. It seemed as though pebbles were rattling down their dried bronchial tubes, or else that their throats were torn anew at every utterance. One is glad enough to purchase release from such a loathsome sight by a liberal backsheesh. It is not a wonder that a man so

afflicted would dare the law by entering the synagogue in order to reach the Healer with his cry of faith, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Nor was it strange that Jesus, moved with compassion, set aside Judaism by touching the leper and saying, "I will; be thou clean."

Turning from the excitement of the town for a while, a visit to the hill at the west, whence the people tried to thrust Jesus after his sermon in the synagogue, will be worth while. It is about five hundred feet in height, and the ascent is rather difficult. It will repay the traveler, however; for the views obtained from the summit, when the air is clear, are among the finest in all Palestine. Nearest is Mount Tabor, from whose oak groves the women of the market-place gather their twigs. The mountains of Gilead; the broad, undulating Plain of Esdraelon, with the villages which top the adjoining hills; the fertile hills of Samaria; the long Mount Carmel range on the left, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond; the extended ridges of the Galilean hills; the rolling country intervening, and snow-capped Mount Hebron away beyond—all are discernible in one grand prospect.

Peculiar sensations play upon the mind in such a place as this. It does not seem as though the view could always be so grand. It must be that Nature has arranged to make the scene unusually beautiful, entrancing, and overpowering for the occasion. A feeling arises that a special visual angle has been given to one's eyes to enable them to take in such a wide view. More than this, a diminishing power seems to be given to the optical sense which reduces all things until the combination seems to present a miniature world. The rocks, the woods, the torrents, the sloping sides of the hills, the villages and towns, are distinctly visible, small but clearly defined; and the summits of the mountains, which seem so threatening from below, now appear like the furrows of a plowed field or the terraced sides of an individual neighboring hill. Not until the bell of the old gray convent disturbs the illusion can this strange sense be shaken off.

Any one walking from Nazareth to Capernaum will come upon two reminders of the days when Jesus "preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee." One of these is the present Jewish population; the other, the remains of some of the very synagogues referred to. The Palestine Jew wears a long, dark coat and a fur-lined cap of peculiar form, not unlike the modern "Tam o' Shanter" in shape. His lovelocks are long at each temple, his brows bushy, his hair and beard frequently red, his eyes as often blue, his skin pale, and his flesh looks bloodless. He appears to be almost as much a ruin as the synagogues are. How different all was when Jesus touched the leper; and how like a torch that touch served to set afire the inflammable hatred of the Pharisee, causing it to burst into furious flames of imprecation and accusation! Then how soon the "blasphemer" became the topic of general conversation—this man who had never attended a house of instruction, and who had not even asked for a certificate showing the right to teach. People of all classes congregated upon their roofs or in their courts then, and disputed about the Great Healer. Even



A GROUP OF LEPERS AND THE LEPERS' HOSPITAL.





in the khans travelers to and fro were involved in the popular discussion while they sipped their Italian wine and questioned the natives as to the prospect of the grape-crop in Lebanon and east of the Jordan. Even Herod became so forgotten that he grew alarmed, more than he was when first he heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Already the Pharisee had been heard to hiss when he saw the image of the Roman emperor upon the golden coin which he dropped into the synagogue treasury. When a copper coin bearing the name of the hated emperor was ostentatiously thrown at the despised leper it was done with a gesture of contempt that made his own blood feverish, and oftentimes puzzled him to decide whom he most hated, Jesus or Herod. More than this: men whom Jesus had won preached more zeal for a nation whose people were only the slaves and mercenaries of Herod, and advised the lifting of Israel's banners with the breaking of the yoke of the godless Roman. Then when Jesus entered their synagogues they hastened, as in a race, to secure places where they could be near him, hear his addresses, and feed their curiosity or gather comfort from his revelations. Only their ruined synagogues remain to prove the turmoil.

One of the most picturesque synagogues in Galilee is found at Kef'r Bir'im. It is the larger of two, and is located among the houses of the village. Its splendid arched doorway is preserved entire. Some of its columns are also standing; and its size, sixty feet long by fifty feet broad, can be proved by the remains of the walls. The true age of the structure is also found by the "chiseled in" stones set with mortar. Here doubtless was one of their synagogues where Jesus preached. It may have been here that more than one poor sufferer was cured—more than one Pharisee stricken with the disease of hate from which he never recovered.

Do not they tell of the feverish excitement inflamed by the political and religious passion of the Jews, of the chafing Roman yoke, of the racking hate of the foreigner, of the galling helplessness of the Israelites, of the "waiting for the consolation of Israel"? Revolt hung over all like a thunderbolt, ready to burst at any time and send destruction and dismay along its merciless track. Religious fanaticism turned the heads of men and made them demons. It was not the lack of desire for "Mes-

sias to come" which caused men to dwell in tombs, cut themselves with stones and cry out, "I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." It was the leper without the leper's faith. So things went on balancing up and down from outbreak to riot, from deeds of violence to horrid massacre, from the blood of the sacrificed brutes to that of the ill-fated slaves of Rome, from the charge of the Sanhedrim to the Cross of Calvary. Thereafter, on and on, until Kef'r Bir'im and all "their synagogues throughout all Galilee" lay ruined and deserted.

It is worth while to climb to the highest part of these old relics and survey the country. You can always see much farther than you can walk in a day. I prefer the close of the day for such an enterprise, when the shadows of evening send forth as their heralds the cool breezes which cause the fields of grain and grass to undulate like the whispering waves of a summer sea. Then the birds chirp a welcome as they flock together overhead, while the noisy night-bird, perched upon the highest tree, signals the night to come on. It is not all loneliness hereabouts, for even a part of Kef'r Bir'im is inhabited, and the neighboring country is well cultivated. Over on the left is a well, or "fountain," where the women come every night for water, and where the flocks drink — just as it was when the miraculous healings which had taken place in the synagogue were discussed by the frequenters of the same fountain. On the other side the mountain ranges may be seen forming a great aërial circle, broken only by the deep ravines. There, too, is the vast amphitheater which they form, filled by the mist and sunbeams which shimmer over the Sea of Galilee. The air is balmy, and there are a thousand forms of





THE CAVE AND SHRINES OF PAN AT CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

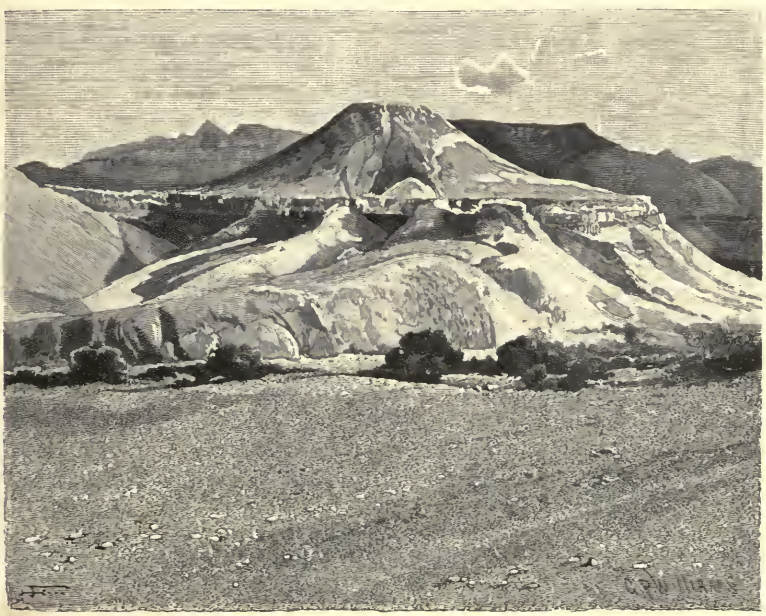
beauty revealed by the sun as it thrusts its long rays, like Arab lances, through the landscape. The shadows are driven away from the sparkling fountains, and their shining reveals the whereabouts of the rocky cascades whose monotones have excited our wonder all day; for there they are leaping from their rugged heights, now a hundred feet, now twenty, now ten, and now, widely diffused, rolling over the bare rock for a hundred yards or more until they come on to their last leap; then, plunging into the jungle, they send up the spray above the tree-tops, where it breaks into rainbow circles and, falling, disappears. Never do the olive groves look so well as at the evening hours, when the lowering sun shines through their irregular enfilades and illumines the green-gray glossy details of their horny leaves. The gnarled and split and twisted trunks of these caverned veterans, with their long extended arms breaking into hundreds of branches, are also best seen from above in the evening light; then every branch is discernible with its feathered lichens and its knotted stems. Thus the nearer groves appear. Those in the distance look more hoary and soft, as though a veil of light cunningly woven by the shuttling of the rays hung over them, until the herald breezes touch them and push their branches all one way. Then they ripple like a sea of silver or a field of grain with its beard just full grown.

Evening is not the time, though, to see the lovely wild-flowers which seek the protecting shadows of the olive grove; for their eyes are closed then and their little sleepy heads are bowed for the night. Neither is it worth while to climb to a height to see them. Go down in the morning, when the dew is trickling along their slender stalks and the sun is calling them to do their part towards making the world beautiful; then you will see myriads of flowers in endless variety. And how, like the persistent track of one of our own mountain railways, the pathways wind and "loop" here and there among the ravines and around the mountain shoulders, over the spurs and about the hills with ruined cities yet upon them—through the "field of the sower." When the sun has set, and the birds have hidden their heads under their wings and the olive groves become shadow masses, then the mist rises and everything above it seems to be hanging and hovering in the sky. The white-topped hills become snowy peaks, and the houses of the

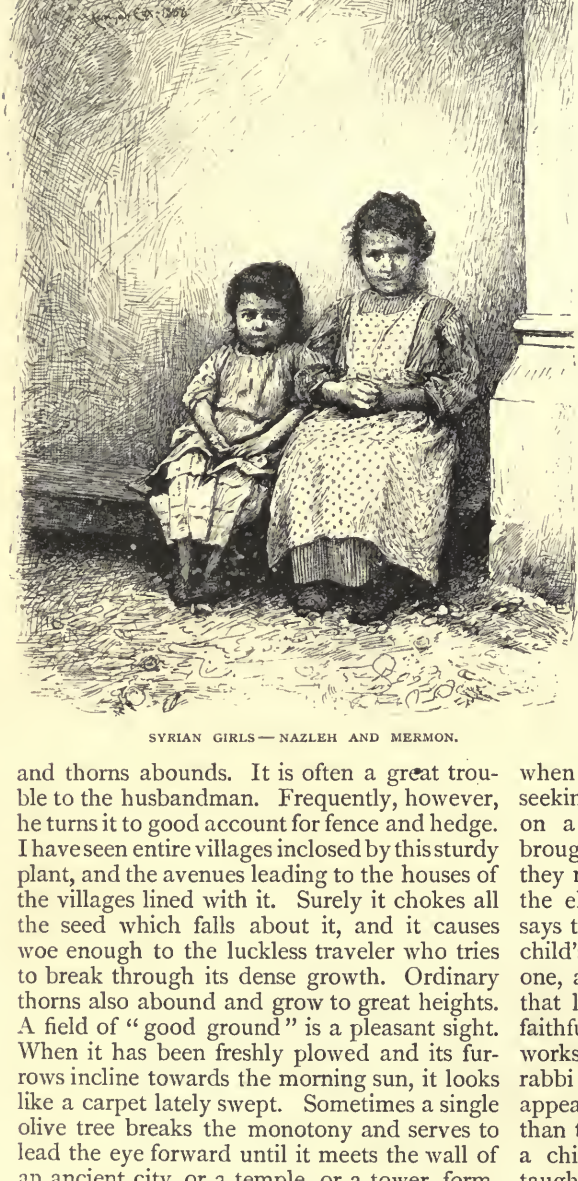
villages are like islands in the sea. In no part of Palestine is the vegetation more luxuriant than in Galilee. But Galilee is thinly populated, and the people are indifferent as to what goes on in the outer world. If the minions of Antony and Augustus could lead a host through the Plain of Esdraelon now they would meet no foe; the golden eagle might be set upon the dome of the Mosque of Omar, but the modern Galilean would not resent it; the husbandman of Galilee does not own the land he tills, and cares nothing for the fanaticism of those who do; a thousand crucifixions might take place at Jerusalem and the creaking olive-presses of Galilee would not be stopped a moment to listen to the story. You would think the brown-faced farmer here had no soul unless you happened to offer him backsheesh to show you the way, or your dragoman pushed your horses through the grain-fields. Then he would rise to the occasion and try to take care of himself. Varied indeed are the sights presented as one walks along even over the land controlled by a single sheik. There at the left you may see a hill topped by a squalid modern village and the remnants of one more antique — composite illustrations of history. A tortuous path, with the stones thrown off at each side, leads from the summit down into the valley. At right and left are "fields of the sower," and "by the wayside" are plenty of spots where the seed has fallen: hence the marauder is more than likely to glean it for his own use ere it is barely ready for the sickle. There are other sections in the great field which look well, but the ground is stony and the waving stalks have no root. They grow and seem to show promise for both ear and corn, but when the first very hot days come they wilt and waste on the stony ground which could not sustain life in them. Such spots are quickly revealed to the traveler if he attempts to cross a wheat-field in Galilee before the grain is ripe. In the neighborhood of some of these stony places the prickly-pear bush with its millions of spikes



THE JORDAN — THE PILGRIMS' BATHING-PLACE.



THE WILDERNESS.



SYRIAN GIRLS — NAZLEH AND MERMON.

and thorns abounds. It is often a great trouble to the husbandman. Frequently, however, he turns it to good account for fence and hedge. I have seen entire villages inclosed by this sturdy plant, and the avenues leading to the houses of the villages lined with it. Surely it chokes all the seed which falls about it, and it causes woe enough to the luckless traveler who tries to break through its dense growth. Ordinary thorns also abound and grow to great heights. A field of "good ground" is a pleasant sight. When it has been freshly plowed and its furrows incline towards the morning sun, it looks like a carpet lately swept. Sometimes a single olive tree breaks the monotony and serves to lead the eye forward until it meets the wall of an ancient city, or a temple, or a tower, forming the distant background of the prospect.

It has been said by many Oriental travelers that in the East the usages of life do not vary—that the East is stationary. It is true that many of the customs of Palestine have survived all the terrible convulsions through which the country has passed, as well as the change in population. The Arabs of to-day retain many of the practices of the Jews of old. But in one very important direction the seed sown by the Jews seems to have fallen in stony ground, for there is not much to show for its sowing now. I mean the education of the children. In Christ's day the youthful Jew was taught to read, either at home or in the schools connected with the synagogue. At twelve years of age he was expected to recite the "Shema" in the temple. Those who were precocious, and who respected their teachers, were permitted to enter the higher schools, where the rabbis taught the Law from the books of Moses. The social position of the rabbis was the very highest and their dignity was of the stateliest. At the age of thirteen a young Jew became "a son of the Law," and was bound to reverence and practice all its moral and ritual exactions. Josephus declared that Moses commanded that the children be taught to read and to walk in the ways of the Law. They were also required to know the deeds of their fathers, that they might imitate them and neither transgress the Law nor have the excuse of ignorance. Boastingly he added: "We interest ourselves more about the education of our children than about anything else, and hold the observance of the laws and rules of piety they inculcate as the weightiest business of our whole lives." One of the apt family sayings of their day was: "Seeking wisdom when you are old is like writing on water; seeking it when you are young is like graving on a stone." At an early age the parents brought the children to the synagogue that they might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. "After the father of the child," says the Talmud, "had laid his hands on his child's head, he led him to the elders, one by one, and they also blessed him and prayed that he might grow up famous in the Law, faithful in marriage, and abundant in good works." Jesus, having been accepted as a rabbi by many of the people, was frequently appealed to for the rabbi's blessing. More than this, he gave it voluntarily. He enjoined a child-like spirit. The children were also taught to honor their parents. This child-like spirit meant something more than it does now. Jesus was a Jew, and enjoined the careful consideration of the children. May he not have had in mind, too, the occasion when Herod massacred all the little ones of Bethlehem in order to make sure of the death of the Sacred Babe? At any rate he enjoined that all "become as little children." All this has changed, however. The children of Palestine are very lovely and beautiful—in character oftentimes as well as in looks. They are taught to be kindly and polite in their home duties; but,

alas! the only opportunities for their education are afforded by the missions and their schools. In these Syria is particularly fortunate. Frequently a European tourist provides for the education of a tiny Arab at one of the schools of Beyrout, Joppa, Damascus, Nazareth, or Jerusalem. Such good fortune befell the tiny Nazleh and her larger companion Mermon — fair specimens of the little brown-skins who put their hands in yours and win your hearts. Little girls are never very welcome in an Arab home. To be the father of a young Achmed, or Mohammed, or Ali, however, is to be called the honored title of "father of Achmed," or "father of Mohammed," or "father of Ali," for it is considered a great honor to have a son. When the children of a household are at play and a cry is heard, the mother runs quickly to the rescue if the sound of distress comes from her boy. I am not sure, however, but that this sort of treatment causes the faces of the little girls to be all the sweeter and their great black eyes all the more melting.

Again we turn from the concerns of the rural householder and go back to the busy city — this time on a feast day. The mountain track is crowded with donkeys and mules and camels laden with all sorts of produce, attended by their drivers and their owners. It is all picturesque, but it is not all peaceable. If a luckless donkey grazes the ribs of a camel even at their lower extremities, the respective owners of the beasts begin at once a duel of words. Watching the opportunity, the donkey lies down for a roll in the dust, and the camel, drawing up his great joints to his body, squats down regardless in the way of all comers. A crowd then gathers, and soon the way is barricaded. The scene grows interesting, and some fine specimens of modern Arabic are scattered to the four winds. Yousef to El Wafi screams: "Fellow there! We wish to reach the mosque before the evening muezzin. You will enable us to praise God the more if you will start your camels a little out of our way and allow us to pass by." El Wafi: "Hold your peace! Do not you see that the street is crowded?" Yousef: "I see a lot of dull and stupid idlers before me. Lend me your camel-goad, and I will soon give you a lift towards Nazareth." El Wafi: "Take my advice and go back to Shunem or Nain, wherever you come from; and take my curse along with you, for there is no room for such as you in the crowded city."

All such converse goes on amid much gesticulation and the fierce snapping of eyes, but it is not often that any one is hurt. There is a sense of high relief physically when one at last gains freedom from such a crowd and reaches the street where the principal bazars are located. The crush is somewhat less — at least there is no blockade; but the bedlam seems to have increased. It is the place for bargains. Figs and dates, mixed with almonds and stuffed in skins like Bologna sausages, sliced off in quantity to suit purchasers, are offered at a booth next to which a merchant in red pepper and spices holds forth. The merry whirl of the potter's wheel is balanced by the deafening hammer of the coppersmith next door; while the weaver and the saddle-maker occupy one bazar in peaceful concord. As strange as any of them is the grand display of the handkerchief-seller, whose merchandise from the mills of Manchester makes a grand color display. The individual pieces are sometimes covered with playing-cards, and again bordered with Arabic passages from the Koran. You put down the backsheesh, and if satisfactory to the vender you are permitted to follow the courage of your convictions and carry away your choice. This is not always successful, however. Once upon a time it was not until the third day that I could persuade one Oriental nabob to part with a yellow handkerchief which on the first day he keenly discerned I was bound to add to my collection. But when one wanders among these people and sees the slowly creeping, cringing Jew among them, how he longs for a look at the ancient Levites who once mingled with the populace with their odd head-dresses and the broad outside pockets, barely deep enough to keep the large scroll of the Law which they contained from overbalancing into the street. Where now are the Pharisees with their arms strapped with broad phylacteries, wearing massive fringes running around each individual edge of their garments? There are now no meek Essenes here clothed in white, in contrast with the haughty Roman officials accoutered in gorgeous apparel. The pilgrims in the costumes of every land are plenty, though, and seem to be all that resemble the crowds who assembled in the days of old.

History tells us that the age in which Jesus Christ lived was a transitory one — an age of doubt and uncertainty. Jesus himself called it a "wicked and adulterous generation." The broken columns and half-buried capitals which one stumbles over when walking in Galilee tell how the Idumean tetrarch robbed the Jew of his scepter, how the Roman procurator tampered with the priesthood, how the Sanhedrim fell into the toils of the subtle Herodian and heartless Sadducee. The shrines at Cæsarea Philippi and elsewhere prove how Jesus, as was his custom, drew upon facts for his assertions; how paganism misled the faithful by its hideous excesses. All along the line of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea are the caves where the wearied and worn Essenes

hid and waited for Messias to come. Atheism wrestled with Philosophy; Crime captured Remorse and blindfolded it; hearts grew so stony that even the heathen began to feel that the second flood was impending. Insolence, cruelty, extortion, massacre, the destruction of the synagogues and the erection of heathen temples in their places, maddened a people already wild with fanaticism. The sects were subdivided until there was no hope for any. It was a dark day for the children of Israel, and they caught at any straw which offered them the least hope of freedom. Among their subdivisions the strictest sect was the Essenes. They seemed to supply the only sound segment in the whole rotting Jewish circle. Sadducees they were not, of course. Neither were they content with the loose observance of the Law winked at by the Pharisees. To avoid the responsibilities of an active life, they fled to the caves of the oases and the desert and led a purely religious and contemplative life. For further purification they were addicted to much bathing; they let a little light into their lives by nursing the sick, but they drew down a screen over them by a mysterious silence. To them the synagogue became "the world"—of the earth earthy; to be avoided. Therefore they built convents and became monks. They abandoned sacrifices, for they detested them. They never went up to Jerusalem, but held themselves aloof from all who were not "pure" like themselves. They were the extreme religionists, the "perfectionists," of their day—"perfect Jews fulfilling the whole law." They were communists. If one fell ill, the others cared for him at the common expense. All were supported from the general purse. Sober, virtuous, and unselfish, their conduct was exemplary. They went out from each other only to heal and to help. Jesus was not an Essene, but he evidently knew of them and met them. If John was not an Essene he was moved by similar desires to be free from the world, and when the time came he spoke. Then suddenly a ray of light came to Israel—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The frantic people came like an avalanche to catch the warnings of this "voice." The Roman tax-gatherer trembled, the hired soldiers called upon their gods for protection, Pharisees and Sadducees listened and threatened, and thousands of the populace found rest in a new hope.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." Then began the healing of the blind, the restoration of the palsied, the cessation of the leper's cry, the blessing of the little children, the driving out of the money-changers, the preaching in the synagogues of Galilee, and the denunciation of the "wicked and adulterous generation." The corrupt rulers and the wicked priests who perverted the Law grew afraid, the hands which became full by grinding the widow and the orphan to dust held back, and the roaring voices of the Pharisees were lowered in the market-places. But these changes were followed by evil machinations to make the "blasphemer" unpopular and to kill him. They knew that their downfall would follow if sincerity, contentment, gentleness, chastity, and kindness ruled and Jesus reigned. They *wished* wars and contentions. The soft delights of peace and justice and mutual deeds of love, the sincere worship of God, and the fulfillment of the Mosaic Law were all contrary to their desires. And the followers of Jesus also began to waver. The seed had fallen among thorns. They had followed Jesus long enough, and they had seen miracles enough, to be assured of his goodness and of his fitness to be their king. But he was not the sort of king they wanted. The Christ of God he might be, but he was not the Jesus to out-Herod Herod. Worse than all, he did not seem to agree with the prophets. They would not receive him as a redeemer of mankind from sin. They wanted a king to reign over them on the throne of Israel. So they gave him up to his enemies and he was destroyed. It was an age of strange contrasts, and the strangeness is not all over with. For every year hundreds go to Palestine to end their days that they may be buried in the scanty soil, hundreds go down into the "wilderness" to see the place whence came the "voice," and each year thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims come from all lands to bathe where "Jesus . . . . was baptized of John in Jordan."

Edward L. Wilson.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF EMANCIPATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

IN order to understand the unfortunate consequence of the long delay of McClellan in moving his army from the James to the Potomac, a few words of retrospect are here necessary. On June 26, 1862, General John Pope was appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, consisting of the corps of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell. Frémont, having refused to serve under his junior, was relieved of his command, and his place taken by General Franz Sigel. McDowell and Banks, who might with much more reason have objected to the arrangement, accepted it with soldierly and patriotic promptness. General Pope, though still a young man, was a veteran soldier. He was a graduate of the class of 1842 at West Point, had served with distinction in the Mexican War, and had had a great success in the capture of Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River in the spring of 1862. He had made a very favorable impression, not only upon the President but upon most members of the Cabinet. He remained in Washington for several weeks after having been assigned to his new command, awaiting the arrival of General Halleck, the new General-in-Chief, and only left there to put himself at the head of his troops on the 29th of July.

In the latter part of June the President, being deeply anxious in regard to the military situation, and desiring to obtain the best advice in his power, had made as privately as possible a visit to General Scott in his retirement to ask his counsel. The only record of this visit is a memorandum from Scott approving the President's own plan of sending McDowell's command to reënforce McClellan before Richmond, a plan the execution of which was prevented by Lee's attack. It is probable that at this same interview the appointment of Halleck as General-in-Chief was again suggested by General Scott. Secretary Chase says in his diary that so far as he knew no member of the Cabinet was consulted in regard to it.[2] The appointment when made was received with general approval. Halleck was not McClellan, which was sufficient for the more vehement opponents of that general; and he was not a Republican, which pleased the other party. In fact he shocked the Secretary of the Treasury by saying at the first Cabinet meeting he attended, "I confess I do not think much of the negro." If Halleck never fulfilled the high expectations at first entertained of him, he at least discharged the duties of his great office with intelligence and fidelity. His integrity and his ability were alike undoubted. His deficiencies were rather those of temperament. In great crises he lacked determination and self-confidence, and was always more ready to avoid than to assume embarrassing responsibility.

General Halleck had arrived from the West, had taken command of all the armies of the Republic on July 23, and started at once on a visit to the Army of the Potomac. After his return from the James the question of McClellan's removal from command of the Army of the Potomac was much discussed in Administration circles. The President himself was averse to it. Secretary Chase was the most prominent member of the Government in its favor. He urged it strongly upon General Halleck, thinking it necessary to the revival of the credit of the country. Halleck agreed with him in condemning McClellan's military operations, but thought that "under his orders" McClellan "would do very well." Pope, in conversation with the Secretary of the Treasury, said he had warned the President that he could not safely command the Army of Virginia if its success was to depend on the coöperation of McClellan, for he felt assured that his coöperation would fail at some time when it would be most important. But the resolution was taken, upon Halleck's report, to withdraw McClellan with his army. On the 30th, as we have seen, McClellan was ordered to send away his sick. On the 3d of August he was directed to move his army to Aquia Creek. Reiterated orders, entreaties, arguments, and reproaches were all powerless to hasten his

[2] Secretary Welles says Scott, Stanton, and Pope favored Halleck's appointment.— *Lincoln and Seward.*

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movements or to bring him to the Potomac in less than three weeks. His first troops, Reynolds's division, joined the Army of Virginia on the 23d of August.

In the mean time Pope had begun his campaign with an error of taste more serious than any error of conduct he ever committed. He had issued an address to his army containing a few expressions which had made almost all the officers of the Army of the Potomac his enemies.[1]

This address, which had no other purpose than to encourage and inspirit his men, was received, to Pope's amazement, with a storm of angry ridicule which lasted as long as he remained in command of the Army of Virginia, and very seriously weakened his hold upon the confidence of his troops and the respect of the public. As a matter of course it rendered impossible any sincere sympathy and support from General McClellan and those nearest to him. It may even be doubted whether there had been from the beginning any probability of a good understanding between them. From the moment Pope arrived from the West he was regarded with jealousy by the friends of McClellan as a certain rival and possible successor.

In the last days of June, when McClellan made his first intimation of a change of base, Pope had suggested, and the President had conveyed his suggestion to McClellan, that it would be better for the latter, if forced to leave the line of the Chickahominy, to fall back on the Pamunkey. The source from which the suggestion came was sufficient to insure its rejection if there had been no other reason. Pope had taken great pains to establish friendly relations with McClellan, writing him, as soon as he assumed command, a long and cordial letter giving him a full account of his situation and intentions, and inviting his confidence and sympathy in return. McClellan answered a few days later in a briefer letter, in which he clearly foreshadowed an intention to resist the withdrawal of his army from its present position. Handicapped by this lack of cordial sympathy for him in the Army of the Potomac, Pope left Washington on the 29th of July to begin his work, the first object of which was to make a demonstration in the direction of Gordonsville to assist in the withdrawal of McClellan's army from the James. In pursuance of this intention Generals Banks and Sigel were ordered to move to Culpeper Court House. Banks promptly obeyed his orders, arriving there shortly before midnight on the 8th of August. Sigel, from some mistake as to the road, did not get there until the evening of the next day. By that time Banks had gone forward to Cedar Mountain, and at that point, with a force of less than 8000 men of all arms, he attacked the army corps of Stonewall Jackson, consisting of Ewell's, Hill's, and Jackson's divisions, with such vigor and impetuosity that he came near defeating them. He inflicted such a blow upon Jackson as to give him an exaggerated idea of his numbers; and hearing two days afterwards that Banks had been reënforced, Jackson thought best to retire to the Rapidan.

By this time General Lee, having become convinced that McClellan was about to leave the Peninsula, concluded to concentrate a large force upon Pope's advance, to attack and if possible to destroy it. On the 13th of August General Longstreet was ordered to the Rapidan with the divisions of Longstreet and Jackson, and Stuart's cavalry corps. General Lee disposed of an army of about 55,000 men. Pope, finding himself so greatly outnumbered, wisely retreated behind the Rappahannock, where he established himself without loss on the 20th of August.

Thus far Pope had made no mistake. He had succeeded in checking the advance of Jackson, in withdrawing such a force of the enemy from Richmond as to leave McClellan's retreat unmolested, and had established his army in good condition on the north bank of the Rappahannock. Under orders from General Halleck he held the line of this river for eight days, repulsing several attempts of the enemy to cross, in hope, as the General-in-Chief said, "that during this time sufficient forces from the Army of the Potomac would reach Aquia Creek to enable us to prevent any further advance of Lee, and eventually, with the combined armies, to drive him back upon Richmond."[2] Baffled in his repeated attempts to cross the Rappahannock in front of Pope's position, General Lee resolved upon a flank movement to the left and intrusted it to Stone-

[1] . . . I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found — whose policy has been attack, and not defense. . . . I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy; and it is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. . . . I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions, and holding them; of lines of retreat, and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position that a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear. . . . [Pope's address "To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia," July 14, 1862.]

[2] Halleck, Report of Nov. 25, 1862. War Records.

wall Jackson. The latter executed the task with amazing audacity and swiftness, marching round the left and rear of the Union army through the villages of Amissville, Orlean, and Salem, pouring his forces through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains and striking Pope's line of communication and a valuable depot of supplies at Manassas Junction. Jackson retired from this place and took up his position in the morning of the 28th of August just north of the Warrenton Turnpike, near the old battlefield of Bull Run. Longstreet's corps was so far behind Jackson that a rapid change of front and concentration of all the troops at Pope's and Halleck's disposal ought to have destroyed Jackson, isolated as he was from the rest of Lee's army. But his position was not ascertained as soon as it should have been. Owing to causes which have led to infinite controversy, the Union forces were not brought together with the energy and celerity required, and therefore it came about that in the morning of August 29 Pope's main army confronted Jackson on the Warrenton Pike at Groveton; Porter was some three miles on the left near the Manassas Gap Railroad, and Longstreet was on the march from Thoroughfare Gap to effect his junction with Jackson's right. There was still an opportunity to win a great victory.

General Fitz John Porter, when at Warrenton Junction on the evening of the 27th of August, had received an order from General Pope to march at 1 A. M. to Bristoe Station; but, in the exercise of his own discretion, he did not march until dawn. This delay, however, had as yet no specially disastrous results, and would probably never have been brought into such prominence as it afterwards assumed had it not been for the light which it was supposed to cast upon subsequent events. Porter was, however, in his place on the morning of the 29th, with his splendid corps in fighting trim some distance from General Pope's left and a little in rear of his line of battle. He had been ordered to Centreville the night before, but his orders had been changed, early in the morning, to proceed to Gainesville instead. No time had been lost by this change, as his new order found him, on his march, at Manassas Junction, whence he pushed out his column on the Gainesville road to a little stream called Dawkins Branch, where he halted.

About 9 o'clock General Pope issued to McDowell and Porter a joint order[1] directing them to move their commands towards Gainesville, and to establish communication between themselves and the main body on the Warrenton Turnpike. General McDowell relates in his testimony before the general court-martial of Fitz John Porter that he met General Porter near the little stream just mentioned, about five miles from Manassas Junction and three miles from Gainesville. They had some conversation in regard to the joint order, and McDowell communicated to Porter a dispatch he had just received from General Buford, to the effect that a considerable body of Confederate troops was approaching from the direction of Gainesville. Concluding from this and other circumstances that there was immediate need of the presence of one of them on the left flank of the main body of the Union army then engaged with the enemy at Groveton, McDowell resolved to take his troops in that direction. On leaving General Porter he said to him, "You put your force in here and I will take mine up the Sudley Springs road on the left of the troops engaged at that point." McDowell reached Pope about 5 P. M. and reported to him with King's division, commanded by Hatch, as King was suffering from a severe illness.

The battle which had raged all day between Pope's and Jackson's armies was ebbing to its close, neither side having gained any decided advantage. McDowell's men were put in at the left of the line for the last sharp hour of fighting; they lost heavily, but fought with the greatest gallantry. They finally retired in good order, leaving one gun in the hands of the enemy, which had "continued to fire," says the Confederate Colonel Law, "until my men were so near it as to have their faces burnt by its discharges." At 4:30 Pope, who had waited all day for Porter's flanking attack upon Jackson's right and rear, sent Porter a peremptory order directing him to push forward into action, keeping his right in communication with Pope's left.

There is much discussion whether this order was delivered at 5 or 6 o'clock. Captain Douglas Pope, who bore it, says it was delivered at the earlier hour; General Porter claims that it was an hour later; but, at all events, Porter, who had found indications of a strong force in his front, waited in position till it grew dark and then retired in the direction of Manassas Junction. That night General Pope in deep exasperation sent an order to Porter, couched in harsh and peremptory terms, directing him to report in person with his command on the field for orders. Early next morning, August 30, Porter reported with all of his command but one brigade; and on this day one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, the second battle of Bull Run, was fought. It was a battle which General Pope was under no necessity of fighting. He might easily have retired behind Bull Run and waited until Franklin's corps, which had been moving from Alexandria with inexplicable slowness, had joined him and replenished his supplies. But the reports of a retreat by the enemy, the

[1] War Records.

admirable fighting qualities of his troops displayed on the 29th before his eyes, and the fact that on the 30th he had Porter's magnificent corps under his immediate orders, and more than all perhaps the temperament of the man, who was always ready to fight when there was a fair chance for him, determined him to stay where he was and to risk a new battle on that historic field. He made a mistake in supposing that the principal force against him was north of the Warrenton Turnpike. He placed, therefore, the bulk of his own army on that side and attacked with great energy early in the afternoon. Porter's corps fought with its old-time bravery; but his troops having come within the range of the enfilading fire of Longstreet's guns, the attack failed on the left. Later, Longstreet advanced on the Confederate right. A furious struggle took place for the position of Bald Hill, west of the Sudley Springs road; and later Sykes's regulars, successfully defending into the night the Henry House Hill from the assault of the Confederates, covered the retreat of the Union army across the Stone bridge to Centreville. On both sides it was one of the hardest fought battles of the war.

The day after the battle General Lee made no attempt to pursue or molest Pope's army; but on the evening of the 1st of September he essayed his usual flanking experiment with Jackson's corps upon the Union right wing at Chantilly. Pope had foreseen this, and prepared for it, and a very severe action took place, beginning at sunset and terminating in the darkness, in the midst of a furious thunder-storm. Jackson had gone too fast and too far. He was readily repulsed, but the Union army met with a heavy loss in the death of Generals Philip Kearny and Isaac I. Stevens. There were few men in the service more able, industrious, modest, and faithful than Stevens; and Kearny was an ideal soldier — brave, cool, patient, and loyal.

On the morning of the 1st, Pope, who seemed far more dispirited and discouraged by the evident hostility towards him existing among the officers of the Army of the Potomac than by any of his losses in battle, had telegraphed to General Halleck his opinion that the army should be withdrawn to the intrenchments in front of Washington, and in that secure place reorganized and rearranged. "When there is no heart in their leaders," he says, "and every disposition to hang back, much cannot be expected from the men."[1] These orders were given the next day, and the army was brought back without molestation.

General Pope attributed the failure of this campaign to General Porter's inaction and his disobedience of orders upon the 27th and 29th, and in this opinion many officers of the highest rank and integrity agreed. The general court-martial by which the charges were considered found General Porter guilty and sentenced him to be cashiered. He, assured of his own integrity, persistently protested against the injustice of this sentence and sought in every possible way to have it reversed.[2] It became in a certain sense a political question; and when, a quarter of a century later, the Democratic party had gained control of the House of Representatives and the Presidency, General Porter was restored to his former position in the army. With all the testimony adduced, it is probable that Porter would not have been convicted had it not been for his own letters written during the progress of the campaign. These show a spirit of contempt and scorn for his superior officer which go far to explain his behavior on this occasion.[3] It was these letters which furnished the theory of the prosecution of Porter: that he sincerely felt the good of the army and of the country required that Pope should be deposed from the command for which he honestly believed him unfit, and that McClellan should have his old army back again. His magnificent courage and conduct on other fields have a tendency to blind the eyes of just criticism in this matter; but there seems no resemblance between this languid soldier of the 29th of August and that son of thunder who at Beaver Dam and Gaines's Mill withstood the

1 War Records.

2 A board of three general officers appointed by President Hayes to reëxamine the case acquitted General Porter of all blame except for indiscreet and unkind criticism of his superior officer. A bill was passed by Congress restoring him to the army, but it was vetoed by President Arthur, who, however, removed Porter's continuing disabilities by an Executive order. After the accession of President Cleveland the bill was once more passed and this time approved by the President, and General Porter was restored to his place in the army and honorably retired.

3 In a letter of August 27th to Burnside from Warrenton Junction he says: "I find a vast difference between these troops and ours. . . . I hear that they are much demoralized, and need some good troops to give heart and, I think, head. We are working now to get behind Bull Run, and I presume will be there in a few days if strategy does not use us up. The strategy is magnificent, and tactics in an inverse proportion. . . . I would like to be ordered to return to Fredericksburg. . . . I do not doubt the enemy have a large amount of supplies provided for them, and believe they have a contempt for the Army of Virginia. I wish myself away from it with all our old Army of the Potomac, and so do our companions. . . . If you can get me away, please do so." Later he indulges in a pardonable pleasantry at the expense of his commander's magniloquent address to his troops: "Our line of communication is taking care of itself, in compliance with orders." On the morning of the 29th he wrote: "I hope Mac is at work and we shall soon be ordered out of this. It would seem, from proper statements of the enemy, that he was wandering round loose; but I expect they know what they are doing, which is more than any one here or anywhere knows."

onset of Lee and his army from noon to night of a long summer's day, with the same men and guns who were idling in the shade that afternoon by Dawkins Branch. What he gallantly and gladly did for the glory and honor of a commander he loved and admired he was incapable of doing when the glory and honor was to inure to the benefit of a commander whom he hated and despised.

General Pope regarded the inefficiency of McClellan in forwarding reënforcements to him from Alexandria as another important factor in his failure. He says in his report that Reynolds's division, which joined him on the 23d of August at Rappahannock station, and the corps of Heintzelman and Porter, about 18,000 between them, which arrived on the 26th and 27th at Warrenton Junction, were "all of the 91,000 veteran troops from Harrison's Landing which ever drew trigger under my command." Franklin and Sumner with 20,000 effectives reported to him at Centreville too late to redeem the campaign. It is a fact not without significance that the last troops which joined him before the hard fighting began did so before McClellan took charge at Alexandria. General Sumner, that brave old warrior who considered it a personal injury to be kept from any battlefield within his reach, broke out in hot anger when he learned that McClellan had said his corps was not in a condition for fighting. "If I had been ordered to advance right on," he said afterwards,[1] "from Alexandria by the Little River Turnpike, I should have been in that Second Bull Run battle with my whole force." He was made to waste forty-eight hours in camp and in a fruitless march to the Aqueduct bridge.

In the matter of Franklin's corps the correspondence of General McClellan himself furnishes the most undeniable evidence that he did not think best to hurry matters in reenforcing Pope. Halleck on the 27th had telegraphed him the probability of a general battle. "Franklin's corps," he said, "should move out by forced marches, carrying three or four days' provisions." This order was repeated later in the day in more urgent terms, that "Franklin's corps should move in the direction of Manassas as soon as possible." McClellan answered, not that Franklin had started, but that he had sent orders to him to "prepare to march." He afterwards discovered that Franklin was in Washington, and gave orders to place the corps in "readiness to move." In the afternoon he sent dispatches indicating his belief that it might be better for Franklin not to go, and questioning whether Washington was safe; and in the evening of the same day this conviction had gained such strength in his mind that he squarely recommended that the troops in hand be held for the defense of the capital. On the morning of the 28th Halleck telegraphed direct an order to Franklin to move towards Manassas, but at 1 o'clock in the afternoon General McClellan replied, "The moment Franklin can be started with a reasonable amount of artillery, he shall go." At 4:10 o'clock he added: "General Franklin is with me here. I will know in a few minutes the condition of artillery and cavalry. We are not yet in a condition to move; may be by to-morrow morning." Halleck, in despair at this inertia, had telegraphed at 3:30 o'clock: "Not a moment must be lost in pushing as large a force as possible towards Manassas so as to communicate with Pope before the enemy is reënforced." To this, after the lapse of an hour, McClellan answered:

> Your dispatch received. Neither Franklin or Sumner's corps is now in condition to move and fight a battle. It would be a sacrifice to send them now. . . .

At night General Halleck, with vehement earnestness, ordered —

> There must be no further delay in moving Franklin's corps towards Manassas. They must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready. If we delay too long, there will be no necessity to go at all; for Pope will either be defeated or be victorious without our aid. If there is a want of wagons, the men must carry provisions with them till the wagons can come to their relief.

At last McClellan answered that he had ordered Franklin to march at 6 in the morning of the 29th. He then enumerated the force he had in hand, amounting to about thirty thousand men, and added, with a naïveté which in view of Halleck's urgent telegrams for two days would be comical if the consequences had not been so serious, "If you wish any of them to move towards Manassas, please inform me."

On the 29th of August he got Franklin started, but still protested against the order to move him, and continually through the day sent dispatches suggesting that Franklin should go no farther, until at last Halleck, even his excessive patience giving way, replied at 3 o'clock, "I want Franklin's corps to go far enough to find out something about the enemy. . . . I am tired of guesses." At a quarter before 3 in the afternoon of the 29th, General McClellan sent the following extraordinary dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, which to do him justice must be given entire:

> The last news I received from the direction of Manassas was from stragglers, to the effect that the enemy were evacuating Centreville and retiring

[1] Sumner's testimony. Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

towards Thoroughfare Gap. This by no means reliable. I am clear that one of two courses should be adopted: first, to concentrate all our available forces to open communications with Pope; second, to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once use all our means to make the capital perfectly safe.

No middle ground will now answer. Tell me what you wish me to do and I will do all in my power to accomplish it. I wish to know what my orders and authority are. I ask for nothing, but will obey whatever orders you give. I only ask a prompt decision, that I may at once give the necessary orders. It will not do to delay longer.

There can be no mistaking the transparent menace of this dispatch. Of the alternatives he suggested, he meant but one. By his protests of the last three days, as well as by his actions, he had clearly shown his disinclination to attempt to open communication with Pope. There is but one course, therefore, left which commends itself to his judgment; that is, to leave the Army of Virginia to its fate. This dispatch was sent directly to the President in answer to a request from him for news, and the President replied, one must confess, with more of magnanimity than of dignity:

I think your first alternative, "to concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope," is the right one, but I wish not to control. That I now leave to General Halleck, aided by your counsels.

During the two entire days, the 29th and 30th, while Pope was engaged in his desperate struggle at Bull Run with the whole of Lee's army, the singular interchange of telegrams between Halleck and McClellan continued — the one giving orders growing more and more peremptory every hour, and the other giving excuses more or less unsatisfactory for not obeying them. But late at night of the 31st of August, when the fighting was virtually over, General Halleck, upon whom the fatigue and excitement of the past week had had a most depressing effect, suddenly betrayed that weakness of character which so often surprised his friends, and sent to McClellan a dispatch breathing discouragement in every word, in which, saying that he was "utterly tired out," he begged McClellan "to assist him in this crisis with his ability and experience." To this General McClellan replied with unusual promptness a few minutes after receiving it, asking for an interview to settle his position. In a letter an hour later he gave his decided opinion that Pope had been totally defeated and that everything available should be drawn in at once: he thinks such orders should be sent immediately; he has no confidence in Pope's dispositions; "to speak frankly," he says,—"and the occasion requires it,— there appears to be a total absence of brains, and I fear a total destruction of the army." He falls back again into his sententious strain:

The occasion is grave and demands grave measures. The question is the salvation of the country. . . . It is my deliberate opinion that the interests of the nation demand that Pope shall fall back to-night if possible, and not one moment is to be lost.

The same advice was repeated by Pope the next morning, and Halleck at once gave the necessary orders. On September 1, General McClellan visited Washington and conversed with Halleck and the President. Mr. Lincoln had been greatly distressed and shocked by the account Pope had given of the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac, which in his opinion proceeded from the spirit of hostility and insubordination displayed openly by some of its most prominent officers. He requested McClellan to use his great personal influence with his immediate friends in that army to correct this evil. McClellan, while not crediting the report of Pope, nevertheless complied with the request of the President, and sent a letter to Porter urging him and all his friends, for his sake, to extend to General Pope the same support they had always given him, to which Porter replied in loyal and soldierly terms. On the next day (September 2), Mr. Lincoln placed the defenses of Washington and the command of the troops as they arrived from the front in the hands of General McClellan. There is no other official act of his life for which he has been more severely criticised, but we need not go far to find a motive for it.

The restoration of McClellan to command was Mr. Lincoln's own act. The majority of the Cabinet were strongly opposed to it. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury agreed, upon the 29th of August, in a remonstrance against McClellan's continuance in command of any army of the Union. They reduced it to writing; it was signed by themselves and the Attorney-General, and afterwards by the Secretary of the Interior. The Secretary of the Navy concurred in the judgment of his colleagues, but declined to sign it, on the ground that it might seem unfriendly to the President. In the Cabinet meeting of the 2d of September the whole subject was freely discussed. The Secretary of War disclaimed any responsibility for the action taken, saying that the order to McClellan was given him directly by the President and that General Halleck considered himself relieved from responsibility by it, although he acquiesced and approved the order. He thought that McClellan was now in a position where he could shirk all responsibility, shielding himself under Halleck, while Halleck would shield himself under the President. Mr. Lincoln took a dif-

ferent view of the transaction, saying that he considered General Halleck as much in command of the army as ever, and that General McClellan had been charged with special functions, to command the troops for the defense of Washington, and that he placed him there because he could see no one who could do so well the work required.[1] The Secretary of the Treasury in recording this proceeding does not disguise his scorn for the lack of spirit displayed by the President, and on a later date he adds:

> It is indeed humiliating, but prompted I believe by a sincere desire to serve the country, and a fear that should he supersede McClellan by any other commander no advantage would be gained in leadership, but much harm in the disaffection of officers and troops.

Mr. Lincoln certainly had the defects of his great qualities. His unbounded magnanimity made him incapable sometimes even of just resentments. In regard to offenses committed against himself he used laughingly to say, "I am in favor of short statutes of limitations." General McClellan's worst offenses had been committed against the President in person. The insulting dispatch from Savage's Station and the letter from Harrison's Landing, in which he took the President to task for the whole course of his civil and military administration, would probably have been pardoned by no other ruler that ever lived; yet Mr. Lincoln never appeared to bear the slightest ill-will to the general on account of these affronts. He did feel deeply the conduct of McClellan towards Pope. He was outraged at McClellan's suggestion to leave Pope to his fate. He said to one of his household on the 30th of August, "He has acted badly towards Pope; he really wanted him to fail";[2] and after he had placed him again in command of the Army of the Potomac he repeated this severe judgment, but he added, "There is no one in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he can." Again he said, "We must use the tools we have; if he cannot fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight." In the interests of the country he condoned the offenses against Pope as readily as those against himself.

It may perhaps even be said that McClellan, so far from suffering at the President's hands for his unbecoming conduct towards him, gained a positive advantage by it. It was not alone for his undoubted talents as an organizer and drill-master that he was restored to his command. It was a time of gloom and doubt in the political as well as in the military situation. The factious spirit was stronger among the politicians and the press of the Democratic party than at any other time during the war. Not only in the States of the border, but in many Northern States, there were signs of sullen discontent among a large body of the people that could not escape the notice of a statesman so vigilant as Lincoln. It was of the greatest importance, not only in the interest of recruiting, but also in the interest of that wider support which a popular government requires from the general body of its citizens, that causes of offense against any large portion of the community should be sedulously avoided by those in power. General McClellan had made himself, by his demonstration against the President's policy, the leader of the Democratic party. Mr. Lincoln, for these reasons, was especially anxious to take no action against McClellan which might seem to be dictated by personal jealousy or pique; and besides, as General Pope had himself reported, there was a personal devotion to McClellan among those in high command in the Army of the Potomac which rendered it almost impossible for any other general to get its best work out of it. General Hitchcock, one of the most accomplished officers of the old army, gave this as the reason for his declining the command of that army.

It is difficult to regard without indignation the treatment, however necessary and justifiable, which the principal actors in this great transaction received. McClellan, whose conduct from beginning to end can only be condemned, received command of a great army, reorganized and reënforced, and with it a chance for magnificent achievement, if he had been able to improve it, which no officer before or since ever enjoyed on this continent. Pope, who had fought with the greatest bravery and perseverance a losing battle against Lee's entire army all the way from the Rapidan to the Potomac, encouraged at every point with the hope of reënforcements which only reached him too late, and finally by his misfortunes adding a new illustration to the prestige of his rival and enemy, received simply the compliments and congratulations of his superiors and was then removed to a distant department of the frontier, to take no further part in the stirring scenes of a war in which he was so well qualified to bear an honorable part. McDowell, a perfect soldier, among the bravest, ablest, and most loyal officers of the army, who had done his whole duty and much more, who zealously went before and beyond the orders of his superiors, always seeking the post of utmost danger and toil, was found at the close of this campaign, of which he was the true hero, with his reputa-

[1] Chase's Diary. Warden, p. 456 et seq.
[2] J. H., Diary.

tion so smirched and tarnished by senseless and malignant calumny that he was never after during the war considered available for those high and important employments for which he was better equipped than almost any of his comrades. A court of inquiry, it is true, vindicated him completely from every charge that malice or ignorance had invented against him; but the two disasters of Bull Run, in successive summers, for neither of which he was to blame, remained in the general mind inseparably connected with his name.

General McClellan himself never appreciated the magnanimity with which he had been treated. In fact, he thought the magnanimity was all upon his side. As time wore on he continually exaggerated in his own mind the services he had rendered and the needs of the Government at the time he had been placed in command, until he created for himself the fantastic delusion that he had saved the Administration from despair! In the last lines he ever wrote, shortly before his death, he gives this absolutely new and most remarkable account of the visit which Lincoln and Halleck made to him on the 2d of September:

> He [the President] then said that he regarded Washington as lost, and asked me if I would, under the circumstances, as a favor to him, resume command and do the best that could be done. Without one moment's hesitation, and without making any conditions whatever, I at once said that I would accept the command and would stake my life that I would save the city. Both the President and Halleck again asserted that it was impossible to save the city, and I repeated my firm conviction that I could and would save it. They then left, the President verbally placing me in entire command of the city and of the troops falling back upon it from the front.[1]

It is possible that in the lapse of twenty years General McClellan's memory had become so distorted by constant dwelling upon imagined wrongs that he was at last capable of believing this absurd fiction. It was a fancy adopted in the last years of his life. A year after his removal from command he wrote a voluminous report of his entire military history, filling an octavo volume. He was then the acknowledged favorite of the Democratic party, the predestined candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Lincoln. He embodied in that report every incident or argument he could think of to justify his own conduct and to condemn that of the Government. Yet in this interminable document there is no hint that Lincoln or Halleck thought the capital was lost. He apparently never dreamed of such a thing while Lincoln lived; he gave no intimation of such a charge while Halleck survived, although their relations were frankly hostile. Only after both these witnesses had passed away, and a direct contradiction was thus rendered impossible, did it occur to him to report this conversation between his patriotic heroism and their craven despair!

There is another proof that this story was an after-thought. In a letter to his family, written on the 2d, the very morning of this pretended conversation, he merely says:

> I was surprised this morning, when at breakfast, by a visit from the President and Halleck, in which the former expressed the opinion that the troubles now impending could be overcome better by me than by any one else. Pope is ordered to fall back upon Washington, and as he reënters everything is to come under my command again.

When we consider that in these private letters he never omits an opportunity for heroic posturing, it is impossible to believe that if Lincoln and Halleck an hour or two before had been imploring him to save the capital, he would not have mentioned it. The truth is, McClellan himself has left evidence of the fact that he thought Washington in danger. He wrote to his wife:

> I do not regard Washington as safe against the rebels. If I can quietly slip over there I will send your silver off.

If it was worth while to cumber these pages with the refutation of a calumny so transparently false, we could bring the testimony of a score of witnesses to show that Mr. Lincoln, during the first days of September, was unusually cool and determined. Grieved and disappointed as he was at the failure of Pope's campaign, his principal preoccupation was not at any time the safety of Washington. It was that Lee's army, as he frequently expressed it, "should not get away without being hurt." On Monday morning he said: "They must be whipped here and now. Pope must fight them; and if they are too strong for him, he can gradually get back to these fortifications." At the time McClellan falsely represents him as hopeless of saving Washington he had no thought of the safety of that place in his mind, except as a secondary and permanent consideration. He was making ready a force to attack the enemy. On the 3d of September he wrote with his own hand this order, which sufficiently shows the mood he was in:

> *Ordered*, that the General-in-Chief, Major-General Halleck, immediately commence and proceed with all possible dispatch to organize an army for active operations from all the material within and coming within his control, independent of the forces he may deem necessary for the defense of Washington, when such active army shall take the field.

[1] THE CENTURY, May, 1886. "McClellan's Own Story," p. 535.

This order, countersigned by the Secretary of War, was delivered to Halleck by General Townsend, and the work of preparing the army for the offensive was at once begun. McClellan, under Halleck's direction, went heartily to work to execute these orders of the President. He had none of the protecting airs he gives himself in his memoirs; his conduct was exemplary. "McClellan," said Lincoln on the 5th, "is working like a beaver. He seems to be aroused to doing something by the sort of snubbing he got last week." The work he was now engaged upon was congenial staff work, and he performed it with great zeal and efficiency. It suited him in after years to pretend that he was acting without orders and without communication with the Government. It was his favorite phrase that he went to Antietam with a "halter about his neck." But his letters written at the time contradict those assertions. He wrote from Washington, on the 7th of September:

> I leave here this afternoon to take command of the troops in the field. The feeling of the Government towards me, I am sure, is kind and trusting.

ANTIETAM.

As soon as General McClellan was replaced in command of the Army of the Potomac he began to put the forces in order; and the ease and rapidity with which this was accomplished show that both he and General Pope, with very different intentions, had equally exaggerated the state of their demoralization. The troops were not in so bad a condition at Centreville as Pope imagined, and the army that Mr. Lincoln handed over to McClellan at Washington was both in numbers and morale a formidable host. Its morning returns show an aggregate of over 100,000 men, and General McClellan himself reports that he had at Antietam 87,000. But the vast discrepancy between the force on paper and the effectives in battle gives a margin of which writers sometimes avail themselves according to their prejudices or prepossessions. General Palfrey, who took part in the campaign and who has since examined the reports on both sides with scrupulous care, says that in this single instance McClellan overstated the number of his troops in action, and that 70,000 would be nearer the mark. It is true he could afford it, as in the same estimate he very nearly doubled the number of the enemy. The Confederate rosters show some forty-five brigades of infantry, exclusive of cavalry and artillery. Lee says in his report that he commanded at Antietam about 40,000 troops.[1]

McClellan's time for training and drilling his recovered army was brief; for within a few days the news came that Lee had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. There was no time now for indecision, and Lincoln's stern and constantly repeated injunction, "You must find and hurt this enemy now," had to be obeyed.

General Lee has given in his own report a sufficiently clear statement of what he hoped to accomplish by his invasion of Maryland. The supplies of rich and productive districts were thus made accessible to his army, and he wished to "prolong this state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy." He also makes an acknowledgment which shows that he, in common with others at Richmond, had been grossly deceived by the accounts which rebel refugees from Maryland, and their sympathizing correspondents at home, had given of the oppressive tyranny of Lincoln, and the resentment it had caused in that commonwealth. He says:

> The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington Government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies which its course towards the people of that State had given it reason to apprehend. At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington Government than from active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

In a hasty note he informed the Richmond Government of his purpose, and took the initial steps to execute it with great promptness. He crossed his entire army between the 4th and 7th of September near Leesburg, and camped in the vicinity of Frederick. He took it for granted that our force at Harper's Ferry would be at once withdrawn; thereafter he intended to move the army into western Maryland, establish his communications with Richmond through the Shenandoah Valley, and then to move into Pennsylvania and draw McClellan from his base to fight in a field of his own selection. If all his surmises had been correct, if Miles had been withdrawn from Harper's Ferry, if Maryland had risen in revolt, if McClellan had allowed him to range through western Maryland at his leisure, the plan would have been an admirable one and the results of it most fruitful; but all these expectations failed. After two days at Frederick he found that Maryland was contented

[1] War Records.

with the oppressor's yoke, and that Miles remained at Harper's Ferry. He therefore considered it necessary to detach a large portion of his force under Jackson, McLaws, and Walker to surround and capture the garrison at that place: the rest of the army withdrew from Frederick to Boonsboro'.

Meantime McClellan was slowly approaching. He felt, of course, the need of more troops. With an army about him so enormous that, as he says in his report,[1] it would occupy fifty miles of road in marching order, he still paused on the 11th to write to General Halleck, begging for reënforcements. He first assures him that the capital is in no danger and that all the troops there may safely be sent to him; but in order to guard against any possible rejoinder he adds, "Even if Washington should be taken while these armies are confronting each other this would not, in my judgment, bear comparison with the ruin and disaster which would follow the defeat of this army," an opinion which has no especial value except as showing what General McClellan's judgment was worth in such a matter. Except when he was in Washington, he always regarded its possible capture as a trifling affair. But his demand was complied with: Porter's corps was ordered to join him, with a kind message from the President, which he acknowledged courteously, and then — asked for Keyes's corps! He was in no haste; he ordered his officers beforehand to avoid collisions. He attempts in his report to account for his tardy marching on the ground that the authorities at Washington wished him not to go too far from the capital. General Halleck says that no order capable of bearing this construction was ever given. He says:

> I telegraphed him that he was going too far, not from Washington, but from the Potomac. . . . I thought he should keep more upon the Potomac and press forward his left rather than his right, so as more readily to relieve Harper's Ferry, which was the point then in most danger.[2]

But two days after the above-mentioned letter asking for reënforcements, McClellan received information which was enough to put a soul of enterprise into the veriest laggard that ever breathed. There never was a general so fruitlessly favored by fortune as McClellan, and never was such a piece of good luck offered, even to him, as that which fell into his hands on the 13th of September. He had been advancing in his leisurely manner from Washington on parallel roads, making only about six miles a day, when on the 13th he arrived at Frederick and one of his officers brought to him Lee's special order of the 9th, that a private soldier had found, containing his entire plan of campaign. By this he learned that his enemy was before him, a day's march away; that his whole force was inferior to his own; and that it was divided into two portions, one in camp near Boonsboro' and the other besieging Miles at Harper's Ferry. It is not too much to say that his enemy had been delivered into his hands. After he had read this order the contest between him and Lee, other things being equal, would have been like a fight between a man blindfolded and one having use of his eyes. He not only knew of the division of his enemy's army in half, but he knew where his trains, his rear-guard, his cavalry, were to march and to halt, and where the detached commands were to join the main body.[3]

He seemed to appreciate the importance of his discovery,[4] but it was not in his nature to act promptly enough. Franklin was at Buckeystown, about twelve miles east of South Mountain, a prolongation northward of the Blue Ridge, beyond which Lee's army lay. Instead of giving him immediate orders to march with all possible speed to Harper's Ferry, he wrote at his leisure a long and judicious instruction directing him to march to that point the next day. The weather was perfect; the roads were in good order. McClellan knew there was no enemy between him and Crampton's Gap. Every possible consideration urged him to make use of every instant of time.[5] The precious opportunity was neglected, and it was noon the next day, the 14th of September, when Franklin stormed the crest of the mountain after a brilliant and easy victory over General Cobb's detachment of McLaws's division, which had been left to guard the pass. The Union right wing spent the whole of the same day in a stubborn fight for the position of Fox's and Turner's Gaps, some six miles farther north.

1 McClellan, "Army of the Potomac," p. 188.

2 Halleck's testimony. Report Committee on Conduct of the War.

3 Palfrey, "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," p. 20 et seq.

4 He telegraphed to the President: "I have the whole rebel force in front of me, but am confident, and no time shall be lost. . . . I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished for it. . . . I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap if my men are equal to the emergency." [War Records.]

5 If he had thrown forward his army with the vigor used by Jackson in his advance on Harper's Ferry, the passes of South Mountain would have been carried before the evening of the 13th, at which time they were very feebly guarded; and then, debouching into Pleasant Valley, the Union commander might next morning have fallen upon the rear of McLaws at Maryland Heights and relieved Harper's Ferry, which did not surrender till the morning of the 15th. But he did not arrive at South Mountain until the morning of the 14th, and by that time the Confederates, forewarned of his approach, had recalled a considerable force to dispute the passage. [Swinton, "Army of the Potomac," p. 202.]

After sharp fighting, in which General Reno, an officer of the highest merit, was killed, and Colonel Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, was wounded, advanced positions were secured. At neither Crampton's nor Turner's was the victory pushed to advantage. Franklin did nothing to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Harper's Ferry, and the force at Turner's Gap rested on the ground that they had won until, when the mists of the morning cleared away on the 15th, they saw the enemy had retreated from their front. Much valuable time had been lost, and more than time; for early on the morning of the 15th the blundering and bewildered defense of Harper's Ferry had ceased by the surrender of the garrison, its unhappy commander having been killed after he had displayed the white flag.

But McClellan had not yet lost all his advantage; and the sacrifice of Harper's Ferry would have been amply compensated if he had moved at once with all possible speed upon Lee, who, with only Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's troops, had taken up his position at Sharpsburg. Jackson was still south of the Potomac. He had no fear of night marches, and was making all possible speed to join Lee through the day and night of the 15th. The force of McLaws got away from in front of Franklin, and, though making a long détour and crossing the Potomac twice, still joined the main army at Sharpsburg on the 17th. All this time, while the scattered detachments of Lee were moving with the utmost expedition to join their main body, making two or three times the distance which separated Lee from McClellan, the latter made his preparations for an attack, as if, to quote Johnston again, "time was of no especial value to him." On the 15th he marched down to Antietam Creek and placed his soldiers in position. He rode from end to end of his line, enjoying one of the grandest greetings ever given by an army to its commander. The thunder of cheers which met him at every point showed that there was no lack of morale in that mighty army, and that they were equal to any service their beloved commander might choose to require of them.

It seems almost incredible, as we write it, and it will appear inexplicable to such readers as may come after us, that McClellan made no movement during the afternoon[1] of Monday, the 15th, and did nothing during the entire day of the 16th but to advance a portion of his right wing across Antietam Creek, and this while the ragged legions of Lee were streaming in from across the Potomac to take up their positions for the impending conflict. Every minute which he thus let slip was paid for in the blood of Union soldiers next day. Never had McClellan's habit of procrastination served him so ill a turn as during the whole day of the 16th. Lee's error of dividing his army would have been fatal to him if even on the morning of the 16th McClellan had advanced upon him in force. The loss of the afternoon of the 15th in that case would scarcely have been felt. The reduction of Harper's Ferry had taken a day longer than Lee expected, and when night fell the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, A. P. Hill, and Walker were still beyond the Potomac.[2] He would have been compelled to withstand the attack of McClellan's whole army with nothing but the divisions of D. R. Jones and D. H. Hill on the right and center, and of Hood, Ewell, and J. R. Jones on the left. But before noon of the 17th most of Lee's forces were on the ground, and the rest arrived during the battle. McClellan had rejected the proffered favors of fortune. His delay had given back to Lee all the advantages afforded McClellan by the separation of Lee's army and the discovery of his plan of campaign. Lee had had unbroken leisure for forty-eight hours to study his ground and the dispositions of his antagonist, which had been made in plain view under his eyes. Lee's advantage of position was fully equal to McClellan's advantage of numbers; and it was therefore on even terms between the two armies that the battle of Antietam began.

The ground was highly favorable to Lee. In front of him was Antietam Creek, the high wooded ground affording an advantageous position and cover for his batteries. There was little field for maneuvering, and little was attempted. From daylight till dark of the 17th the battle went on. There was nothing of it but sheer, persistent, brutal slaughter. McClellan's plan was to throw forward his right wing, the corps of Hooker leading, supported by that of Mansfield, and by those of Sumner and Franklin if necessary; when the battle became well engaged on the right, the left wing, under Burnside, was to cross the lower bridge to try to turn the enemy's right. On this simple plan the battle was contested. Hooker advanced early in the morning and fought until his corps, giving and receiving about equal injuries, was shattered to pieces, and himself borne from the field, severely wounded. General Meade succeeding him in command, Mansfield came to his assistance. His corps also did heroic service, and its veteran commander was killed in the front of his foremost line. His corps was led during the rest of the day by General A. S. Williams. As our left remained entirely inactive, Lee was able to use most of his force

[1] McClellan in his memoirs, p. 586, blames Burnside for the slowness of the march on the 15th.

[2] Lee to Davis, September 18, 1862. War Records.

on our right, and his resistance was so obstinate that Sumner's corps was drawn into the conflict, where it met with heavy losses; Richardson, one of the best division commanders in the army, received a mortal hurt, and Sedgwick was twice wounded. Before the battle ended on the right even Franklin's corps, which it had been intended to hold in reserve, was drawn into the whirlpool of blood and fire. Corps by corps, division by division, one might almost say brigade by brigade, those brave and devoted troops were hurled in succession, without intelligent plan, without any special concert of action, against Lee's left. The carnage was frightful, the result in no proportion to the terrible expense. It was afternoon before the left wing, under Burnside, began its part of the work. The lower bridge was crossed about 1 o'clock and the west bank gained, but no farther advance was made by Burnside until after 3. He then moved forward his forces, under General Cox's command, upon the enemy's right, making good progress, until, late in the afternoon, as if good fortune, weary of having her favors rejected by General McClellan, had turned to the other side, the Light Division of A. P. Hill, which had marched seventeen miles in seven hours, arrived on the field from Harper's Ferry and made a vigorous attack upon our extreme left, killed General Rodman, and threw his division into some disorder. This unlooked-for demonstration checked the advance of the Federal column, and it fell back a little distance to the hills on the west of the Antietam. Night came on, and the long, desperate battle was at an end. The tactical advantage was with General McClellan. On his left, his center, and his right he had gained a little ground. Both armies had suffered losses which it shocks the sense to contemplate. They were almost equal — over 12,000 killed and wounded on the Union side, over 11,000 on the Confederate;[1] but Lee's loss was more than one-fourth of his army, while McClellan's was only one-sixth of his. In his report General McClellan says:

> The night brought with it grave responsibilities. Whether to renew the attack on the 18th or to defer it, even with the risk of the enemy's retirement, was the question before me.

There could be little doubt of his decision of the question. He was keenly alive to the sufferings of his army. He loved them, and was loved by them in return. The piled heaps of the slain, the thousands of wounded and dying, the wreck and havoc of the conquered field, all impressed his imagination so powerfully that he was unable to conceive the worse condition of the enemy. There rose before his mind also an appalling picture of the consequences that would ensue if he risked another battle and lost it. He saw Lee's army marching in triumph on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, the country ravaged, the cause lost.[2] Every impulse of his heart and conscience forbade him to assume so enormous a responsibility. He would not absolutely decide which course to adopt, but, after his habit, concluded to wait until the 19th before making a final decision.[3]

The occasion, however, would not wait for him. General Lee knew, if McClellan did not, that his army was in no condition to risk another battle. The straggling of McClellan's force was one of the reasons that induced him to delay. No doubt there was a great deal of it in his command. One day President Lincoln, exasperated at the discrepancy between the aggregate of troops he had sent to McClellan and the number McClellan reported as having been received, exclaimed in a simile of concise grotesqueness, "Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard; not half of them get there." But the case on the other side was worse still. Lee reported to Jefferson Davis on the 21st of September that the efficiency of his army was "paralyzed by the loss to its ranks of the numerous stragglers."[4] "On the morning after the battle," he says, "General Evans reported to me on the field, where he was holding the front position, that he had but 120 of his brigade present, and that the next brigade to his, that of General Garnett, consisted of but 100 men. General Pendleton reported that the brigades of Generals Lawton and Armistead, left to guard the ford at Shepherdstown, together contained but 600 men. This," he adds feelingly, "is a woful condition of affairs." But of course General McClellan had no personal knowledge of this; and, as we have seen in the course of this narrative, he was utterly destitute of those intuitions of the situation and the intention of his enemy which we find in all great commanders. The fight of the day before had been so terri-

[1] On the Union side 12,410 at Antietam and 15,203 in the campaign, not including the losses at Harper's Ferry, which were 12,737. The closest estimate that can be made shows a loss of about 11,172 to the Confederates at Antietam, and of 13,964 during the campaign.

[2] McClellan, "Army of the Potomac," p. 211.

[3] It is hard to say whether these words, from a letter written by General McClellan on the 18th, are more comic or pathetic: "Those in whose judgment I rely tell me that I fought the battle splendidly and that it was a masterpiece of art. . . . God has been good in sparing the lives of all my staff. Generals Hooker, Sedgwick, Dana, Richardson, and Hartsuff, and several other general officers, wounded. Mansfield is dead, I fear." On the 20th he wrote: "I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country." ["McClellan's Own Story," p. 612.]

[4] War Records.

ble in the struggle and carnage, he had made his personal influence so little felt on the field,[1] he had gained so little advantage in comparison with his frightful losses, that it would be unjust to expect to find in him on the morning of the 18th that alacrity and elation of victory which would have impelled him in pursuit of his shattered enemy. Beaten as Lee was, his promising campaign brought to a disastrous failure by his own error, he was still less affected by it than was McClellan by his victory. He even thought for the moment, before twilight had settled on the battle on the 17th, of executing with his usual instrument his usual movement, of sending Stonewall Jackson by the left to attack the right flank of McClellan's army.[2] He opposed a bold front to his ill fortune, and closes his description of the battle by saying that he deemed it injudicious to push his advantage further.

McClellan was almost alone in his decision not to continue the battle on the 18th. General Burnside, who commanded on the left, testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War[3] that he thought the attack should be renewed at early dawn, and gave this opinion to McClellan the night of the battle. General McClellan said he would think the matter over and make up his mind before morning, and a staff-officer of Burnside's was kept in waiting through the night at McClellan's headquarters to learn his decision.

General Franklin, in command of the center, also testified that he showed McClellan a position on our right of great importance, and advised an attack on that place in the morning. He says there was no doubt that we could carry it, as we had plenty of artillery bearing on it. He thought that by this means the whole left flank of the enemy would have been uncovered. When asked what reasons were given for rejecting this plan,[4] he repeated McClellan's customary fatal excuse for delay, that he would prefer to wait for reënforcements. Hooker, who had commanded the right wing, was also of the opinion that the attack should be resumed, although his wounds would have prevented his taking part in it.

But it was too much to expect of General McClellan that he should follow such advice. He had had, it is true, a moment of elation on the morning of the 15th after the engagement at South Mountain. To attack an enemy in position, and drive him, was to McClellan so new a sensation that he was evidently greatly exhilarated by his success at Turner's Gap. He reported Lee as admitting "that he had been shockingly whipped" and "making for Shepherdstown in a perfect panic."[5] But after the terrible conflict at Antietam the cold fit came on, and his only dispatches to Washington were of his heavy losses and of holding what he had gained. He evidently thought more of being attacked on that day than of attacking. "The battle," he says, "will probably be renewed today. Send all the troops you can, by the most expeditious route."[6] It was therefore with feelings of the greatest relief that he saw Lee's rear-guard disappear across the Potomac, and in the forenoon of the 19th he joyfully telegraphed to Washington, "Our victory was complete. The enemy is driven back into Virginia. Maryland and Pennsylvania are now safe."[7]

The President received this news, as was natural, with mingled gratitude and disappointment. He was glad and thankful for the measure of success which had been achieved, but the high hope he had entertained of destroying Lee's army before it recrossed the Potomac was baffled. His constant entreaty to McClellan, from the time he put him in command of the army up to the day of the battle, was, "Please do not let him get off without being hurt."[8] It was with this hope and purpose that he had given McClellan everything he asked for, infusing his own indomitable spirit into all the details of work at the War Department and the headquarters of the army. It was by his order that McClellan had been pushed forward, that Porter had been detached from the defense of Washington, that the militia of Pennsylvania had been hurried down to the border. He did not share General McClellan's illusion as to the monstrous number of the enemy opposed to him; and when he looked at the vast aggregate of the Army of the Potomac by the morning report on the 20th of September, "93,149 present for duty," he could not but feel that the result was not commensurate with the efforts made and the resources employed.

1 He did very little in the way of compelling the execution of the orders which he did give. He passed the whole day till towards the middle of the afternoon, when all the fighting was over, on the high ground near Fry's house, where he had some glasses strapped to the fence. . . . He made absolutely no use of the magnificent enthusiasm which the army then felt for him. [Palfrey, "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," p. 119.]

2 While the attack on our center was progressing, General Jackson had been directed to endeavor to turn the enemy's right, but found it extending nearly to the Potomac, and so strongly defended with artillery that the attempt had to be abandoned. [Report of General Lee. War Records.]

3 General McClellan in his memoirs contradicts this testimony.

4 Franklin, testimony. Report Committee on Conduct of the War.

5 War Records.

6 McClellan to Halleck, Sept. 18, 1862. War Records.

7 McClellan to Halleck. War Records.

8 Lincoln to McClellan, Sept. 12, 1862. War Records.

EMANCIPATION ANNOUNCED.

When, on the 22d of July, after full Cabinet discussion, President Lincoln decided to postpone the proclamation of emancipation which he had first prepared, in order to wait for a victory, all indications afforded a reasonable hope that the delay would not be a long one. The union of the armies of McClellan and Pope had been ordered, and once combined they would outnumber any force they were likely to meet. Halleck had been called to Washington to exercise chief command and secure unity of orders and movements. The new call for volunteers was expected to bring quick reënforcements.

We have seen through what deplorable shortcomings of McClellan and some of his officers this reasonable hope was frustrated, and how, instead of an expected victory, an unnecessary and most disheartening defeat augmented President Lincoln's difficulties and responsibiilities; how the combined armies were forced back upon Washington in such disaster and discouragement that the President felt compelled to intrust their reorganization to the very man whose weakness and jealousy had been the main cause of the result.

The damaging effect of these reverses extended beyond mere military results; they gave a new and serious character to the political conditions and complications which were an inseparable part of the President's great task. They sharpened anew the underlying prejudice and distrust between the two factions of his supporters — radicals and conservatives, as they began to be called; or, more properly speaking, those who were anxious to destroy and those who were willing to preserve slavery. Each faction loudly charged the other with being the cause of failure, and clamored vehemently for a change of policy to conform to their own views. Outside of both was the important faction of those Democrats who either yielded the war only a sullen support or opposed it as openly as they safely might, and who, on the slavery issue, directed their denunciations wholly against the radicals. It may be safely said that at no time were political questions so critical and embarrassing to Mr. Lincoln as during this period. His own decision had been reached; his own course was clearly and unalterably marked out. But the circumstances surrounding him did not permit his making it known, and he was compelled to keep up an appearance of indecision which only brought upon him a greater flood of importunities. During no part of his administration were his acts and words so persistently misconstrued as in this interim by men who gave his words the color and meaning of their own eager desires and expectations. To interpret properly Mr. Lincoln's language it must be constantly borne in mind that its single object was to curb and restrain the impatience of zealots from either faction. If we group together his several letters and addresses of this period, we may see that his admonitions and rebukes were given to both with equal earnestness and impartiality. Occasions were not wanting; for all request and advice which came to him was warped to one side or the other by the culminating contest, in which he alone could give the final and deciding word. On the 26th of July, 1862, he wrote the following letter to Reverdy Johnson, then on public business at New Orleans, who had made communications touching affairs in the Department of the Gulf:

> Yours of the 16th, by the hand of Governor Shepley, is received. It seems the Union feeling in Louisiana is being crushed out by the course of General Phelps. Please pardon me for believing that it is a false pretense. The people of Louisiana — all intelligent people everywhere — know full well that I never had a wish to touch the foundations of their society, or any right of theirs. With perfect knowledge of this they forced a necessity upon me to send armies among them, and it is their own fault, not mine, that they are annoyed by the presence of General Phelps. They also know the remedy — know how to be cured of General Phelps. Remove the necessity of his presence. And might it not be well for them to consider whether they have not already had time enough to do this? If they can conceive of anything worse than General Phelps within my power, would they not better be looking out for it? They very well know the way to avert all this is simply to take their place in the Union upon the old terms. If they will not do this, should they not receive harder blows rather than lighter ones? You are ready to say I apply to friends what is due only to enemies. I distrust the wisdom if not the sincerity of friends who would hold my hands while my enemies stab me. This appeal of professed friends has paralyzed me more in this struggle than any other one thing. You remember telling me the day after the Baltimore mob in April, 1861, that it would crush all Union feeling in Maryland for me to attempt bringing troops over Maryland soil to Washington. I brought the troops notwithstanding, and yet there was Union feeling enough left to elect a legislature the next autumn, which in turn elected a very excellent Union United States Senator![1] I am a patient man — always willing to forgive on the Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this Government, if possible. What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed.[2]

Two days later to a citizen of Louisiana he sent another letter, full of phrases quite as positive and significant. He wrote:

1 Mr. Reverdy Johnson himself.
2 Unpublished MS.

Mr. Durant complains that in various ways the relation of master and slave is disturbed by the presence of our army, and he considers it particularly vexatious that this, in part, is done under cover of an act of Congress, while constitutional guaranties are suspended on the plea of military necessity. The truth is, that what is done and omitted about slaves is done and omitted on the same military necessity. It is a military necessity to have men and money; and we can get neither, in sufficient numbers or amounts, if we keep from, or drive from, our lines slaves coming to them. . . . He speaks of no duty—apparently thinks of none—resting upon Union men. He even thinks it injurious to the Union cause that they should be restrained in trade and passage without taking sides. They are to touch neither a sail nor a pump, but to be merely passengers,—dead-heads at that,—to be carried snug and dry throughout the storm, and safely landed, right side up. Nay, more; even a mutineer is to go untouched, lest these sacred passengers receive an accidental wound. Of course the rebellion will never be suppressed in Louisiana if the professed Union men there will neither help to do it nor permit the Government to do it without their help. Now, I think the true remedy is very different from what is suggested by Mr. Durant. It does not lie in rounding the rough angles of the war, but in removing the necessity for the war. . . . If they will not do this, if they prefer to hazard all for the sake of destroying the Government, it is for them to consider whether it is probable I will surrender the Government to save them from losing all. If they decline what I suggest, you scarcely need to ask what I will do. What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can to save the Government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.[1]

In these two letters the President's reproof was addressed to conservatives to correct ill-timed complaints that the interests of slaveholders were allowed to suffer in the rude necessities of military operations and administration. But complaints equally unreasonable were assailing him from the other side. Mr. Greeley of the "New York Tribune" was criticising the President for exactly the alleged fault of not doing more of that which had brought these complaints from Louisiana. In his paper of August 20 he addressed a long open letter to Mr. Lincoln, accusing him of failure to execute the Confiscation Act "from mistaken deference to rebel slavery," and alleging that he was "unduly influenced by the counsels, the representations, the menaces of certain fossil politicians hailing from the border slave-States." "We complain," he continued, "that a large proportion of our regular army officers, with many of the volunteers, evince far more solicitude to uphold slavery than to put down the rebellion." These phrases are samples of two columns or more of equally unjust censure. Mr. Lincoln always sought, and generally with success, to turn a dilemma into an advantage; and shrewdly seizing the opportunity which Mr. Greeley had created, he in turn addressed him the following open letter through the newspapers in reply, by which he not merely warded off his present personal accusation, but skillfully laid the foundation in public sentiment for the very radical step he was about to take on the slavery question.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the "New York Tribune." If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact, which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right. As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be—"the Union as it was."[2] If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors,

[1] Lincoln to Bullitt, July 28, 1862. MS.; also incorrectly printed in several works.

[2] This letter was first printed in the "National Intelligencer" of August 23, 1862. As originally written it contained after the words, "the Union as it was," the phrase, "Broken eggs can never be mended, and the longer the breaking proceeds the more will be broken," which "was erased, with some reluctance, by the President, on the representation, made to him by the editors, that it seemed somewhat exceptionable, on rhetorical grounds, in a paper of such dignity." [Welling in "North American Review," February, 1880, p. 168.]

and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

When Mr. Lincoln wrote the foregoing letter the defeat of General Pope at the second battle of Bull Run had not yet taken place; on the contrary, every probability pointed to an easy victory for the Union troops in the battle which was plainly seen to be impending. We may therefore infer that he hoped soon to be able to supplement the above declarations by issuing his postponed proclamation, which would give the country knowledge of his final designs respecting the slavery question. But instead of the expected victory came a sad and demoralizing defeat, which prolonged, instead of shortening, the anxiety and uncertainty hanging over the intentions of the Administration. Under this enforced necessity for further postponement of his fixed purpose, in addition to his many other perplexities, the President grew sensitive and even irritable upon this point. He was by nature so frank and direct, he was so conscientious in all his official responsibilities, that he made the complaints and implied reproaches of even his humblest petitioner his own. The severe impartiality of his self-judgment sometimes became almost a feeling of self-accusation, from which he relieved himself only by a most searching analysis and review of his own motives in self-justification. In the period under review this state of feeling was several times manifested. Individuals and delegations came to him to urge one side or the other of a decision, which, though already made in his own mind, forced upon him a re-examination of its justness and its possibilities for good or evil. Imperceptibly these mental processes became a species of self-torment, and well-meaning inquirers or advisers affected his overstrung nerves like so many persecuting inquisitors. A phlegmatic nature would have turned them away in sullen silence, or at most with an evasive commonplace. But Lincoln felt himself under compulsion, which he could not resist, to state somewhat precisely the difficulties and perplexities under which he was acting, or, rather, apparently refusing to act; and in such statements his public argument, upon hypothesis assumed for illustration, was liable to outrun his private conclusions upon facts which had controlled his judgment.

It is in the light of this mental condition that we must judge the well-known reply made by him on the 13th of September to a deputation from the religious denominations of Chicago requesting him to issue at once a proclamation of universal emancipation. He said:

The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is, I will do it. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right. . . . What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. Would my word free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the rebel States? Is there a single court, or magistrate, or individual that would be influenced by it there? And what reason is there to think it would have any greater effect upon the slaves than the late law of Congress, which I approved, and which offers protection and freedom to the slaves of rebel masters who come within our lines? Yet I cannot learn that that law has caused a single slave to come over to us. . . . Now, then, tell me, if you please, what possible result of good would follow the issuing of such a proclamation as you desire? Understand, I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds, for, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in time of war I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy; nor do I urge objections of a moral nature, in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre at the South. I view this matter as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion. . . . Do not misunderstand me because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do. I trust that in the freedom with which I have canvassed your views I have not in any respect injured your feelings.

This interview of the Chicago delegation with the President lasted more than an hour, during which a long memorial was read, interspersed with much discursive conversation and interchange of questions and replies. The report of his remarks, which was written out and published by the delegation after their return home, is not a verbatim reproduction, but merely a

condensed abstract of what was said on the occasion.[1] Much adverse criticism has been indulged in because of his assumed declaration that an emancipation proclamation would be as inoperative as "the Pope's bull against the comet," and that he nevertheless issued so preposterous a document within two weeks after the interview. The error lies in the assumption that his words were literally reported. To measure rightly his utterance as a whole, the conditions under which the interview occurred must continually be kept in mind. The Administration and the country were still in the shadow of the great disasters of the Peninsula and of the second Bull Run. With corresponding elation the rebels had taken the aggressive and crossed the Potomac to invade Maryland. A new campaign was opening, and a new battle-cloud was gathering. Whether victory or fresh defeat was enfolded in its gloom was a question of uncertainty and of fearful anxiety to the President, straining his thought and imagination to an abnormal and almost unendurable tension. It was at such a moment that the Chicago delegation had appeared with a repetition of a request which seemed to him inopportune. Habitually open and patient to every appeal, he was nevertheless becoming restive under the unremitting and unreasoning pressure regarding this single point. Could no one exercise patience but himself? Could antislavery people not realize and rest content with the undreamed-of progress their cause had already made — slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, the Territories restored to freedom, almost wholesale emancipation provided through the Confiscation Act? Had he not aided these measures, signed these laws, ordered their enforcement, and was he not, day and night, laboring to secure compensated emancipation in the border States? Had he not the very proclamation they sought lying written in his desk, waiting only the favorable moment when he might announce it? Why must they push him to the wall, and compel him to an avowal which might blight the ripening public sentiment and imperil the desired consummation? We may infer that with some such feelings he listened to the dogmatic memorial of the delegation; for his whole answer is in the nature of a friendly protest and polite rebuke against their impolitic urgency, and the impressive rhetorical figure he employs was not intended to foreshadow his decision, but to illustrate the absurdity of attempting to pluck the fruit before it was ripe. The great pith and point of the interview is his strong and unqualified declaration that he held the subject under advisement, and that he regarded his military authority clear and ample. He said:

> Understand, I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds, for, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in time of war I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy.

Three days after this interview the great battle of Antietam was begun, which resulted in a victory for the Union forces. The events of war had abruptly changed political conditions, and the President seized the earliest possible opportunity to announce the policy which he had decided upon exactly two months before. His manner and language on this momentous occasion have been minutely recorded in the diaries of two members of the Cabinet, and liberal quotations from both will form the most valuable historical presentation of the event that can be made. The diary of Secretary Chase reads as follows:

> MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1862.
>
> To Department about 9. State Department messenger came with notice to heads of Departments to meet at 12. Received sundry callers. Went to the White House. All the members of the Cabinet were in attendance. There was some general talk, and the President mentioned that Artemus Ward had sent him his book. Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. Read it, and seemed to enjoy it very much; the heads also (except Stanton), of course. The chapter was "High-handed Outrage at Utica." The President then took a graver tone, and said, "Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one; but I made the promise to myself, and [hesitating a little] to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in

[1] "Chicago Tribune," Sept. 23, 1862, and "National Intelligencer," Sept. 26, 1862.

the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."[1]

The foregoing account written by Mr. Chase is fully corroborated by the following extract from the diary of Secretary Welles, in which the same event is described:

SEPTEMBER 22.

A special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the proclamation for emancipating the slaves, after a certain date, in States that shall then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but the President says never lost sight of. When it was submitted, and now in taking up the proclamation, the President stated that the question was finally decided,— the act and the consequences were his,— but that he felt it due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticisms on the paper which he had prepared. There were, he had found, not unexpectedly, some differences in the Cabinet; but he had, after ascertaining in his own way the views of each and all, individually and collectively, formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. In the course of the discussion on this paper, which was long, earnest, and, on the general principle involved, harmonious, he remarked that he had made a vow — a covenant — that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle he would consider it an indication of Divine will, and that it was duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. It might be thought strange, he said, that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slaves. He was satisfied it was right — was confirmed and strengthened in his action by the vow and results. His mind was fixed, his decision made, but he wished his paper announcing his course as correct in terms as it could be made without any change in his determination.[2]

In addition to its record of the President's language, the diary of Secretary Chase proceeds with the following account of what was said by several members of the Cabinet:

The President then proceeded to read his Emancipation Proclamation, making remarks on the several parts as he went on, and showing that he had fully considered the whole subject, in all the lights under which it had been presented to him. After he had closed, Governor Seward said: "The general question having been decided, nothing can be said farther about that. Would it not, however, make the proclamation more clear and decided to leave out all reference to the act being sustained during the incumbency of the present President; and not merely say that the Government 'recognizes,' but that it will maintain, the freedom it proclaims?" I followed, saying: "What you have said, Mr. President, fully satisfies me that you have given to every proposition which has been made a kind and candid consideration. And you have now expressed the conclusion to which you have arrived clearly and distinctly. This it was your right, and, under your oath of office, your duty, to do. The proclamation does not, indeed, mark out exactly the course I would myself prefer. But I am ready to take it just as it is written, and to stand by it with all my heart. I think, however, the suggestions of Governor Seward very judicious, and shall be glad to have them adopted." The President then asked us severally our opinions as to the modification proposed, saying that he did not care much about the phrases he had used. Every one favored the modification, and it was adopted. Governor Seward then proposed that in the passage relating to colonization some language should be introduced to show that the colonization proposed was to be only with the consent of the colonists and the consent of the States in which colonies might be attempted. This, too, was agreed to, and no other modification was proposed. Mr. Blair then said that, the question having been decided, he would make no objection to issuing the proclamation; but he would ask to have his paper, presented some days since, against the policy, filed with the proclamation.[3] The President consented to this readily. And then Mr. Blair went on to say that he was afraid of the influence of the proclamation on the border States and on the army, and stated, at some length, the grounds of his apprehensions. He disclaimed most expressly, however, all objection to emancipation *per se*, saying he had always been personally in favor of it — always ready for immediate emancipation in the midst of slave States, rather than submit to the perpetuation of the system.[4]

The statement of Mr. Welles which relates the Cabinet proceedings is as follows:

All listened with profound attention to the reading, and it was, I believe, assented to by every member. Mr. Bates repeated the opinions he had previously expressed in regard to the deportation of the colored race. Mr. Seward proposed two slight verbal alterations, which were adopted. A general discussion then took place, covering the whole ground — the constitutional question, the war

[1] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," pp. 481, 482.

[2] Welles, Diary. Unpublished MS.

[3] Hay's Diary (MS.) contains the following record: "September 23, 1862. The President rewrote the proclamation on Sunday morning carefully. He called the Cabinet together on Monday, made a little talk to them, and read the momentous document. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates made slight objections; otherwise the Cabinet was unanimous. The next day Mr. Blair, who had promised to file his objections, sent a note stating that as they referred only to the time of the act, he would not file them, lest they should be subject to misconstruction."

[4] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 482.

power, the expediency and the effect of the movement. After the matter had been very fully debated, Mr. Stanton made a very emphatic speech sustaining the measure, and in closing said the act was so important, and involved consequences so vast, that he hoped each member would give distinctly and unequivocally his own individual opinion, whatever that opinion might be. Two gentlemen, he thought, had not been sufficiently explicit, although they had discussed the question freely, and it was understood that they concurred in the measure. He referred, he said, to the Secretary of the Treasury and (hesitating a moment) the Secretary of the Navy. It was understood, I believe, by all present that he had allusion to another member, with whom he was not in full accord. Mr. Chase admitted that the subject had come upon him unexpectedly and with some surprise. It was going a step further than he had ever proposed, but he was prepared to accept and support it. He was glad the President had made this advance, which he should sustain from his heart, and he proceeded to make an able impromptu argument in its favor. I stated that the President did not misunderstand my position, nor any other member; that I assented most unequivocally to the measure as a war necessity, and had acted upon it. Mr. Blair took occasion to say that he was an emancipationist from principle; that he had for years, here and in Missouri, where he formerly resided, openly advocated it; but he had doubts of the expediency of this executive action at this particular juncture. We ought not, he thought, to put in jeopardy the patriotic element in the border States, already severely tried. This proclamation would, as soon as it reached them, be likely to carry over those States to the secessionists. There were also party men in the free States who were striving to revive old party lines and distinctions, into whose hand we were putting a club to be used against us. The measure he approved, but the time was inopportune. He should wish, therefore, to file his objections. This, the President said, Mr. Blair could do. He had, however, considered the danger to be apprehended from the first objection mentioned, which was undoubtedly serious, but the difficulty was as great not to act as to act. There were two sides to that question. For months he had labored to get those States to move in this matter, convinced in his own mind that it was their true interest to do so, but his labors were vain. We must make the forward movement. They would acquiesce, if not immediately, soon; for they must be satisfied that slavery had received its death-blow from slave-owners — it could not survive the rebellion. As regarded the other objection, it had not much weight with him; their clubs would be used against us take what course we might.[1]

The Cabinet discussion of the proclamation being completed, Mr. Seward carried the document with him to the State Department, where the formal phraseology of attestation and the great seal were added. The President signed it the same afternoon, and it was published in full by the leading newspapers of the country on the morning of September 23d. As elsewhere, the reading of the official announcement created a profound interest in Washington, and a serenade was organized the next evening, which came to the Executive Mansion and called on the President for a speech. His reference to the great event was very brief. He said:

> I appear before you to do little more than acknowledge the courtesy you pay me, and to thank you for it. I have not been distinctly informed why it is that on this occasion you appear to do me this honor, though I suppose it is because of the proclamation. What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and maybe take action upon it.

Two days after the proclamation was issued a number of the governors of loyal States met for conference at Altoona, Pennsylvania; and it was charged at the time that this occurrence had some occult relation to the President's action. There was no truth whatever in the allegation. It was directly contradicted by the President himself. He said to the Hon. George S. Boutwell, who mentioned the rumor to him a few weeks after the occurrence:

> I never thought of the meeting of the governors. The truth is just this: When Lee came over the river, I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day; and the fact is I fixed it up a little Sunday, and Monday I let them have it.[2]

The collateral evidence is also conclusive on this point. The Altoona meeting originated with Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who, warned that Lee's army was about to cross the Potomac, was with all diligence preparing his State to resist the expected invasion. On the 6th of September he telegraphed to the governor of Massachusetts and others:

> In the present emergency would it not be well that the loyal governors should meet at some point in the border States to take measures for the more active support of the Government?

Receiving favorable replies, the governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia united in a joint invitation, under date of September 14, for such a meeting to be held at Altoona on the 24th. The object was simply to consult on the best means of common

[1] Welles in "Galaxy," December, 1862, pp. 846, 847.

[2] Boutwell, "The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier," pp. 116, 117.

defense and the vigorous prosecution of the war. There was no design to organize any pressure upon the President, either about the question of slavery or about the removal of McClellan from command, and the President neither anticipated nor feared any interference of this character. Several members of the body, differing in political sentiment, indignantly denied the accusation of a political plot, which, indeed, would have been impossible in a gathering of men of such strong individual traits, holding diverse views, and clothed with greatly varying interests and responsibilities.

The Proclamation of Emancipation was as great a surprise to them as to the general public, gratifying some and displeasing others. It was not strange that it should immediately engage their eager interest and call out some sort of joint response. The proclamation had been printed on the 23d; the Altoona gathering was called on the 14th and held on the 24th. Between the date of the call and the day of the meeting the military situation was altogether changed. The battle of Antietam had driven Lee's army in retreat back across the Potomac. Instead of emergency measures for defense, the assembled governors could now quietly discuss points of general and mutual interest, relating to the recruiting, organization, equipment, and transportation of troops, the granting of furloughs, and the care and removal of the sick and wounded. Their conference passed in entire harmony; and a day or two later they nearly all proceeded to Washington for a personal interview with the President and the Secretary of War. They presented a written address to the President, signed then and within a few days afterward by the governors of sixteen of the free States and the governor of West Virginia, reiterating devotion to the Union, loyalty to the Constitution and laws, and earnest support to the President in suppressing rebellion; and embracing only the single specific recommendation that a reserve army of 100,000 men ought constantly to be kept on foot, to be raised, armed, equipped, and trained at home, ready for emergencies. The written address also contained a hearty indorsement of the new emancipation policy announced in the President's proclamation. This declaration, as was to have been expected, developed the only antagonism of views which grew out of the whole transaction. The address was written at Washington, and was therefore not discussed at Altoona. Properly speaking, it was the supplementary action of only a portion of the assembled delegates. It was, however, transmitted for signature to all the loyal executives; but the governors of the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri replied, that while concurring in the other declarations of the address, they declined signing it, because they dissented from that portion of it which indorsed the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Coming as it did immediately after the announcement of his new policy, President Lincoln could not but be gratified at the public declarations emanating from the Altoona meeting. On his military policy it assured him of the continuation of an individual official support. On his emancipation policy it gave him a public approval from the present official power of seventeen States, as against the dissent of only five States of the border, where indeed he had no right to expect, for the present at least, any more favorable official sentiment. Nevertheless, it did not free the experiment from uncertainty and danger. It was precisely this balance of power, political and military, wielded by these hesitating border States, which was essential to the success of the Union cause; but he had measured the probability with an acuteness of judgment and timed his proceeding with a prudence of action that merited success, and in due time triumphantly justified his faith.

Every thoughtful reader will have more than a passing curiosity to examine the exact phraseology of a document which ushered in the great political regeneration of the American people. It reads as follows:

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed. That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure, tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued. That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their

actual freedom. That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, or parts of States if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall, on that day, be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Then, after reciting the language of "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and also sections 9 and 10 of the Confiscation Act, approved July 17, 1862, and enjoining their enforcement upon all persons in the military and naval service, the proclamation concludes:

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the acts and sections above recited. And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the constitutional relations between the United States and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

A careful reading and analysis of the document shows it to have contained four leading propositions: (1.) A renewal of the plan of compensated abolishment. (2.) A continuance of the effort at voluntary colonization. (3.) The announcement of peremptory military emancipation of all slaves in States in rebellion at the expiration of the warning notice. (4.) A promise to recommend ultimate compensation to loyal owners.

The political test of the experiment of military emancipation thus announced by the President came almost immediately in the autumn elections for State officers and State legislatures, and especially for representatives to the thirty-eighth Congress. The decided failure of McClellan's Richmond campaign and the inaction of the Western army had already produced much popular discontent, which was only partly relieved by the victory of Antietam. The canvass had been inaugurated by the Democratic party with violent protests against the antislavery legislation of Congress, and it now added the loud outcry that the Administration had changed the war for the Union to a war for abolition. The party conflict became active and bitter, and the Democrats, having all the advantage of an aggressive issue, made great popular gains, not only throughout the middle belt of States, but in New York, where they elected their governor, thus gaining control of the executive machinery, which greatly embarrassed the Administration in its later measures to maintain the army. The number of Democrats in the House of Representatives was increased from forty-four to seventy-five, and the reaction threatened for a time to deprive Mr. Lincoln of the support of the House.

But against this temporary adverse political current the leaders and the bulk of the Republican party followed Mr. Lincoln with loyal adhesion, accepting and defending his emancipation policy with earnestness and enthusiasm. In his annual message of December 1, 1862, the President did not discuss his Emancipation Proclamation, but renewed and made an elaborate argument to recommend his plan of compensated abolishment, "not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union." Meanwhile the Democratic minority in the House, joined by the pro-slavery conservatives from the border slave-States, lost no opportunity to oppose emancipation in every form. On the 11th of December Mr. Yeaman of Kentucky offered resolutions declaring the President's proclamation unwarranted by the Constitution and a useless and dangerous war measure. But these propositions were only supported by a vote of forty-seven, while they were promptly laid on the table by a vote of ninety-five members. The Republicans were unwilling to remain in this attitude of giving emancipation a merely negative support. A few days later (December 15), Mr. S. C. Fessenden of Maine put the identical phraseology in an affirmative form, and by a test vote of seventy-eight to fifty-two the House resolved:

That the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the date of 22d September, 1862, is warranted by the Constitution, and that the policy of emancipation, as indicated in that proclamation, is well adapted to hasten the restoration of peace, was well chosen as a war measure, and is an exercise of power with proper regard for the rights of the States and the perpetuity of free government.

With the proclamation thus heartily indorsed by nearly every free State governor and nearly two-thirds of the loyal representatives, Mr. Lincoln, who had accurately foreseen the dangers as well as the benefits of the critical step he had taken, could well afford to wait for the full tide of approval, for which he looked with confidence and which came to him from that time onward with steadiness and ever-growing volume, both from the armies in the field and the people in their homes throughout the loyal North.

A REGRET.

OH, could we but have seen, while they were ours,
The grace of days forever passed away;
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers
That bloomed for us — before they knew decay;
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,
Or how the fruitless tears would fall like rain
For hours of sweet communion, vanished quite;
Their worth to us — had we but better known,
Then had we held them dearer, while our own,
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,
And loneliness itself had found us less alone!

Agnes Maule Machar.

THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST. III.

THIS picture is not so sincere as it might be. The artist, in the course of many rides over these mountain pastures, by daylight or twilight or moonrise, has never yet encountered anything so sensational as a troop of armed men on the track of a criminal. Yet rumors are passing, from turbulent camps above us in the mountains or from the seductive valley towns, that easily suggest some such night journey as this. The riders make haste slowly, breasting slope after slope of the interminable cattle-ranges, on the alert, as they climb out of gulch after gulch of shadow, for the next long outlook ahead.

It may be mentioned that by far the greater number of criminals confined in the jails of the far West are there for a class of offenses peculiar to the country. They are men dangerous in one direction, perhaps, but generally not depraved. The "trusties" are often domesticated upon ranches near the town, and apparently are unwatched, and on the best of terms with the ranchman's family. They have a simple faith in the necessity for a certain sort of action, under given circumstances, which supports them under sentence of the law, and serves instead of a clear conscience. They have done nothing of which they are ashamed.

For example, a cattle-man meets a sheep-man on the hills. The sheep-man represents to the cattle-man that his only possible course is to take his band across the cattle-man's range — to "sheep" him, in the local phrase. A sheep-man makes no treaty with the owners of the land he crosses that he will not "turn into the fields, or into the vineyards"; that he will not "drink of the water of the well"; but go by the highway until he has passed on. The land belongs to him as much as to the cattle-man who has pitched in its borders. But it is a perfectly clear case to the cattle-man that the sheep-man's multitude will lick up all before them, and that his own multitude must starve on what is left. He does not waste time praying, "Curse me this sheep-man!" He goes out against the sheep-man, without prayerful preliminaries. He "lays for him" at night, when he has lighted his solitary fire in the sage-brush. The next day a disorganized band of sheep, minus a grimy shepherd, goes wandering back to the river, to the despair of a masterless dog.

The case is tried in the valley town and the murderer is acquitted, the sentiment of the community being with him to a much greater extent than would be generally admitted. No judge nor jury nor term of punishment could have altered his personal conviction and that of his friends that his deed was only an effort in self-defense and an act of public justice.

If such a fugitive as this is overhauled in a night-chase by the sheriff and his men, he is treated as a comrade "in trouble." To quote a description, given in Hibernian good faith, of a young man at large with the murder of his father — in defense of his mother, it is claimed — on his head, "He is a perfect gentleman if he is n't crossed."

* * *



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

ENGRAVED BY F. FRENCH.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

O THE Poet of the Future! He will come to us as comes
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of drums —
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and din
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches in.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel — nay, nor symbol anywhere,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

He will sing across the orchard, and the woman at the well
Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile ineffable;
And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully the way
The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of the hay.
The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-lands behind
Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings down the wind;
And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.

O the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of tan,
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel — nay, nor symbol anywhere,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

James Whitcomb Riley.

AN OLD MAN FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

AT 5 o'clock the harsh east wind, that bane of summer afternoons in San Francisco, had almost died away. It had been blowing with more than ordinary force, and the air was still full of drifting particles from the sand-lots — pungent, intrusive atoms that made eyes smart and lips crack. But the crowd, setting southward along Montgomery street, was good humored and jovial, for was not a great holiday in near prospect? A few days more, and the sun of the centennial year would rise on Independence Day — the Fourth of July, 1876.

Just outside the eddy of the crowd, almost in the doorway of the "Evening Mail" office, Gerald Ffrench stood and waited. He fidgeted and grumbled a little: that was mainly the result of impatience. He rubbed his eyes frequently, for the sand-dust was penetrating; and two gold coins which he rattled in his hand gave out a musical clinking. They were both twenty-dollar pieces, for this was Saturday evening and pay-day at the office of the "Evening Mail."

Presently a short, thick-set man with a dark beard left the building and joined him. The new-comer wore a soft felt hat, a rather shabby pea-jacket, and a pair of spectacles. The rest of his attire was more conventional. Gerald greeted him with a reproach for his delay, and the two stepped into the street, moving southward with the crowd.

"It 's all very well for you, Jerry," said Ffrench's companion. "You can feed the cashier with theater tickets and get your money ahead of your turn. I 'll bet you were paid in gold too," he added, with some touch of injured feeling in his voice.

Gerald laughed, and clinked his two coins together. "Of course," resumed the other. "Look at me!" and from each pocket he pro-

duced a roll of whity-brown paper which looked heavy, and, as every Californian could tell at a glance, contained forty half-dollars.

"That reminds me," said Gerald. "Wait a minute, Doc." They were passing a money-broker's office, and the younger man went in, leaving the other on the sidewalk.

They had always called him "Doctor," this man of the spectacles and shabby pea-jacket, but whether of law, physic, or divinity none of "the boys" at the "Evening Mail" had ever thought to inquire. His real name was Brown, and he was probably quite as ignorant of the origin of his learned title as was any man of the scores who addressed him by it. Possibly it grew out of his glasses.

"Well?" he said, as Gerald emerged from the broker's office.

"Dollar and a quarter premium," answered Gerald, who had two of the whity-brown rolls in his hand besides some loose silver.

"That 's it!" said the Doctor with an indignant sniff. "Two and a half extra on your week's salary. Who would n't be in the cashier's good graces?"

Gerald indulged in a covert smile. The pair were warm friends and roomed together; but the Doctor had a habit of railing at his lot, and this special complaint recurred every Saturday night. It always ended in the same way, and Gerald waited for the suggestion that invariably closed the subject. It soon came.

"You 're going to treat on that, I suppose?"

By this time they had crossed Market street and were continuing southward along Third. On an unpretentious corner stood a grocery, its front embellished with sacks of potatoes and baskets of vegetables, its windows crowded with cans of preserved meats, sardine-boxes, and the like, and its door invitingly open and level with the wooden pavement. A ruddy eruption of signboards all over the exterior announced that one P. Gerraghty dwelt within and dealt in groceries of all kinds; also in fine wines and liquors and imported cigars. Evidently Mr. Gerraghty was ashamed of neither his name nor his business.

The two friends passed the long counter with its flour-scales and its sugar-scales, and its flourishing Saturday trade in dry groceries. Gerald had returned no answer; the Doctor had made no further remark. His suggestion was about to be acted upon.

At the rear of the store proper was a snugly fitted-up bar-room, and over this portion of the establishment Mr. Gerraghty presided in person. He was a tall man with a dark mustache and had a slight cast in his eye; not exactly the person you would care to meet on a lonely road at midnight, yet, withal, popular with his neighbors and a political power in his ward. He was standing at the end of the bar in conversation with a customer.

This latter was an old man, low in stature, spare of frame, shabbily dressed, and quite insignificant in appearance. His hair was of a brick-dust hue, plentifully sprinkled with gray; he wore a straggling beard of the same color, flecked with the same signs of advancing age; he lifted a pair of small, cunning eyes as the new-comers entered. Evidently he recognized one of them.

"Ah, Docther, how are ye?" he said in the broad, strongly accented tones which at once stamp the speaker as born somewhere west of Dublin City and east of Shannon Shore. The Doctor only nodded; the little man turned to resume his conversation with Gerraghty; but that functionary, seeing the two newspaper men range up to the bar, took his place behind it.

"What 's yours, Doc.?"

"Cocktail," said that gentleman, laconically.

"Two cocktails," began Gerald, and then he hesitated. Californian hospitality does not wait for an introduction to proffer liquid refreshment. "What will your friend take?" he added, with a jerk of the head towards the little Irishman, and in a tone loud enough to be overheard by the latter.

"Thank ye; I 'll take a dhrop of whisky," he answered, sidling between the two. A glass was set out, and the "dhrop" he took was a fair sample of his national love for exaggeration.

The Doctor performed the ceremony of introduction. "Mr. Ffrench, Mr. Quinn." Such was the brief formula.

Mr. Quinn put forth an uninviting hand — not too clean, very thin, with large flat nails, and a network of sinews and veins prominent below the big knuckles.

"I 'm glad to mate ye," was Mr. Quinn's remark.

"You ought to know each other," said the Doctor. "You 're a Westmeath man, are n't you, Mr. Quinn?"

"That 's what I am," he replied.

"Well, Jerry 's from Westmeath too."

"What part?" The clannish instinct which is so strong in most Irishmen was evidently well developed here.

"Not a great way from Athlone," answered young Ffrench, indifferently.

"Ay, but where — which side?"

"Well, I don't exactly know how to explain," said Gerald, laughing good humoredly. "You never heard of a small village called Lasson, I suppose?"

"Heerd of it!" shouted Quinn, apparently in a state of wild excitement — "heerd of it!



"HE BACKED OUT INTO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM."

Was n't I born there — was n't I — stop, tell me"— In his agitation he clutched the lapel of Gerald's coat and hung on to it, looking up into his eyes with a strange beseeching expression. "Tell me, are ye anything to his honor Mr. Gerald Ffrench of the Park?"

"Only his son, that 's all," replied the young man, laughing.

The effect of these words on the little Irishman was grotesque enough. Dropping his hand from Gerald's coat he backed out into the center of the room, and there uncovering, made so deep a bow that the rim of his soft hat swept the floor. Gerald looked and felt rather foolish. He had roughed it too long in America to appreciate this kind of homage, even if it had met him on his father's avenue, and here, in a San Francisco bar-room, with Doc. Brown grinning at his elbow and Gerraghty rattling among the glasses in front of him, it seemed particularly absurd and out of place. Yet what could he do? The old man was evidently sincere in his hero worship and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Would the idiot keep on bowing and scraping forever? Gerald felt that the situation was becoming intolerable. The awkward silence must be broken by some more direct means than that suppressed chuckle of the Doctor's.

"I suppose you knew my father, if you came from Lasson?" he said.

The old man stepped forward. There was a singular change in his tone, a mixture of deference and exultation, as he replied:

"Indade an' I did, sir; knew him well. He was me landlord — no, that 'u'd be yer grandfather, rest his sowl! Yer dada was only a boy when I left the ould country. Maybe ye mind me, sir, or me father — ould Luke Quinn at the cross-roads. But sure how could ye? It 's forty year since I left them parts."

Gerald intimated that his recollections did not extend so far.

"An' why would you? Pat," — this to Mr. Gerraghty, who still stood behind the bar, — "let me inthrojuice ye to Mr. Ffrench, of Ballyvore Park; wan of the raal ould stock. I 've walked over ivery fut of his property whin I was a gossoon, an' I 'd tire Betty if I druv her over the half of it in wan day."

Mr. Gerraghty did not seem very deeply impressed, but guessing that another order for drinks was imminent, he assumed a bland smile.

"Ye 'll take a dhrop of something wid me?" And without waiting for a reply the old man went on. "The best in the house, Pat, for Mr. Ffrench!"

Mr. Ffrench found the situation more and more embarrassing. He attempted to explain that the property in question did not belong to him, but to his brother; but this produced no sort of impression on Quinn.

"Sure it 's all in the family; the raal thing, the grand ould stock! Sure it 's proud an' happy I am to mate ye in America."

By this time the glasses had been set out again, and Doctor Brown, finding that something tangible was about to come of the queer scene, had laid aside his grin for the present and addressed himself to the serious business before him. But Quinn indignantly pushed the whisky-bottle aside.

"Don't ye know no betther nor that, Pat Gerraghty? — and one of the raal Ffrenches of Ballyvore foreninst yer bar. Champagne, yer sowl ye!"

And champagne it was, a second bottle succeeding the first, for Mr. Quinn's hospitality was of the absolute sort which takes no denial. Meanwhile he plied Gerald with adulation and recounted so many evidences of the former grandeur of the family that the young fellow began to feel a becoming sense of his importance, and to realize that the population of California in general and the editor of the "Evening Mail" in particular had not treated him with the consideration due to his rank and station. Even Mr. Gerraghty, under the influence of his own champagne, thawed sufficiently to admit that it was a fine thing to see the aristocracy traveling about the world.

It needed a peremptory refusal to stop Mr. Quinn at the third bottle. Doctor Brown, whose eyes were beginning to snap and sparkle behind his spectacles, would have offered no decided opposition; but the Doctor was of very little account in the present company, and twinkled but feebly, with a reflected light, beside the greater luminary.

Convinced at length that he had touched the limit of Gerald's conviviality, the old man produced a buckskin purse and proceeded to select from a goodly store of gold coins the sum necessary to defray the cost of the entertainment. When he had settled he accepted Gerald's handshake after a faint show of reluctance.

"Ye 'll be here for a few days, I suppose?" he said, clinging to the hand which, now he held it between his own, he seemed in no hurry to let go.

"Here? In San Francisco? Oh, yes; certainly," answered Gerald, somewhat surprised.

"That 's right, it 's worth seeing; an' no one can show you round any betther nor I can. I 've been on the coast since '46, an' I mind whin



"OULD LUKE QUINN AT THE CROSS-ROADS."

ivery fut of these strates round here was nothin' but sand an' sage bushes. Maybe now," he added persuasively, "ye 've nothin' to do to-morrow. If ye 'll mate me here at 11, I 'll have Betty out. Sure Sunday 's a good day for a dhrive; an' she 's an illigant mare to thravel, though av coorse nothin' to what ye 're used to. Ye ought to see the stables at Ballyvore Park, Pat. Divil such a four in hand iver was seen in Westmeath —" And

leaving Mr. Quinn to entertain his host with tales of the vanished glories of Ballyvore, the two friends went out. As they passed through the grocery they heard the old man's voice:

"Gimme a 'dhrop of whisky, Pat. Champagne's cowld stuff for the stomach."

Gerald did not fail to ask the Doctor for such information as he could furnish regarding this new acquaintance. It was scanty enough. Brown had met him in court where Quinn was prosecuting a case against some defrauding tenants. All Gerald could learn was that the old man owned a great deal of real estate in the southern portion of the city, and was reputed to be very wealthy.

The following day Ffrench found Quinn at the hour and place appointed, and after "a wee dhrop"—Gerald won golden opinions from the old man by asserting that he preferred whisky to champagne—Betty made her appearance. She was a slashing-looking bay mare, and showed plenty of fire and breeding. Though the buggy was plain and the harness shabby, she would have attracted the attention of the knowing ones in any show or fair. Gerald, who had all an Irishman's love for a good horse, began to look on Mr. Quinn with more favor and respect.

The drive was long and pleasant. Weather never interferes with an excursion in California, where a glance at the calendar, not at the barometer, tells whether rain will fall or sun will shine on a given date. The old fellow was amusing, too, in his own way. He was full of anecdotes about the Ireland of forty years ago. He had left his native land at five and twenty, and had not revisited it since; nor had the possibility of change entered his head. He was surprised to hear that Gerald's father had died several years before, though he acknowledged, on reflection, that "his honor would be full oulder nor meself if he 'd lived till now." The young people of the present generation were, of course, strangers to him. By and by he took up a question that had occasioned Gerald some surprise at their last meeting.



THE GROUP IN FRONT OF THE GROCERY.

"An' whin are ye goin' home, sir?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, vaguely. "I 'm living here, you know."

"Here!" The old man bounded in his seat from sheer amazement, and the spirited mare broke into a wild gallop which it took him

some moments to check. Then he turned and looked at his companion.

"I live here; I 'm working here; I 've been at it for three or four years," explained Gerald.

At first the old man's face expressed boundless astonishment, but gradually a cunning look came into his little eyes. "Wurruk!" he said; "d' ye mind that now? Let me look at yer hands." He examined Gerald's soft palms. "Yes; I thought so. Sure ye don't expect me to believe the like of that, sir."

"I don't work with pick and shovel," said Gerald, rather indignantly; "but I 'm working for my bread just the same. I 'm on the staff of the 'Evening Mail,' like Doctor Brown."

"An' what d' ye do that for?" said Quinn. The expression of bewilderment on his hatchet face, enhanced by the comic confusion of his wind-blown hair and whiskers, was whimsical. He looked like a terrier dumfounded. Gerald laughed.

"I work because I am obliged to. Ballyvore belongs to my brother, as I told you last night."

The extraordinary fact that this young fellow had to earn his living appeared to be beyond the old man's power to grasp. "I thought there was money enough in it for six families," he gasped at length.

"There 's mighty little money in Ireland nowadays," said Gerald, lightly; "and not much of that comes the landlord's way."

"Get up, Betty," said the old man; and half a mile of the dusty road was passed in silence. His mind was evidently occupied with reminiscences of the old-time glories of Ballyvore, for by and by disjointed utterances began to escape him.

"Goold, solid goold! I 've seen it! Wine an' whisky, bottles — no, but barrels of it. Four hundred acres in the domain, sixteen horses in the stable, silver an' goold plate, an' the estate runnin' over the best of two baronies." He started erect in his place with a jerk that set Betty capering again.

"But sure ye must have had some of it. It ain't in raison."

This was a sore subject with Gerald. "I had my share," he said stiffly, "and — and I spent it."

"I 'll go bail ye did, like the jintleman ye are! Get up, ould woman!" Another long stretch of road lay behind the mare's swift hoofs before Mr. Quinn spoke again, and then it was only to ask some trivial question about the duties of a newspaper man. Gerald could not help fancying that his revelations about the Ireland of to-day and the knowledge of his present employment had combined to sink him several degrees in the old man's favor. Not that he cared. Why should he? Quinn was a character in his way, and worth studying. He kept an uncommonly good trotter too; but he was poor company, manifestly ignorant, and, judging from the place where they had first met and the purpose of the several halts they had made that day, probably a disreputable old drunkard — and certainly no fit companion for Gerald Ffrench. Dinner at the Twelve Mile House and a rattling spin home along the San Bruno road finished the day. They drove down Market street in the gathering twilight, and Mr. Quinn pulled up before Gerraghty's store.

"Does he live here, I wonder?" thought Gerald, as he alighted. "It looks like it." Then, resisting all the old man's entreaties to step inside and "thry something to lay the dust," he set out for the California Theater, for even Sunday night has its claims on the time of a San Francisco dramatic critic.

Old Quinn grasped his hand warmly at parting. He had quite conquered his diffidence in that respect. "Look in an' see me whenever ye do be passin'," he said. "I do be here the most of the time; an' any day ye feel like havin' another dhrive behind Betty, why, only say the wurrud. It is n't yer father's son that should be ridin' in thim blaggard street-cars."

THE "Glorious Fourth" came and went, marked by unwonted splendor and noise all over the Union, and underscored with black in the private annals of Doctor Brown, who was called upon to surrender his desk at the "Evening Mail." That gentleman's turn for conviviality and his talent for chronic fault-finding had combined to embroil him with the managing editor, and he had received an intimation that his resignation would be in order. Brown had never saved a cent in his life, and Gerald realized with some misgivings that his forty dollars a week would for the present be called upon to support two instead of one. He was walking down Third street on the following evening, in a somewhat despondent frame of mind, when he was loudly called by name from the door of Mr. Gerraghty's grocery.

Old Quinn had evidently been celebrating the birthday of his adopted country after his own fashion, and he had not done celebrating yet. His small eyes were ablaze with excitement, his shirt was rumpled, his attire otherwise in disorder, and his "Misther Ffrench, Misther Ffrench!" sounded hoarse and strident.

Gerald would willingly have passed on, but this was not to be. The little man haled him into the group that surrounded the door of the grocery, and proceeded to introduce him by name to every member of the party, with a running commentary on the splendors of Ballyvore and an enthusiastic indorsement of the



MR. QUINN.

young fellow himself as "wan of the raal ould stock."

This was a disagreeable experience. The old man was undeniably the worse for liquor; most likely, as he had abundant leisure and more money than he knew what to do with, drunkenness was his normal condition. Gerald extricated himself with some difficulty from these maudlin attentions, and continued on his way. Clearly Mr. Quinn was not an acquaintance to be cultivated.

Yet it was difficult to avoid meeting him. Gerald lived in Howard street, and naturally had to pass Gerraghty's door at least twice a day, and Gerraghty's was evidently the old man's headquarters. Sometimes he would be in the saloon, sometimes in front of the grocery; but, as he had said himself, he was there "most of the time." In the course of a few weeks he had fully digested the idea of Mr. Ffrench's servile position,—for so he evidently considered it,—and set himself with a faithful persistence that was almost touching to lighten its burdens by every means in his power. Unlimited liquor appeared to the old fellow the simplest and most direct alleviation; and as Gerald could not always fence successfully with such persistent hospitality he soon found himself drinking more than was good for him. Loans of money were frequently proffered, in sums ranging from five to one hundred dollars, but these Gerald invariably declined. Finally one day—it was the 1st of August, and an appointment had been made in which Betty was involved—the old man's liberality took a flight as magnificent as it was unexpected. Gerald found him, as had been arranged, in Gerraghty's saloon. He was poring over a morning paper, but looked up as the young fellow entered. "I was gettin' the news," he

said with an odd expression, half of doubt, half of bravado, the significance of which Gerald did not at the moment understand.

"Have you? There 's not much in the papers to-day," he answered.

"There is not. You 've read them, I suppose?" said Quinn.

"Yes, I looked them over at breakfast."

"An' now what sthruck ye in them? What was the biggest bit of news ye could find?"

"Nothing," said Gerald, laughing. "Did you find any?"

"Divil a wurrud," said Quinn with a sigh.

This kind of colloquy was not unusual. The old man seemed to be an attentive reader of the papers, and he rarely met Gerald without asking him his opinion on the news of the day.

"It seems to me you never find much news, Mr. Quinn," said Ffrench.

"What 's the raison I don't? Sorra much has happened this twenty years that I can't tell ye." The old man spoke rather warmly and seemed hurt and indignant. After a few minutes he went out to fetch the buggy, and Gerald turned to Gerraghty, who occupied his usual place behind the bar.

"What 's the matter with Mr. Quinn? He seems out of sorts this morning."

Gerraghty had a friendly feeling for Gerald, in whom he recognized a source of profit only to be gauged by the young man's capacity for liquids. Before answering he peeped round the bar to assure himself that Quinn was out of ear-shot.

"The ould fellow can't read," he said with a grin.

"Can't read!" repeated Gerald, profoundly astonished. "Why, I see him reading the paper every day."

"Ye see him houlding it; but divil a line of it can he spell. He can't neither read nor write; an' when he has business at the Hibernia Bank he has it fixed so that they let him in ten minutes before the doors are opened, so that no one won't see him make his mark. Oh! he 's quare."

"But what does he take the papers for?" asked Gerald, to whom this revelation was almost incredible.

"So as to fool you an' others like you. Oh, he 's cute; but ivery wan who knows him well sees how it is. No one dar' hint as much to him though. Whisht! here he 's comin'." And Quinn entered.

His ill humor had already evaporated and they started in good spirits. This time their course lay among the small residence streets which abound in that neighborhood. It was the first of the month, and the old man was out collecting his rents. He visited a number of the little frame houses which are crowded together in that populous quarter and returned from each with a double handful of silver. A large bag which lay under the seat of the wagon grew rapidly in bulk and weight as the day advanced. It was plain that the old fellow's wealth was no fable.

"How much are you worth, Mr. Quinn?" asked Gerald in a moment of pardonable curiosity.

The old fellow leered at him with a cunning expression. "I 'll tell ye," he said, "for maybe ye 'll need to know wan o' these days. A little over a quarter of a million." Gerald gasped. He knew Quinn was well to do, but had never imagined that his means approached such a figure. The other noted his astonishment with evident satisfaction.

"I suppose you must have struck it rich in the diggings in the old days?" Ffrench remarked by way of saying something.

"I never struck a pick in the ground in Californy, an' I w'u'd n't know the color if I seen it," said Quinn. Then he closed his left eye, and laid his head on one side like a disreputable but preternaturally wise old magpie. "What 's the use of goold? Ye can spind that, but ye can't spind land. When I came here all this was sand-hills. I bought it by the acre, and I 've sowld a good share of it by the fut. There 's nothin' like land," he ejaculated with a fervor that was almost pious in its intensity. "See here, Masther Gerald! Is yer brother married?"

"No," answered Gerald, not a little surprised by the sudden question. "Why?"

"It 's a sin an' a shame, sir, that you should be wastin' yer life here among a lot of rayporthers not fit to black the boots of the likes of ye. It 's home ye ought to be, an' livin' like a jintleman."

"On what would I live like a gentleman if I were at home, I 'd like to know?" said Gerald, laughing.

"Och, if that 's all, yer honor, ye can have five thousand dollars to-morrow — ten, if five is n't enough; an' more whin that 's done. Go home, yer sowl ye, an' go into Parleymint — ye 've the brains to do it; an' if it 's only money 's wantin', come to ould Luke Quinn."

There was no mistaking this offer. It was made in sober earnest, and the old man's sincerity was unquestionable. It was difficult for Gerald to make him understand the impossibility of such a scheme, but he did comprehend that his generous proposal was not accepted; and the refusal seemed to cut him to the heart. Despite all the efforts of the younger man, the drive was finished in silence.

That day Gerald wrote to his sister and asked her to find out what she could about

a family named Quinn who had lived near Lasson in his grandfather's time and had been tenants on the estate. He also attempted a little missionary work with the old man, and tried to get him away from Gerraghty's saloon and its unfailing rounds of drinks. Old Quinn's health was far from robust, and the young man could not help noticing the growing effects of this incessant dissipation. His success was not conspicuous; but he fancied he was of some service, and the old man took the interference in good part. This and the remembrance of Quinn's hearty, disinterested generosity combined to raise him considerably in Mr. Ffrench's estimation.

It was not till near the end of August that Doctor Brown heard of a fresh opening for his talents. He was offered a place on the "Sacramento Union," and he was to start at once. But here a difficulty presented itself. It would require about twenty dollars to settle up various little matters and pay the fare. Gerald, who had been supporting both himself and his friend for nearly two months, had no cash on hand and none to hope for till salary day. The Doctor had made an ineffectual attempt to borrow, and now it seemed as if the poor fellow must lose a good chance for want of a paltry twenty dollars. Gerald determined to put his dignity by and ask Quinn for the money.

He found the old man in Gerraghty's and prompt to accommodate him. "Twinty, is it?" he said—"no, but fifty. Come wid me, an' I 'll get it for ye at wanst." This rather surprised Gerald, who knew that Quinn habitually carried large sums about him. However he accompanied the old fellow, assuming that he would take him to the Hibernia Bank, where he kept an account. Not so, however. They crossed Third street and proceeded along one of the narrow thoroughfares in which Mr. Quinn's house property lay.

He was in high good humor. The question of the loan had brought up the subject of money, always a favorite topic with a man who has plenty. He narrated how many appeals were almost daily made on his purse, and explained with a crafty leer how he avoided them.

"Only yisterday," he said, "that fellow wid the specs—the Docther, ye call him—wanted to sthrike me for twinty. D' ye think he got it? Not much. I 've no money for the likes of him." Gerald, who had several times been on the point of explaining that the loan he solicited was for the Doctor's use, congratulated himself that he had not spoken.

"Not but what he has a great rispict for me," pursued Quinn. "They do all have the hoight of rispict for me round these parts. When I towld the Docther that money was tight an' I c'u'd n't raise the like, sez he, 'Quinn, ye're an ould misanthrope,' sez he. I mind the wurrud well, for I med him say it over two or three times"; and the old fellow grinned in his appreciation of this peculiar compliment.

By this time they were in Jessie street.

"Be aisy now," said Quinn. "I 'll bring ye the money in two shakes of a mare's tail." And he ran nimbly up the steps of one of the frame houses which owned him as lord.

He returned presently, evidently greatly chagrined and discomfited. "W'u'd ye belave it," he said angrily; "here it is within two days of the first o' the month, an' the dhirty mane spalpeen won't gimme a thrifle of a few dollars in advance o' the rint that 'll be due the day afther to-morrow."

Gerald hastened to assure him that if he had not the money by him it was no manner of consequence, that he had no intention of occasioning his kind friend any inconvenience, and much more in the same strain, but the old man cut him short by running up the steps of another house. The same result followed; and it was not till he had failed in four several attempts to borrow the amount among his tenants that he drew the old buckskin purse from his pocket, and, pouring a mingled mass of gold and silver into his shaking hand, entreated Gerald to take whatever he required. Gerald selected a twenty-dollar piece, thanked him, and withdrew, much marveling at the old man's business methods.

This oddly assorted friendship continued without interruption throughout the winter of 1876. A quarrel had nearly arisen when Gerald after a few weeks brought back the twenty dollars and attempted to return it. The old man seemed so sincerely hurt and grieved that Gerald relented and pocketed his pride and his gold piece together, preferring to remain under an obligation which, after all, he could not cancel, rather than wound Quinn in what was seemingly the only sensitive point of his nature. Emboldened by this triumph, the old man recurred to his favorite scheme of "making a jintleman of Masther Gerald"; but here the young man was immovable, and the other discontinued his persuasions with a sigh that "the likes of him should have to wurruk."

In due course Gerald received an answer from his sister. After the usual quota of home gossip and news, he came upon this paragraph:

> There are no Quinns on the place now. There was a family on the Athlone side of Lasson, but they were cleared out in grandpapa's time. Mr. Brooke remembers them well, though, and speaks of old Luke Quinn as the worst tenant and most inveterate poacher on the property. The son was a worse scamp than the father, and went to America.

Mr. Brooke says he must be quite an elderly man if he has n't been hanged. The old man gave no end of trouble to grandpapa, who was finally compelled to take up the farm. Mr. Brooke thinks that old Quinn was transported afterwards, but he is n't sure. What on earth do you want with all this queer, Old World history? Are you going to write a book?

And so the letter branched out to other topics.

Undoubtedly the wealthy Mr. Quinn of San Francisco was no other than the scapegrace son of a worthless father, and the respectable agent of Ballyvore seemed to think that if he was still alive it was only because the hangman had neglected his opportunities. "It 's a strange world," reflected Gerald; "but whatever he may have been before I was born, he has loyalty to the old name now, and a soft spot in his heart for the old country."

Mr. Ffrench was surprised to find that he had learned to like the old man before the last clouds had rolled away from the spring of 1877. The mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; the transparent pretense of education, at which he had long ceased to smile; above all, the evident pride and delight which Quinn took in his society — all appealed strongly to the warmer side of his nature. The old man still introduced him to his friends as "wan of the raal ould stock," and prosed away in his cups about the splendors of Ballyvore; but the cadet of that ancient house was growing accustomed to this. The two drove together every Sunday, saw each other at least once every day, and patronized Gerraghty at frequent intervals, to the entire satisfaction of that enterprising grocer.

One day — it was early in June — Gerald on his way home missed the familiar figure from the door of the grocery. He gave the matter little thought at the moment, but when another day passed without his seeing Quinn, he stepped into the store to inquire.

Poor old man! He had met with an accident on the road the previous day — had been thrown from his buggy and picked up insensible. Gerraghty did not know whether he had a "load" at the time, but opined that he had. Anyhow, he was in a bad way. The saloon-keeper spoke feelingly, as one who deplored the possible loss of his best customer, and Gerald became seriously uneasy. He would go and see Quinn at once. Gerraghty furnished the address, and advised him to carry a bottle of whisky to the patient; but this he declined.

As he walked towards Mission street he remembered with some surprise that he had never yet visited Quinn in his own home. He did not even know whether the old fellow was married or single, though negative evidence naturally inclined him to the latter view. They had always met in the street or in Gerraghty's store, which was odd considering how closely the bonds of their strange intimacy had been drawn in the past year. But here was the number, only a few doors up Mission street, and his hand was on the bell. It was answered by a civil-spoken Irish woman, who, in reply to his inquiry, showed him into a room on the ground floor. As he entered, a Mr. Conley, a lawyer with whom he had some slight acquaintance, passed out. Gerald was surprised at the warmth with which this gentleman shook his hand, and he fancied he caught the words "lucky fellow" in the whispered greeting; but he had no time to speculate on their application. Poor old Quinn lay on the bed — a cheap, uncomfortable-looking bed, quite in character with the ill-furnished, cheerless room. He looked thin and shrunken under the coverlet, and very weak. A stranger, evidently a physician, turned from the bedside as Gerald entered, but the old man beckoned him back and feebly extended his hand towards his visitor.

"Docther," said he in a faint, hoarse whisper, "I want to inthrojuice ye. This is me fri'nd," — there was an emphasis of indescribable pride about this word, and he repeated it, — "me fri'nd Mr. Ffrench of Ballyvore Park. Wan o' the raal ould stock, sir, an' the grandest in the barony."

"Oh, hush, hush, Quinn!" cried Gerald, deeply shocked. The old man's adulation seemed to him ghastly and unnatural at such a time. The doctor acknowledged the introduction by a curt nod, and taking up his hat and gloves moved towards the door. "You must n't try to talk much, Mr. Quinn; I 'll look in again in a couple of hours," he said, and went out.

"How did this happen?" asked Gerald, drawing a chair to the bedside and taking the thin old hand in his own; "and why did n't you send to let me know?"

"It was a poor place to bring you to, Masther Gerald, an' I did n't like; but sure I 'm glad to see you now you are in it."

"But why should a man of your means live like this?" The question leaped to Gerald's lips, but remained unspoken. As he looked he realized that it mattered little where the old man should live — or die — now.

"An illigant place entirely," muttered old Quinn, "and he come to see me! Ah, Masther Gerald, it 's aisy seein' you 're wan o' the raal ould stock."

He was silent a moment and then began again. "Arrah, bad cess to ye, Betty; was n't trottin' good enough for ye but ye must turn to an' kick the wagon over?" Another pause. "Masther Gerald, Masther Gerald, avick!"

"What is it, Quinn?"

"I had Counselor Conley here just now doin' some writin' for me. I write an illigant hand, but I 'm wake wid this thrubble."

"I saw him, Quinn. What about it?"

"We did n't get to finish. Rache me it there, av ye plaze. See it beyant?"

Gerald found a large legal-looking sheet of paper lying on the table among cigar butts and broken glasses. He handed it to the old man.

"Yer honor can finish it for me, as well as another. All it wants is me name. Write it down at the ind."

The first line of the document, boldly engrossed in large letters, caught Gerald's eye. He read it at a glance: "Last will and testament of Luke Quinn." He stared aghast.

"Sign my name," said the old man.

"I can't do that."

"An' why not, whin I give ye l'ave? Sure who 'll be a haporth the wiser?"

"I can write it, but we must have witnesses; and you must touch the pen and say over some form, which I have forgotten."

"Och, what 's the use of all that botheration? The lawyer would ha' finished it for me, only I was wake and c'u'd n't go on. Whisper, Masther Gerald, avick. Write 'Luke Quinn' at the bottom of that, an' it 'll be the betther for ye."

"But indeed, Quinn, it would be impossible," said Gerald, sorely put out by the old man's helpless pleading. "It would mean no more than if it had never been written, and would only get me into trouble."

"Who 's to know?" urged Quinn. "Whisper till I tell ye — no one will misthrust but I wrote it meself; no one knows me hand, an' me writin' 's the very moral of yer own anyway: ye c'u'd make twins o' thim."

Gerald could hardly repress a smile. The old man continued to urge and entreat, but, as may be imagined, without result. Finally he said: "Put it back thin; I 'll l'ave it till to-morrow. Maybe I 'll be well enough to do it meself by that time. I won't kape ye here any longer, Masther Gerald. I think I c'u'd doze a bit."

Gerald withdrew, promising to look in the first thing in the morning; and, having ascertained from the woman of the house that Mr. Quinn was in good hands, returned home. He could not help laughing at the old man's attempt to sign his will by proxy, but he was uneasy and anxious nevertheless.

The same evening Mr. Conley called upon him and told him that his old friend had died in his sleep, probably about an hour after Gerald had left the bedside. "And do you know," added the lawyer, "you came as near inheriting three hundred thousand dollars as a man can come and not get it?"

"How was that?" asked Gerald, listlessly. The news of Quinn's death, though not unexpected, had come upon him with the suddenness of a shock, and affected him deeply.

"I 'll tell you," said Mr. Conley. "It must be six months ago that Quinn instructed me to draw up his will. He left you everything, but from that day to this he never would sign it."

"Why not?" asked Gerald. He readily guessed the cause, but he was determined to keep the old man's secret.

"Sometimes one reason, sometimes another. When he met with this accident he sent for me post-haste to bring the will. Did he sign? Not a bit of it. He was too weak, he said. I offered to call in witnesses and fill in the signatures in his presence in the usual way. He became bitterly indignant. 'What, make me mark!' he said. 'I never did that in me life, and I won't begin now.' I was just leaving when you came in."

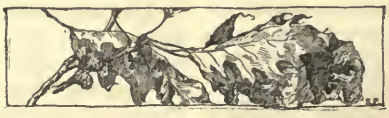
"Where will his money go?" asked Gerald.

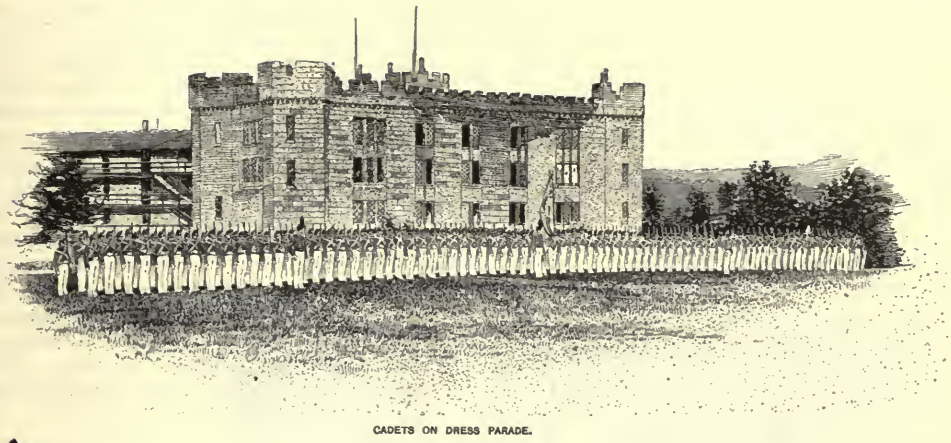
"Oh, to his relatives in Ireland, I suppose," said the lawyer. "That kind of man always has plenty."

The following Sunday there was a big funeral — an Irish funeral, with scores of carriages and unlimited whisky. Gerald Ffrench attended, and so did Mr. Gerraghty — Doctor Brown was in Sacramento. Gerald's eyes were a little misty as the earth fell on the coffin — a very handsome coffin with a silver plate. The old man had grown on him wonderfully, and he missed him more than he could have believed possible.

The contest over Luke Quinn's property is going on still in the California courts. Every Quinn in the State is represented by counsel, but flowers are not often seen on the old man's grave. It is only occasionally that Gerald Ffrench's Sunday stroll takes him in the direction of Lone Mountain.

George H. Jessop.





CADETS ON DRESS PARADE.



THE WEST POINT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BOYS IN BATTLE AT NEW MARKET, VIRGINIA, MAY 15, 1864.

LEXINGTON, Virginia, is a somewhat historic spot now, being the burial-place of Robert E. Lee and of "Stonewall" Jackson; and it is by no means inaccessible, having no fewer than three railroads. When I first knew it, nearly twenty-five years ago, it not only had little pretense to fame, but was one of the most out-of-the-way spots in the State.

In the year 1839 the State of Virginia, having an arsenal at Lexington, established there a military school and placed her property in charge of the officers and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Under the control of its superintendent, Colonel Francis H. Smith, a West Point graduate, the Virginia Military Institute prospered up to the period of the war of 1861.

It was conducted in many respects like the National Academy at West Point. Virginia was a wealthy State in those days and took great pride in her Military Institute. And while the appropriations were not so large or the appointments so complete as those provided by Congress, the Virginia academy was no mean imitator of West Point.

With the outbreak of the war came, of course, a new impetus to everything pertaining to military knowledge; and the Virginia Institute, being the largest and the best-equipped establishment of its kind in the South, at once became prominent as a training-school. At a later period of the war it had, I believe, the exceptional honor of having sent its corps of cadets, as a body, into battle. It is to chronicle that episode that I write; for the single martial exploit of that young band of boys was as brave as the archery of the boy-marksman of the Iliad who launched forth death to the foe from behind the shield of Ajax Telamon.

In the autumn of 1862 the writer, then a lad under the regulation age of sixteen, but admitted as a special favor, reported as a cadet to the superintendent of the Institute. It was almost the only school then open in the State. Men had been killed in battle upon the campus of old William and Mary College at Williamsburg. Her lecture-rooms were filled with sick and wounded. Grass was growing upon the pavements of the Virginia university; the colonnades of Washington College were deserted. Teachers and scholars had marched away from all these to the great passion play. But never, in her whole history, had the Virginia Military Institute been so crowded to overflowing, or so aglow with life. Almost entirely depleted at the outbreak of hostilities by the draft of a splendid body of young officers from the corps, she had been replenished by the youngsters whom President Davis afterwards called "the seed corn of the Confederacy," and scarcely a historic family in the South was without its youthful representative there, preparing himself in the military art. The times were stirring. The boy who sought military education then did so, not with the vague idea that at some future day it *might* prove useful, but almost in hearing of the thunder of the guns. And at the period of my entering the Institute the impatience of boyhood had been taught that there was little danger the war would end before we had our chance. Big Bethel and Manassas had been fought; the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*

had met; our armies had passed a winter in camp; the disasters of Roanoke Island, Forts Henry and Donelson, and bloody Shiloh; the seven days' fighting around Richmond—all these had tempered the arrogance and subdued the confidence of men. Predictions of peace



VIEW OF LEXINGTON, VA.

in ninety days had ceased, and too many hearts were already bleeding to make the hideous death grapple longer the subject of empty boast or trivial jest. Both North and South were settling down grimly to that agony of war which God grant that you who have never known it may always be spared.



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

The ante-bellum equipment of the Virginia Cadet Corps had been very complete and striking. It was fully as handsome as the West Point outfit and very much the same. Several years before I had seen those wonderful coatees with their forty-four buttons of shining brass, those marvelous cross-belts, and the patent-leather hats with nodding plume or pompon; and since peace has come again they have bloomed afresh, in all their pristine glory. On my journey visions of all this finery had filled my youthful imagination; but when I arrived I found that the blockade and the growing scarcity of everything like luxury and adornment had wrought great changes in the dapper appearance of the corps.

In May, 1862, the cadets had been marched to Jackson's aid at McDowell in the Shenandoah Valley. They had arrived too late to take part in the battle, but the effect of the march had been to wear out the last vestige of the peace uniforms. Then we had resort to coarse sheep's-gray jacket and trousers, with seven buttons and a plain black tape stripe. The cadet of to-day appears with felt chapeau and a ten-inch cock-plume that never knew how to strut until, plucked from a rooster's tail, it was stuck on the top of a cadet's head. We were content with a simple forage cap, blue or gray, as we could procure it. The cadet of to-day disports himself in white cross-belts, shining plates, and patent-leather accouterments. Then, we had a plain leather cartridge-box, and waist-belt with a harness buckle. The cadet of to-day handles a bronzed-barreled breech-loading rifle, of the latest Springfield pattern. Then, we went into the battle of New Market with muzzle-loading Belgian rifles as clumsy as pickaxes.

As the war progressed, our uniforms ceased to be uniform; for as the difficulty of procuring cloth increased we were permitted to supply ourselves with whatever our parents could procure, and in time we appeared in every shade from Melton gray to Georgia butternut.

Cadet fare in those days was also very simple—so very simple, indeed, that I doubt whether any body of boys were ever so healthy as we were. What we did get was nutritious and palatable, save an ever-to-be-remembered lot of Nassau bacon that appeared to have been saturated with tar on its blockade-running cruise, and one apparently inexhaustible supply of pickled beef so old and tough that it glittered with prismatic splendor in the light.

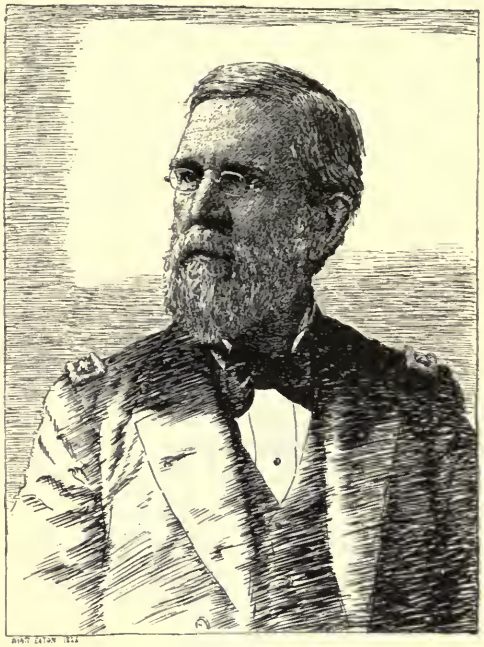
The course of studies was faithfully pursued. The full professors were nearly all too old for active service. General Smith, Colonel Gilham, Colonel Williamson, and Colonel Preston, after valuable services rendered at the outbreak in organizing forces, had returned to the Institute. Colonel Crutchfield returned once, wounded, and then went back to die most

gloriously. Stonewall Jackson, who had been professor, never, if I remember rightly, saw his class-room again; and after he went into the service never entered the building until, borne upon the shoulders of eight weeping boys, his pale face looked up from the casket on the spot where he had taught, and his voiceless lips filled his old precinct with a silent eloquence which made soldiers and heroes at a single lesson.

The Institute was an asylum for its wounded alumni, and many such, banished from home by invasion or distance, occupied the period of convalescence in teaching. One day Cutshaw, one of Lee's best artillerists, shot all to pieces at the front and sent home to die, would teach us mathematics until he could wear his wooden leg back to his battery; another day Preston with his empty sleeve would show us that none of his Latin was lost with his arm. At another time "Tige" Hardin, pale and broken, would come to teach until he could fight again, or Colonel Marshall McDonald, now famous as fish commissioner, would hobble in to point with crutch at problems on the blackboard until strong enough once more to point with sword toward the "looming bastion fringed with fire."

From such as these we learned with zest and zeal. They had our hearts to back their efforts. Their very appearance taught us lessons every hour which have been dropped from the curriculum in these tame days of peace.

The *esprit de corps* of the Institute was superb. When the command marched forth for any purpose it moved as one man. The drill was perfect. Obedience was instant and implicit. As the war wore on, the stirring



GENERAL F. H. SMITH.
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

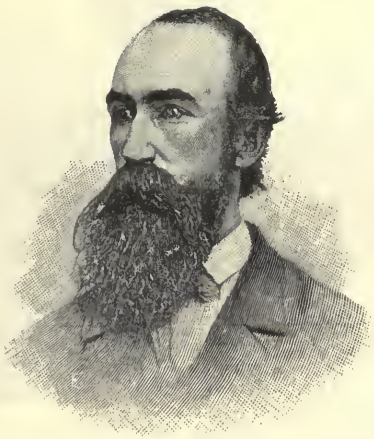
events following each other so rapidly and so near at hand bred a restlessness and discontent in every high-strung boy among us. Each battle seemed to infuse fresh impatience in the cadets, who would assemble at the sally-port for discussion; the mails were crowded with letters begging parents and guardians for permission to resign and go to the war. Good boys became bad ones to secure dismissal, and as the result of these conspiracies regular hegiras would occur. Many a night have I paced the sentry-beat, thinking now of the last gay party that had scrambled to the top of the departing stage, commissioned for active service; now envying the careless gayety of the veterans assembled in the officers' quarters, as from time to time their joyous laughter over campaigning yarns burst from the window of some tower room; then hoping against hope, as it seemed, for the day when, like them, I would be a soldier indeed.

The combat deepened. Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and a hundred lesser battles were taking place around us. One day we buried poor Paxton; soon after Davidson was borne home to us; and a little later Stonewall Jackson, in the zenith of his brilliant career, was brought back by his comrades to his home. Who shall tell with what yearning our eyes followed those brave officers as they hurried back to battle from his grave? They left us there, as if we had been babes.



COLONEL MARSHALL McDONALD.
FORMERLY PROFESSOR AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, NOW UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSIONER.

But our hour was to come at last. Gettysburg is often referred to as the turning-point in the war. It was, indeed, in many ways. Not only was it so in the fact that it baffled and disheartened the almost invincible army of Lee, but also in this, that for the first time it aroused the North to the dangers, the horrors, and the possibilities of fighting upon its

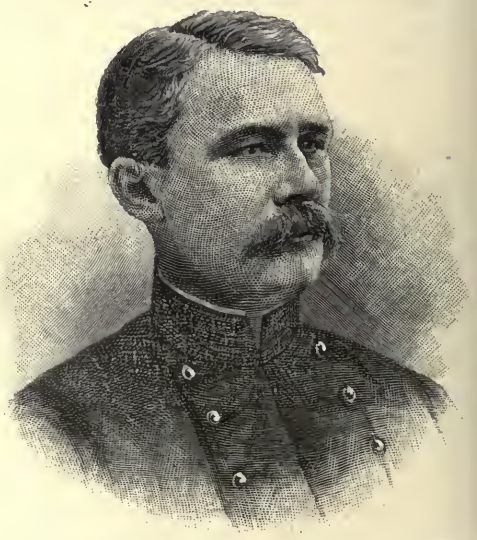


COMMANDER JOHN M. BROOKE.
PROFESSOR AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AND FORMERLY OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

own soil, and to the necessity of unprecedented effort if the recurrence of invasion was to be prevented. To such an extent were the Federal armies recruited that from the surplus troops a system of raids and incursions was begun by bodies operating independently of the grand armies; and while our diminishing forces were grappling with Grant and Sherman, raiding parties commanded by Sheridan, Stoneman, Wilson, Kautz, Averell, Hunter, Burbridge, and others rode on their flanks or in their rear with torch and sword. This policy was begun late in the summer of 1863. Averell, appearing in the neighborhood of Covington, gave the Cadet Corps a long and fruitless march. The winter of 1863–64 was gloomy enough in the Confederacy. Our soldiers no longer returned from the front exuberant with the joys of camp life and of victory. They were worn and ragged, and, if not actually dispirited, were at least sobered and reflective. The thoughtful, the wise, shook their heads sadly at the prospects of the opening spring campaign. But in one spot of the Confederacy, at least, the martial spirit still burned high, and the hope of battle flamed fresh as on the morning of Manassas. One little nest of fledglings yet remained, who, all untried, too young to reason, too buoyant to doubt, were longing to try their wings.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the Cadet Corps was the very pink of drill and discipline, and mustered 350 strong. The plebes of the last fall had passed through squad and company drill, and the battalion was now proficient in the most intricate manœuvre. The broad parade ground lay spread out like a green carpet. The far-off ranges of the Blue Ridge seemed nearer in the clear light of spring. The old guard tree, once more luxuriantly green, sheltered its watching groups of admiring girls and prattling children.

The battalion wheeled, charged, and countermarched in mimicry of war, until at sunset we formed in line for dress parade. The band played up and down the line. The last rays faded upon the neighboring peak of House Mountain. The evening gun boomed out upon the stillness. The colors of the Institute dropped lazily from their staff. Never in all her history seemed Lexington and her surroundings more gently beautiful, more calmly peaceful. Such was the sunset hour of that lovely day on which we sought our cots, almost forgetful of the troubled world elsewhere. At midnight, save in the guard-room at the sally-port, every light had disappeared. Suddenly the barracks reverberated with the throbbing of drums; we awoke and recognized the long roll. Lights were up; the stoops resounded with the rush of footsteps seeking place in the ranks; the adjutant, by lantern-light, read our orders amid breathless silence. They told us that the enemy was in the valley, that Breckinridge needed help, and that we were ordered to march for Staunton at daybreak — a battalion of infantry and a section of artillery — with three days' rations. Not



PROFESSOR-CAPTAIN HENRY A. WISE, JR.
SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.



CADET IN MARCHING OUTFIT.

a sound was uttered, not a man moved from the military posture of "parade rest." Our beating hearts told us that our hour had come at last.

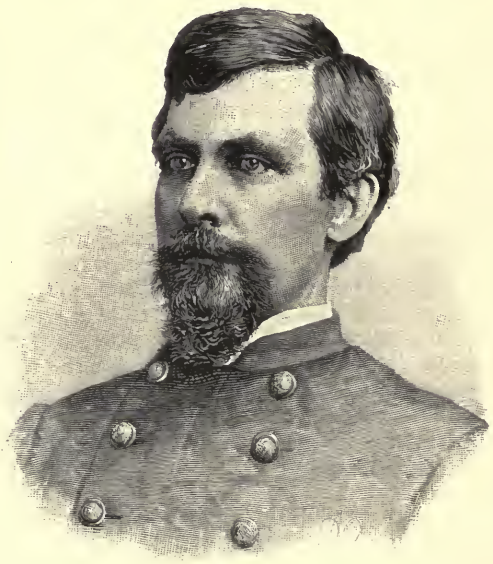
"Parade 's dismissed," piped the adjutant. Then came a wild halloo, as company after company broke ranks. Again in fancy I see the excited rush of that gay throng, eager as greyhounds in the leash, hurrying back and forth, preparing for the start, forgetful that it would be six hours before they should march.

Daybreak found us on the Staunton pike after a sleepless night and a breakfast by candle-light. We had jeered the little boys who were left behind. We had tramped heavily upon the covered bridge that spans the river, until it rocked and swayed beneath our tread. Exuberant with the joyousness of boyhood, we had cheered the fading turrets of the Institute as they sank beneath the hills. And now, fairly started upon our journey, we were plodding on right merrily, our gallant little battery rumbling behind.

At midday on the 12th of May we marched into Staunton to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." We were not quite as fresh or as neat as at the outset, but still game and saucy. I fear it was not the girls we left behind us that occupied our thoughts just then. Staunton then, as now, was filled with girls' schools, and we were very much occupied with the fair faces around us. Our preparation had been simple. Being muddy to the knees, we had waded in a creek until our shoes and trousers were cleansed, and then, picking our way daintily upon the rocks until we reached the pavements, adjusted our locks in a fence corner by the aid of pocket-comb and glass, and hurried forward to society. The cadets were the favorites. Perhaps there was something of resentment for this that prompted a veteran regiment to sing "Rock-a-bye, baby," when we marched past them in the streets.

There was little time, however, for gayety. Breckinridge's army, which had hurried up from south-western Virginia to meet Sigel, soon filled the town and suburbs. Now and then a bespattered trooper came up wearily from Woodstock or Harrisonburg to report the steady advance of Sigel with an army thrice the size of our own. Ever and anon the serious shook their heads and predicted hot work in store for us. Even in the hour of levity the shadow of impending bloodshed hung over all but the cadet. At evening parade the command came to move down the valley.

Morning found us promptly on the march. A few lame ducks had succumbed and were left behind, but the body of the corps were still elated and eager, although rain had overtaken us. The first day's march brought us to Harrisonburg; the second to Lacy's Springs, within ten miles of New Market. On this day evidences of the enemy's approach thickened on every hand. At short intervals upon the pike, the great artery of travel in the valley, carriages and vehicles of all sorts filled the way, laden with people and their household effects, fleeing from the hostile advance. Now and then a haggard trooper, dispirited by long skirmishing against overwhelming force, would gloomily suggest the power and numbers of the enemy. Towards nightfall, in a little grove by a church, we came upon a squad of Federal prisoners, the first that many of us had



COLONEL SCOTT SHIP.
IN COMMAND OF THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

ever seen. It was a stolid lot of Germans, who eyed us with curious inquiry as we passed. Laughter and badinage had somewhat subsided when we pitched camp that night in sight of our picket-fires twinkling in the gloaming but a few miles below us down the valley. We learned, beyond doubt, that Franz Sigel and his army were sleeping within ten miles of the spot on which we rested.

For a while the woodland resounded with the ax-stroke, or the cheery halloo of the men from camp-fire to camp-fire; for a while the firelight danced, and the air was savory with

the odor of cooking viands; for a while the boys grouped around the camp-fires for warmth and to dry their wet clothing. But soon the silence was broken only now and then by the fall of a passing shower, or the champing of the colonel's horse upon his provender.

I was corporal of the guard. A single sentinel stood post, while the guard and drummers lay stretched before the watch-fire in deep, refreshing sleep. It was an hour past midnight when I caught the sound of hoofs upon the pike advancing at a trot, and a moment later the call of the sentry brought me to him, where I found an aide bearing orders from the commanding general. On being aroused our commandant rubbed his eyes, muttered, "Move forward at once," and ordered me to rouse the camp. The rolls were rattled off; the short, crisp commands went forth, and soon the battalion debouched upon the pike, heading in the darkness and the mud for New Market.

Before we left our camp something occurred that even now may be a solace to those whose boys died so gloriously on that day. In the gloom of the night, Captain Frank Preston, neither afraid nor ashamed to pray, sent up an appeal to God for protection to our little band. It was a humble, earnest appeal that sunk into the heart of every hearer. Few were the dry eyes, little the frivolity, in the command, when he had ceased to speak of home, of father, of mother, of country, of victory and defeat, of life, of death, of eternity. Those who, but a few hours later, heard him commanding "B" company in the thickest of the fight, his already empty sleeve showing that he was no stranger to the perilous edge of battle, realized as few can how the same voice can at one time plead reverently and tenderly and at another pipe higher than the roar of battle.

The day, breaking gray and gloomy, found us plodding onward in the mud. The exceedingly sober cast of our reflections was relieved by the light-heartedness of the veterans. Wharton's brigade, with smiling "Old Gabe" at their head, cheered us heartily as we came up to the spot where they were cooking breakfast by the road-side. Many were the good-natured gibes with which they restored our confidence. The old soldiers were as merry, nonchalant, and indifferent to the coming fight as if it was a daily occupation.

One fellow came round with a pair of scissors and a package of cards, offering to cut off love-locks to be sent home after we were dead. They inquired if we wanted rosewood coffins, satin-lined, with name and age on plate. In a word, they made us ashamed of the solemnity of our last six miles of marching, and renewed within our breasts the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery.

The mile-posts on the pike scored four miles, three miles, two miles, one mile to New Market. Then the mounted skirmishers crowded past us hurrying to the front. Cheering began in our rear and was caught up by the troops along the line of march. We learned its import as Breckinridge and his staff approached, and we joined in the huzza as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, dashed past us, uncovered, bowing, and riding like the Cid. Along the crest of the elevation in our front we beheld our line of mounted pickets and the smoldering fires of their night's bivouac. We halted with the realization that one turn in the road would bring us in full view of the enemy's position. Echols's and Wharton's brigades hurried past us. There was not so much banter then. "Forward!" was the word once more, and New Market appeared in sight.

The turn of the road displayed the whole position. A bold range of hills parallel with the mountains divides the Shenandoah Valley into two smaller valleys, and in the easternmost of these lies New Market.

The valley pike, on which we had advanced, passes through the town parallel with the Massanutten range on our right, and Smith's Creek running along its base. The range of hills on our left breaks as it nears the town and slopes down to it from the south and west, swelling up again beyond it to the north and west. On the right of the pike, looking towards New Market, and running over to the creek, a beautiful stretch of meadow-land spreads out down to and beyond the town. Orchards skirt the village in these meadows between our position and the town, and they are filled with the enemy's skirmishers. A heavy stone fence and a deep lane run westward from the town and parallel with our line of battle. Here the enemy's infantry was posted to receive our left flank, and behind it his artillery was posted on a slope, the ground rising gradually until, a short distance beyond the town, to the left of the pike, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hillsides from this plateau to the pike are gradual and broken by several gullies heavily wooded by scrub-cedar.

It was Sunday morning, and 11 o'clock. In a picturesque little churchyard, right under the shadow of the village spire and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery was posted in rear of the infantry line of the enemy. The moment we debouched it opened upon us.

Away off to the right, in the Luray Gap of the Massanutten range, our signal corps was telegraphing the position and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry was moving at a gallop to the cover of the creek to attempt to flank



THE CADETS IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

the town. Echols's brigade was moving from the pike at a double-quick by the right flank and went into line of battle across the meadow, its left resting on the pike. Simultaneously his skirmishers were thrown forward at a run and engaged the enemy. Out of the orchards and out on the meadows arose puff after puff of blue smoke as our sharpshooters advanced, the "*pop, pop*" of their rifles ringing forth excitingly. Thundering down the pike came McLaughlin with his artillery, and wheeling out into the meadows he swung into battery action left, and let fly with all his guns. The cadet section of artillery pressing a little farther forward wheeled to the left, toiled up the slope, and with a plunging fire replied to the Federal battery in the graveyard. At the first discharge of our guns a beautiful wreath of smoke shot upward and hovered over them.

The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle-smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions. We had their range beautifully, and every shell, striking some obstruction, exploded in the streets. Every man of our army was in sight. Every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers were but too well known to us, for notwithstanding that his line of battle, already formed, was equal to our own, the reports still came that the pike was filled with his infantry.

Our left wing consisted of Wharton's brigade; the center of the 62d Virginia Infantry and the cadets; and our right of Echols's brigade and the cavalry.

Up to this time I was still corporal of the guard, in charge of the baggage-wagon, with a detail of three men, Redwood, Stanard, and Woodlief. We had not been relieved, in the general bustle and confusion. My orders were to remain with the wagons at the bend in the pike, unless our forces were driven back; in which case we were to retire to a point of safety. When it became evident that a battle was imminent, a single thought took possession of me, and that was, that I would never be able to look my father in the face again if I sat on a baggage-wagon while my command was in its first, perhaps its only, engagement. He was a grim old fighter,[1] at that moment commanding at Petersburg, and a month later fighting at odds against "Baldy" Smith until Lee could come up. He had a tongue of satire and ridicule like a lash of scorpions. I had nearly worried him out of his life with applications to leave the Institute and enter the army. If, now that I had the opportunity, I should fail to take part in the fight I knew what was in store for me. Napoleon in Egypt pointed to the Pyramids and told his soldiers that from their heights forty centuries looked down upon them. My oration, delivered from the baggage-wagon, was not so elevated in tone, but equally emphatic. It ran about this wise: "Boys, the enemy is in our front. Our command is about to go into action. I like fighting no better than anybody else. But I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. If I return home and tell my father that I was on the baggage guard when my comrades were fighting I know my fate. He will kill me with worse than bullets — ridicule. I shall join the

[1] Governor and General Henry A. Wise.— EDITOR.

command forthwith. Any one who chooses to remain may do so." All the guard followed. The wagon was left in charge of the black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two were wounded.

We rejoined the battalion as it marched by the left flank from the pike. Moving at double-quick we were in an instant in line of battle, our right near the turnpike. Rising ground in our immediate front concealed us from the enemy. The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, were thrown down upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale; but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge-boxes round to the front and tightened our belts. Whistling rifled-shell screamed over us as, tipping the hill-crest in our own front, they bounded over our heads. Across the pike to our right Patton's brigade was lying down, abreast of us. "At-ten-tion-n-n! Battalion Forward! Guide—Center-r-rr!" shouted Ship, and off we started. At that moment, from the left of the line, sprang Sergeant-Major Woodbridge, and posted himself forty paces in front of the colors as directing guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurled our colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet in the Institute leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that "*This is war!*" We reached the hill-crest in our front, where we were abreast of our smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy. We were pressing towards him at "arms port" with the light tripping gait of the French infantry. The enemy had obtained our range, and began to drop his shell under our noses along the slope. Echols's brigade rose up and were charging on our right with the rebel yell.



CADET CAPTAIN WM. H. CABELL. KILLED AT NEW MARKET.

Woodbridge, who was holding his position as directing sergeant, was ordered to resume his place in the line.

Down the green slope we went, answering the wild cry of our comrades as their musketry rattled out its opening volleys. In another moment we should expect a pelting rain of lead from the blue line crouching behind the stone wall at the lane. Then came a sound more stunning than thunder, that burst directly in my face; lightnings leaped; fire flashed; the earth rocked; the sky whirled round, and I stumbled. My gun pitched forward, and I fell upon my knees. Sergeant Cabell looked back at me sternly, pityingly, and called out, "Close up, men," as he passed on.

I knew no more. When consciousness returned it was raining in torrents. I was lying on the ground, which all about was torn and plowed with shell which were still screeching in the air and bounding on the earth.

Poor little Captain Hill of "C" company was lying near, bathed in blood, with a fearful gash over the temple, and was gasping like a dying fish. Read, Merritt, and another, also badly shot, were near at hand.

The battalion was three hundred yards away clouded in smoke and hotly engaged. They had crossed the lane the enemy held, and the Federal battery in the graveyard had fallen back to the high ground beyond. "How came they there?" I thought, and, "Why am I here?" Then I saw that I was bleeding from a deep and ugly gash in my head. That villainous rifled-shell that burst in our faces brought five of us to the ground. "Hurrah!" I thought, "youth's dream is realized at last. *I've got a wound and am not dead yet!*" And so, realizing the savory truth, another moment found me on my feet trudging along to the hospital, almost whistling with delight at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home, with a rather taunting suggestion that after all their trouble they had not been able to keep me from having my share in the fun.

From this time forth I may speak of the gallant behavior of the cadets without the imputation of vanity, for I was no longer a participant in their glory. The fighting around the town was fierce and bloody on our left wing. Patton's movements on our right were rapid and effective. He had pressed forward and gained the village, and our line was now concave with an angle just beyond the town.

The Federal infantry had fallen back to their second line, and our left had now before it the task of ascending the slope, on the crest of which they were posted. Pausing under the cover of the deep lane to breathe awhile and correct the alignment, our troops once more advanced, clambering up the bank and over the stone fence, and at once delivering and receiving a withering fire. At a point below the town where the turnpike curved the enemy's reserves were massed; in what numbers we could not yet descry. A momentary confusion on our right, as our troops pressed through the streets of New Market, gave invitation for a charge of the enemy's cavalry, who were unable to see McLaughlin's battery which had

been moved up, unlimbered in the streets, and double-shotted with grape and canister. The cavalry dashed forward, squadron front, in full career. Our infantry scrambled over the fences, cleared the pike, and gave the artillery a fair opportunity to rake them. They saw the trap too late. They drew up and sought to wheel about. Heavens! What a blizzard McLaughlin gave them. They reeled, staggered, wheeled, and fled. The road was filled with fallen men and horses. A few riderless steeds galloped towards our lines, neighed, circled, and rejoined their comrades. One gallant fellow, whose horse became unmanageable, rode through the battery, and, at full speed, passed beyond, behind, and around our line, safely rejoining his comrades and cheered for his daring by his enemies. This was the end of the cavalry in that fight.

Our left had meanwhile performed its allotted task. Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry, it went; and a second time the Federal infantry was forced to retire. The veteran troops had secured two guns of the battery, and the remaining four had galloped back to a new position in a farmyard on the plateau at the head of the cedar-skirted gully. Our boys had captured over a hundred prisoners. Charley Faulkner, now a grave senator from West Virginia, came back radiant, in charge of twenty-three Germans large enough to swallow him, and insisted that he captured every man of them himself. Bloody work had been done. The space between the enemy's old and new positions was dotted with their dead and wounded—shot as they fled across the open field. But this same exposed ground now lay before, and must be crossed by our own men, under a galling fire from a strong and protected position. The distance was not three hundred yards, but the ground to be traversed was a level green field of young wheat. Again the advance was ordered. Our men responded with a cheer. Poor fellows! they had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddied to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they had pulled,—some of them actually shoeless after their struggle across the plowed ground,—they nevertheless advanced with great grit and eagerness; for the shouting on their right meant victory. But the foe in our front was far from conquered. As our fellows came on with a dash the enemy stood his ground most courageously. That battery, now charged with canister and shrapnel, opened upon the cadets with a murderous hail the moment they uncovered. The infantry, lying behind fence-rails piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly fire. At one discharge, poor Cabell, our first sergeant, by whose side I had marched so long, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three. They were awfully mangled with the canister. A few steps beyond, McDowell, a mere child, sunk to his knees with a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson, Wheelwright, fell upon green-sward and expired; Shriver's sword-arm dropped helpless to his side, and "C" company thereby lost her cadet as well as her professor-captain. The men were falling right and left. The veterans on the right of the cadets seemed to waver. Ship, our commandant, fell wounded. For the first time the cadets seemed irresolute. Some one cried out, "Lie down," and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the ensign, who was standing bolt upright. Poor Stanard's limbs were torn asunder and he lay there bleeding to death. Some one cried out, "Fall back, and rally on Edgar's battalion." Several boys moved as if to obey; but Pizzini, orderly of "B" company, with his Italian blood at the boiling-point, cocked his gun and swore he would shoot the first man who ran. Preston, brave and inspiring, with a smile lay down upon his only arm, remarking that he would at least save that. Collona, captain of "D," was speaking words of encouragement and bidding the boys shoot close. The boys were being decimated; manifestly they must charge or retire; and charge it was. For at that moment, Henry A. Wise, our first captain, beloved of every boy in the command, sprung to his feet, shouted the charge, and led the Cadet Corps forward to the guns. The guns of the battery were served superbly; the musketry fairly rolled. The cadets reached the firm green-sward of the farmyard in which the battery was planted. The Federal infantry began to break and run behind the buildings. Before the order to "Limber up" could be obeyed our boys disabled the trails and were close upon the guns; the gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in flight. Lieutenant Hanna hammered a burly gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garrett outran another and attacked him with his bayonet. The boys leaped on the guns, and the battery was theirs; while Evans was wildly waving the cadet colors from the top of a caisson.

A straggling fire of infantry was still kept up from the gully, now on our right flank, although the cadets could see the masses of blue retiring in confusion down the hill. Then came the command to re-form the battalion, to mark time, and to half-wheel to the right, when it advanced again, firing as it went, and did not pause until it gained the pike. The broken columns of the enemy hurried on towards

Mount Jackson, hotly pressed by our infantry and cavalry. Our artillery advanced to Rude's Hill, and shelled their confused ranks, until they passed beyond the burning bridge that spanned the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson.

We had won a victory,—not a Manassas or an Appomattox, but, for all that, a right comforting bit of news went up the pike that night to General Lee; for from where he lay, locked in the death grapple with Grant in the Wilderness, his thoughts were, doubtless, ever turning wearily and anxiously towards this flank movement in the valley.

The pursuit down the pike was more like a foot-race than a march. Our boys straggled badly, for all realized that the fight was over, and many were too exhausted to go farther. As evening fell the clouds burst away; the sun came forth; and, when night closed in, no sound of battle broke the Sabbath calm, save a solitary Napoleon gun, pounding away at the smoldering ruins of the bridge across the river. The picket-fires of the cadets were lit at beautiful Mount Airy, while the main body bivouacked upon the pike a mile below New Market.

Of a corps of 225 men we had lost 56 in killed and wounded.

Shortly before sundown, having had my head sewed up and bandaged, and having rendered such service as I could to wounded comrades, I sallied forth to procure a blanket. We had left our trappings unguarded when we stripped for action. Nobody would consent to be detailed. The result was that the camp-followers had made away with nearly all our haversacks and blankets. I entered the town and found it filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as light-heartedly as if it were a feast or holiday. A great throng of Federal prisoners was corraled in a side street, under guard. They were nearly all Germans. Every type of prisoner was there. Some affable, some defiant, some light-hearted and careless, some gloomy and dejected. One fellow in particular afforded great merriment in his quaint recital of the manner of his capture. Said he, "Dem leetle tevils mit der vhite vlag vas doo mutch fur us. Dey shoost smash mine head, ven I vos cry 'Zurrender' all der dime." A loud peal of laughter went up from the bystanders, among whom I recognized several cadets. His allusion to the white flag was to our colors. We had a handsome flag with a white and gilt ground and a picture of Washington. It puzzled our adversaries not a little. Several whom I have met since then tell me they could not make us out at all. Our strange colors, our diminutive size, and our unusual precision of movement made them think we were some foreign mercenary regulars.

The jeers and banter of the veterans had now ceased. We had fairly won our spurs. We could mingle with them fraternally and discuss the battle on equal terms, and we did so. Glorious fellows those veterans were. To them was due ninety-nine hundredths of the glory of the victory; yet they seemed to delight in giving all praise to "dem leetle tevils mit der vhite vlag." The ladies of the town also overwhelmed us with tenderness, and as for ourselves we drank in greedily the praise which made us the lions of the hour.

Leaving the village I sought the plateau where most of our losses had occurred. A little above the town, in the fatal wheat-field, I came upon the dead bodies of three cadets. One wore the chevrons of an orderly sergeant. Lying upon his face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms, his hands had clutched and torn great tufts of soil and grass; his lips retracted; his teeth tightly locked; his face as hard as flint, with staring, bloodshot eyes. It was hard, indeed, to recognize all that remained of Cabell, who, but a few hours before, had stood first in his class as a scholar, second as a soldier, and the peer of any boy that ever lived in every trait of physical and moral manliness.

A little removed from the spot where Cabell fell, and nearer to the position of the enemy, lay McDowell. It was a sight to wring one's heart. That little boy was lying there asleep, more fit, indeed, for the cradle than the grave. He was barely sixteen, I judge, and by no means robust for his age. He was a North Carolinian. He had torn open his jacket and shirt, and, even in death, lay clutching them back, exposing a fair breast with its red wound. I had come too late. Stanard had breathed his last but a few moments before I reached the old farm-house where the battery had stood, now converted into a hospital. His body was still warm and his last messages had been words of love. Poor Jack! Playmate, roommate, friend—farewell.

Standing there, my mind sped back to the old scenes at Lexington when we were shooting together in the "Grassy Hills"; to our games and sports; to that day, one week ago, when he had knelt at the chancel and was confirmed; to the previous night at the guard-fire when he confessed to a presentiment that he would be killed; to his wistful, earnest farewell when we parted at the baggage-wagon, and my heart half reproached me for ordering him into the fight. The warm tears of youthful friendship came welling up for one I had learned to love as a brother; and now, twenty-four years later, I thank God that life's buffetings and the cold-heartedness of later struggles have not dammed the pure fountains of boyhood's friendship. A truer-hearted, braver,

better fellow never died than Jacquelin B. Stanard.

A few of us brought up a limber-chest, threw our poor boys across it, and bore their remains to a deserted storehouse in the village. The next day we buried them with the honors of war, bowed down with grief at a victory so dearly bought.

We started up the valley crestfallen and dejected. Our victory was almost forgotten in our distress for our friends and comrades dead and maimed. We were still young in the ghastly sport. But we proved apt scholars. As we moved up the valley we were not hailed as sorrowing friends, but greeted as heroes and victors. At Harrisonburg, at Staunton, at Charlottesville, everywhere, an ovation awaited us such as we did not dream of, and such as has seldom greeted any troops. The dead, and the poor fellows who were still tossing on cots of fever and delirium, were almost forgotten by the selfish comrades whose fame their blood had bought.

We were ordered to Richmond. All our sadness disappeared. A week later the Cadet Corps, garlanded, cheered by ten thousand throats, intoxicated with praise unstinted, wheeled proudly beneath the shadow of the Washington Monument at Richmond to receive a stand of colors from the governor, the band playing lustily —

> Oh! there's not a trade that's going
> Worth showing, or knowing,
> Like that from glory growing
> For the bowld soldier boy.

The boys who formed the corps of the West Point of the Confederacy are no longer boys. Many are dead. Many fill high stations in mature manhood. Many are already gray with care. The Virginia Military Institute still survives the wreck of war. But it is not the hotbed of war that it was in those days.

John S. Wise.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Annexation, or Federation?

IT will not be difficult to array arguments against the article on "The Reorganization of the British Empire," which was published in the last number of THE CENTURY. Certain advocates of a different conclusion will prove conclusively that annexation to the United States offers Canada's only hope of coming into touch with a real national life and of becoming a part of the world's commerce and international relations, and that the American ought to be as intensely and continuously interested in this matter as in his own national politics. And the principal immediate result will be that such advocates will be stirred up to a new astonishment or perhaps indignation at the American's stolid indifference, and will be apt to attribute it to the American's ignorance of or contempt for the power and importance of the Dominion.

Nothing could be more unjust than this latter supposition, and yet it is doing very much to sap the cordial relations which ought to exist between two neighboring peoples. The anti-annexationist of Canada has a suspicion that too many Americans are engaged in contriving methods of putting an end to Canada's separate existence; the annexationist is indignant when he finds that Americans, as a rule, are not only disinterested but uninterested; and the only political friends of "the States" in the Dominion are the Gallios who care for none of these things. The American looks with dull eyes upon all schemes of annexation, not because he has any feeling of contempt for Canada, but because he cannot yet see in the schemes themselves anything that is absolutely necessary or self-developed. Place before him that which seems a natural scheme, that which is the result of natural conditions permitted to work freely, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will take the warmest interest in it and give it his most cordial approval, even though it is quite lacking in those points of selfish advantage to the United States on which the annexationist relies so confidently.

What could be more natural than the "federation" scheme for British reconstruction, which has been before the British public for years and is now renewed in the article just mentioned? It offers to Great Britain the maintenance of every interest, legal, economic, political, and moral, which has grown up in the past and has shown itself worthy of conservation. It maintains all the ties which have held the different parts of the Empire together. It even strengthens them prodigiously by transforming the weak ties of colonialism into a true national life: so that the foreigner shall look upon Canada or Jamaica, not as temporary hangers-on of a distant island, but as component and fully recognized members of a magnificent ocean empire. It distributes the burdens of imperial taxation over the whole Empire, so that the Australian may look upon every imperial iron-clad which comes into his harbors as possibly the product of his own state's taxation, while Canadian regiments shall take their tour of duty in English or Irish cities, or at the Cape. It lessens the dangers of a new break-up of the Empire through colonial discontent; the Canada or the New South Wales of the "federation" could submit without a second thought to abandonment of its claims "by its own government," while there is now always something of a sting in such an abandonment by a home government on whose decision the colony has exercised no direct influence. It leaves to every square foot of the Empire that alternative of self-government in the present, or of the hope of self-government in the future, which is afforded by our State and Territorial

systems. Canada would be at once one of the self-governing states of the Empire; but the Territories of India would have under the federation such prospects of complete statehood, when they should deserve it, as they never could have under a Russian dominion or protectorate.

And such a consummation is to be prevented by what? By certain remnants of feudal organization or thinking. The attempt has hitherto been made to base the British Empire upon the country known as England. England must be simply included in the splendid and closely knit Empire which is pictured in federation. England is not prepared to sink its proud historical continuity in such a federation: that might do for Scotland or Ireland, but not for the country of Alfred and Shakspere, Milton and Cromwell. Still less is England prepared to transform its historic past into a geographical expression by dividing its representation in the Imperial Parliament, as that of New England has been divided in our own country, among half a dozen separate States. Family and other influences have been prompt to make use of such natural feelings in order to prevent the organization of a Parliament which should really represent the whole Empire, and to maintain the present system, which gratifies all the provincialisms of English anti-democracy, while it "governs" the rest of the Empire purely on sufferance.

It is hardly necessary to say that such a system cannot last; iron-clad navies have already made it an anachronism. British statesmen have for years been ready to meet the imperial dangers of a great naval war by quietly shaking the colonial apples from the boughs; by saying to their colonies, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled." English historians are agreed as to the folly of the policy which split the British Empire a hundred years ago. What are future historians to say of the policy which is now prepared to submit to a disintegration of the Empire rather than sacrifice one jot of the ambition to make the legislative body an English rather than an Imperial Parliament — an ambition the impossibility of which will be shown by the first contact with the touchstone of events? Towards the climax of the English troubles with the colonies in the past century, the failure to reach a kindly and satisfactory settlement of them was attributed by Franklin's hard practical sense very largely to the desire of so many Englishmen of that day to keep up the fiction of "our sovereignty" over the colonies; each, "like the Genoese queens of Corsica, deems himself a sprig of royalty" over the colonies so long as the old system should last. It would be a curious historical parallel if survivals of the same feeling in this century should prolong the existence of the old system until circumstances should force a new disruption of the Empire.

The one practical factor which is fundamentally hostile to all such survivals is English democracy. Wherever it meets them, in the pulpit, in the press, in Parliament, or even on the panels of carriages, it meets them with unsparing ridicule. Its work has hitherto been mainly in the widening of the right of suffrage, but most of that work is now done. The question now is whether the inevitable development of English democracy in new directions, more particularly in that of a federated Empire, shall happily anticipate any conjunction of circumstances which might otherwise force a second break-up of the Empire. It is really, then, a race against time by the English democracy. If, as one result, our neighbors to the north of us shall become an integral part of a real empire, such a natural and simple solution will find no congratulations more prompt and cordial than those of the American people, even though they are not based on any of the selfish advantages which annexation professes to offer to the United States.

And if the time should ever arrive when the United States is really interested in the question of Canadian annexation, it will be because whatever there is of "the natural" in such proposed relationship has come to the front and become a paramount consideration. But it is likely that the experiment of federation will be tried before the permanent experiment of annexation.

Separate Municipal Elections.

THE advocates of separate municipal elections in our large cities have hitherto been divided in their views as to the best time for holding them. On the one hand it has been urged that they should be held in the spring, and on the other that they should be assigned to the autumn of those years in which no State or National elections occur. The strongest, because best sustained, objection to the spring as the time is found in the fact that where the experiment has been tried it has been found that it is much more difficult to excite public interest then than it is in the autumn. Many people leave the city for the summer early, and the loss to the popular interest from this cause alone has been found to be considerable. Then, too, the force of habit has a good deal to do with it. Men find it difficult to arouse themselves to an election contest several months in advance of their regular voting time. It is also urged that this plan of two campaigns a year would double the expense of elections by making a double machinery necessary to attend to them.

These objections, taken together, were considered sufficient to defeat a bill which was before the New York legislature in 1885. Its failure led to the formulation of a much more comprehensive plan for separate elections in the autumn than had hitherto been produced. It came from the Constitutional Club of Brooklyn in the form of an amendment to the State constitution. The fatal objection which had been presented heretofore to all plans for holding separate elections in the cities of New York State in the autumn had been that there was no year in which elections for some kind or other of State officers did not occur. There is a governor, or minor State officers, or some judges, or members of the legislature, to be chosen every year. To get rid of this obstacle the proposed amendment lengthened nearly all the terms of city and State officers. It made the term for governor and other State officers four years instead of three, that of State senators three years instead of two, and that of assemblymen two years instead of one. Then it provided that in all cities in which elections were held in November, those for State and National officers should be held on even years, and those for city officers on odd years.

When once the wisdom of lengthening the official terms is conceded,— and there appears to be no valid objection to that change,— it will be seen that this plan obviated completely the main objections to the spring election plan. By coming at the regular time, public

interest would be more easily aroused and the regular machinery of elections could be used. Then, too, absolute freedom from State and National political or partisan influences would be secured, for by being held a full year in advance of all other elections there would be no temptation to influence the election for the sake of a so-called "moral effect" upon a larger one which was to come after it.

Without venturing to decide which plan is the more desirable, we think there is no longer any doubt in any impartial mind as to the need of the proposed separation. There can be no improvement in our municipal government, no relief from the extravagant and oftentimes corrupt expenditures which make life in our cities so enormously expensive, until we bring the mass of the voters to the comprehension of two points: first, that it is playing into the hands of the men who make their living out of politics to allow National and State political considerations to enter into the choice of municipal officers; secondly, that the burden of taxation is not borne by the rich alone, but largely by the poor. The voters must think when they are deciding how they will vote, not as to what the effect of their ballot will be on a candidate for governor or President, but upon municipal taxation, schools, police, paving, lighting, street-cleaning, sewerage, docks. They must be taught to realize, what the mass of them do not now, that every dollar which is wasted in all these and the other outlays by the city government comes at last out of their pockets. Nothing is more pernicious in a great city in which there is a vast horde of ignorant and impoverished voters, than the mistaken idea that it is the rich men who pay the taxes. If a tax-collector could be sent yearly to every man to collect his share of the municipal expenditure, however small, we would soon see an end put to the plundering of politicians. The payment by every man, however humble his abode, of the poor rates as a condition of voting is the salvation of municipal government in England. It gives every laborer an intelligent interest in affairs, though the amount is the merest trifle compared with the sum which every poor man in an American city pays indirectly in the form of the rent for his wretched lodgings. It is ignorance on this point which leads the uneducated voters in our cities to think that every cent which men like Tweed and smaller men of his political school can filch from the city treasury and spend in politics comes from the pockets of the rich, and not from the poor at all. With separate elections a great deal could be done to dispel this sorry delusion. We could in such elections get the intelligent voters of all parties to unite, without regard to party names, upon the candidates who gave the best promise of honest administration of affairs, and by controlling elections in that way, as could easily be done, the light would soon be carried among the ignorant.

Are we Just to our Architects?

WE hear much said just now of the architect's duties and obligations; and when any disappointment or accident can be so read as seemingly to prove that they have not been properly performed, the fact is often dwelt upon with almost hostile emphasis. On the other hand, little is said or thought of the duties and obligations of the architect's clients. Although now and again some gross disregard of these may be condemned in our law courts, their existence is hardly recognized as yet by the national conscience. For example, how many persons have thought it needful to inquire just why the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber in Albany was found defective and torn down, or why the tower of a new church in Washington fell the other day? How many have not jumped to the conclusion that it must have been the architect's fault, and that there can have been no possible excuse for him?

We have no wish to pronounce judgment with regard to either of these disasters. We refer to them simply in illustration of the fact that the common popular feeling towards the architectural profession is a feeling of distrust. When the undertaking of actual work is in question it is no exaggeration to say that architects are usually approached in an attitude of self-defense, are often grudged their just rewards, are sometimes asked to work without reward (in unpaid competitions, for instance), and are accused of a desire to overreach when, in fact, an effort is being made to overreach them.

Of no other profession would such words be true. Yet the architectural profession itself should not be held responsible. None has a fairer and clearer record to the eyes of those who know the rights and wrongs of its condition. None is more laborious; none does the country more credit, all things considered, in the results of its work; and none can with less justice be called overpaid. Doubtless we have had incompetent and careless, extortionate and dishonest, architects. But they have not been more numerous than the unworthy of other professions, and there is perhaps more excuse to be made for them. The excuse of exceptional temptation may be found in the fact which really explains the distrust in which architects are held by the public. This is the fact that architectural work does not yet rest upon a firmly established, frankly and generally accepted, business basis — chiefly because it has an artistic as well as a practical side, and our public is not yet clear in its mind with regard to the just claims and right rewards of artistic work, to the necessities of its execution, or the reciprocal obligations it implies. We know what our doctors can do, and ask them to do neither more nor less; and we know what we must pay them, and pay it without protest. Only paupers go begging to the medical profession; only fools think they can do without its services, or expect it never to make mistakes or ever to permit amateur interference with its decrees. It is the same with the law, and the same even with engineering, which comes so close to architecture. But when the dividing line is passed and the artist is approached we do not know just what he can do or how he must do it, or recognize our incompetence to help him; so we ask him now to satisfy impossible desires, now to be infallible, and now to suppress himself and follow our lead. And we are so uncertain as to his right pecuniary rewards that sometimes we expect him to do without any, and again believe in the likelihood of his dishonesty because he works for a commission regulated upon the cost of the building he erects. Do we think doctors likely to be dishonest simply because the more visits they make the more we must pay them?

This unfortunate and unjust state of mind might be modified were it more generally known how small, even

at the best, are the rewards of the architectural profession. It has recently been affirmed in the editorial columns of our chief architectural journal that probably not five architects in any one of our great cities earn, on the average, five thousand dollars a year, and that the chances of attaining to such an income are so small that Government positions assuring twenty-five hundred or even fifteen hundred dollars a year are tempting even to men well established in the profession. The statement seems astounding when we remember what success means in medicine or the law. But there is little reason to doubt its truth, and those who know the expenses which attend a large architectural practice will hardly find it difficult of belief.

A doctor may manage a very large practice with a "plant" consisting of a small office, a brougham, a single assistant, and a boy to open his door. A lawyer's outlay need not be much greater. But what are an architect's needs? It may seem very simple work to the public "merely" to design a building on paper and "merely" to supervise its erection by contractors who "do all the real work." But to design a building means to prepare, not only the little sketches and plans a client sees, but very many large scale drawings requiring much time for their elaboration, and not only artistic reflection, but long and complicated mathematical and pecuniary calculations too. And to supervise construction means frequent and extended visits from the architect or some competent assistant. All this implies very large and well-lighted and therefore very expensive offices, a numerous corps of assistants, some of whom must be men of great skill and long experience, and constant journeys often to very distant spots. Every one knows the immense commissions which Mr. Richardson received; but who remembers that he had more than a score of artists in his employ and took monthly journeys to Washington and Chicago? All architects must bear such burdens, but they fall much more heavily upon the American than upon the foreign practitioner. Rents are enormously high with us; the intense competition of Europe sends an established architect pupils who are willing to pay large premiums, while here salaries must be given from the start and must rapidly increase if good men are to be retained; and there is of course no comparison between the cost of journeys in France or England and those in our widespread territory. There are other facts which make an artist's task much harder here than in Europe and which tend to perpetuate the public feeling of distrust, but we merely wish at this moment to lay stress upon the fact that even the largest commissions on the most expensive class of buildings bring him a reward so disproportionate to that secured by an equal amount and quality of labor in other professions, that he may rank himself with the clergyman as among the least well paid of our professional men.

A Crisis in the Copyright Agitation.

FEW of the many friends of the International Copyright movement are aware of the critical condition of that reform. After a series of unsuccessful attempts to reach a settlement on the basis of abstract right, as embodied in the Dorsheimer and Hawley bills, the American Copyright League, representing the body of the authors of this country, last year felt it to be its duty to give the weight of its influence to any movement that promised to establish in American law a fuller security of literary property. To this end, on an intimation from prominent publishers that such an overture would be welcome, an invitation to coöperative action was given by the authors to the publishing fraternity. Through a joint committee this coöperation was further extended to the printing and bookbinding interests, and after laborious negotiations a practical basis of union was arranged, which took form in the bill introduced into the Senate by Mr. Chace, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. W. C. P. Breckinridge. It is idle to assume that this bill is altogether satisfactory to many of its advocates; but this is an inherent defect of compromise measures, which are usually only resorted to at all as a means of escape from an unbearable situation. Among the warmest supporters of the bill as the wisest attainable measure are many authors and publishers who regret that the question cannot be settled upon a higher plane. By their efforts in great part has been achieved the present measure of success with the bill, which on the 9th of May was passed by the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10, and is now upon the calendar of the House of Representatives. To obtain special attention for it at the winter session, the copyright organizations earnestly invoke the assistance of the public.

To judge a moral question narrowly is to judge it wrongly; and the question of the security of literary property has wider relations than merely with the producers of books. The colleges of the country are alive to this, and through their faculties have warmly supported the reform. The monthly, weekly, and daily press have also borne an honorable part in urging it. Is it nothing to the clergy that numerous and honorable classes of professional men have for fifty years pleaded with unanimity against our unjust and degrading national position in this matter, with, until recently, but little help from the pulpit? Is it nothing to the lawyers, the publicists, the capitalists of America that one year after the execution of the Chicago anarchists our Government continues to deny the principle of property in its highest form? Is it nothing to American citizens that, in the opinion of the best judges, the prosperity of our literature — and through it the advancement of American ideals — is bound up in the success of this reform? Is it nothing to the reading classes that our people are more cheaply supplied with foreign literature than with their own? to the advocate of "American markets for Americans" that our authors must contend with stolen wares? to the advocates of the extension of our markets that we withhold the word which would enable our authors to secure possession of ready-made foreign markets for our intellectual goods? In the presence of such an object-lesson as is afforded by the movers of the bill,— Mr. Chace being a radical protectionist, Mr. Breckinridge a pronounced revenue reformer,— it is idle to repeat that the bill is not properly related to the tariff question; and at the close of a campaign in which each party has striven to commend itself and its revenue policy to its countrymen as being the more in their interest, it would be strange if they were not both moved by an appeal to consider the prosperity among us of a profession which has ever been held in the highest honor as the crowning glory of a great nation. To-day the profession of

letters asks no unusual privilege; but to be relieved from a disability which obtains against no other form of industry.

It is in the power of every reader of these words to aid in putting an end to the disgraceful inaction of our country, by urging upon his representative in the present Congress that he support Mr. Breckinridge's efforts to obtain consideration for the bill. Should it fail through indifference or opposition to pass the present House,—and its secret enemies are working actively to that end,—it will again have to be pushed through the Senate, and the ground hitherto gained will be wholly lost. The committees, who have borne the brunt of the agitation at great expense of time and labor, have a right to expect the cordial assistance of all who have at heart the prosperity and honor of the country.

OPEN LETTERS.

More about "Lawyers' Morals"—The Responsibility of Laymen.

THIS is a matter that is much more seriously considered by reputable members of the profession than is generally supposed. It is a question of grave importance, not only to lawyers, but to the public at large. The standard of a lawyer's morals so far as his professional duties are concerned is, in part at least, established by legislation in most if not all of the States. In California, for example, the Code of Civil Procedure provides:

SECT. 282. It is the duty of an attorney and counselor:
1. To support the Constitution and laws of the United States and of this State;
2. To maintain the respect due to the courts of justice and judicial officers;
3. To counsel or maintain such actions, proceedings, or defenses only as appear to him legal or just, except the defense of a person charged with a public offense;
4. To employ, for the purpose of maintaining the causes confided to him, such means only as are consistent with truth, and never seek to mislead the judge or any judicial officer by any artifice or false statement of fact or law;
5. To maintain inviolate the confidence and at every peril to himself to preserve the secrets of his client;
6. To abstain from all offensive personality, and to advance no fact prejudicial to the honor or reputation of a party or witness, unless required by the justice of the cause with which he is charged;
7. Not to encourage either the commencement or the continuance of an action or proceeding from any corrupt motive of passion or interest;
8. Never to reject, for any consideration personal to himself, the cause of the defenseless or the oppressed.

This section of the code fixes a standard of moral and legal duty which if lived up to in practice should place the profession above just reproach. It is simply the embodiment, in legal form, of what is the lawyers' code of morals without legislation.

In an article in THE CENTURY [1] it is said that "it is apparently the popular opinion that lawyers' morals are of a different type from those of ordinary human beings." A great deal of the trouble lies in the very fact that popular opinion, and not the opinion of the profession, rates the standard of lawyers' morals below what it should be and below what it really is. It is believed that not only popular opinion, but the conduct of the public in its treatment of the profession, has tended more than all other causes to reduce the standing of individual members below the standard recognized by the profession. No lawyer of any standing believes that the moral standard of his profession should be below that of any other, or of any business or calling in life. But popular opinion has apparently established a lower standard of morals, and is constantly tending to drag the profession down to that level. It is undoubtedly true that many lawyers fall below the standard recognized by the profession at large; but this may be said of any class of business men, and to a very great extent they are educated by public opinion, which looks more to a lawyer's success than to his professional honesty. It is not at all "presumptuous for laymen to judge their conduct"; but it should not be overlooked by the layman who treats of the ethical rules which should govern lawyers, that his standard of the morals of the profession may be far below that of the great majority of lawyers, and that he may be contributing his mite towards the debasement of its individual members, who would much rather elevate it still higher.

Certainly no one will deny that it is wrong for a lawyer to accept and attempt to win a cause which as a matter of law should be decided against his client, if he has knowledge of all the facts. The California code, it will be seen, expressly forbids this except in the defense of persons charged with crime; and so it is with the codes of other States. But it must be borne in mind that a lawyer, before trial, knows but one side of the case, while the layman who judges of his conduct has heard both sides. Not only so, but the client frequently misleads, and sometimes purposely deceives, his own attorney by concealing or actually misrepresenting the facts. No doubt an attorney would be justified in abandoning the case upon the discovery of the deception that has been practiced upon him; but almost invariably when the client has misstated the facts to his attorney he will do the same to the court under oath, and it is an exceedingly delicate matter for the lawyer to assume that his client is committing perjury and that the other party is in the right. This he has no right to do. It is his plain duty to present the case fairly to the court, whose duty it is to determine which of the parties is right. If, however, the lawyer *knows* his cause to be wrong, he violates his duty as an attorney, the law, and his oath by accepting a fee. He should unhesitatingly refuse to act further the moment he makes the discovery, if the knowledge comes to him after entering upon the case. But the distinction between *legal* and *moral* right should not be overlooked. The lawyer has a perfect right, and it is his duty, to interpose for his client any legal defense, although a layman might justly say that as a matter of moral right the client has no defense. For example, a debt may be barred by the statute of limitations. The defendant who is sued is in a moral sense still liable, as the debt is unpaid; but

[1] November, 1884.

the statute of limitations having run, he has a legal defense which his attorney is bound, as a matter of duty, to interpose for him. Many other cases arise in which technical rules of law conflict with popular notions of right and wrong; and because of this, lawyers are frequently censured unjustly.

Very few thoughtful men, whether lawyers or not, will at the present day contend that a lawyer violates any rules of professional ethics or commits any wrong to society by defending a criminal whom he knows to be guilty. To be tried and defended by counsel, in open court, is a constitutional right expressly guaranteed to every person charged with a criminal offense. No one, whether his attorney or not, has a right to assume his guilt. The law presumes his innocence. If he is unable to employ an attorney, the court must appoint one to conduct his defense. The attorney has no legal or moral right to refuse to defend him on the ground that *he* knows him to be guilty, whether he is employed by the defendant or appointed by the court to appear for him. This duty requires him to make the defense for him fairly and justly, in the interest of society as well as of the prisoner. If, believing the prisoner guilty, he expresses a different opinion to the court or the jury, he is guilty of a gross violation of duty and of professional ethics. Indeed, it is regarded by right-minded lawyers as unprofessional for an attorney to advance his opinion or belief in any case, civil or criminal, whether he is right or not. It is his duty to present the testimony to the jury, with his views as to its weight and the credibility of the witness, together with a statement of the law as he understands it, so long as his views do not conflict with the law as given to the jury by the court.

It should not be necessary to say that no rule of professional ethics could justify a lawyer in any attempt to deceive the court or a jury by falsehood or otherwise. This is expressly forbidden by law. Many laymen seem to act upon a different principle. They often employ an attorney because they believe that he will be able and willing to deceive, mislead, or in some way overreach the court, jury, and opposing counsel. One of the great misfortunes is, that when the services of a lawyer are needed the question is not usually asked, "Is he honest, can he be trusted?" but, "Is he smart, can he win my case?"

It is the observation of the profession that the question whether a lawyer is honest, and stands high in his profession in a moral point of view, has but little to do with his success in getting business from the great mass of litigants. It is a lamentable fact that many of the very best and most upright business men, so regarded, employ lawyers who have no regard for professional ethics or the plainest rules of honesty and integrity, solely because they believe such lawyers will gain their cases by means to which no honest attorney would ever resort. Such men are quick to condemn the profession, but they do not hesitate to employ an attorney, knowing him to be dishonest, and to wink at his practices, which they know to be unprofessional, so long as he is their attorney and his efforts result in success. It will thus be seen that there is less inducement for members of the legal profession to be honest, and greater temptation to be dishonest, than in almost any other business or calling in life. His employers fix for him a standard of morals which disgraces both the client and the attorney. He is too often employed solely because he is understood to be dishonest. The better classes of the profession erect a higher standard, and endeavor to keep its members up to that level. That many lawyers fall below it is largely due to the causes just stated. A great majority of the young men who enter the profession are poor. They are not only ambitious to obtain business, but it is an absolute necessity that they should do so. For this reason they are not so careful as they should be about the cases they take. They soon learn from experience that men who stand highest in society and business circles are not at all particular *how* they win their cases so they win them. Many of them naturally drop down to the level of their employers' standard of a lawyer's morality and never rise above it. Others, who have a higher appreciation of their duties and obligations, rise to the level of the true standard of professional morality. It is a great misfortune that any of the profession should fall below this standard. There is no class of men who should be more worthy of trust and confidence. Their standard of morals should not be allowed to fall below that of any other profession or business. Men who employ them should aid in maintaining this standard. No doubt members of the profession might remedy the evil complained of, to some extent, by proceeding against lawyers who violate their duties. The means provided by law for disbarring attorneys are ample; but it is a delicate matter for a member of the bar of any town or city to prefer charges against a brother attorney. It is very rarely done, and when it is the courts are slow to use their powers of removal. Indeed, the courts of this country are very largely responsible for the estimation in which the profession is now held.

In the article referred to above it is very justly urged that an attorney should be a gentleman in court as well as out. A lawyer is likely to forget this in his zeal in the cross-examination of a witness, and in commenting, in argument, upon the testimony of the witnesses for the opposite party. The object of a cross-examination should always be to get at the truth, and not to intimidate or confuse the witness into a false or contradictory statement. In commenting upon the testimony of a witness the attorney should never descend to personalities, except in extreme cases where the dishonesty of the witness is apparent and the "justice of the cause requires it." The attorney, being privileged to speak freely of any witness, should use the utmost care not to abuse so high a privilege.

The subject of a "lawyer's morals" and of "legal ethics" is of great importance to the profession, and no lawyer having a proper regard for his honorable calling will stand in the way of any honest effort to elevate the standard of morals by which the profession should be governed. But he cannot be expected to overlook the fact that laymen, who look at the question from their standpoint, sometimes establish for him a standard of morals far below that recognized by law and by the profession; that too many laymen employ attorneys, and expect to profit by their services, solely because they believe the particular lawyer they employ is governed by that lower standard of morals and professional ethics.

This observation is not confined to "great corporations" and "monopolists." It is astonishing how many men, who are recognized as the most honorable in busi-

ness affairs, appear to believe that a lawyer is justifiable in resorting to any kind of falsehood and trickery to gain *their* cases. Such men can do more to elevate the morals of the profession by employing none but such as they believe to be honest — of whom there are as many as in any other calling, with perhaps one exception — than can be done in any other way. So long as lawyers are employed because they are regarded as being dishonest, so long will the profession be subject to reproach because it has bad men in its ranks.

That persons outside of the profession begin to think seriously of assisting to rid it of such lawyers is a good indication, and their efforts should receive every encouragement.

John D. Works.

A Letter of Lincoln.

THE remarkable popular interest in everything that throws light upon the character of Abraham Lincoln, which the serial publication of his life in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in part finds and in part creates, emboldens me to believe that a recent discovery of my own bearing on the matter may be accepted by many readers as a contribution not without its value to the growing public fund of Lincoln *memorabilia*. I use the word "discovery," although that word may seem not fit, when I say, as I must, that what I discovered was already public enough to be seen framed and hanging on one of the interior walls of the fine State Capitol in Nashville, Tennessee. The documents to which I refer are now no longer to be seen where I saw them, they having, since my visit to Nashville a few years ago, been removed to a much less frequented place of custody in the same city. Through the intervention of a friend I lately found them again, though not without trouble, and here show them for the examination of the curious.

They consist of two letters, one written to, and the other written by, Abraham Lincoln. How they came into public keeping, and with what history, in the case of the illustrious writer of one of the letters, they may be associated, I have sought in vain to learn. But the letters happily explain themselves. Perhaps the enterprising authors of the biography now being published in the magazine may be able to bring these letters into their proper setting in the circumstances of Lincoln's life.

One thing was very noteworthy in the autograph letter of Lincoln, and that was its immaculately neat and correct mechanical execution. The manuscript had the physiognomy and air of one produced by an habitually fastidious literary man. The handwriting was finished enough to be called elegant; the punctuation, the spelling, the capitalizing, were as conscientious as the turn of the phrase may be seen to be.

It is a Mr. W. G. Anderson who writes a covertly threatening letter to Lincoln — little dreaming at the moment that it was an historic document that he was so seriously inditing. The date is Lawrenceville, October 30, 1840. The address is stiffly, meant perhaps to be even formidably, formal. It is "A. Lincoln, Esqr.; Dear Sir." Mr. Anderson straitly says:

"On our first meeting on Wednesday last, a difficulty in words ensued between us, which I deem it my duty to notice further. I think you were the aggressor. Your words imported insult; and whether you meant them as such is for you to say. You will therefore please inform me on this point. And if you designed to offend me, please communicate to me your present feelings on the subject, and whether you persist in the stand you took."

And Mr. Anderson sternly signs himself, "Your obedient Servant."

There now was a chance for Mr. Abraham Lincoln. How will he meet it? Will he chaff Mr. Anderson? Will he give him stiffness for stiffness? There will surely be an interesting revelation of character. The actual fact is, if Abraham Lincoln had known, in writing his reply, that he was writing it much more for the whole world and for all future generations, than simply for his personal friend Mr. Anderson, to read, I do not see how he could have written it better for the advantage of his own good fame. Here is his reply:

LAWRENCEVILLE, Oct. 31st, 1840.

W. G. ANDERSON.

DEAR SIR: Your note of yesterday is received. In the difficulty between us of which you speak, you say you think I was the aggressor. I do not think I was. You say my "words imported insult — " I meant them as a fair set off to your own statements, and not otherwise; and in that light alone I now wish you to understand them. You ask for my "present feelings on the subject." I entertain no unkind feeling to you, and none of any sort upon the subject, except a sincere regret that I permitted myself to get into any such altercation.

Yours etc.

A. LINCOLN.

What more satisfactory light on the manly and gentlemanly spirit of the future President could one wish for than that? It certainly lacks nothing — unless it be a grace of distinctively Christ-like winningness, such as Paul could have given it.

I will venture to hope that when the Lincoln biographers come to publish the biography in book form, they may secure a facsimile reproduction of the original of this interesting letter.

William C. Wilkinson.

The Life of Lincoln — a Letter from General G. W. Smith.

IN their discussion of the battle of Seven Pines, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October last, the biographers of President Lincoln have fallen into several errors, some of which will be briefly specified. They say, in substance:

1. That General Johnston made his plans without any reference to the possible initiative of General McClellan, with no thought of an offensive return, and that Johnston's purpose was put in action with great decision and promptitude.

2. That it had been the duty of the forces under G. W. Smith to strike the right flank of the Union army as soon as the assault of Longstreet and Hill became fully developed.

3. That if General McClellan had crossed his army, instead of one division, at the time that Johnston's entire force was engaged at Seven Pines, the rout of the Southern army would have been complete and the way to Richmond would have been a military promenade.

4. That it is hardly denied by the most passionate of McClellan's partisans that the way was open before him to Richmond on the afternoon of the first day; that being McClellan's greatest opportunity.

5. That there was great confusion and discouragement in the rebel councils after General Johnston was wounded and the command had devolved by seniority upon General G. W. Smith.

6. That the Union troops south of the Chickahominy, though wearied by death and wounds, had yet suffered no loss of *morale;* on the contrary, their spirits had been heightened by the stubborn fight of Saturday and the easy victory of Sunday.

7. That the Confederates had thrown almost their whole force against McClellan's left wing (Keyes and Heintzelman), and on the second day were streaming back to Richmond in discouragement and disorder.

8. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay approvingly quote from an official report made by General Barnard in 1863: "We now know the state of disorganization and dismay in which the rebel army retreated. We now know that it could have been followed into Richmond."

Occupying the second place in command, I was in a position to know that:

(1) General Johnston did not make his plans without providing for the possible initiative of General McClellan and the probability of an offensive return, as the disposition of the troops fully indicates; and his purpose was not "put in action" with promptitude.

(2) Instead of it being the duty of the forces under G. W. Smith to strike the right flank of the Union troops as soon as the assault of Longstreet and Hill became fully developed, it was their duty to guard against a possible advance of McClellan's right wing.

(3) Owing to the swelled condition of the Chickahominy it was physically impossible for General McClellan to have "crossed his army, instead of one division." And, owing to the fact that only a small portion of Johnston's force was engaged at Seven Pines, if the other Federal corps could have crossed the Chickahominy after Sumner, they would have found themselves confronted on the field by nine Confederate brigades that were not in action the first day. Besides, there were three divisions on our left then covering Richmond. The way to that city, through and over all these forces, in addition to the five brigades that had beaten McClellan's left wing (Keyes and Heintzelman), and the four brigades that checked Sumner, would have been no easy "military promenade."

(4) The way to Richmond was not open to McClellan on the afternoon of the first day.

(5) There was no "confusion in the rebel councils" when the command devolved upon me. It is true there was a lack of information in regard to the condition of affairs on the Williamsburg road, but as soon as I heard that a large portion of General Longstreet's forces had not been engaged there, I ordered him to renew the attack as early as practicable the next morning (June 1).

(6) A very large portion of the Union troops that were beaten on the first day (May 31) suffered great "loss of *morale.*" The so-called "easy victory of Sunday" consisted in the repulse of six Confederate regiments that attacked the Federal lines on the second day, and the repulse — by another Confederate brigade — of the Federals who pursued the beaten six regiments.

(7) On the first day the Confederates attacked McClellan's left wing with but five brigades. So far from streaming back to Richmond in discouragement and disorder, they remained in possession of the captured works, on the Williamsburg road, nearly twenty-four hours after the fighting ended; and on the Nine-mile road closely confronted Sumner's corps, at Fair Oaks, for several days thereafter.

(8) Ten of the eighteen Confederate brigades which took part in these operations returned to their former positions, covering Richmond, the day after the fighting ended, and eight brigades remained on or near the battlefield.

The theory that at Seven Pines "the Confederates attacked in full force, were repulsed, retreated in disorganization and dismay, and might easily have been followed into Richmond," is refuted by the official records and by indisputable facts and proofs elsewhere published.

Gustavus W. Smith,
Late Major-General C. S. A.

The Mother's Right.

AMONG the many "rights" which women are demanding and exercising to-day, the mother's right to forestall "reform" and make "criminal legislation" unnecessary runs the risk of being overlooked. Our public-spirited women are doing, in many directions, good and noble work for fallen man; but it is a serious question with the thoughtful observer whether the average mother is not guilty of more corruption in the nursery than can be reformed by her sisters from the public platform.

That the smallest infant has hereditary tendencies from ancestors near and remote, whose influence precedes all exercise of a mother's power, none will deny. A father's strong influence, for good or evil, all will acknowledge. The subsequent benumbing atmosphere of "society" cannot be forgotten. But closer than all these has throbbed the mother's heart, and in those earliest and only years in which man entertains absolutely unquestioning faith in human teaching, it is his mother who represents to him the law of life.

It would probably startle the great mass of well-meaning mothers to have the adult errors of their sons explained as were those of the Hebrew king, "For his mother was his counselor to do wickedly"; and yet, let us see what close observation of the home rule of a large proportion of even so-called "Christian women" reveals.

While the writer was visiting the relatives of a celebrated clergyman, the distinguished man, who had not been in that part of the country for years, accepted an invitation to meet several friends informally. The seven-year-old son of the family, given to loud roaring whenever his wishes were crossed, was allowed to sit up and was thus exhorted: "Now, Tom, you must behave well; for your uncle is a celebrated man, and I want him to admire you." Result: Tom the most perfect of imitation gentlemen for that evening, while roaring and kicking as lustily as ever at breakfast the next morning; the conviction remaining with him that to seem and not to be is the important thing in life.

A mother, an active and prominent member of various public societies for "liberalizing thought" and

"promoting reform," found it difficult to make her son rise on Sunday morning in time to be ready for church. She finally adopted the expedient of sending his little sister to tell him that it was half an hour later than it really was; and he, too indolent to look at his own watch, was thus beguiled by his mother's and sister's falsehood to a religious service to which all three of their lives gave the direct lie. Could the beauty of truth and the call of duty seem real to those two poor children? And yet by whose training were they made to seem unreal?

Again, still in the circle of the writer's immediate acquaintance, a mother went to confer with the teacher of a school to which the former had just sent her son. "I know your principle is to appeal solely to the higher nature, and to make pupils learn by inspiring an intellectual interest in their studies and a sense of duty in their souls. That sounds very beautiful, but you can do nothing with my son in that way. Appeal to his vanity, suggest to him to outshine others, and he will do all you wish. I thought I would give you a hint how to manage him." It is interesting to know that the teacher remained true to the higher standard, and that the second year saw this boy, who, according to his mother, could be moved only through his selfish vanity, an alert and interested scholar, holding excellent rank in a school whose motto was, "Do *your* best, and rejoice with him who can do better."

The writer's love for children leading her to make frequent visits to the luxurious nursery of a friend, she noticed that a sweet-tempered little fellow was constantly deprived of his playthings and generally imposed upon by his brother. The mother's attention being called to it, she said placidly, "It was so fortunate that Willie would submit to such treatment, for dear Phil. was such a high-spirited boy that opposition made him frantic." That amiability had any rights, or that a "high spirit" could be brutally selfish, had never occurred to her. In another nursery were the children of a gentleman who, with his brothers, was noted for violent outbreaks of temper on the slightest provocation, the theory of home discipline having been the common *laisser-aller* of the last two generations. The wives of these brothers could not conceal the bitterness brought into their own lives by contact with natures at once so violent and so ignorant of self-control. Yet in this nursery, where the mother spoke frankly of the intolerable strain imposed upon her by her husband's conduct, she still laughingly allowed her tiny sons to bite and kick and scratch each other, as if they had been little tigers, instead of creatures with a conscience to be reached and hearts to be touched. The little fellows happened to have hearts as warm as their tempers, and as quick perception of the right when it was put before them, so that this giving them over to the lower possibilities of their nature was as needless as it was wicked. When, at twelve years of age, the eldest boy had to be sent away to school because he was utterly unmanageable at home, he was as truly the fruit of his mother's training as of his father's sins.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window *now*."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, that home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window." When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"

Not for a moment would one seem to forget that there are wise and noble women whose children rise up and call them blessed, and whose influence makes for that righteousness whose fruit is integrity. But such mothers shine against a dark background of women who, without any distinct consciousness of the evil they are doing, are nevertheless training from the very nursery great numbers of men who, while keeping within the limits of respectability, are not only the mere shadows of true manhood, but also the tricky politician, the unscrupulous merchant, the shameless sensualist, and the elegant embezzler.

F. L.



BRIC-À-BRAC.

Her Smile his Sunlight.

SWEETHEART, when rhymes I make
For your dear sake,
You bring
Into your face a smile
To cheer me while
I sing.

Like to that bird am I,
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which loves the sun
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
To him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines
And lights the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day—
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the bird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss
And breath;
Nor may their nightfall come
Till both are dumb
In death!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Observations.

To know others, study thyself; to know thyself, study others.

IN storms a feather takes higher flight than a stone; and an oak is uprooted more easily than the vine it supported.

THOU hast concealed thine age? Surely not thy folly!

THE surest way to drive honors from you is to go to them.

WOMEN are more likely to love those whom they hate than those who appear to them ridiculous. For of the ridiculous we deem ourselves the superior; but those we hate are seldom our inferiors.

THE best government is neither a republic nor a monarchy, but that which best suits the people over which it rules.

Ivan Panin.

The Jester.

ALL the court 's in a stir
Over my mating.
Her Majesty made me her
Lady in waiting,
I had of suitors more
Than you could name them;
Yet I did give them o'er,
Nor wish to claim them.
My heart waxed warm for none
Whom others smiled upon—
I had been moved and won
By the King's Jester.

Folks question, How can I
Bide a fool lover?
Faith! an I do not lie
I do discover
Fools wearing wisdom's cloak
As though it fitted.
There is Sir Godfrey Hoke,
Quite sorry witted;
He proved his peacock-pate
When he avowed that fate
Meant me to be his mate—
Give me my Jester.

My grandame is mad with grief
Over my choice;
It gives her great relief
To use her voice.
Harshly she chides when he
Culls me sweet posies,
And all the maids, perdee!
Up tilt their noses.
They are sore shocked, I wis,
But I care naught for this.
Flouting at them, I kiss
My motley Jester.

Those waiting-maids would be
Crimson with anger
If they but knew how he
Mocked at their languor
And silly, mincing ways.
There 's Prudence Penny,
Of her I like dispraise
Far more than any;
For she 's a haughty jade.
Alack! I am afraid
His gaming at first made
Me love the Jester.

With love o'erflows my cup:
Still, he 's not handsome,
Yet I 'd not give him up
For a king's ransom.
He will ne'er anger me
When we are married;
His face will never be
Scowling and harried.
What though his wits are light?
I love him in despite:
At church this very night
I 'll wed my Jester!

Maude Annulet Andrews.

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J. L. GÉRÔME. H. WOLF.

NAPOLEON BEFORE THE SPHINX. ("L'ŒDIPE.")

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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GÉRÔME.



JUNE, 1887, and high noon, with scarce a hand's breadth of shade to be detected on the broad Boulevard de Clichy, as my horse reaches the top of the hill and stops wearily before No. 65. I spring from the fiacre and pull the brass bell. A responsive click, the heavy door opens in obedience to some unseen force, and I enter the cool flagged court with its background of green ivy and its alluring glimpses of that most charming of interiors — the home of Gérôme.

A word with the concierge. The family, I learn, has already gone down to the villa at Bougival, but the master still comes every day to town, and is even now working in the atelier.

Passing in to the left, I close the glass doors and pause a moment to greet the well-remembered bronze horse and cavalier that guard this silent antechamber, and to pass my hand over the red shining scales of the cobra that yawningly coils itself into the newel-post at the foot of a marble staircase. The sunlight filters softly through a stained-glass window. Slowly I mount several steps till, perceiving the "Salve" over the balustrade, I hasten up three flights, hardly noticing the walls of polished marble with their decoration of quaint Japanese bronzes, plaques, and masks, over which I delightedly lingered in days gone by. Breathless, I arrive at the top landing.

The soft cooing of a dove close to the half-open window seems only to accentuate the profound stillness in the large atelier, the door of which stands ajar. Following hard upon the whir of the electric bell comes a cheery "Come in," in a voice not to be mistaken, and I cross the threshold of the sanctum.

The master stands before an easel, and looks inquiringly towards the door. Palette and brushes are hastily laid aside, and he advances with both hands extended.

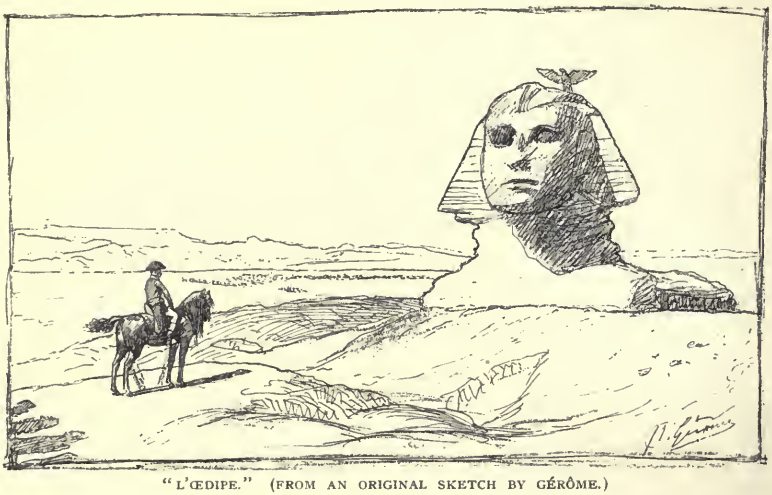
The great painter has not changed. There is the same oval face crowned with a profusion of fine, snowy hair brushed well back and up from the forehead. Heavy black eyebrows overshadow deep-set brown eyes. The aquiline nose, with the nostrils slightly curved and dilated, gives him a valiant air. A sweeping mustache, now just touched with gray, almost entirely conceals the melancholy droop of the thin yet ruddy lips, the delicacy of which is relieved by the firmness of the chin. The erect military carriage of the figure might lead one to think him an officer. There is something in Gérôme's carriage doubtless inherent in the Southern temperament; for although since the time of Louis Quatorze the province which claims the master has been part and parcel of France, it was originally settled by the Spaniards and remained for many years under their dominion. The mother of Gérôme was a thoroughly Spanish type, and so is the son.

A most indefatigable worker, still he always has time for his friends. Walking up and down his noble atelier, where he has assembled the richest and rarest accessories of his profession, he discourses of his art with eloquence and ardor. I sit and listen, at once charmed and pained, since it is well-nigh as impossible to

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remember this impromptu lecture, this marvel of criticism, comparison, and instruction, as it is to reproduce the energetic, sparkling, vivid manner of delivery.

The homes of many wealthy connoisseurs, as well as the galleries of our best dealers in



"L'ŒDIPE." (FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GÉRÔME.)

works of art, bear witness to the industry and versatility of the master during the years 1886 and 1887. In the garden of the Exposition des Beaux-Arts, at the Palais de l'Industrie, stands a masterpiece in the whitest of Carrara marble — the center always of a throng of admirers. It is his wonderful Omphale — pure, pensive, passionate; the perfection of form and expression.

What hours of manual labor do these achievements represent, aside from the mental tax and strain! And yet on the various easels in this spacious atelier are still no less than seven exquisite pictures, in various stages of progress. Even now the master is busy packing up all his artist paraphernalia to send to his summer home at Bougival, on the banks of the Seine, where, in his open-air studio, he works from earliest dawn till the last faint ray of light has gone. The talk one morning turns to the Salon of 1887 and of the preceding year, and a much desired opportunity comes to me.



STATUE OF "POLLICE VERSO."

"Do you know where your pictures go when they are sold?" I ask.

"Sometimes; but rarely beyond the first purchaser, if they change hands."

"But don't you care to know?" I persist.

"When they are finished, they are finished," he replies, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and there is an end of them as far as I am concerned. But why do you ask?"

"Because there is one I have not yet seen and which I cannot trace, but which I am determined to find, if I have to make a special pilgrimage."

"Ah! and that is—"

"'L'Œdipe,' — Bonaparte before the Sphinx,—which you exhibited at the Salon in 1886. I was not here and I have only seen a wretched woodcut of it; but the idea, the composition, has made so deep an impression on me that it haunts me."

"*Tiens! c'est curieux!*"

"What is strange?"

"Everything in life," is the sage reply. "But I find it especially strange that I should happen to know where this very picture is at this moment."

"Tell me—where? Is it here in Paris? Is it far away? Where shall I find it? Tell me quickly!"

"It is here in Paris—around the corner. It belongs to one of my friends, and you shall see it as soon as you like."

I begin to draw on my gloves.

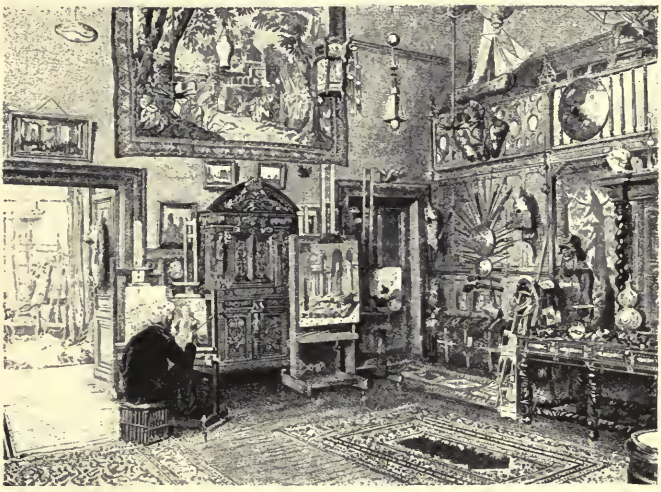
"I will go at once, and you—you will write a line to say, 'Please admit bearer to see the Sphinx.'"

"A card is not necessary. You have simply to ask and you can see it. You may say I sent you."

"Oh, truly! I think I see myself demanding to enter private apartments and saying, 'Gérôme sent me.' It is likely that I would be admitted! What objection can you have?—it will take but a second."

Finally he rises; but instead of going to the writing-table he crosses the room to a corner where hang his coat and hat. He is going to accompany me himself! I seize my parasol, and in obedience to a gesture hasten towards him. But to my astonishment, instead of passing into the hall, he turns a brass knob, till then unnoticed by me, and a door in the wall swings back, revealing a dim passage.

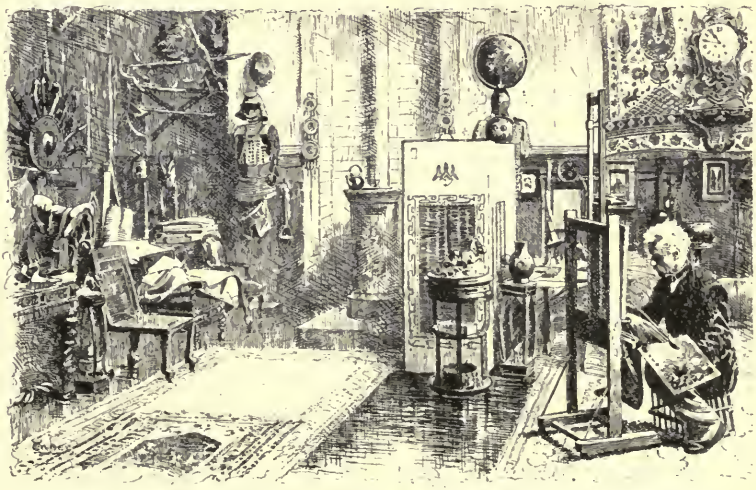




In a moment I hear the harsh grating of a bolt, the shutters are thrown back, and a flood of light falls upon—the picture.

No, rather it is the desert itself, scintillating with heat, the cloudless blue of the sky softened towards the horizon by smoky vapors, through which mountains are faintly outlined. Over the sandy plains masses of troops march and countermarch, so far away that clash of saber and blare of trumpet do not disturb the profound silence that envelops, as with a mantle, the majestic figure which dominates the scene. The Sphinx rears its massive head, and regards with a calmness born of absolute knowledge the vain struggles of a pigmy world.

The lesser Sphinx on horseback, himself an incarnation of will and force, mutely de-



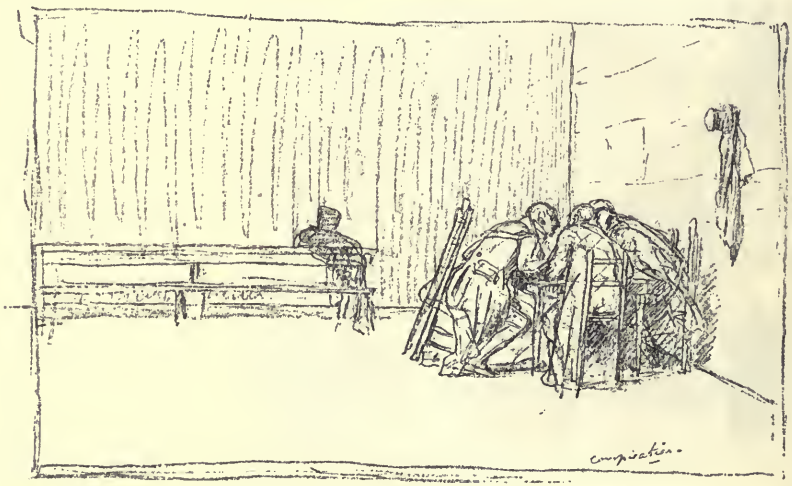
THREE VIEWS IN GÉRÔME'S ATELIER.

mands of the oracle the secret of his future. In vain! The steady gaze passes over even *his* head — on — on — doubtless beholding the snowy steppes of Russia, reddened with blood and the light of conflagration; the wounded eagle trailing his broken wings over the field of Waterloo; a lonely rock, at the base of which the sea makes incessant moan. But there is no warning, no sign.

"*Eh bien!*" The master sits quietly in a chair, enjoying to the utmost the success of his little plot.

"It is for my children," he says. "I would never sell it; I love it too well.

"We are old friends," he adds, rising and passing his hand affectionately over the mass of yellow stone — it is impossible while looking at it to think of paint and canvas. And then he falls to describing his life in the desert in the twilight and in the early dawn,



CONSPIRACY. (FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GÉRÔME.)

under the blazing sun, and in the midnight stillness.

After this the little door always stands open to me, and often I slip in alone to study this masterpiece, which with its tender tones renders the Orient so much more faithfully than do the flaming canvases of other painters of Eastern subjects.

RETURNING from a flying visit to the Matterhorn, — the Sphinx's counterpart in nature, — I stop in Paris long enough to gather some needed documents and bid the master farewell. I bear away as a precious souvenir a bronze medallion head of Gérôme — a chef-d'œuvre of Chaplin — and the promise of a manuscript, written by himself, which will tell me something of his early life and struggles.

True to his pledge, Gérôme sent me a small packet and a letter, from which I make the following extract:

I send the notes which I promised you, but fear you will not find them interesting. My life has been above all a life of work — of incessant labor, consequently monotonous — for the public. I have had but little to do with the affairs of my time, except in regard to all that pertains to the fine arts. It is rather a collection of dates, jotted down years ago, than biographical information that I send you. Has it any value?

Jules Claretie, member of the Institute of France and present Director of the Comédie Française, says, alluding to these very notes, "That which interests us above all in the life of illustrious men is their origin, their début, the first blossoming of their talent. When an artist has covered himself with glory, one writes his biography with the mere titles of his works."

I have therefore translated as literally as possible a part of these delightful recollections of Gérôme's youth, and some criticisms he made immediately on the appearance of several of his pictures, now fortunately forming part of the collections of American connoisseurs.

NOTES BY GÉRÔME.

To prevent seven cities from disputing in the future the honor of having given me birth, I certify that I first saw the light of day, 11th of May, 1824, at Vesoul, a little old Spanish city. No miracle took place on the day of my birth, which is quite surprising! The lightning did not even flash in a clear sky!

I was born of parents without fortune, living by their labors: my father was a goldsmith. He gave me the regular academic education — much Latin and not a little Greek, but no modern lan-



MEDALLION OF GÉRÔME BY CHAPLIN. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE BY WYATT EATON.)

guages, which I have always regretted; for the little Italian which I acquired later has been of great service to me in many travels.

At the age of sixteen I was bachelor of letters. I had some success in the drawing class, and my father, who went every year to Paris on business, brought me as a reward a box of oil colors and a picture by Decamps, which I copied fairly well, to the great satisfaction at least of the persons who surrounded me, who, let us confess, were entirely ignorant of artistic matters.

By a happy fortune, a childhood friend of M. Paul Delaroche had just settled in my native city. He induced my father to send me to Paris, where I arrived with a letter of introduction to my future teacher (Delaroche). Like a sensible and prudent man, my father allowed me to begin my studies in painting, thinking that if his expectations were not realized I was still young enough to embrace another profession. I therefore entered the atelier, where I remained for three years.

Rather mediocre studies, shattered health, nervous system greatly irritated; but in spite of all, I made efforts and worked my best. My student companions, whom I scarcely ever left, were Daméry, ——, and Gobert; later on, Hamon also. The first promised well, gained the Prix de Rome while very young, and sent back two extremely remarkable nude figures; but he was attacked by a mortal illness that swept him away in his prime. The second, with an admirable intellectual and physical organization, a Raphaelesque temperament, and a truly extraordinary facility of invention and execution, drowned himself, so to speak, in a bath of alcohol. He is now but a shadow of his former self. The two others have fulfilled the promise of their youth.

It was in the third year of my studies that, on returning from a vacation, I learned of the closing of the atelier, and at the same time the news that M. Delaroche had placed us (—— and myself) in the atelier of M. Drolling—two blows at a time! I went immediately to find my dear master and told him that, satisfied with his instruction, I should not seek elsewhere; that I lived well at Paris on my little annuity and consequently could exist at Rome, whither I desired to follow him.

The truth is that Gérôme had less than a dollar a day to defray all his expenses—rent, food, fire, clothes, use of atelier, colors, canvas, models, etc. He has often recurred to those days of privation: "The happiest of my life. I was rich. There were others that had nothing, absolutely nothing. And I have seen days when if we could scrape together forty sous to dine five of us, we thought ourselves fortunate."



SKETCH OF DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY, OWNED BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

I have heard others say that Gérôme's purse was always at the disposal of those who had "nothing," and it is very probable that the "shattered health" of which he speaks was due in a great measure to privations, self-imposed, that he might be able to assist his unfortunate comrades. He continues:

At the age of eighteen, therefore, I was in Italy. I did not deceive myself in regard to my "*études d'atelier*," which were in truth very weak. I knew nothing, and therefore had everything to learn. It was already something to be well posted as regarded myself: "γνῶθι σεαυτόν" [know thyself]—a good thing. I did not lose courage. My weak health improved under the influence of the good climate and the open-air life, and I set to work with ardor; I made studies in architecture, landscape, figures, and animals—in a word, I felt that I was waking up by contact with Nature.

This year was one of the happiest and best employed of my life, for at this time I was assuredly making real progress. I watched myself closely in my work, and one day having made a study rather easily, I scraped it entirely from the canvas, although it was well done, so much did I fear to slip on the smooth plane of facility. Then already I was and have remained very severe towards myself. I am my most merciless critic, because I do not delude myself in regard to my work. As to the self-styled critics, their approbation and their raillery have always found me indifferent, for I have always had the most profound contempt for these ignorant vermin, who prey upon the bodies of artists. One day Nestor Roqueplan, who was the equal of his *confrères*, said to me that it was evident I did not "show sufficient consideration for the critics." I replied to him, "I have talent or I have it not. If the first is true, you critics may find fault with and demolish my pictures as much as you please: they will defend themselves, and the public will be the judge. If the second, unmerited praises will not render my works better, and no one will be entrapped by these lying snares. Moreover," I added, "whatever may be my lot in the present or in the future, I have firmly resolved never to pay the claque." This conversation created a coldness between us.

On my return from Italy, I entered the atelier of M. Gleyre, who had succeeded M. Delaroche. Three months of study—nude figures. I had worked for nearly a year at the first draught of a picture which occupied my master at that time. I refer to the "Napoleon crossing the Alps" (Delaroche).

Then, as my father desired it, I attempted to compete for the Prix de Rome. The sketch was well received, the painted figure rejected. Decidedly I needed to learn to draw and model the nude. It was with this intention of study that I painted my first picture, "The Cock-fight."

I dreaded the Salon and feared repulse, and it was owing solely to the advice of the master that this canvas was sent there. Although badly placed, it had a very great success; unquestionably an exaggerated success, which astonished no one so much as the author.

At this epoch—I speak from a general point of view—there was a complete absence of simplicity. Effect (*le chic*) was in great favor when accompanied by skill, which was not infrequent. And my picture had the slight merit of being painted by an honest young fellow, who, knowing nothing, had found nothing better to do than to lay hold on Nature, and follow her, step by step, without strength perhaps, without grandeur, and certainly with timidity, but with sincerity. Praise was unanimous, which was not always the case in the future. My success had encouraged without puffing me up. They gave me a third-class medal. I was in the saddle.



DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

I attempted a more complex composition, in which I had less success. I mean my second picture, "Anacreon dancing with Bacchus and Cupid," which was exhibited the following year, 1848. A dry, cut-up picture, the style and invention of which, however, was not bad. If I had had the experience which I have since acquired, this work could have been a good thing: it remains mediocre (in the museum at Toulouse). I had at the same time sent a "Virgin and Child,"—imitation of Raphael,—insipid and of poor execution. Complete fiasco with these two pictures. It was deserved.

In the year 1883 Gérôme executed a group in marble of the same subject, "Anacreon dancing with Bacchus and Cupid," of which we give an illustration. It was a masterpiece, and was purchased by Mr. Jacobsön, a wealthy brewer in Copenhagen,—who is a well-known lover and patron of the fine arts,—and placed in the museum which he has generously presented to his native city. It is to be regretted that some of our American connoisseurs, who own so many of Gérôme's finest pictures, have never thought to acquire any of his works in sculpture.

I quote again from the notes:

After this I exhibited almost every year, but I had lost ground, and several works placed before the public left it cold and indifferent. . . . In 1854 I started for Moscow with my friend Got. On the way we changed our minds, turned back, and took the route to Constantinople by way of the Danube—a journey of tourists, not workers. This same year I received an order for a large picture—"The Age of Augustus—Birth of Christ." This canvas, which cost me two years of work and enormous efforts,—it measured ten meters in length by seven in height,—only obtained a *succès d'estime*, which was perhaps unjust. However, I must admit at once that the picture had one glaring defect—it lacked invention and originality, recalling by the disposition of the figures, and unhappily by this point only, "The Apotheosis of Homer," by Ingres, of which it is, so to speak, a paraphrase. This grave fault once acknowledged, it is just to admit that there are in this vast composition figures well conceived—*motifs* of groups happily combined (such as Brutus and Cassius, Cleopatra and Antony), arrangements of costumes and draperies in good style; in short, a quantity of fancies crowned in some instances with success, with which perhaps the public should have accredited me, which it has not done.

It would seem that Gérôme, detecting as usual with his severely critical eye his own weak points, has underestimated the impression made by this remarkable picture, of which Théophile Gautier has said: "It will be forever remembered as one of the beauties of the Exposition." It is the greatest ornament of the museum at Amiens.

At the same time appeared a small picture representing "The Band of a Russian Regiment." I had, it seemed, found *la note sensible*—for it was much more remarked than my large work, on which I had a greater right to count. This year I received the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Departure for Egypt! My short stay in Constantinople had whetted my appetite, and the Orient was the most frequent of my dreams. Probably some Bohemian slipped in among my ancestors, for I have always had a nomadic disposition and a well-developed bump of locomotion. I started with

friends, being one of five — all of us with little money and abundant spirits. However, living at that time was very cheap in Egypt. The country had not yet been invaded by the Europeans, and one could live there at a very moderate expense. We rented a sail-boat and staid for four months on the Nile, hunting, painting, fishing, from Damietta to Philæ. . . .

We returned to Cairo, where we passed four months more in a house in Old Cairo, which Suleiman Pasha rented to us. In our quality of Frenchmen he showed us the most cordial hospitality. Happy time of youth, thoughtlessness, and hope, with the future before us. The sky was blue.

Many pictures, more or less successful, more or less to the taste of the public, were executed as a result of this sojourn by the bank of the Father of Waters. Among others, "Le Hache-paille" [straw-cutters], which depicts quite well, I think, the agricultural and pastoral side of Egypt, and "The Prisoner," which had a universal success, being admired by both connoisseurs and idiots.

At this epoch appeared another picture on which I had not founded any great expectations — "The Duel after the Masked Ball," a composition a little after the English taste and the subject of which captured the public: execution fairly good, several portions well treated.

The original "Duel after the Masked Ball" is in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale. Gérôme, desiring to have it engraved, painted it again, making some important alterations, which, he says himself, "singularly improved the picture." This second one is in the famous Walters collection at Baltimore.

Later, I exhibited "The Gladiators" before Cæsar [Morituri], which, with another canvas of the same nature, "Pollice Verso," I consider to be my two best works. At the same time I sent out from my atelier "The Death of Cæsar." It is a small canvas, which could have been executed on a larger scale without losing its force, which I cannot say of many of my works.

The "Death of Cæsar" belongs to the Astor collection. A study, life size, of the figure of Cæsar is in the Corcoran gallery, Washington. After describing another journey to Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, in 1867, he continues:

On my return from this trip I exhibited two very different pictures, the "Death of Marshal Ney" and "Golgotha." . . . Apropos of the first one, I was very near having a serious affair with the Prince de la Moskowa, son of the Marshal. The Superintendent of the Beaux-Arts begged me several times not to exhibit this picture; but I steadfastly refused to yield, for the sake of the principle involved, declaring to him that painters had as good a claim to write history with their brushes as authors with their pens, which is incontestable. Besides, this picture was only a statement of a well-known fact, without comment of any kind. The Administration might put its veto upon it. It did not do so, but chose a middle course — the picture was hung in a corner. It was none the less looked at, and started the tongues of the various political factions to wagging. The Legitimists said, "What a toady of the Imperial Government!" etc. The Bonapartists, "What harm have *we* done him? Is n't he contented yet, when he has just been made Officer of the Legion of Honor?" etc. What do you think of these two ways of speaking? If I had wished to displease the Legitimists I should have served the purpose of the Bonapartists, and vice versa.

M. Ludovic Halévy, the fortunate owner of the first sketch of this world-renowned picture which stirred Paris to the center, has kindly allowed it to be photographed for this article.

From this time on we chronicle a series of triumphs for Gérôme at home and abroad. Receiving in 1847, at the age of 23, his first medal, he obtained successively the following honors: Medal, 1848; Medal, Universal Exposition, 1855; Chevalier Legion of Honor, 1855; Member Institute of France, 1865; Grand Medal of Honor, Universal Exhibition, 1867; Officer Legion of Honor, 1867; Grand Medal of Honor, 1874; Commander Legion of Honor, 1878; Medal of Sculpture, Universal Exhibition, 1878; Grand Medal of Honor, Universal Exhibition, 1878. He has also been for many years Professor at the École and Member of the Superior Council of the Beaux-Arts, Honorary President of the Association of Artist-Painters, Architects, Engravers, and Designers, Member of the Commission for the Decoration of the New Opera House, etc., in Paris.

Other nations have not been slow to recognize his extraordinary talent. He is Honorary Member of the Royal Academies of Fine Arts in Rome, Naples, Turin, Madrid, London, Glasgow, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Rio de Janeiro. He has also been decorated as Officer of the Royal Order of the Aigle Rouge, by the Emperor William of Germany; Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, by the King of Belgium; Chevalier of the Lion d'Or and Officer of the Couronne de Chêne, by William III. of the Netherlands; Chevalier of S. S. Maurizzio e Lazzaro, by Victor Emmanuel; and Officer of "The Rose," by Dom Pedro. He was Member of the Commission on Fine Arts at the Universal Exhibitions at London, 1872, Vienna, 1873, and Rome in 1885; and the most eminent societies devoted to the study of geography, archæology, and belles-lettres claim him as one of their most valued members. Claretie writes:

It was after the Salon of 1874 that Gérôme obtained the Grand Medal. It was indeed the hour of his supreme sway. Gérôme was fifty years old. He seemed to have arrived at the zenith of his renown.



"ANACREON DANCING WITH BACCHUS AND CUPID."



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "LA PYRRHIQUE."

But not yet! Since then he has reserved for those who loved best his rare talent new surprises; and it was thus that, aside from his pictures, the world assembled at the Universal Exposition of 1878 saluted him as "Sculptor!" Yes! this same hand which used the brush with such delicacy had molded the clay *par grande masse*, . . . and this admirable group, this combat of "The Gladiators," with its powerful and virile composition, commanded universal admiration.

And again:

His statue of "Anacreon" and his statuettes of "Phryne" and "L'Almée" are equal to his most attractive pictures. . . . Everything that bears his stamp, be it bronze or canvas, sketch or marble, is true, strong, distinguished, like himself. In one word, Gérôme is a thoroughbred!

All along through the autumn and winter (1887–1888) come letters telling of unremitting toil, and betraying in and between the lines the unflagging energy of this man of indomitable will, under the most trying circumstances of mental and physical suffering. I venture to translate several passages from these letters, in the hope of stimulating the ambition of struggling students and encouraging them to accomplish truly serious and conscientious work. In the letter from which I have already quoted (September, 1887) he says:



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "ALBANIAN SENTINELS."

I have just returned from a short journey to the shores of the Mediterranean, where I made some studies of the sea which I need for a picture I am painting. And here I am again, installed in Paris, preparing work for the winter — for it is work alone which satisfies the mind and consoles the heart. . . . One cannot in the course of a day entirely re-create one's self. Still one must not feebly succumb, but resist to the utmost; not yield without a struggle, but always seek to regain full self-possession. The spirit should always dominate the flesh.

In October he writes:

I have just sent you a collection of photographs of some of my pictures. I hope you will like them. In any event, I shall esteem myself happy if you will receive them favorably, and occasionally glance at them. . . . I have begun again to work with frenzy; to forget my grief and melancholy. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have finished several pictures which have gone to your country, and I have begun several others which will probably follow the same route. I also have a mind to model another figure, in order not to lose time during the months of November and December, when the light is too poor to paint, but sufficient to model in clay.



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "THE CAMP GUARD."

One of the pictures sent in October to the United States was "The Rose," a veiled lady tossing a rose from her balcony to a cavalier below. Another, "The Terrace of the Seraglio," a scene in the old palace at Constantinople, belongs to Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry of New York. It is probably the most exquisite picture of this style that Gérôme has produced.

In November he writes:

We are having days so gloomy that one might imagine one's self in England, and it is almost impossible to work. Nevertheless I keep at it desperately, and expect to fight on to my last breath.

In writing of a young artist in whom I had felt a deep interest he says (May, 1887):

I had advised young —— not to go to Spain, but to remain here in order to study seriously. I regret that he did not listen to me, so much the more since I learn by your letter of his unfortunate journey. It is money, and above all time, lost. I am much pleased to know that he is busy, and trust his work is serious, with an eye to his future. When he decides to return to Paris, you may rest assured that

I will interest myself to the utmost to serve him, and to be useful to him in every possible way. I regret that he did not long since carry out his intention of returning to France. It is here that one finds all that one needs in order to pursue truly austere studies, which reëcho through the entire career of an artist,— for good principles inculcated in a young mind are never effaced.

Again, in December, 1887, he writes:

You ask me about my method of teaching. It is very simple, but this simplicity is the result of long experience. The question is to lead young people into a straightforward, true path; to provide them with a compass which will keep them from going astray; to habituate them to love nature [the true], and to regard it with an eye at once intelligent, delicate, and firm, being mindful also of the plastic side. Some know how to copy a thing and will reproduce it almost exactly; others put into it poetry, charm, power, and make of it a work of art. The first are workmen, the second are artists. An abyss separates the mason from the architect.

To-day, in this epoch of moral and intellectual disorder, there seems to be a sovereign contempt for those who seek to elevate themselves, to move the spectator, to have some imagination; for those who are not content to remain fettered to the earth, dabbling in the mud of realism. It is to-day the fashion to which all the world sacrifices, because it is only granted to a few to have a well-balanced mind, and because it is easier to paint three fried eggs than it is to execute the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

But all this will pass like a shadowy phantom, and it need not make us uneasy. As Lamartine says:

"Le cygne qui s'envole aux voûtes éternelles,
Amis, s'informe-t-il si l'ombre de ses ailes
Flotte encore sur un vil gazon?"

[Does the swan, who wings his flight towards the eternal vaults, question whether the shadow of his wings still floats o'er the sward below?]

The method of instruction should, above all, tend to protect the young mind from the influx of these paltry sentiments, which, having generated here, have crossed the Atlantic and are in a fair way to infect America. I claim the honor of having waged war against these tendencies and shall continue to combat them, but what can one do against the current? A young painter who begins his career has need of great strength of soul not to be swept away by it, and even those who resist cannot entirely ascend against these rapids, but suffer in a certain measure from their influence. Yet I am far from being a *retardataire*, an exclusive, and I have always loved all experiment, all effort, in whatever direction; these indicate in a country a force of expansion. I love movement, for movement is life! Only, these revolutions should be made by people of talent, who have understanding and knowledge; and I must say that many painters of the modern school, the impressionists, the *plein-air-istes*, the independents, etc., are more or less *fumistes*, some of them humbugs and some ignorant as carps. To-day, when a work is insipid and badly executed,— badly drawn, badly painted, and stupid beyond expression,— it stands a good chance of being a success, since it is on a level with those who admire it. To-day, when one walks through the halls of the Exposition at Paris, one is struck first by the great number of works produced — works which often have not cost their authors any great pains in any respect, as to either subject or execution. The commonplace is in honor, and poetry has fled to the skies. Will she ever descend again?



"SPRINGTIME."

Later he says:

As to my own way of working, I have no manner, no method. I have studied nature much, and in



"THE CARPET MERCHANT." (BY PERMISSION OF KNOEDLER & CO., NEW YORK.)

many countries, and have consequently learned a good many things which I try to put into practice, always seeking to remain natural and true, forcing myself faithfully to depict the character of the epoch which I represent on the canvas, endeavoring to say much in a few words. It is a difficult task, and I have been sometimes happy enough to succeed; but, in spite of great efforts, not always. . . . I am at work early every morning and only leave my studio when day has fled; and this since my youth. You see I have been hammering on the anvil a long time. It is one of the examples I try to set my pupils, that of being an ardent and indefatigable worker every day and under all circumstances.

Having made definite plans for serious work, the early spring of 1888 finds me once again in London, where a letter of welcome awaits me. It says:

You Americans are intrepid travelers. I admire the courage of your mother, who, at the age of sixty-nine, has crossed the ocean with you. As for me, I have not left my easel since I saw you, save for that one little trip to the Mediterranean, where I went to make some studies of the sea for the picture which I have at the Exposition. I am well, only a little tired by the steady work of the winter, and I really need a little rest, but I have no time for it.



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "LA PYRRHIQUE."

This picture, which hangs on the wall of the Salon, under the title of "The Dream," represents a poet reclining on the sands by the sea. His Muse, gently touching his head, permits him to see gods and goddesses, Nereids and Tritons disporting themselves in the waves, while a flaming sun is sinking to rest near the horizon. This charming canvas goes to form part of the collection of one of the finest amateurs of art on the continent, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. Gérôme exhibits still another picture at the Salon — a lion eagerly lapping water from a pool which he has found near an oasis after a weary march in the desert. It is entitled "La Soif" ("Thirst"), and is a chef-d'œuvre. He also exhibited last summer at the Royal Academies in London, Copenhagen, and Moscow.

In spite of the foregoing list, which would have exhausted the resources of any ordinary worker, every easel in his atelier holds an unfinished picture, and others lean against the walls in delightful confusion. To study these and watch their gradual completion is an absorbing and enjoyable occupation.

In a temperance of diet which borders on abstemiousness lies part of the secret of the astonishing vigor of this youthful veteran, who has just passed his sixty-fourth birthday. He rides on horseback almost daily, and during the winter hunts twice a week, in any kind of weather.

"*Beau cavalier, chasseur adroit*," says Claretie of him.

One day I recounted an absurd criticism which I had heard the day before, apropos of one of his pictures. He laughed heartily.

"The greater part of these critics are idiots. Hold! I will give you a specimen of their caliber. I had one here in the person of my servant — not Thomas, another one. He came in one morning just as I was finishing the picture called 'Les Deux Majestés.' You have it, I believe, in New York. 'What is that?' said Monsieur Critic, viewing it with the air of a connoisseur. '*That* — you see what it is,' I replied; 'a lion in the desert, looking at the setting sun.' 'Yes, monsieur — yes, I see. But — but, what does that *prove?*'

"'It proves that you are an idiot!' I answered.

"And in truth," said the master, laughing again, "he was as fit to write up the Salon as most of those who arrogate to themselves the right to form the public artistic opinions and tastes of to-day. An artist does not deliver lectures on surgery, nor does a lawyer dictate to a ship-builder regarding the vessels he constructs. But most of these art critics, whose ignorance is often deplorable,— quite encyclopædic in fact,— who have not learned the *a b c* of our profession, consider themselves fully competent to criticise it! Idiots!"

The palette and brushes are again taken up, and he seats himself on a light Egyptian tabouret, made out of the pith of the palm-tree and covered with a leather cushion, his maul-stick being a long Indian arrow, denuded of its feathers. He is painting the sky of a wonderful picture, a lion prowling on the shores of the Red Sea, "Quærens quem devoret."

"The sky is difficult," he says. "It is too dark."

Under the skillful hand fleecy clouds pile up and melt away towards the horizon, while through the haze one perceives alluring paths leading up from height to height on the mountain. At its base, masses of rock in warm tones of brown and drifts of yellow sand reach to the water's edge. The lion, with lowered head and eye intent, powerful, subtle, alert, steps softly yet firmly, his shadow sharply projected on the stony beach, where waves of a deep yet tender green break in delicate foam.

Every now and then the master rises, steps back, and sharply views his work. He is never satisfied. "I must work on the mountain." A few touches, and then, "Ah! that is better; that gives it more body."

He has just returned from a flying business trip to some mines in Spain, where he made excursions among the mountains on horseback and on foot, writing from Grenada. Despite the fact that it was not a professional journey, he has brought back some charming studies in landscape.

"It is good to steep one's self in nature," he says. "Like Antæus, one gains strength in touching the earth."

From time to time he works, whistling softly, on another canvas, "Springtime" in Arabia. In the foreground a lioness rolls on a flowery bank, while her mate looks down from a neighboring height on a dreary waste of rocky plain, the rising sun just



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "THE FLAG-MAKERS."



"THE ROSE." (BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, M. H. ARNOT, ESQ.)

flecking with rose the cloudlets that seem to fly before the wind.

I am at this moment reading from "Le Fellah" of Edmund About — a charming volume dedicated to Gérôme in the following lines, which pay just tribute to that fidelity to nature which is one of the most striking qualities in the master's work:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Do you remember our last meeting in Egypt? It was under your tent, at the ex-

treme end of the desert of Suez, in sight of the caravan which was carrying the carpet to Mecca. You were starting for Sinai; I was preparing to return to Alexandria, with a portfolio crammed with notes, as was yours with sketches. I knew Egypt well enough to describe it from top to bottom, as I have done the Greece of King Otho and the Rome of Pius IX. But the hospitality of Ismail Pasha had swathed me in bands which paralyzed my movements not a little. I had no longer a right to publish *ex-professo* a contemporaneous Egypt. Your example, my dear Gérôme, has at once fascinated and reassured me. No law forbids an author to work *en peintre;* that is to say, to assemble in a work of imagination a multitude of details taken from nature and scrupulously true, though selected. Your masterpieces, small and great, do not affect to tell everything; but they do not present a type, a tree, the fold of a garment, which you have not *seen*. I have followed the *same method*, in the measure of my ability, which, unhappily, is far from equaling yours, and it is only in virtue of this fact that "Le Fellah" is worthy to be dedicated to you.

"If Mr. —— and Mr. —— could only see those pictures!" I said to Gérôme. "Why do you not exhibit them in America?"

"If your Government would cease to place pork on an equality with pictures, and to put works of art in the same category with sardines in oil and smoked ham, *then*, perhaps. But pay your thirty per cent. tax, with the probability of having my pictures returned to me! No, I thank you!"

It is not the first time I have had to blush for the monumental obtuseness and ingratitude of our law-makers, who thus repay the unparalleled generosity of this great nation, which has thrown open its schools, its galleries, and its competitive exhibitions to American art students free of expense, and on terms of absolute equality with its own native-born pupils.

I could not repress a sigh of regret that my countrymen will perhaps never see these two masterpieces, and tentatively suggested their being engraved in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. I said that, although unfinished, the pictures would photograph well; and the master, with his accustomed generosity, said, "If you wish, I will have them done for you."

Once I found him leaning back in an armchair, having just lighted his pipe.

"I am tired," he said with a deep sigh.

"You, tired! You confess it?"

"Yes; tired by *years!* It is tiresome to grow old! But," he added, with a smile, "it is the only means yet discovered whereby one succeeds in living long."

My question — something in regard to the monoliths of Petra — transported him back to the time of his early travels, and fatigue of body and mind was forgotten as he described the marvelous countries he knows so well. Suddenly he began to laugh heartily.

"I remember once we were camping in the forum there at Petra, where the Arabs are brigands — veritable brigands. They stole everything they could see by day, and at night they would creep up so close to us, in hopes of finding something else that they could carry off, that we could feel the tents shaking as they moved about. It is an astonishing fact that these miserable wretches are without any moral sentiment save that of modesty, which is developed to an extraordinary degree. So that when their nocturnal attentions became insupportable we could always drive them off by sending one of our little band to confront them clad only in his boots. One night Lenoir, poor Lenoir!"—a beloved friend and pupil of Gérôme, who died afterwards at Cairo—"was so exasperated at having his sleep disturbed that, in language more energetic than elegant, he called out to one of the intruders, whose voice he recognized, bidding him begone. We were all convulsed to hear this Arab, whom we called Agamemnon, repeat, like a parrot, the last three words, with a perfect accent, although he was entirely ignorant of their meaning. This tempted Lenoir to try an experiment. He sat up in bed and shouted, 'I.' 'I,' echoed the Arab, 'Am,' continued Lenoir. 'Am,' said Agamemnon. 'A scoundrel.' 'A scoundrel.' 'A thief.' 'A thief.' These self-accusing words reëchoed in the forum with marvelous distinctness, to the intense delight of our whole encampment."

While relating this droll anecdote Gérôme rose up, and with inimitable gesture and tone mimicked in turn Lenoir and his Arab in a manner worthy of the *Comédie Française*. Then followed other stories, gay and grave, of artist friends who have passed away: of Fortuny, who painted for two months in this very studio, on his "Spanish Marriage"; of Barye, whose chefs-d'œuvre lie on every table and cabinet in the ateliers, and who owed his election to the Institute largely to the warm affection and personal efforts of Gérôme.

"For years they allowed him almost to die of hunger!" said the master, flushing with generous indignation. "It was only after he was gone that his genius was fully recognized, and now they will pay any price for pieces cast by his own hand."

Then he spoke of Baudry, also one of his intimates, whose talent he greatly admired and whose loss he deeply mourns; and of Fromentin, one of his near neighbors and good friends, of whom he said: "A remarkable man, a writer of the first order; but as a painter he unfortunately lacked the advantage of serious study in his youth. No one realized this more keenly than he himself. One morning I came into his atelier and found him making a simple,



"THIRST."

rudimentary study. 'Why are you doing that?' I asked. 'To learn,' he replied frankly. And in that spirit he worked till the day of his death. He was only fifty-five years old — a very remarkable man."

The pipe has long since gone out, and now the master springs up and seizes his brushes as if he had not painted a stroke to-day. "Let us go on." He evidently believes with our own Franklin that "Time is the stuff of which life is made," and the various canvases which await the final touches are fully accounted for. Among them I notice a "Head of Diana," "Negroes carrying Home a Dead Lion from the Chase," "Hunting Scene in the Forest of Meudon" (portraits of Gérôme and friends), "Baby Cupid lifting the Veil of a Vestal Virgin" (an exquisite draped figure asleep in a chair), "Bathsheba bathing on the Roof of her House" (Jerusalem in the distance). This last is one of his finest studies in the nude that I have ever seen. I recall Théophile Gautier's assertion that no one can treat these antique subjects like Gérôme, "with his art, so chaste, so sober, so pure." On another easel is a "Den of Wild Beasts," into which Love has just entered. It is impossible to give more than an idea of this great picture. Gérôme has selected the following familiar couplet as a title:

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître!
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être!"

[Whoever thou art, behold thy master! He is, he was, or should be!]

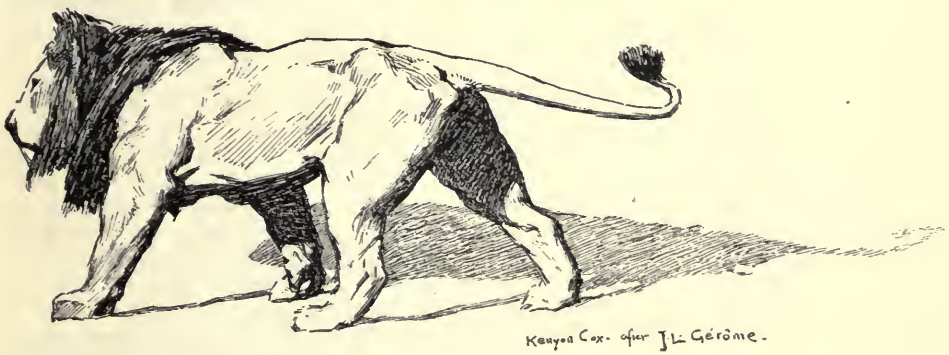
These two canvases are fortunately to be seen in the accompanying picture of one corner of Gérôme's studio. He considers them as yet only sketches. There is also another that I have watched from the first stroke of the preliminary sketch — a lion leaping in the air, in full pursuit of a fleeing herd of antelope.

I look at them all again and then at the master. Although four busy years have passed over his head, he has not changed since Claretie wrote of him:

> Such at sixty is Gérôme; what he was at thirty-six — as young, as active, as vigorous; as impressionable, vivid, and sympathetic. A charming conversationalist, gay, pensive also under his delightful humor, respectful of his art, frank and loyal, adored by his pupils, a professor who teaches to the young the rare and neglected virtues — simplicity, study, labor. In a word, a noble example of a master painter of the nineteenth century — the soul of an artist with the constitution of a soldier; a heart of gold in a body of iron!

Fanny Field Hering.

[The illustrations of this article, except as specified in the titles, are from photographs by special authorization of Boussod, Valadon & Co., successors to Goupil & Co., of Paris.]



DETAIL FROM PAINTING OF "SOLITUDE."

THE ORCHARD WIND-BREAK.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—IV.

IT was late in May; the apple blossoms, which are in full beauty in the valley of the Boise about the first of the month, had fallen when we discovered this pioneer orchard and first walked its length between the young trees, leafing out, and the dark wall of poplars which shelters it from the north-east winds. The "wind-break" bounds the orchard along the brink where the land drops to the level of the meadow below. A path follows the wind-break on the orchard side: walking this path, one may look out, as from high Gothic windows, upon the broad, bright meadows beneath.

An irrigating ditch traverses the meadows, skirting the edge of the higher land. Each farmer on the ditch has his wheel,— called a Chinese wheel, though it is like the Persian *noria*, lifting water to the upper fields. These upper and lower fields, with the sky-pierced screen of poplars between them, divide the water of the ditch as it passes. The lower fields, which get it first, hand it up to the fields above, and these return it again in drainage or in drippage from the creaking buckets that ladle it into the flumes and boxes that distribute it to the higher plantations. The system is supposed to be an improvement upon the "useful trouble of the rain."

In all these new holdings of the old West it would be difficult to find a prettier walk than this,— along the brink of these upper fields, in the shade of the poplars, with all the sunny land below,— on a May morning when the air is as cool as the sun is hot, when the clustering spires of young leaves glisten in the light like strung jewels, when shadows lose themselves in the short tufted grass, when the mosquitoes are as yet in abeyance.

To reach the orchard we cross the garden of the penitentiary: there is no other way, unless we pass through the home lot of the proprietor of the orchard. The first way, the way of the discovery, is much the better, for when we came upon it first by way of the penitentiary garden, the orchard was a surprise in its effect of overlooking the lower fields.

It was Sunday; the penitential gardeners were not at work — we saw not a single fallen Adam of them all. A stout wire fence separates the field of the just from the field of the unjust. For the woman of the party to go between the barbed wires and not to leave a large part of her drapery attached to the fence was a problem. It was solved by the man of the party, who muffled the lower wire of the fence in the folds of the cloak he carried, as the matador casts his cloak over the horns of the bull, and lifted the wire next above, to widen the way between.

Beyond the barricade lay the lovely spaces of light and shadow — the familiar little trees, the trees of home, with their stiff, up-springing shoots and queer knots and angles, showing how Nature had been assisted or thwarted in her work by the hand of man. Down the middle of the picture, ranging upward in perspective to the towering deep blue sky, strode the dark monkish procession of poplars. We saw before us the cloister and the home, and behind us was the garden of the penitentiary.

We did not see the lady and the fawn that day, nor indeed on any other day, it must be confessed, in that particular spot. But she was needed there. Something was lacking in the pretty scene in its Sunday morning silence and quiet sunshine — a step upon the grass, a white shape against the poplars, a head, in light, in the midst of the tender May greens.

By her permission the lady is there, with the fawn that long ago escaped to the hills — or was it sold, or given away, or quietly put out of its warped existence? For these wild nurslings that are brought down to the valley town for playthings lose, it is said, after a few months of petted bondage, their fitness for freedom. They are rejected forever by their kind as a thing which has been tainted by the touch of man — a creature that might betray, or renounce in favor of the slavish past.

The planting of an orchard by a new settler is accepted as his final expression of content with his choice, a guaranty that he means to stay. He may build a cabin, or plow a field, or dig a well or a ditch to water his garden, for seed springs up and is gathered in a summer; but the planting of a tree, the life of which is more than the age of man, is the seal of civilization set upon virgin soil. An orchard is a creation, with potential values not to be hastily measured; it is money in the bank of nature, which rarely acknowledges a draft at sight, nor dishonors a final payment. He who plants apple trees plants for himself, but "he who plants pears plants for his heirs." They are planting pear orchards in the valley of the Boise.

* * *



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

THE ORCHARD WIND-BREAK.

EXILES AT IRKUTSK.

OUR ride of 1040 miles from the city of Tomsk to the capital of Eastern Siberia was in some respects a harder and more exhausting journey than that from Tiumen to the mountains of the Altai. Long-continued rain had spoiled the road and rendered it almost impassable in places; the jolting of our heavy tarantas through deep ruts and over occasional stretches of imperfect corduroy gave us violent headaches and prevented us from getting any restful sleep; warm, nourishing food was rarely to be obtained at the post stations; we had not yet provided ourselves with winter clothing, and suffered more or less every night from cold; and finally, we were tormented constantly by predatory insects from the roadside prisons and étapes. No single hardship connected with our investigation of the exile system was more trying to me than the utter impossibility of escaping from parasitic vermin. Cold, hunger, sleeplessness, and fatigue I could bear with reasonable patience and fortitude; but to be forced to live for weeks at a time in clothing infested with fleas, lice, or bed-bugs from the unclean bodies of common criminal convicts not only seemed to me intolerable in itself, but gave me a humiliating sense of physical defilement that was almost as bad as a consciousness of moral degradation. We tried in every possible way to rid ourselves of these parasitic prison insects, but without success. The older and more neglected étapes along the road were swarming with vermin of all sorts, and whenever we examined one of these places we came away from it with a small but varied entomological collection in our clothing. The insects soon secured lodgment in our blankets and pillows as well as in the crevices and lining of our tarantas, and then it was impossible either to exterminate or to escape them. After throwing away successively two or three suits of underclothing, I abandoned all hope of relief and reconciled myself to the inevitable as best I could. There were insects on my body or in my clothing during the greater part of four months, and when I was able to undress for the first time after our nine-days' journey from Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk I found myself spotted and blotched from head to foot as if I was suffering from some foul eruptive disease. It is not pleasant, of course, to go into these details, but I wish the reader to understand clearly and definitely what life in an étape is, and what Siberian exile means to a cultivated human being.[1]

I do not know that it is possible to get rid entirely of obnoxious insects in old and sometimes half-decayed buildings through which pass every year thousands of criminals from the lowest social classes. It is possible, however, to keep the étapes decently clean and to provide the exiles, both in the forwarding prisons and on the road, with proper facilities for bathing and for changing and washing their clothing. How far these things are done now I shall try to show by quoting in another part of this paper an official statement made to me soon after my arrival in Irkutsk.

As we approached the East Siberian capital, towards the end of the second week in September, the weather finally cleared up, and upon the south-eastern horizon, far away in the distance, we caught sight of the blue, ethereal, snow-crowned peaks of Tunka, situated on the frontier of Mongolia near the southern end of Lake Baikal. They were evidence that Irkutsk was near. When the morning of Sunday, September 13, dawned cool and bright we found ourselves riding over a good road, along the swift but tranquil current of the river Angara, and through a country the extensive cultivation and prosperous appearance of which indicated its proximity to a market. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we stopped to change horses at the last post station, and with inspiriting anticipations of rest, sleep, clean linen, and letters from home we entered the travelers' waiting-room and read, in the official distance-table hanging against the wall, the significant words and figures:

POST STATION OF BOKOFSKAYA.

DISTANT

From St. Petersburg	5601 versts.
From Irkutsk.....	13 versts.

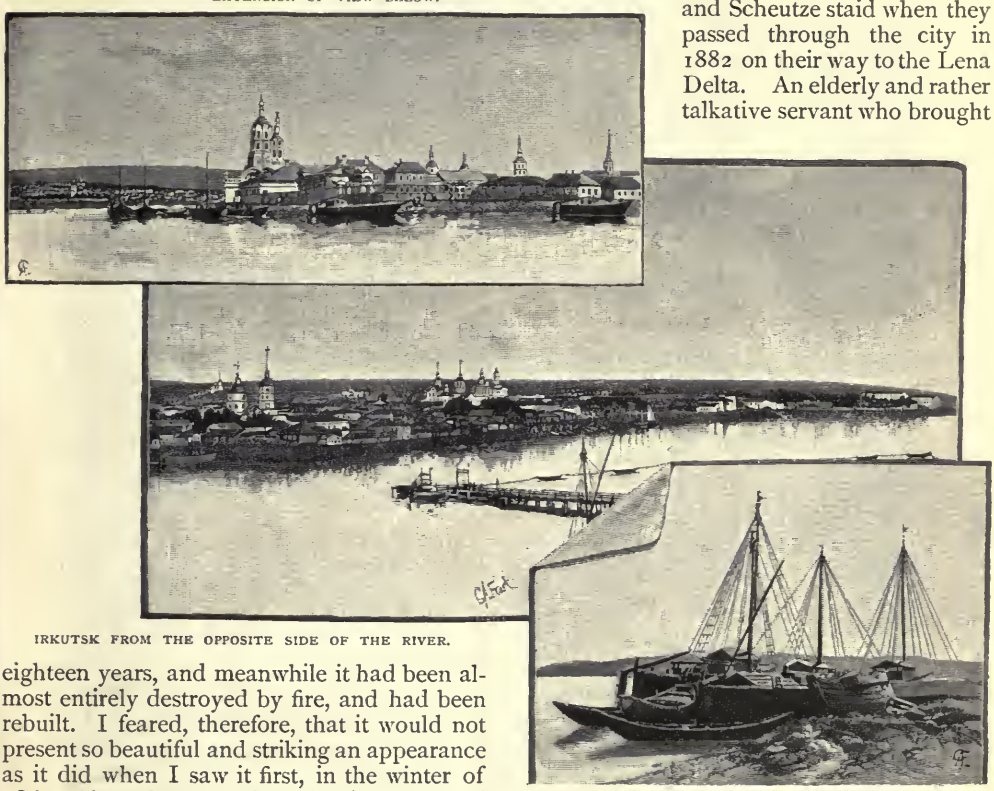
[1] A common method of gambling among criminal convicts in Siberian étapes is to spread down an overcoat or a dirty linen foot-wrapper on the floor of the kamera, and guess at the number of fleas that will jump upon it within a certain length of time. Every convict, of course, backs his guess with a wager. Another method, equally common, is to draw two small concentric circles on one of the sleeping-platforms, put a number of lice simultaneously within the inner circle, and then give all the money that has been wagered on the event to the convict whose louse first crawls across the line of the outer circle. Exiles on the road are not supposed to have playing-cards, but facilities for gambling in the manner above described are never lacking.

You may subtract 13 from 5601, or divide 5601 by 13, or put the two numbers through any other mathematical process that you choose, but you will never fully appreciate the difference between them until you have traveled 5601 versts in the Russian Empire and have only 13 versts more to go.

As soon as fresh horses could be harnessed we dashed away up the Angara towards Irkutsk, looking eagerly forward to catch the first possible glimpse of its gilded domes and its snowy cathedral walls. I had not seen the city in eighteen years, and meanwhile it had been almost entirely destroyed by fire, and had been rebuilt. I feared, therefore, that it would not present so beautiful and striking an appearance as it did when I saw it first, in the winter of 1867. About five versts from the city we passed the picturesque white-walled monastery of Vosnesensk, with a throng of dirty, ragged, long-haired pilgrims gathered about its principal entrance, and beyond it we began to meet unarmed soldiers, peasants, peddlers, tramps, and nondescript vagabonds of all sorts who had been spending the Sabbath-day in the city and were straggling back on foot to their respective places of abode in the suburban villages. Nearly half of them were more or less intoxicated, and the number of open "kabaks," or drinking-places, that we saw by the road seemed fully adequate to explain if not to excuse their condition.

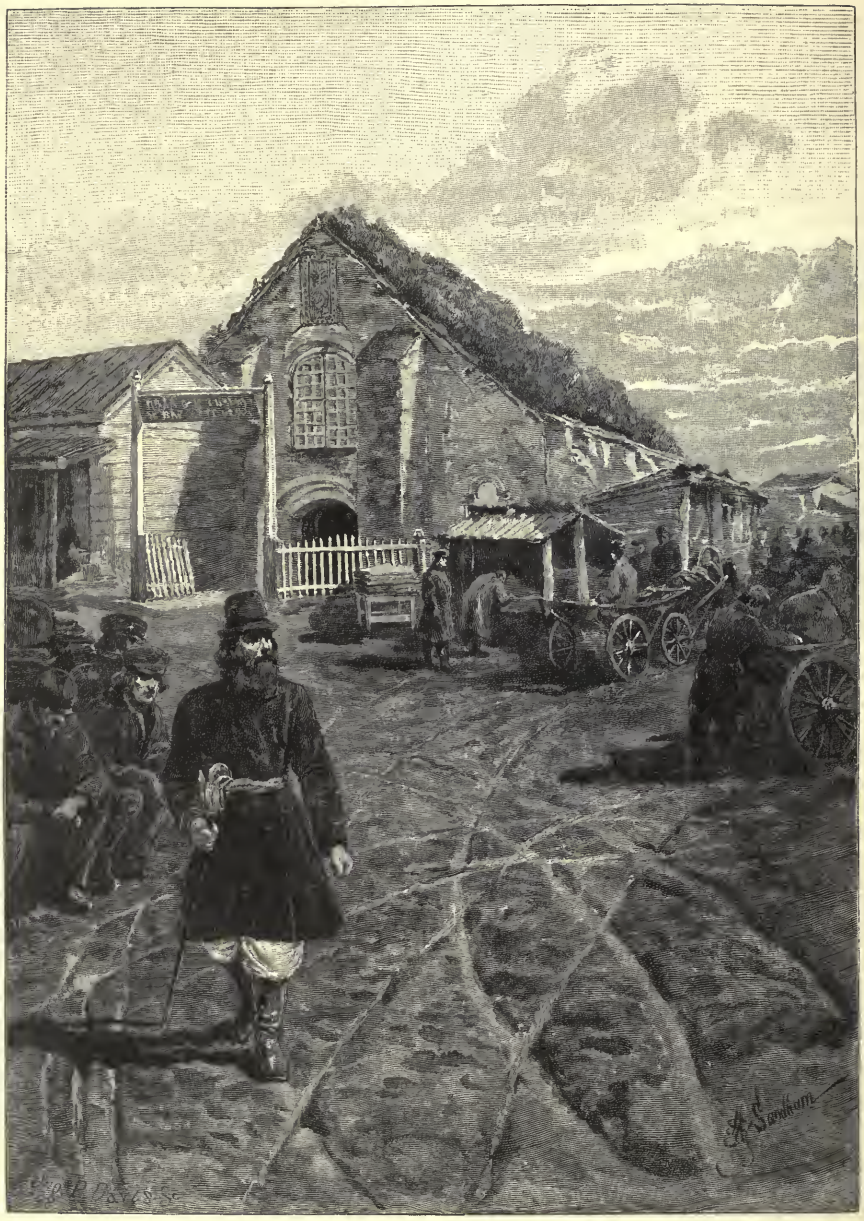
We crossed the swift current of the Angara by means of a "swing," or pendulum, ferry, and drove up from the landing into the streets of the city. I was somewhat disappointed in its appearance. Its gilded or colored domes, white belfries, and scattered masses of foliage, when seen from the opposite side of the river, give to it a certain half-oriental picturesqueness; but to an observer in its streets it presents itself as a large, busy, thriving, but irregularly built and unattractive Russian provincial town. After unsuccessfully seeking shelter in the new and pretentious Moscow House and in the Siberian Hotel, we finally went to the Hotel Deko, where, as we were informed, Lieutenants Harber and Scheutze staid when they passed through the city in 1882 on their way to the Lena Delta. An elderly and rather talkative servant who brought our luggage to our room introduced himself by saying that he always used to wait on Mr. Harber and Mr. Scheutze, and that the former loved him so that he called him "Zhan" (John). He seemed to think that "Zhan" was an American nickname expressive of the tenderest and most affectionate regard, and that he needed no other recommendation than this to an American traveler. I told him that if he would take care of us properly we also would call him "Zhan," at which he seemed very much gratified. From the frequency and the pride with which he afterwards referred to this caressing nickname, I feel confident that when he comes to die, and a

EXTENSION OF VIEW BELOW.



IRKUTSK FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER.

BOATS ON THE ANGARA RIVER.



OLD POWDER MAGAZINE AND BAZAR.

tombstone is placed over his mortal remains, no possible enumeration thereon of his many virtues will give to his freed spirit half so much pleasure as the simple epitaph,

THE
AMERICANS
CALLED HIM
"ZHAN."

It was so late when we reached Irkutsk Sunday afternoon, and we were so tired from our thousand-mile ride, that we did not attempt to do anything except bathe, change our clothing, dine, and go to bed. Monday, after we had sent our passports to the police station, Mr. Frost strolled down to the river-side to make some sketches, while I went out to look at the city and find, if possible, a certain political exile to whom I had a letter of introduction.

Irkutsk is situated on the right, or northern, bank of the Angara, about forty miles from the point where that navigable river flows out of Lake Baikal. At the time of our visit it had a

population of 36,000, and was therefore the largest city in Siberia. It contained an excellent weekly newspaper,[1] a public library, a branch of the Imperial Geographical Society, a good theater, and about thirty public schools, and the business of its merchants, traders, and manufacturers amounted annually to more than 11,000,000 rubles. The city had not yet fully recovered from the great fire of July, 1879, which destroyed nearly 4000 buildings, rendered homeless 15,000 people, and consumed property valued at 20,000,000 rubles. Traces of this fire were still to be seen in many parts of the city, and even where such traces were not visible the streets and buildings had a raggedness and newness that suggested a rapidly growing frontier mining town rather than a city founded in 1652. Generally speaking, it seemed to me a much less interesting and attractive place than when I saw it first in 1867. One of the most curious and apparently one of the oldest buildings spared by the fire was a massive stone powder magazine, which stood on the outskirts of the open-air bazar in the midst of the lower half of the city. Its roof was overgrown with grass and weeds; its sides were incrusted with the barnacle-like stalls and booths of retail traders, and around it, during all the busy hours of the day, surged a throng of Buriats, Mongols, Cossacks, and Russian peasants, who seemed to be buying or bargaining for all sorts of merchandise, from a tarantas or a telega to a second-hand pair of boots.

After exploring the bazar, rambling about the city for two or three hours, and delivering some of my letters of introduction, I returned to the hotel. Zhan, with a perturbed countenance, met me in the hall and informed me that the chief of police had just been there after us and had left a verbal request that we call upon him at once. Zhan's experience of life had evidently convinced him that a visit from the chief of police, like the appearance of a stormy petrel at sea, was a threatening phenomenon; and although he asked no questions, he looked at me with some bewilderment and anxiety. Upon going to our room I found two cards bearing the name of Christopher Fomich Makofski, the Irkutsk chief of police, a gentleman with whom we were destined to become somewhat intimately acquainted, and an officer who had been connected with one of the ghastliest tragedies in the recent history of political exile — the hunger strike in the Irkutsk prison. So far as I could remember, there had been nothing suspicious in our movements since our arrival in Irkutsk, and I was at a loss to know why we were so soon "wanted"; but I had always made it a rule in Russia to obey promptly the first summons of the police, and in less than ten minutes Mr. Frost and I were on our way to Captain Makofski's house. Learning that he was not at home, we left cards and drove to the central police station. He was not there. Having thus done all that we could, we returned to the hotel, and Mr. Frost went out again to sketch the old powder magazine shown in the illustration on the opposite page. Half an hour later Zhan appeared with a dejected air, holding gingerly between his fingers another card of the chief of police, who, he said, was waiting in the corridor and wished to see us. This second call within two hours surprised me a little, but of course I told Zhan to show the chief of police in. I heard quick footsteps and the jingle of spurs in the hall, and in another instant Captain Makofski, in full uniform, entered the room. I was prepared for something unpleasant, and rose from my chair fully expecting to meet a man with a stern official face who would look at me suspiciously and either tell me that there was something wrong with my passport, or else inquire how long and for what purpose I had been looking up political exiles. Imagine my surprise to see a rather handsome officer of middle age, with good features, blue eyes, closely cut hair, and a full brown beard, who advanced to meet me with outstretched hand, and whose face fairly beamed with smiling cordiality as he said: "I am Makofski, the chief of police. I have the pleasure of knowing you by reputation,— I have read your book,— and when an eminent foreign traveler comes to Siberia to study the country, I regard it as only my duty to call upon him and offer my services."

I was so nearly paralyzed with astonishment at this wholly unexpected greeting that for a moment I could hardly reply; but I managed to thank him and ask him to take a seat. We had a pleasant chat of ten minutes with regard to the roads, the weather, our Siberian experiences, the changed appearance of Irkutsk, etc., and then Captain Makofski said: "I understand that you are interested, among other things, in prisons and the exile system. I think you will find the city prison here in good condition. I will send some one to show you through it, and I will not forewarn the prison officers that you are coming — you shall see it just as it is every day."

"This," I said to myself, "is the kind of chief of police that every well-regulated Siberian city ought to have."

In the general discussion of the exile system which followed, Captain Makofski admitted that it was a great burden to the country and

[1] The "Sibir," edited by Mr. M. V. Zagoskin. After a long struggle with the press censorship, this enterprising and ably conducted newspaper has finally been suppressed.

an evil thing in itself, but he said that there did not seem to be any prospect of its speedy abolition.

"The chief difficulty in the way," he said, "is the financial difficulty. The adoption of a central prison system in European Russia in place of the exile system has been suggested and discussed, but the change would necessitate the building of twenty large new prisons at a cost of about ten million rubles, and the financial condition of the country is such as to render this impracticable."

While we were talking Mr. Frost came in, and after some further general conversation the chief of police took his leave, urging us to call upon him informally and soon. I could not at this interview fully make up my mind with regard to his character and motives. He seemed to be everything that was amiable; but there was a suggestion of surface artificiality about his beaming smile and a touch of exaggeration in his complimentary deference which suggested diplomacy rather than perfect sincerity. I felt, however, that I had no right on this ground to throw stones at anybody, since I myself was living in a very large and very fragile glass house.

On Wednesday we returned Captain Makofski's call, and Thursday afternoon he came to our hotel to escort us to the prisons. The general city prison and the forwarding prison of Irkutsk are situated side by side a little out of the busy part of the city, from which they are separated by a small shallow stream called the Ushakofka. The forwarding prison, which at Captain Makofski's suggestion we visited first, proved to be nothing more than a large but old and half-decayed étape, varying from the usual roadside type of such buildings only in size and in the arrangement of its kameras. One could see at a glance that it was in very bad repair. The logs in some places had rotted almost entirely away; the stockade around the court-yard looked old and weather-beaten; and in almost every window one or more panes of glass had been broken out and the holes had been stopped with rags, old clothes, or pieces of coarse dirty matting. Captain Makofski, observing that I noticed these things, said in explanation of them that it had not been thought best to make extensive repairs, because there was a plan under consideration for the erection of a new building.[1] As we entered the main corridor the officer of the day sprung hastily to the door, saluted the warden, who was with us, and in a sort of rapid monotonous recitative said, without once taking breath, "Your-high-nobility-I-have-the-honor-to-report-that-the-condition-of-the-Irkutsk-forwarding-prison-on-this-the-5th-day-of-September-1885-is-blagopoloochno [prosperous or satisfactory] and-that-it-now-contains-271-prisoners." The warden nodded his head, said "All right," and we began our inspection of the prison. It seemed to me an extremely dreary, gloomy, and neglected place. Its kameras did not differ essentially from those in the forwarding prison of Tomsk, except that they were less crowded. Most of them were fairly well lighted, they were warmed by large square brick ovens, and they contained no furniture except low plank sleeping-platforms of the usual type. The prisoners had no bedding except their overcoats, and in a few cases small thin "crazy quilts" about two feet wide and six feet long, which they had evidently made for themselves out of countless hoarded rags and scraps of cloth and which they used to spread down upon, and thus soften a little, the hard planks of the nares. I did not see a blanket nor a pillow in the prison. The kameras contained from twenty to forty men each, and the heavy foulness of the air showed that there was little or no ventilation. The floors, judged by Siberian standards, were not disgracefully dirty, but they had been freshly sprinkled with white sand in evident anticipation of our visit. Throughout the prison the men seemed to be wholly separated from the women and children, and in the kameras devoted to the latter there was less overcrowding, more cleanliness, and purer air.

From the forwarding prison we went to the general city prison, which stood about a hundred yards away on the same street, and which consisted of a large two-story building of brick covered with white stucco and roofed with tin. In general type it resembled a little the forwarding prison of Tiumen; but it differed from the latter in having an interior court-yard 75 or 100 feet square which, by means of graveled walks and prim geometrical flower-beds, had been turned into a sort of garden and which served as a place of exercise for the inmates. This prison was erected in 1861 at a cost of 62,000 rubles, and was intended to accommodate 450 prisoners. At the time of our visit it held 743, and the warden admitted to me that it sometimes contained 1500. According to Mr. S. S. Popoff, who made a special study of this prison and who wrote a monograph upon it for the newspaper "Sibir," no less than two thousand prisoners have at times been packed into its kameras. In other words, every cell has been made to hold more than four times the number of prisoners for which it was intended.[2] The results of such overcrowding I have already described several

[1] Three years have elapsed since that time, but Irkutsk has no new forwarding prison yet.

[2] "The Prisoners of the Irkutsk Prison Castle, and their Maintenance," by S. S. Popoff, Sbornik of the newspaper "Sibir," p. 210. Irkutsk, 1876.

times in my sketches of other Siberian prisons. The air in the kameras was somewhat less poisonous than in the forwarding prison of Tiumen, but it was nevertheless very foul, and many piteous complaints of it were made by the prisoners, both to Captain Makofski and to me, as we passed through the cells. The condition of the atmosphere in the overcrowded and badly ventilated hospital seemed to me to be something terrible. Although we went through only two or three wards, and that hastily, and although I held my breath almost to the point of suffocation rather than take such terribly polluted air into my lungs, I came out feeling faint, sick, and giddy.[1]

The prevalent diseases here, as in other Siberian prisons, were typhus fever, scurvy, anæmia, rheumatism, and bronchitis — all of them disorders pointing to unfavorable sanitary conditions.

From the hospital we crossed the little interior garden to the so-called "secret" or solitary-confinement cells, where the chief of police said there was one political prisoner with whom he would allow me to talk. I had already heard much of the prison life of the Russian revolutionists, but I had not as yet seen a single one actually in solitary confinement. Entering a sort of hall at one corner of the court-yard, Captain Makofski, accompanied by a turnkey, preceded us through a locked and grated door into a long narrow corridor, where an armed sentry was pacing back and forth in front of a row of cells. The heavy wooden doors of these cells were secured by padlocks, and in the middle of every one was a small square aperture through which food could be passed and the prisoner be watched by the guard. The name of the political offender whom we were about to visit was Ferdinand Liustig,— formerly an army officer, Captain Makofski thought,— who had been arrested in St. Petersburg in March, 1881, soon after the assassination of the late Tsar. He had been tried as a revolutionist, had been sentenced to four years of penal servitude, had finished his term, and was on his way from the mines of Kara to some place in Eastern Siberia, where he was to be settled as a forced colonist.

The turnkey unlocked and threw open a door marked "No. 6," and we stepped into a long but narrow and gloomy cell, where a good-looking young man with closely cut hair, blue eyes, and a full brown beard was sitting in a dejected attitude upon a small wooden bed. He rose hastily when we entered, as if he were anticipating some change in his fortunes, and Captain Makofski, with an air of hearty good-fellowship, exclaimed, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Liustig! We have come to cheer you up a little. These are American travelers who have been looking through the prison, and I thought that perhaps you would like to see them." The transient expression of hope and expectancy in the young man's face slowly faded as he shook hands with us, and his manner became nervous and embarrassed, as if he had been isolated so long from all human society that he hardly knew how to talk or what to say. The situation was an awkward one, even for me, on account of the presence of Captain Makofski, the turnkey, and a soldier. If Mr. Liustig and I had been alone together, we should soon have come to an understanding and should undoubtedly have talked for hours; but under existing circumstances I could say nothing that I wished to say, and felt conscious that I must appear to him like a mere tourist, who had come to look at a "nihilist" in prison, as one might look at a new species of wild animal in a zoölogical garden. The cell occupied by Mr. Liustig was about 20 feet long by 6 feet wide and 12 feet high. It was lighted by one very small barred window in the end wall opposite the door. This window, which was so high that I could not reach it, would have opened upon the little garden in the court-yard, had not a high stockade been erected in front of it at a distance of a few feet. The stockade hid not only the whole outside world, but even the sky, so that Mr. Liustig could hardly tell, by looking up at his little window, whether the weather was clear or stormy — whether it was winter or summer. Although the walls and ceiling had been whitewashed, the cell was

[1] In the annual report of the Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior for 1884, the prisons and prison hospitals of Tomsk, Yeniseisk, and Irkutsk are referred to as follows: "From the reports of the medical administration it is evident that the sanitary condition of many prisons, both in the provinces [gubernias] and in the territories [oblasts], is extremely unsatisfactory. The majority of them are altogether too small for the number of prisoners usually contained in them. Many of them lack proper ventilation, have badly constructed retirades, or are situated on low, damp ground. The prisons in which the absence of favorable hygienic conditions is most marked are those situated in the provinces of . . . Yeniseisk, Irkutsk, and Tomsk, and in the territory of the Trans-Baikal. Many prison hospitals are not provided with proper hospital supplies or appliances, and are so small that they cannot accommodate all of the sick. In many prisons, moreover, there is no special medical staff."

The report then gives the following statistics to show the sanitary condition of the prisons and prison hospitals in four Siberian provinces, including Irkutsk, in 1884:

Provinces.	*Prison Hospitals.*	*Beds.*	*Number of Sick.*	*Number of Deaths.*	*Death Rate Per cent.*
Yeniseisk	3	145	5176	168	3.2
Irkutsk	2	115	1620	99	6.1
Tobolsk	10	242	4648	303	6.5
Tomsk	3	230	1514	259	16.4

dark and gloomy, and it seemed to me, moreover, to be very cold. It contained no furniture except a small wooden bedstead covered with a thin gray blanket, and a square box in which there was a pail or bucket for excrement. The prisoner was not allowed to have chair, table, books, or writing-materials; he could not get even so much as a glimpse of the outside world; and he had absolutely nothing to do except to sit on his bed in that gloomy prison twilight and think. I asked him how long he had been there, and he replied, "Since the 1st of June"—nearly four months. He was detained, Captain Makofski said, to await the decision of a question that had been raised as to the place where he should be colonized. How soon his case would be reached in the Circumlocution Office of the Government nobody knew, and apparently nobody cared. Meanwhile his condition was worse than if he had been in penal servitude. I wished very much to ask him a few questions with regard to his life at the mines of Kara; but I knew that it would be useless to interrogate him in the presence of Captain Makofski, and so, after shaking hands with him again and wishing him a speedy release, I bade him good-bye. Ten minutes later, as it was beginning to grow dark in the prison, and as I had seen all that I cared to see, we returned to our hotel. I could not agree with Captain Makofski that the Irkutsk prisons were "in good condition"; but as he did not ask me what I thought of them, I volunteered no opinion.

Several days elapsed before I saw the chief of police again, and in the mean time a visit of inspection was made to the prisons by Count Ignatief, the newly appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who had just assumed the duties of his position. Tuesday of the following week Captain Makofski called upon us, and after the interchange of a few unimportant remarks said to me with some eagerness, "Mr. Kennan, please tell me frankly what impression was made upon you the other day by our prisons." I told him frankly that Siberian prisons generally made upon me a very bad impression, and that all I could truthfully say of the prisons in Irkutsk was that they were a little better — that is, somewhat less bad — than the prisons in Tiumen and Tomsk.

"I asked the question," he resumed, "because Count Ignatief and his wife have just made a visit of inspection and they are terribly dissatisfied [oozhasno nedevolnee]. The Count finds the prisons dirty and overcrowded, the air foul and bad, the linen of the prisoners dirty and coarse [grooboi], and the state of things unsatisfactory generally. Of course I know myself that the air in the kameras is foul; but if you have to put thirty men into a room like this [indicating our hotel room], how can you keep the air pure? It is very true also that the linen of the prisoners is cheap and coarse, but it is the best that can be had for the money that the Government allows. If you go to a hotel and pay two rubles for a dinner, you have a right to expect a good one; but what can you expect if you pay only eight kopecks? As for the prisoners' linen being dirty — of course it 's dirty! The Government gives a prisoner only one shirt every six months and one khalat [gray overcoat] every year. In these clothes he lives and sleeps twenty-four hours a day and thirty days a month without once taking them off except to bathe — of course they get dirty!"

"If a prisoner has no spare clothing," I inquired, "how does he get his one shirt washed? Does he never wash it, or does he go half the time naked?"

"When he visits the bath-house," replied Captain Makofski, "he usually washes at the same time his body and his clothing, dries the latter as best he can, and puts it on again — he has no change."

I referred to the sufferings of exiles who are compelled to sleep in wet clothing after every rain-storm on the road, and said I did not wonder that the hospitals of the forwarding prisons were crowded with the sick. He assented and said, "The life of prisoners on the road is awful [oozhasnoi]. So far as the condition of the prisons here depends upon me," he continued after a moment's pause, "it is as good as circumstances will permit. There are no accumulations of filth anywhere, and the sanitary condition of the buildings is as good as I can make it — better perhaps than that of many private houses in the city."

It was interesting and instructive to me to see how unconscious Captain Makofski seemed to be of the existence of any very extraordinary evils in the Irkutsk prisons. Apparently he had grown so accustomed to the state of things there that it seemed to him to be nearly if not quite normal, and it gave him a sort of mental shock to find that the new Governor-General was so dissatisfied with the prisons and their management. He attributed this dissatisfaction, however, largely to the influence of the Countess Ignatief, whom he characterized as a kind-hearted but inexperienced lady who did not appreciate the difficulties in the way of such a system of prison administration as she desired to bring about.

"The Countess, however," I said, "seems to be a lady of quick perceptions and unusually good sense. An officer of the exile administration whom I met at dinner yesterday told me that during the visit of the Governor-General and his wife to the prisons the other day the Countess asked to be shown some of

the prisoners' soup. The warden brought some to her in a clean fresh plate, but she evidently thought that it had been especially prepared for the occasion. She therefore declined to taste it, and asked whether there had not been left in the bottom of the kettle some soup from the prisoners' dinner. Upon examination some soup was found there, and she desired that a spoonful of it be given to her. She tasted it, and then, handing back the spoon, remarked to the warden quietly, 'I 'm glad to see that you are washing out that kettle — it ought to have been washed long ago.' Now you can't say," I concluded, "that such a lady as that does n't know something about your prisons and that she is n't very observing."

"Observing — observing!" exclaimed Captain Makofski, "that may all be; she is a very kind-hearted and benevolent lady, but she is impractical. She thinks that a common criminal prison ought to be in as good condition all the time as a young ladies' institute — and you and I know that that is utterly impossible."

I said that I thought the Irkutsk prisons might be improved a good deal without bringing them up anywhere near the level of a young ladies' institute.

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of callers, and Captain Makofski took his leave, evidently somewhat disturbed by the attitude that the new Governor-General had taken towards the prisons.

On Count Ignatief's first public reception day Mr. Frost and I called upon him, partly as a mark of respect and partly with the hope that he might be willing to talk about the exile system and the penal institutions of the city. We found him to be a large, somewhat corpulent man about forty-five years of age, with a massive, nearly bald head and a strong, but heavy and almost lethargic face. He received us courteously but formally, and began to talk to us at once in English, which language he spoke fairly well but with some hesitation. At the first favorable opportunity I expressed my interest in the exile system and ventured to give him the results of some of my observations in the prisons of Tiumen and Tomsk and on the road. He responded without any apparent hesitation, and said frankly that he believed the exile system to be very prejudicial to all the interests of Siberia, and that in many respects it needed modification. He thought that the common criminal exiles ought to be utilized as laborers. There was plenty of useful work to be done in Siberia, and he could see no reason why the convict exiles should not be compelled to do it. A system of enforced labor would be better for them than the present method of keeping them shut up in prisons in idleness or turning them loose as colonists, and it certainly would be better for the country. He was about to take a step in this direction, he said, by setting one hundred convicts to work in the streets of Irkutsk. I spoke of the overcrowding of the prisons and étapes along the great exile road, and he admitted that they were too small and in very bad condition. He said that a plan was under consideration for the transportation of exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk in summer only and in wagons. This would relieve the Government from the expense of providing them with winter clothing, it would greatly diminish the amount of suffering, and it would perhaps be more economical.[1]

While we were discussing this subject the Governor-General's wife came in to hand him a letter, and we were presented to her. She was a woman perhaps thirty years of age, of medium height, with brown hair, gray eyes, and a good, strong, intelligent, but somewhat impassive face. The appearance of the Countess Ignatief interrupted our discussion of the exile system, and as we were making a merely formal call upon the Governor-General, we had no opportunity for renewing it.

In the course of the twelve days that we spent in Irkutsk we made many pleasant and interesting acquaintances, among them Mr. Adam Bukofski, a well-known East Siberian mining proprietor, who spoke English well and whose hospitable home was always open to us; Dr. Pisaref, a well-known physician of the city, to whom we brought a letter of introduction from St. Petersburg; Mr. Butin, formerly of Nerchinsk, who had traveled extensively in the United States and who was half an American in his ideas and sympathies; and Mr. Zagoskin, the venerable editor of the newspaper "Sibir."

On the 21st of September, a little more than a week after our arrival, we were overtaken by our countryman Lieutenant Scheutze, who was on his way to the province of Yakutsk with the gifts sent by our Government to the people in that province who had aided and suc-

[1] This reform was strongly urged by Colonel Zagarin, the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia, as long ago as 1882 or 1883. It is a noteworthy circumstance that although three years have elapsed since I had this conversation with General Ignatief, nothing has yet been done, and the exiles continue to march that thousand of miles between Tomsk and Irkutsk, in rain-storms and snow-storms, in dust and in mud, in scorching heat and in bitter cold. It is probable that an excuse for continued inaction will now be found in the projected trans-Siberian railroad. It will be argued that it is unnecessary to organize a great exile horse-express service, because there will soon be steam communication. The railroad will not be finished in ten years, however, and in the mean time thousands of human beings, a majority of them innocent women and children, will have died a slow death of torture on that thousand-mile stretch.

cored the survivors of the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*. He had left America long after our departure, and it was a very great pleasure to us to meet him in that far-away part of the world, to hear his New York and Washington news, and to compare our respective experiences of Siberian travel.

A few days after my talk with Captain Makofski about the Irkutsk prisons, I called upon him at his house, and drew him into conversation upon the subject of political exile. He spoke very bitterly, almost contemptuously, of the revolutionists and "nihilists" generally, and seemed to regard most of them as wild fanatics, who were opposed, not only to the present form of government in the empire, but to government in any form, and who therefore should be put down with a strong hand. He said he once asked one of them, an exiled lady, what government she and her companions would establish in Russia if they had their way—a limited monarchy, a republic, a commune, or what? She replied that all men had been created free and equal, and that any kind of government was a violence done to individual liberty. "This, of course," said Captain Makofski, "was simply nonsense.

"There are several classes of political exiles, however," he continued, "for whom I have a great deal of pity and sympathy. In the first place, there are the young people who have never committed political crime themselves, but have happened to be in innocent correspondence with real revolutionists or upon terms of some intimacy with them. They have to suffer merely for being in bad company. In the second place, there are people who, to oblige friends or acquaintances, take charge temporarily of packages or satchels without ascertaining their contents. These packages, upon seizure by the police, are found to contain seditious proclamations, dynamite, or something of that sort. It is of no use for the innocent possessor of such a package to explain how it came into his hands, nor to declare that he was ignorant of its contents. He is always exiled. The third class consists of persons who have innocently lent money to revolutionists, the money being afterwards used, without the knowledge or consent of the lenders, for revolutionary purposes. Such men are also exiled, although they may be perfectly innocent of any thought of conspiracy against the Government. Finally, there is a certain class of young men, from eighteen to twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, who are full of ardor and enthusiasm, who really desire the good of their country, who see defects in the present system of government that they think can be remedied, and who desire not revolution but modification and reorganization. Such young men are almost certain to be drawn into secret societies or revolutionary circles, and then they fall into the hands of the police and are sent to Siberia, although they cannot be called bad men, and all their aims and intentions may be pure and good. I have known many cases in each of these classes, and have always felt very sorry for them."

I have quoted Captain Makofski's words because they are a frank admission that the Russian Government sends to Siberia not only the flower of its youth, but banishes also at least three classes of people who not only have never committed crime, but are guiltless of any intention to commit crime. I was well aware myself of this fact, but I had never before heard it admitted by a chief of police.

There were not many political exiles in Irkutsk at the time of our visit, and we had some difficulty in finding them. At last, however, we succeeded, without asking the help of Captain Makofski; and although he, as chief of police, was supposed to know everything that was going on, I do not think he dreamed that I sometimes went directly from his house to a place where I met all the political exiles in the city, and that I was spending with them half my nights.

Two of the most interesting politicals whom we met in Irkutsk were Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Cherniavski, who were banished to Siberia by administrative process in 1878. I became very well acquainted with them, and for Mrs. Cherniavski especially I came to feel the profoundest pity and regard. Few women, even in Russia, have had before the age of thirty-five so tragic and heart-breaking a life, and still fewer have maintained through hardships, sickness, and bereavement such cheerfulness and courage. She was arrested in Odessa in the early part of 1878 at the age of about twenty-five, and after a long term of imprisonment was sent by administrative process to the province of Tobolsk. In the city prison of Kiev, on her way to Siberia, she was detained for a few days, and while there was forced to be almost an eye-witness of the assassination of her dearest friend. A young man of English descent named Beverly, whom she had known from childhood, had been arrested shortly before upon the charge of living on a false passport and carrying on a revolutionary propaganda, and he was at that time in the Kiev prison. The night before Mrs. Cherniavski was to resume her journey to Siberia, Beverly, with a comrade named Izbitski, attempted to escape through a tunnel which they had succeeded in digging from their cell to a point outside the prison wall. The prison authorities, however, had in some way become aware of the existence of the tunnel, and had

posted a squad of soldiers near the place where the fugitives must emerge from the ground. Late at night, when they made their appearance, they were received with a volley of musketry. Beverly was mortally wounded, and as he lay writhing on the ground he was dispatched by a soldier with repeated bayonet-thrusts. Izbitski, wounded and severely beaten, was taken back into prison. The next morning when Mrs. Cherniavski started with her party for Siberia she had to march past the bloody and disfigured body of her dearest friend, which was still lying where it had fallen, in plain sight of the prison windows.

"I can bear my own personal torment," she said to me with a sob as she finished the story of this tragedy, "but such things as that break my heart."

I need not recount the hardships and miseries that she, a cultivated and refined woman, endured on the road and in the roadside étapes between Kiev and the small town in the Siberian province of Tobolsk where she and her husband had been assigned a residence. They reached their destination at last; a child was there born to them, and they lived there in something like comfort until March, 1881, when Alexander III. came to the throne and Mr. Cherniavski was required to take the oath of allegiance. He refused to do so, and they were sent farther eastward to the town of Krasnoyarsk. A second refusal to take the oath of allegiance resulted in their being sent to Irkutsk. By this time winter had set in, and they were traveling in an open tarantas with a delicate baby thirteen months of age. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Cherniavski could keep her baby warm, and at the last station before reaching Irkutsk she removed the heavy wrappings in which she had enveloped it and found it dead. With the shock of this discovery she became delirious, and wept, sang pathetic little nursery songs to her dead child, rocked it in her arms, and prayed and cursed God by turns. In the court-yard of the Irkutsk forwarding prison, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, Mr. Cherniavski stood for half an hour waiting for the party to be formally received, with his wife raving in delirium beside him and his dead child in his arms.

Mrs. Cherniavski lay in the prison hospital at Irkutsk until she recovered her reason, and to some extent her strength, and then she and her husband were sent 2000 miles farther to the north-eastward under guard of gendarmes, and colonized in a Yakut settlement known as the Bataruski ooloos, situated in the "tiaga" or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, 165 miles from the nearest town. There, suffering almost every conceivable hardship and privation, they lived until 1884, when the Minister of the Interior allowed them to return to a more civilized part of Siberia.

Mrs. Cherniavski when I made her acquaintance was a pale, delicate, hollow-cheeked woman, whose health had been completely wrecked by years of imprisonment, banishment, and grief. She had had two children, and had lost them both in exile under circumstances that made the bereavement almost intolerable; for seven years she had been separated by a distance of many thousand miles from all of her kindred; and the future seemed to hold for her absolutely nothing except the love of the husband whose exile she could still share, but whose interests she could do so little in her broken state of health to promote. She had not been able to step outside the house for two months, and it seemed to me, when I bade her good-bye, that her life of unhappiness and suffering was drawing to a close. I felt profoundly sorry for her,— while listening to her story my face was wet with tears almost for the first time since boyhood,—and hoping to give her some pleasure and to show her how sincerely I esteemed her and how deeply I sympathized with her, I offered her my photograph, as the only memento I could leave with her. To my great surprise she sadly but firmly declined it, and said, "Many years ago I had a photograph of a little child that I had lost. It was the only one in existence, and I could not get another. The police made a search one night in my house, and took away all my letters and photographs. I told them that this particular picture was the only portrait I had of my dead boy. The gendarme officer who conducted the search promised me upon his word of honor that it should be returned to me, but I never saw it again. I made a vow then that it should not be possible for the Russian Government to hurt me so a second time, and from that day to this I have never had a photograph in my possession."

I do not know whether Mrs. Cherniavski is now living or dead; but if she be still living, I trust that these pages may find their way to her and show her that on the other side of the world she is still remembered with affectionate sympathy.

George Kennan.



STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE PARIS.



O the carriage rolled along the margin of Bayou Teche, with two big trunks besides Monsieur's on back and top, and a smaller one, lent by Alix, lashed underneath; but shawls, mats, and baskets were all left behind with the Carpentiers. The first stop was at the plantation and residence of Captain Patterson, who "offered his hand in the English way, saying only, 'Welcomed, young ladies.'" In 1795, the narrator stops to say, one might see in and about New Orleans some two-story houses; but along the banks of Bayou Teche, as well as on the Mississippi, they were all of one sort,—like their own; like Captain Patterson's,—a single ground floor with three rooms facing front and three back. Yet the very next stop was at a little cottage covered with roses and with its front yard full of ducks and geese,—"'A genuine German cottage,' said papa,"—where a German girl, to call her father, put a great ox's horn to her lips and blew a loud blast. Almost every one was English or German till they came to where was just beginning to be the town of Franklin. One Harlman, a German, offered to exchange all his land for the silver watch that it best suited Monsieur to travel with. The exchange was made, the acts were all signed and sealed, and—when Suzanne, twenty years after, made a visit to Attakapas there was Harlman and his numerous family still in peaceable possession of the place. . . . "And I greatly fear that when some day our grandchildren awaken from that apathy with which I have always reproached the Creoles, I fear, my daughter, they will have trouble to prove their titles."

But they journeyed on, Françoise ever looking out the carriage window for the flatboat, and Suzanne crying:

"Annie, my sister Annie, do you see nothing coming?" And about two miles from where Franklin was to be they came upon it, greeted with joyous laughter and cries of "Miss Souzie! O Miss Souzie!" from the woman and the children, and from Mario: "I have it, Signor! I have it! My principality, Miss Souzie! It is mine, Signorina Françoise!" while he danced, laughed, and brandished his arms. "He had taken up enough land," says Françoise, "for five principalities, and was already knocking the flatboat to pieces."

She mentioned meeting Jacques and Charles Picot, St. Domingan refugees, whose story of adventures she says was very wonderful, but with good artistic judgment omits them. The travelers found, of course, a *charmante cordialité* at the home of M. Agricole Fuselier, and saw a little girl of five who afterward became a great beauty—Uranie Fuselier. They passed another Indian village, where Françoise persuaded them not to stop. Its inhabitants were Chetimachas, more civilized than those of the village near Plaquemine, and their sworn enemies, living in constant fear of an attack from them. At New Iberia, a town founded by Spaniards, the voyagers saw "several houses, some drinking-shops and other buildings," and spent with "the pretty little Madame Dubuclet . . . two of the pleasantest days of their lives."]

At length, one beautiful evening in July, under a sky resplendent with stars, amid the perfume of gardens and caressed by the cool night breeze, we made our entry into the village of St. Martinville—the Little Paris, the oasis in the desert.

My father ordered Julien [the coachman] to stop at the best inn. He turned two or three corners and stopped near the bayou [Teche] just beside the bridge, before a house of the strangest aspect possible. There seemed first to have been built a *rez-de-chaussée* house of ordinary size, to which had been hastily added here a room, there a cabinet, a balcony, until the "White Pelican"—I seem to see it now—was like a house of cards, likely to tumble before the first breath of wind. The host's name was Morphy. He came forward, hat in hand, a pure-blooded American, but speaking French almost like a Frenchman. In the house all was comfortable and shining with cleanness. Madame Morphy took us to our room, adjoining papa's ["tou ta côté de selle

de papa "], the two looking out, across the veranda, upon the waters of the Teche.

After supper my father proposed a walk. Madame Morphy showed us, by its lights, in the distance, a theater!

"They are playing, this evening, 'The Barber of Seville.'"

We started on our walk, moving slowly, scanning the houses and listening to the strains of music that reached us from the distance. It seemed but a dream that at any moment might vanish. On our return to the inn, papa threw his letters upon the table and began to examine their addresses.

"To whom will you carry the first letter, papa?" I asked.

"To the Baron du Clozel," he replied. "I have already met him in New Orleans, and even had the pleasure to render him a slight service."

Mechanically Suzanne and I examined the addresses and amused ourselves reading the pompous titles.

"'Le chevalier Louis de Blanc!'" began my sister; "'L'honorable A. Déclouet'; 'Le comte Louis le Pelletrier de la Houssaye'! Ah!" she cried, throwing the packet upon the table, "the aristocrats! I am frightened, poor little plebeian that I am."

"Yes, my daughter," responded my father, "these names represent true aristocrats, as noble in virtues as in blood. My father has often told me of two uncles of the Count de la Houssaye: the first, Claude de la Pelletrier de la Houssaye, was prime minister to King Louis XV.; and the second, Barthelemy, was employed by the Minister of Finance. The count, he to whom I bear this letter, married Madelaine Victoire de Livilier. These are noble names."

Then Alix was not mistaken; it was really her friend, the Countess Madelaine, whom I was about to meet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COUNTESS MADELAINE.

EARLY the next day I saw, through the partly open door, my father finishing his toilet.

He had already fastened over his black satin breeches his garters secured with large buckles of chased silver. Similar buckles were on his shoes. His silver-buttoned vest of white piqué reached low down, and his black satin coat faced with white silk had large lappets cut square. Such dress seemed to me very warm for summer; but the fashion and etiquette allowed only silk and velvet for visits of ceremony, and though you smothered you had to obey those tyrants. At the moment when I saw him out of the corner of my eye he was sticking a cluster diamond pin into his shirt-frill and another diamond into his lace cravat. It was the first time I ever saw papa so fine, so dressed! Presently we heard him call us to arrange his queue, and although it was impossible for us to work up a club and pigeon wings like those I saw on the two young Du Clozels and on M. Neville Déclouet, we arranged a very fine queue wrapped with a black ribbon, and after smiling at himself in the glass and declaring that he thought the whole dress was in very good taste he kissed us, took his three-cornered hat and his gold-headed cane and went out. With what impatience we awaited his return!

About two hours afterward we saw papa coming back accompanied by a gentleman of a certain age, handsome, noble, elegant in his severe suit of black velvet. He had the finest black eyes in the world, and his face beamed with wit and amiability. You have guessed it was the Baron du Clozel. The baron bowed to us profoundly. He certainly knew who we were, but etiquette required him to wait until my father had presented us; but immediately then he asked papa's permission to kiss us, and you may suppose your grandfather did not refuse.

M. du Clozel had been sent by the baroness to oppose our sojourn at the inn, and to bring us back with him.

"Run, put on your hoods," said papa; "we will wait for you here."

Mr. and Mrs. Morphy were greatly disappointed to see us go, and the former declared that if these nobles kept on taking away their custom they would have to shut up shop. Papa, to appease him, paid him double what he asked. And the baron gave his arm to Suzanne, as the elder, while I followed, on papa's. Madame du Clozel and her daughter met us at the street gate. The baroness, though not young, was still pretty, and so elegant, so majestic! A few days later I could add, so good, so lovable!

Celeste du Clozel was eighteen. Her hair was black as ebony, and her eyes a beautiful blue. The young men of the village called her *Celeste la bien nommée* [Celeste the well named]; and for all her beauty, fortune, and high position she was good and simple and always ready to oblige. She was engaged, we learned afterward, to the Chevalier de Blanc, the same who in 1803 was made post-commandant of Attakapas.[1] Olivier and Charles du Clozel turned everything to our entertainment, and it was soon decided that we should all go that same evening to the theater.

Hardly was the sun down when we shut

[1] Ancestor of the late Judge Alcibiade de Blanc of St. Martinville, noted in Reconstruction days.— TRANSLATOR.

ourselves into our rooms to begin the work of dressing. Celeste put herself at our service, assuring us that she knew perfectly how to dress hair. The baroness asked us to let her lend us ornaments, ribbons — whatever we might need. We could see that she supposed two young girls who had never seen the great world, who came from a region where nearly all articles of luxury were wanting, could hardly have a choice wardrobe. We thanked them, assuring Celeste that we had always cultivated the habit of dressing each other's hair.

We put on our camayeu petticoats and our black velvet waists, adding gloves; and in our hair, sparkling with gold powder, we put, each of us, a bunch of the roses given us by Alix. We found ourselves charming, and hoped to create a sensation. But if the baroness was satisfied she showed no astonishment. Her hair, like her daughter's, was powdered, and both wore gloves.

Suzanne on the arm of Olivier, I on Charles's, Celeste beside her fiancé, the grandparents in front, we entered the theater of St. Martinville, and in a moment more were the observed of all observers. The play was a vaudeville, of which I remember only the name, but rarely have I seen amateurs act so well: all the prominent parts were rendered by young men. But if the French people are polite, amiable, and hospitable, we know that they are also very inquisitive. Suzanne was more annoyed than I can tell; yet we knew that our toilets were in excellent taste, even in that place full of ladies covered with costly jewels. When I asked Celeste how the merchants of St. Martinville could procure these costly goods, she explained that near by there was a place named the *Butte à la Rose* that greatly shortened the way to market.[1] They were bringing almost everything from London, owing to the Revolution. Between the acts many persons came to greet Madame du Clozel. Oh, how I longed to see the friend of Alix! But I would not ask anything; I resolved to find her by the aid of my heart alone.

Presently, as by a magnetic power, my attention was drawn to a tall and beautiful young lady dressed in white satin, with no ornaments except a set of gold and sapphires, and for head-dress a *résille* the golden tassels of which touched her neck. Ah! how quickly I recognized those brown eyes faintly proud, that kind smile, that queenly bearing, that graceful step! I turned to Charles du Clozel, who sat beside me, and said:

"That is the Countess de la Houssaye, is n't it?"

"Do you know her?"

[1] By avoiding the custom-house.—TRANSLATOR.

"I see her for the first time; but — I guessed it."

Several times I saw her looking at me, and once she smiled. During the last two acts she came and shook hands with us, and, caressing our hair with her gloved hand, said her husband had seen papa's letter; that it was from a dear friend, and that she came to ask Madame du Clozel to let her take us away with her. Against this the baroness cried out, and then the Countess Madelaine said to us:

"Well, you will come spend the day with me day after to-morrow, will you? I shall invite only young people. May I come for you?"

Ah, that day! how I remember it! . . . Madame de la Houssaye was fully five or six years older than Madame Carpentier, for she was the mother of four boys, the eldest of whom was fully twelve.[2] Her house was, like Madame du Clozel's, a single rez-de-chaussée surmounted by a mansard. . . . From the drawing-room she conducted us to a room in the rear of the house at the end of the veranda [galerie], where . . . a low window let into a garden crossed and recrossed with alleys of orange and jasmine. Several lofty magnolias filled the air with the fragrance of their great white flowers. . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

"POOR LITTLE ALIX!"

HARDLY had we made a few steps into the room when a young girl rose and advanced, supported on the arm of a young man slightly overdressed. His club and pigeon-wings were fastened with three or four pins of gold, and his white-powdered queue was wrapped with a black velvet ribbon shot with silver. The heat was so great that he had substituted silk for velvet, and his dress-coat, breeches, and long vest were of pearl-gray silk, changing to silver, with large silver buttons. On the lace frill of his embroidered shirt shone three large diamonds, on his cravat was another, and his fingers were covered with rings.[3] The young girl embraced us with ceremony, while her companion bowed profoundly. She could hardly have been over sixteen or seventeen. One could easily guess by her dress that the pretty creature was the slave of fashion.

"Madame du Rocher," said Charles du Clozel, throwing a wicked glance upon her.

"Madame!" I stammered. "Impossible!" cried Suzanne.

"Don't listen to him!" interrupted the

[2] A very bad guess; the countess had been married only nine years. As will be seen in the next installment of "Strange True Stories."—TRANSLATOR.

[3] The memoirist omits to say that this person was Neville Déclouet.—TRANSLATOR.

young lady, striking Charles's fingers with her fan. "He is a wretched falsifier. I am called Tonton de Blanc."

"The widow du Rocher!" cried Olivier, from the other side.

"Ah, this is too much!" she exclaimed. "If you don't stop these ridiculous jokes at once I 'll make Neville call you out upon the field of battle." . . . But a little while afterward Celeste whispered in my ear that her brothers had said truly. At thirteen years Tonton, eldest daughter of Commandant Louis de Blanc and sister of Chevalier de Blanc, had been espoused to Dr. du Rocher, at least forty years older than she. He was rich, and two years later he died, leaving all his fortune to his widow. . . . One after another Madame de la Houssaye introduced to us at least twenty persons, the most of whose names, unfortunately, I have forgotten. I kept notes, but have mislaid them. . . .

A few moments before dinner the countess reappeared among us, followed by two servants in livery bearing salvers of fruit; and while we ate she seated herself at the harpsichord and played.

"Do you sing?" she asked me.

"A little, madame."

[The two sisters sang a song together.]

"Children," she cried, "tell me, I pray you, who taught you that duet?"

"A young French lady, one of our friends," replied Suzanne.

"But her name! What is her name?"

"Madame Carpentier."

The name meant nothing to her. She sighed, and asked us to sing on. . . . At dinner we met again my father and the count. After dinner the countess sent for me to come to her chamber while she was nursing her babe. After a few unimportant words she said:

"You have had your lessons from a good musician."

"Yes, madame, our friend plays beautifully on the harp."

"On the harp! And you say her name is—"

"Madame Joseph Carpentier."

"It is strange," said Madame de la Houssaye. "The words of your duet are by me, and the music by my friend the Viscomptesse Alix de Morainville. All manner of things have happened in this terrible Revolution; I had for a moment the hope that she had found chance to emigrate and that you had met her. Do you know M. Carpentier?"

"Yes, madame; he was with her. He is—in fact—a laboring gardener."

"Oh! then there is no hope. I had the thought of a second marriage, but Alix de Morainville could never stoop so low. Poor, dear, innocent little Alix! She must be dead—at the hand of butchers, as her father and her husband are."

When we returned to the joyous company in the garden all wanted to speak at once. The countess imposed silence, and then Tonton informed us that a grand ball was proposed in our honor, to be given in the large dining-room of Mr. Morphy's tavern, under the direction of Neville Déclouet, the following Monday—that is, in four days.

Oh, that ball! I lay my pen on the table and my head in my hands and see the bright, pretty faces of young girls and richly clad cavaliers, and hear the echoes of that music so different from what we have to-day. Alas! the larger part of that company are sleeping now in the cemetery of St. Martinville.

Wherever you went, whoever you met, the ball was the subject of all conversation. All the costumes, masculine and feminine, were prepared in profound secrecy. Each one vowed to astonish, dazzle, surpass his neighbor. My father, forgetting the presents from Alix, gave us ever so much money and begged Madame du Clozel to oversee our toilets; but what was the astonishment of the dear baroness to see us buy only some vials of perfumery and two papers of pins. We paid ten dollars for each vial and fifteen for the pins!

Celeste invited us to see her costume the moment it reached her. It certainly did great honor to the dressmaker of St. Martinville. The dress was simply made, of very fine white muslin caught up *en paniers* on a skirt of blue satin. Her beautiful black hair was to be fastened with a pearl comb, and to go between its riquettes she showed us two bunches of forget-me-nots as blue as her eyes. The extremely long-pointed waist of her dress was of the same color as the petticoat, was decolleté, and on the front had a drapery of white muslin held in place by a bunch of forget-me-nots falling to the end of the point. In the whole village she could get no white gloves. She would have to let that pass and show her round white arms clasped with two large bracelets of pearls. She showed also a necklace and earrings of pearls.

Madame du Clozel, slave to the severe etiquette of that day, did not question us, but did go so far as to say in our presence that camayeu was never worn at night.

"We know that, madame," replied my sister, slightly hurt. We decided to show our dresses to our hostess. We arranged them on the bed. When the baroness and her daughter entered our chamber they stood stupefied. The baroness spoke first.

"Oh, the villains! How they have fooled us! These things are worthy of a queen. They are court costumes."

I said to myself, "Poor, dear little Alix!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HAT.

"Oh!" cried Celeste, "but what will Tonton say when she sees you?"

"Do not let her know a thing about it, girls," said Madame du Clozel, "or, rather than yield the scepter of beauty and elegance for but one evening, she will stay in the white chapel. What! at sixteen you don't know what the white chapel is? It is our bed."

Before the ball, came Sunday. Madame du Clozel had told us that the population of the little city — all Catholics — was very pious, that the little church could hardly contain the crowd of worshipers; and Celeste had said that there was a grand display of dress there. We thought of having new dresses made, but the dressmaker declared it impossible; and so we were obliged to wear our camayeus a second time, adding only a lace scarf and a hat. A hat! But how could one get in that little town in the wilderness, amid a maze of lakes and bayous, hundreds of miles from New Orleans, so rare and novel a thing as a hat? Ah, they call necessity the mother of invention, but I declare, from experience, that vanity has performed more miracles of invention, and made greater discoveries than Galileo or Columbus.

The women of St. Martinville, Tonton at their head, had revolted against fate and declared they would have hats if they had to get them at the moon. Behold, now, by what simple accident the hat was discovered. Tonton de Blanc had one of the prettiest complexions in the world, all lily and rose, and what care she took of it! She never went into the yard or the garden without a *garde-soleil* and a thick veil. Yet for all that her jealous critics said she was good and sensible, and would forget everything, even her toilet, to succor any one in trouble. One day Tonton heard a great noise in the street before her door. She was told that a child had just been crushed by a vehicle. Without stopping to ask whether the child was white or black or if it still lived, Tonton glanced around for her sun-bonnet, but, not finding it at hand, darted bareheaded into the street. At the door she met her young brother, and, as the sun was hot, she took his hat and put it on her own head. The Rubicon was crossed — Tonton had discovered the hat!

All she had heard was a false alarm. The crushed child was at play again before its mother's door. It had been startled by a galloping team, had screamed, and instantly there had been a great hubbub and crowd. But ten minutes later the little widow, the hat in her hand, entered the domicile of its maker and astonished the woman by ordering a hat for her own use, promising five dollars if the work was done to her satisfaction. The palmetto was to be split into the finest possible strips and platted into the form furnished by Madame Tonton. It was done; and on Sunday the hat, trimmed with roses and ribbons, made its appearance in the church of St. Martin, on the prettiest head in the world. The next Sunday you could see as many hats as the hatmaker had had time to make, and before the end of the month all the women in St. Martinville were wearing palmetto hats. Today the modistes were furnishing them at the fabulous price of twenty-five dollars,— trimmed, you understand,— and palmetto hats were really getting to be a branch of the commerce of the little city; but ours, thanks to Alix's flowers and ribbons, cost but ten dollars.

The church was crowded. The service, performed by an old priest nearly a hundred years of age, was listened to with interest; but what astonished me was to see the crowd stop at the church door, the women kissing; to hear laughter, chat, and criticism at the door of this sacred place as if it were the public square. I understood the discontent that knit my father's brows and the alacrity with which he descended the church steps. Tonton saw and came to us — so fresh, so young, she was indeed the queen of beauty and fashion. Out of nothing Tonton could work wonders. Her dress today was of camayeu the pattern of which was bunches of strawberries — the very same stuff as our dresses; but how had she made it to look so different? And her hat! It was a new marvel of her invention. She had taken a man's felt hat and entirely covered it with the feathers of the cardinal bird, without other ornament than a bunch of white ribbon on the front and two long cords of white silk falling clear to the waist. That was the first hat of the kind I ever saw, but it was not the last. With one turn of her little hand she could make the whole female population of St. Martinville go as she pleased. Before we left St. Martinville we had the chance to admire more than fifty hats covered with the feathers of peacocks, geese, and even guinea-fowl, and — must we confess it? — when we got home we enlisted all our hunter friends to bring us numerous innocent cardinals, and tried to make us hats; but they did not look the least like the pretty widow's.

Sunday was also the day given to visiting. Being already dressed, it was so easy to go see one's friends. . . . Among the new visitors was Saint Marc d'Arby — engaged to little Constance de Blanc, aged thirteen. He came to invite us to a picnic on the coming Wednesday.

"Ah," I cried, with regret, "the very day papa has chosen for us to leave for the town of Opelousas!" . . .

Since arriving in St. Martinville we had hardly seen papa. He left early each morning and returned late in the evening, telling of lands he had bought during the day. His wish was to go to Opelousas to register them. . . . To-day the whole town of Opelousas belongs to his heirs; but those heirs, with Creole heedlessness and afraid to spend a dollar, let strangers enjoy the possession of the beautiful lands acquired by their ancestor for so different an end. Shame on all of them!

It was decided for papa to leave us with the baroness during his visit to Opelousas.

"And be ready to depart homeward," said he, "on the following Monday."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BALL.

THE evening before that of the ball gave us lively disappointment. A fine rain began to fall. But Celeste came to assure us that in St. Martinville a storm had never prevented a ball, and if one had to go by boat, still one had to go. Later the weather improved, and several young gentlemen came to visit us. . . . "Will there be a supper, chevalier?" asked the baroness of her future son-in-law.—"Ah, good! For me the supper is the best part of the affair."

Alas! man proposes. The next morning she was in bed suffering greatly with her throat. "Neither supper nor ball for me this evening," she said. "The Countess de la Houssaye will take care of you and Celeste this evening." . . .

At last our toilets were complete. . . . When Madame de la Houssaye opened the door and saw us, instead of approaching, she suddenly stopped with her hands clasped convulsively, and with eyes dilated and a pallor and look of astonishment that I shall never forget. I was about to speak when she ran to Suzanne and seized her by the arm.

"Child! for pity answer me! Where did that dress—these jewels, come from?"

"Madame!" said my sister, quickly taking offense.

"Françoise!" cried the countess, "you will answer me. Listen. The last time I saw the Countess Aurelia de Morainville, six years ago, was at a reception of Queen Marie Antoinette, and she wore a dress exactly like that of Suzanne's. My child, pity my emotions and tell me where you bought that toilet." I answered, almost as deeply moved as she:

"We did not buy it, madame. These costumes were given to us by Madame Carpentier."

"Given! Do you know the price of these things?"

"Yes; and, moreover, Madame du Clozel has told us."

"And you tell me a poor woman, the wife of a gardener, made you these presents. Oh! I must see this Madame Carpentier. She must have known Alix. And who knows—oh, yes, yes! I must go myself and see her."

"And I must give her forewarning," I said to myself. But, alas! as I have just said, "Man proposes, God disposes." About six months after our return to St. James we heard of the death of the Countess de la Houssaye, which had occurred only two months after our leaving St. Martinville. . . .

OH, how my heart beat as I saw the lights of the ball-room and heard its waves of harmony! I had already attended several dances in the neighborhood of our home, but they could not compare with this. The walls were entirely covered with green branches mingled with flowers of all colors, especially with magnolias whose odor filled the room. Hidden among the leaves were millions[1] of fantastically colored lampions seeming like so many glow-worms. To me, poor little rustic of sixteen, it seemed supernaturally beautiful. But the prettiest part—opposite the door had been raised a platform surmounted by a dais made of three flags: the French, Spanish, and Prussian—Prussia was papa's country. And under these colors, on a pedestal that supported them, were seen, in immense letters composed of flowers, the one German word, *Bewillkommen!* Papa explained that the word meant "Welcome." On the platform, attired with inconceivable elegance, was the master of ceremonies, the handsome Neville Déclouet himself, waiting to wish us welcome anew.

IT would take volumes, my daughter, to describe the admirable toilets, masculine as well as feminine, of that memorable night. The thing is impossible. But I must describe that of the king of the festival, the young Neville, that you may understand the immense difference between the toilets of 1795 and those of 1822.

Neville had arranged his hair exactly as on the day we first saw him. It was powdered white; his pigeon-wings were fastened with the same pins of gold, and his long queue was wrapped with a rose-colored ribbon. His coat was of frosted rose silk with broad facings of black velvet. His vest came down nearly to his knees. It also was of rose silk, but covered with black buttons. His breeches, also rose, were fastened at the knees with black velvet ribbons escaping from diamond buckles and falling upon silk stockings shot alternately with

[1] Number of millions not stated.—TRANSLATOR.

black and rose. Diamonds sparkled again on his lace frill, at his wrists, on his cravat of rose silk, and on the buckles of his pumps.

I cast my eye around to find Tonton, but she had not come. Some one near me said, "Do you know who will escort Madame du Rocher to the ball?" And another said, "Here is Neville, so who will replace him at the side of the pretty widow?"

As we entered the room the Baron du Clozel passed his arm under papa's and conducted him to the platform, while his sons, following, drew us forward to receive the tributes prepared for us. Neville bowed low and began his address. At first he spoke with feeling and eloquence, but by and by he lost the thread. He cast a look of despair upon the crowd, which did not conceal its disposition to laugh, turned again quickly towards us, passed his hand twice across his forehead, and finished with:

"Yes, I repeat it, we are glad to see you; you are welcome among us, and—I say to you only that!"

There was a general burst of laughter. But my father pitied the young man's embarrassment. He mounted the platform, shook his hand, and thanked him, as well as all the people of St. Martinville, for his gracious welcome and their warm hospitality. Then, to our great joy, the ball opened.

It began with a minuet danced by twelve couples at once, six on each side. The minuet in vogue just then was well danced by but few persons. It had been brought to St. Martinville by émigrés who had danced it at the French court. . . . But, thanks to the lessons given us by Alix, we had the pleasure to surprise them.

Now I ought to tell you, my daughter, that these male costumes, so effeminate, extravagant, and costly, had met great opposition from part of the people of St. Martin parish. They had been brought in by the French émigrés, and many had adopted them, while others had openly revolted against them. A league had been formed against them. Among its members were the Chevalier de Blanc, the elder of the d'Arbys, the Chevalier de la Houssaye, brother of the count, Paul Briant, Adrian Dumartrait, young Morse, and many others. They had thrown off entirely the fashionable dress and had replaced it with an attire much like what men wear now. It was rumored that the pretty Tonton favored the reform of which her brother was one of the chiefs.

Just as the minuet was being finished a loud murmur ran through the hall. All eyes were turned to the door and some couples confused their steps in the dance. Tonton had come. She was received with a cry of surprise; not for her beauty, not for her exquisite toilet, but because of him who entered with her.

"Great God!" exclaimed Celeste du Clozel, "it is Tréville de Saint Julien!"—"Oh!" cried Madame de la Houssaye, "Tonton is a fool, an arch-fool. Does she want to see bloodshed this evening?"—"The Countess Madelaine is going to faint!" derisively whispered Olivier in my ear.

"Who," asked Suzanne, "is Tréville de Saint Julien?"

"He is 'the hermit of Bayou Tortue,'" responded the gentle Celeste de Blanc.

"What pretense of simplicity, look you!" said Charles du Clozel, glancing towards him disdainfully.

"But look at Madame du Rocher," cried a girl standing on a bench, "how she is dressed. What contempt of fashion and propriety! It is positively shameful."

And Tonton, indifferent to these remarks, which she heard and to which she was accustomed, and to the furious glances thrown upon her cavalier by Neville Déclouet, continued, with her arm in his, to chat and laugh with him as they walked slowly around the hall.

If I describe to you, my daughter, the toilets of Tonton and of Tréville de Saint Julien, I write it for you alone, dear child, and it seems to me it would be a theft against you if I did not. But this is the last time I shall stop to describe petticoats, gowns, and knee-breeches. Tréville was twenty-five; large, dark, of a manly, somber beauty. A great unhappiness had overtaken him in childhood and left a permanent trace on his forehead. He wore his hair slightly long, falling behind without queue or powder. In 1795 only soldiers retained their beard. Tréville de Saint Julien, despite the fashion, kept the fine black mustache on his proud lip. His shirt, without a frill, was fastened with three gold buttons. His broad-skirted coat, long vest, and breeches were of black woolen stuff. His black stockings were also of wool. His garters and shoes were without buckles. But serving him as a garter, and forming a rosette on the front of the leg, he wore a ribbon of plaided rose and black.

And Tonton. Over a dress—a real dress, such as we have nowadays—of rose satin, with long-pointed waist, was draped another, of black lace. The folds, running entirely around the skirt, were caught up by roses surrounded by their buds and leaves. The same drapery was repeated on the waist, and in front and on the shoulders reappeared the roses. The sleeves were very short, and the arms bare and without gloves. It was simple, but prettier than you can think. Her hair was in two wide

braids, without powder, forming a heart and falling low upon the neck. Among these tresses she had placed a rose like those on the skirt. For ornaments she had only a necklace and bracelets of jet to heighten the fresh whiteness of her complexion.

They had said Tonton would die of jealousy at our rich toilets. Nothing of the sort. She came to us with her habitual grace, kissed us, ignoring etiquette and the big eyes made by the Countess Madelaine. Without an allusion to our dress or seeming to see it, she sat down between us, told us persons' names, pointed out the beauty of this one, the pretty dress of that one, always admiring, never criticising. She knew well she was without a rival.

I amused myself watching Tréville and Neville out of the corner of my eyes. Tréville seemed to see but one woman in the room. He danced several times, always with her, and when he did not dance he went aside, spoke with no one, but followed with his glances her whom he seemed to adore. He made no attempt to hide his adoration; it shone from his eyes: his every movement was full of it. When she returned to her place, he came, remained before her chair, leaned towards her, listened with ravished ear, and rarely sat down by her side. It was good to watch Neville. His eyes flashed with anger, his fists fidgeted, and more than once I saw him quit the hall, no doubt to make a quarrel with his rival. Not once did he come near Tonton! Not once did he dance with her! But he danced with all the young girls in the room and pretended to be very gay. While I was dancing with him I said:

"How pretty Tonton is this evening!" And I understood the spite that made him reply:

"Ah! mademoiselle, her beauty is certainly not to be compared with yours."

After the supper, which was magnificent, the bolero was danced. Twelve couples were engaged, continually changing partners. Tonton danced with Tréville, Suzanne with Olivier, and I with Neville.

Alas, alas! all things earthly have an end, and at 2 in the morning the ball was over. When we reached our chamber I saw that my sister had something to tell me.

"Ah!" she said, "have patience. I will tell you after we get into bed."

[What she told was the still famous Saint Julien feud. Tréville and Neville were representatives of the two sides in that, one of the darkest vendettas known in the traditions of Louisiana. The omission of this episode in the present translation is the only liberty taken with the original that probably calls for an apology.]

CHAPTER XVI.

PICNIC AND FAREWELL.

THE day of the picnic rose brightly. Oh, what a day we passed under those grand trees, on the margin of that clear lake full of every imaginable sort of fish! What various games! What pleasant companions! All our friends were there except Tréville de Saint Julien, and Madame Tonton gave her smiles and sweet looks to Neville, who never left her a moment. Oh, how I regretted that my father was not with us! He had gone to Opelousas. He had bought several plantations in St. Martin parish, and in a region called Fausse Pointe, and in another known as the Côte Gelée.

The days that followed were equally fête days—a dinner here, a dance there, and everywhere the most gracious reception. At length came the day for us to meet at La Fontaine—a real spring near St. Martinville, belonging to Neville Déclouet's uncle. About 5 in the afternoon we gathered on the bank of the bayou. We never saw Tonton twice in the same dress. To-day she was all in blue. Suddenly the sound of distant music, and an open flat—not like our boat—approached, arched over with green branches and flowers. Benches stood about, and in the middle the orchestra played. In the prow stood the captain [Neville Déclouet], and during the moments of the journey the music was mingled with the laughter and songs of our joyous company. About 7 o'clock all the trees about La Fontaine were illuminated, and Neville led us to a floored place encircled by magnolia trees in bloom and by garlands running from tree to tree and mingling their perfume with the languishing odor of the magnolias. Only Heaven can tell how Neville was praised and thanked.

I felt sure that Tonton's good taste had directed the details. There was something singular in this young woman. Without education save what she had taught herself, Tonton spoke with remarkable correctness, and found means to amuse every one. Her letters were curious to see, not a single word correctly spelled; yet her style was charming, and I cannot express the pleasure they gave me, for during more than a year I received them by every opportunity that presented itself.

But to return to La Fontaine. About 7 the handsome Tréville de Saint Julien came on a horse as black as ebony, and I saw the color mount to Suzanne's forehead. For a wonder he paid Tonton only the attentions required by politeness, and the pretty widow, while still queen of all, belonged that evening entirely to Neville.

The following Saturday my father arrived. The next day, after mass, our friends came in

a body to say adieu. And on the morrow, amid kisses, handshaking, regrets, tears, and waving handkerchiefs, we departed in the carriage that was to bear us far and forever from Little Paris, and the friends we shall never meet again. Suzanne and I wept like children. On the fourth day after, the carriage stopped before the steps of M. Gerbeau's house. I must confess we were not over-polite to Mme. Gerbeau. We embraced her hurriedly, and, leaving my father talking about lands, started on a run for Alix's dwelling.

Oh, dear Alix! How happy she seemed to see us again! How proud to show us the innovations made in her neat little house! With what touching care had she prepared our chamber! She had wished for a sofa, and Joseph had made her one and covered it with one of the velvet robes of the Countess Aurelia de Moraïnville. And when we went into Alix's own room, Suzanne, whose eye nothing ever escaped, pointed out to me, half hidden behind the mosquito-net of the bed, the prettiest little cradle in the world.

"Yes," said Alix, blushing, "I am blessed. I am perfectly happy."

We told her all our adventures and pleasures. She wept when she heard that the Countess de la Houssaye had not forgotten her.

"You will see her," said Suzanne. "She will come to see you, without a doubt."

"Ah, Heaven prevent it! Our destinies are too unlike now. Me perhaps the Countess Madelaine might welcome affectionately; but Joseph? Oh, no! My husband's lot is mine; I have no wish for any other. It is better that she and I remain strangers."

And Joseph? How he confessed his joy in seeing us!

During our absence M. Gerbeau had found means for us to return to St. James. It seems that two little boats, resembling steamboats in form, kept up a constant trade in wood—clapboards, *pieux* [split boards], shingles, and even cord-wood—between the lakes and the Bayou Teche plantation. M. Gerbeau had taken his skiff and two oarsmen and gone in search of one of these boats, which, as he guessed, was not far away. In fact he met it in Mexican [now Berwick's] Bay, and for two hundred dollars persuaded the captain to take us to St. James. "Yes," said M. Gerbeau to us, "you will make in a week a journey that might have taken you two months."

The following Monday the captain tied up at M. Gerbeau's landing. It was a droll affair, his boat. You must have seen on plantations what they call a horse-mill—a long pole on which a man sits, and to which a horse or mule is hitched. Such was the machinery by which we moved. The boat's cabin was all one room. The berths, one above another, ran all round the room, hung with long curtains, and men, women, and children—when there were any—were all obliged to stay in the same apartment.

We remained with Alix to the last moment. The morning we left she gave Suzanne a pretty ring, and me a locket containing her portrait. In return my sister placed upon her finger a ruby encircled with little diamonds; and I, taking off the gold medal I always wore on my neck, whispered:

"Wear it for love of me."

She smiled. Just as we were parting she handed me the story of her life.[1]

At an early hour my father had our trunks, baskets, and mats sent aboard the *Sirène;* and after many tears, and promises to write and to return, we took our leave. We had quitted St. James the 20th of May. We landed there once more on the 26th of September. Need I recount the joy of my mother and sisters? You understand all that.

And now, my daughter, the tale is told. Read it to your children and assure them that all is true; that there is here no exaggeration; that they can put faith in their old grandmother's story and take their part in her pleasures, her friendships, and her emotions.

1 The next to follow of these Strange True Stories.

George W. Cable.

FRUITION.

THREE blossoms in a garden grew
Each day more full of scent and hue.

Three maidens, dreaming, lingered there;
Each chose a bud for special care.

When sun and dew their work had done,
The flowers were gathered one by one

And given, from the parent stem,
Into the hands that tended them.

The first, by kisses made more sweet,
A lover bade his love repeat.

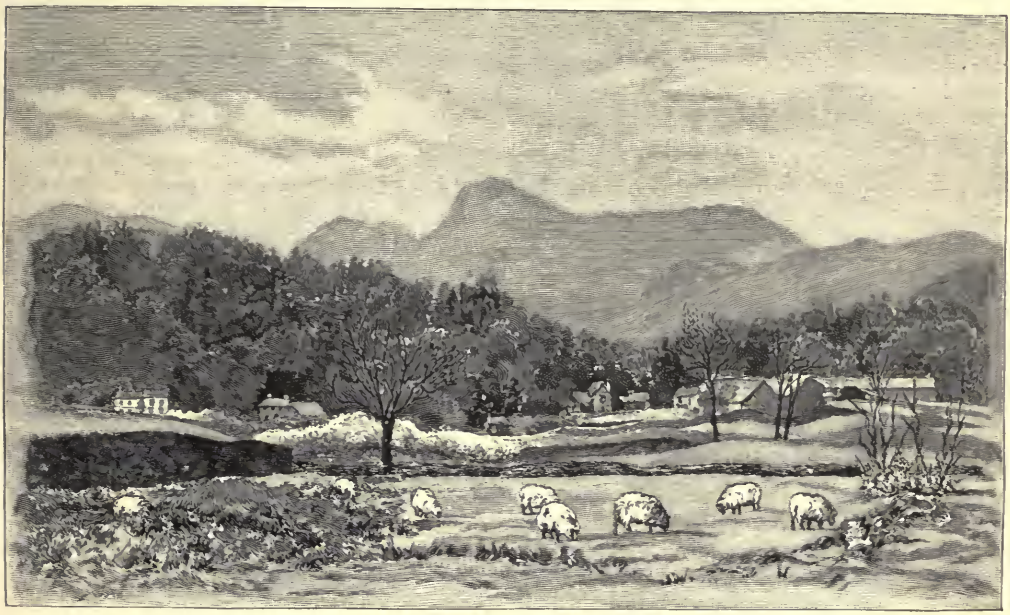
The second's blushes told to both
The blissful tale of plighted troth.

The third, the fairest of the three,
With tears was taken from the tree,

And o'er a pulseless bosom lay
On what had been a bridal day.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

REVIVAL OF HAND SPINNING AND WEAVING IN WESTMORELAND.



ELTERWATER VILLAGE.

WHEN I first became a spinner and weaver I thought it right to learn a little about the origin and history of these arts. I found that this practically meant the study of the life and literature of nearly six thousand years. I waded through a vast quantity of exceedingly tiresome reading—through treatises, handbooks, and innumerable articles in the dictionaries of the industrial arts. To gain any practical knowledge I was expected to master a mass of figures, profound calculations as to threads, warps, and wefts, and bewildering drawings of all kinds of frightful machines. Sometimes, however, in a humble footnote the treatise writers would refer me to Homer and Catullus, and, to my great delight, I found that the poets always told me the very thing I wanted to know; generally telling it delightfully, too, which, as a rule, the treatise writers did not. If I wished to give a very precise and vivid description of the loom as I see it working to-day in my Westmoreland village, and as you may see it illustrated here, I should certainly quote that delightful passage from Ovid's Metamorphoses which I will give in the words of my old copy, "made English by several hands" in 1724:

Both take their stations and the piece prepare
And order every slender thread with care;
The web enwraps the beam, the reed divides,
While through the widening space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive, then poised with lead
The swinging weight strikes close the inserted thread;
Each girds her flowing garments round her waist,
And plies her feet and arms with dexterous haste.

The honorable precision of this passage can only be rightly appreciated when one stands in the weaving-room and takes the weaver and his work as a living commentary on the poet.

So far for weaving. To match this take the grand passage on spinning from Catullus, with the swing and beat of the oft-repeated line:

Trail ye a long-drawn thread, and run with destiny, spindles.

Spinning and weaving! One associates them now with newspaper reports of strikes and the prices of calicos; with dreadful cities of death

where the sun itself seems to swoon and sicken, and through which one hurries with closed eyes and aching heart. But only a hundred years ago the words had sweeter import, and brought with them lovelier memories. Through the poetry of six thousand years, through the visions of seers and in the lives of all peoples, the shuttles gleam and fly and the distaff bears gentle sway. These arts still live for you on the tombs of Egypt, still sing to you from the lyres of Greece. The holiest of all goddesses was their guardian, the wisest of all kings gave them his blessing and his praise. So, preaching thrift, honor, and peace, they themselves grew in honor for sixty centuries till you come to the year 1773. Then all changes. "Happy inventiveness," as my treatise writers are pleased to call it, then came into play and very effectually extinguished poetry. For "the dragons with golden jaws, the virgin labor of her shuttle," you shall have cheap Manchester goods; for the sweet singing of poets under blue skies you shall have the roar of ten thousand spindles under black ones; and for the wise women who spin and the men to whom was given wisdom to do the work of a weaver you shall have gangs of factory hands, their stagnant souls rotting in their pallid bodies, wan as ghosts beside Acheron, though you have a dozen acts of Parliament to prevent you overdriving them.

> Here 's the world half blind
> With intellectual light, half brutalized
> With civilization, having caught the plague
> In silks from Tarsus, shrieking east and west
> Along a thousand railroads, mad with pain
> And sin too.

This is the way progress and machinery have enabled you to realize Plato's vision of "young citizens living in beautiful and healthy places, so that from everything they see and hear loveliness like a dream shall pass into their souls."

Now I have to tell the story of how we tried in a little Westmoreland dale to bring back to life Shakspere's pretty picture of

> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.

In a corner of my dining-room stands an old spinning-wheel. There it has stood for many years forgotten and useless, its bands broken, its wheel silent. On its distaff still hangs a hank of flax, dusty and discolored. Perhaps some fair Margery or Dorothy, long since with God, may have turned that wheel, singing with a light heart as she spun the thread. Everybody who came to see me said, "Dear me, there 's a spinning-wheel! How very picturesque!" Sometimes an adventurous soul would sit down and try to turn the wheel; then it would groan and creak dismally, and my friends would give it up as hopeless. But always as they left they made some congratulatory remark about the wonderful improvements of late days and how thankful we ought to be for machinery. One day as I read my Wordsworth the book opened at the nineteenth and twentieth sonnets, in which the poet laments the disuse of the spinning-wheel in Westmoreland. In the first he enumerates the wheel's many kindly and beautiful offices: how it comforts the sorrowful, soothes the throbbing pulse, and aids and deepens love. The second touches a higher level; here he sings of the "venerable art torn from the poor." Lifting my eyes from the page my old wheel seemed to say, "Bring me back to work and usefulness; let my dry bones live."

There too, within six miles of my house, under the shade of his hills and woods, lived Mr. Ruskin, and often had my heart burned within me as I read his fiery words calling on the men and women of England to spin and weave as in the days of old. Still I paused, waiting for the living word to lift me into action. It came to me one quiet autumn day in a cottage on Loughrigg Fell. That very week I had been troubled in mind about three old friends living out on the hillsides. They were old and feeble, too blind to sew and too weak to go out for work, and "it 's but little call there is for knitting." Your true North-country woman does not ask for alms; her back is too straight for that, and her breed too good. Give her honest work and she will do it. But what work? The answer came as I sat and talked to a thorough Westmoreland dame in her house-place that quiet autumn day. You may see her portrait drawn with absolute fidelity as the center figure in the illustration of the "Three Fates" on page 523. The talk ran on to spinning. "In mother's day," said my old friend, "every woman spun, but when t' wheels died out the gude times went too; m' 'appen they 'd come back if t' wheels did." Then and there I determined that the wheels should come back. "The venerable art torn from the poor" should, God helping us, be given back to them.

Now, at the foot of the hill on which my house stands, there lives an old woman of eighty-six, of a type now, alas! nearly extinct, strong and masterful in her youth, silent and clear-headed in her old age. She is the left-hand figure in the drawing of the "Three Fates." I took my wheel to her, and she welcomed it as an old friend, for she had spun all her young days. I had it mended and put into good working order, and soon I sat down to my first lesson. Desperately disheartening work I found it; her old, rheumatic fingers made a beautiful thread, but my clumsy, modern ones



THE "THREE FATES."

produced a dreadful gouty string, all tangled lumps and knots. Everything went wrong: the wheel reversed, the thread broke, and the flax twisted itself up into inconceivable bewilderments; but when I lost patience Grannie would say in her quiet, resolute way, "Aye, but thou maun do it"; so I persevered for three days till I could and did do it. A few weeks' practice completed my education, and I felt that I could now teach others. I laid my project before Mr. Ruskin, and he wrote me word to be of good courage, that "I could not be engaged on a work of purer wisdom and benevolence." I now felt well armored against all objections, and could go forward bravely. The objectors soon came, legions of them — the hopeless creature who says, "Give me common sense," the solid friend who worships John Bright and dislikes sentiment, and the tiresome man who quotes books on political economy and raves about progress. The objections, too — what a sameness there was about them! It was the lumps and knots again, only in another form: it would never pay; it was not practical; people did not want linen to last a hundred years; it would be bad for trade if it did. Finally there was a large class of well-meaning friends who had been willfully content to buy rotten calico all their lives and now met me with the embarrassing question, "But why do you do it?" I marshaled my reasons and found them to be three: first, to help my old women, otherwise helpless; secondly, to assert in a humble way the principles preached in a noble way by Mr. Ruskin, that all lasting and honorable work is done by men's fingers and men's minds, and



ST. MARTIN'S FROM THE MEADOWS.

not by steam power, [1] and that hiring electricity to run your errands, or the sun to paint your portrait, or steam to weave your linen, will not give sense to your message, or soul to your face, or durability to your shirt; thirdly, that I want to have, and want others to have, an entirely honest linen that can be trusted, that I can hand down to my children after me. Practically, if I wanted it I must make it for myself. I now named my project to a few select friends, and some kind ladies at once took up the cause with enthusiasm. I drove about with my wheel and gave lessons to many a sympathizer; but, after all, the wheel was its own best advocate. Wordsworth had not exaggerated its strange qualities and powers. It soothed and calmed the throbbing pulse, and the work was found to be very fascinating. Then came the first practical question, where to get wheels. I advertised, wrote to all kinds of people, and scoured the countryside. Now and then a daleswoman would drop in to report that she had heard tell of a wheel in some remote valley. Then off we started, keen as hounds when the scent lies well, but very seldom succeeded in running the prize to earth. Generally the wheels had long since been "broken down," or, if existing, were too fragile and shattered to be of any use. We labored on, but after all my efforts I could only secure seven wheels, all more or less weak. So at last the village carpenter was interviewed, and after due consideration he undertook for fifty shillings a wheel to make me fifteen wheels exactly similar to the best of my old wheels, which I gave him as a model. The next two months was a period of great anxiety; many an hour did I spend in the village workshop. Difficulties beset us on every side; patterns of the iron work were sent to two of the largest Birmingham firms, but Birmingham sent back word that she did not know the use of such things and would not and could not make them. Then questions occurred as to the balance of the wheels, the adjustment of the bearings, and other knotty points. Luckily our carpenter was a man of infinite resource, and at last our first wheel was completed, and, to our great delight, it worked well. We next formed classes for the women, and a kind friend undertook the pleasant but arduous labor of instruction.

I remember seeing a print somewhere of a spinning-class in the old days — all the girls sat with their wheels round the mistress, who presided in the midst with a long wand in her hand. The wand was freely applied to the shoulders of any neglectful pupil. Even with this advantage three years' apprenticeship was required before a girl was considered a good spinster. We had to take our pupils in hand when they were old and weary, and could only give three weeks' practice instead of three years.

To carry our system out successfully it became necessary to take a cottage where ultimately the loom was to be established and all

[1] I am glad to find that the pure hand-work is not only more durable but far finer than anything yet achieved by mechanism. The finest Indian muslin — the "Woven Air" of Dacca — has 100 threads of warp and 110 threads of weft to the inch, the thread being spun on the distaff only and hand-woven; but even this is coarse beside the wonderful linen of Egypt, which has 270 double threads in the warp and 110 in the weft to the inch. What a tribute this to the delicacy of finger and limitless patience of old Egypt!

the business of the new industry carried on. I bore in mind Horace's pretty injunction, "Near the house let there be a spring of running water and a little wood close by." Good fortune favored me, for such a place was discovered, and, by the happiest chance, was then to let. It stands in Elterwater, close under the shadow of Langdale Pikes. On its front is blazoned the date 1692. It fulfilled all my wants. There rising at the back was the Horatian wood, all bright, when I first saw it, with daffodils and the earliest primroses. Elterwater Tarn lies in front, shining low in the sweet morning light, and there too was "the spring of running water" dancing and foaming under Elterwater bridge. Here the cold green waters that rush down Brownie Ghyll and Crinkle Ghyll unite with a hundred other mountain streams and roll down the Langdale valley, broadening till they reach the sea. The two little landscapes show the stream, wood, and hills, and on the extreme left-hand corner of the one with the broken water the spinning-house gleams white against the encircling wood. All my poetic friends looked at the date on the walls and the daffodils in the wood and said it was quite ideal; all my practical friends measured the rooms, tested the floors, looked to the drains, and pronounced it very suitable. By generous grace, too, there was a little lawn where we could do our bleaching, and an outside room, just the very thing for the loom; so with a glad and grateful heart I took possession.

Our work was old-fashioned, and I was old-fashioned enough to wish to dedicate the little spinning-home to some saint. As our art had a history of six thousand years, there were whole hierarchies of gods, saints, and heroes to choose from; but still I was much exercised on this question of saintship. I must have a saint as opposite as possible to the apostles of modern progress and the shoddy saints that Manchester and Bradford honor with statues. A wise friend, who keeps her mind nicely poised between sentiment and work-a-day common sense, nominated St. Martin, and referred me to the first part of Mr. Ruskin's "Our fathers have told us." Here indeed was a vivid sketch of a most delectable saint—one who did his Master's work quietly and effectually without fuss or worry; a pure and wise person, discreetly jovial, yet a disciplinarian, and not given to fantasies. Above all, the grand typical act of St. Martin was to clothe the naked; and were not our arts in all truth gracious ministers to cover, clothe, and warm, answering the wants that begin with the cradle and end with the grave? So our home was duly dedicated to St. Martin; and let us hope that we work under his benediction, the rent cloak for a badge, and the strong, wise life for an example, waiting till some good wood-carving friend sends us his effigy to place in our porch. One by one the women learned the new art which is indeed so old. When any woman could produce a good thread I let her take her wheel home, and supplied her with flax, buying back her thread, when spun, at the rate of two shillings a pound. Two of my best spinsters once spun a whole pound of thread in one day; but that was a *tour de force* not readily to be repeated, and only undertaken because there is a tradition that in the old days a good spinster could spin a pound of flax in a day, and they were determined to convince me that women could do now what they could do then.

And now before me rose the vast difficulty of weaving. It had been a dream of mine to carry through the whole business from the flax in the field to the sheet on the bed; but this I found impossible. I was obliged to get my flax from Ireland. I was warned too that the weaving business would be well-nigh impossible to an amateur. Experienced friends wrote and said, "Whatever you do, don't try to weave, and don't bleach." I at once determined to do both.

Carlyle says that the only way to conquer doubt and misgiving is to do the duty lying next to your hand. So I shut up my books and treatises, ignored my friends' warning letters, and set to work to get a linen-loom. Such a thing seemed as extinct as the dodo, but at last I was introduced to an old-established firm in Kendal, which took root back in the last century, but had blossomed out of late into big factories and steam-power. After consideration they thought that there was an old loom long since dead and now buried in one of the cellars; possibly its dead bones might live again; at any rate I could try it. After a search it was discovered. Very ghostly and gloomy it



WINDING THE SPOOLS.

looked; dust, rust, and the worm had preyed upon it, but still it seemed to have what the scientific men call the "potentiality of life" in it. The poor fragmentary thing was carted over to Elterwater and arrived one wild night. It was welcomed with much delight and not a little bewilderment. I was in London then, but the records of St. Martin's state that next morning a solemn council was held over it, consisting of a lady who had been the heart and soul of the movement from the first, the clergyman of the parish, who had a pretty talent for engineering, and the aforesaid village carpenter. As none of them had ever seen a loom before, or had the vaguest idea of the functions of its various parts, then lying in a confused heap at their feet, much bewilderment ensued, and the problem of putting it together was not solved till suddenly the ingenious lady bethought herself of a certain photograph of Giotto's "Weaving," from the Campanile. This was brought; and so, guided by this precious example, much light was thrown on its proper adjustment, and it was at last duly erected.

The next thing was to secure a weaver. We found one in a dim back yard in Kendal. Many years ago he had woven linen and was willing to try again. The illustration shows both loom and weaver. The form of the loom has been practically unchanged for six hundred years, and may be traced back pictorially through English Hogarth to Florentine Giotto. I had next to get a warping mill and winder, and innumerable tools and appliances. By degrees we got initiated into the mysteries of warp and weft, into beaming, warping, and sizing, and soon "heddles," "reeds," and "picks" became household words with us. On Easter Monday, 1884, the actual weaving began, and that day saw the first hand-spun and hand-woven linen produced in England in this gen-



A LOOM AT ST. MARTIN'S.

eration. The dull thud of the loom was music to my ears, and standing by the weaver's side, watching his shuttle fly, I seemed to join hands once more with the memorable past. They say that a drowning man sees in one flash all the past events of his life; so in the dusty weaving-room I saw strange, swift visions of centuries long since gathered and gone by. It was a happy day when the first thirty yards were completed. Frankly, the work was wretched—as coarse as canvas, dreadful to touch, and horrible to smell. But two pleasant surprises were in store for me. A lady skilled in art needlework saw the linen and was enraptured with its color and texture. Here, she said, was the wonderful neutral tint, made up of blended grays, yellows, and browns, that was such a precious background for her art. I tested this and found it true. I placed on my drab-colored linen a gorgeous crimson tulip, and it glowed into still brighter flame of color; then a spray of stephanotis and a cluster of bronze leaves, and that dull stuff lifted the one into brightened purity and the other into ruddier strength. My second pleasant surprise was to see the transformation made by those potent magicians, soap and water. I took thirteen yards of this harsh stuff, made it into sheets, boiled, mangled, and bleached it on the grass, and in a little time it became soft, white, and fragrant. Sometimes we have a great washing-day, all after the old-fashioned method, with no chemicals to aid our bleaching except such as are made in heaven's laboratory. We keep as close to our Homer as we can, taking for example his familiar lines:

> They took the clothes in their hands and poured on the clean water and trod them in trenches thoroughly, trying who could do it best. And when they had washed them and got off the dirt they spread them out on the sea beach where the sun had blanched the shingle cleanest.

Now to sum up. First of all, to answer the question, Does it pay? which is the average Englishman's first question. I want my project to be, as all honest schemes ought to be, self-supporting; so I am glad to be able to reply that it does pay, even in the hard and fast commercial sense. I had been mindful of a maxim of Mr. Howells, in one of his books, "Before you learn to do a thing, pray be sure people want it." I find people do want the Langdale linen, for without advertising or publicity I have orders from all parts of England for many hundreds of yards. And it pays too in a coin, current in another kingdom than this; pays a hundred-fold in the glad, uncounted treasure of brightened homes and hearths made happy with sweet and honest labor. I reap, too, all to myself, a little harvest of pleasant sights and sounds. It gladdens me greatly to pass a cottage door and to hear from within the soft murmur of the wheel. Once too, on a wild November day, I saw a strange weird vision of the Fates, not Narcissus-crowned, but here alive before me as three Westmoreland women. Little did the three spinsters think as they drew and cut the tangled thread from the distaff that they were setting forth in homely fashion under the crags of Loughrigg the tremendous myth of life and death preached centuries ago under the olive groves of Greece.

My tale is told. In fear and trembling I have sown my little heritage in earth's wild fields, and I wait in patience for the harvesting. Last night I looked from my windows over three Westmoreland dales sleeping quietly beneath the white stars. I was glad to think that in those three valleys we had been able to add the sweet murmur of the wheels by the fireside to the cry of the sheep on the hill and the song of the birds by the mere. I know that the world counts such gladness as the foolishness of an idle dream; it passes us by, but leaves us in peace, honestly striving to dedicate once more to England's men and women the storied inheritance of her holy dead, that here in this quiet corner of the world her humble sons and daughters may once more eat the labor of their hands in honor, usefulness, and peace.

Albert Fleming.





"MASSAWIPPA HELD HER BLANKET OUT TO CANOPY HER EYES."

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.[1]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

XVII.

JOUANEAUX'S HOUSE.

THE sun had almost described his arc before Claire and Massawippa reached the extremity of the island. Massawippa could have walked two leagues in half the day, but wisely did she forecast that the young Frenchwoman would be like a liberated canary, obliged to grow into uncaged use of herself by little flights and pauses. Besides, Jouaneaux's house would give them safe asylum until they crossed the river.

"That must be his barn," said Massawippa, pointing to a pile of hewed timbers, too far up the bank and too recently handled by man to be drift. They lay in angular positions, scarce an upright log marking the site of the little structure Jouaneaux had tried to erect for his granary.

Two slim figures casting long shadows eastward on the clearing, the girls stood trying to discern in those tumultuous waters where the

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Ottawa came in or where the St. Lawrence's own current wrestled around islands. The north shore looked far off, thick clothed with forests. Massawippa held her blanket out to canopy her eyes, anxiously examining the trackless way by which they must cross.

"But the first thing is to find Jouaneaux's house," she said, turning to Claire.

"I was thinking of that," Claire answered, "and counting the stumps in rows of five. All this land is covered with stumps, Massawippa."

"He said the row of five nearest the water."

"Did he tell you how to enter?"

"That I had no time to learn. But, madame, if a man went in and out of this underground house, surely you and I can do the same. Here be five stumps — the row nearest the river."

They went to the central stump. It had a nest of decayed yellow wood within, crumbled down by the tooth of the air, but probing could not make it hollow.

"Perhaps he deceived you about his house," said Claire.

Massawippa met her apprehension with dark seriousness.

"It would be the worst about the boat," she replied. "I counted on that boat all day, so that I have not thought what to do without it."

They moved along the bank, passing irregular groups of stumps, until one standing by itself, much smoke-stained, as if it had leaked through all its fibers, drew their notice. It was deeply charred and hollow. Claire took up a pebble and dropped it into the stump. It rattled down some unseen hopper and clinked smartly on a surface below. This was Jouaneaux's chimney.

"He himself forgot where it was!" sneered Massawippa.

"Or some one has occupied the house since," suggested Claire, "and taken the other stumps away."

This was matter for apprehension.

"But stumps are not easily moved, madame. They crumble away or are burned into their roots. Let us find the door."

Massawippa dropped on her knees, and it happened that the first spot of turf she struck with a stone reverberated. Claire stooped also, and like two large children playing at mud pies they scraped the loam with sticks and found a rusty iron handle. The door rose by the tugging of four determined arms and left a square dark hole in the ground.[1]

"Wait," said Claire, as Massawippa thrust her head within it. "Poison vapors sometimes lie in such vaults. And let us see if anything is down there."

Massawippa took flint and steel from her sack, and Claire gingerly held the bit of scorched linen which these were to ignite. The tinder being set on fire, Massawippa lighted a candle and carefully put out her bit of linen. They fastened a rope to the candle and let it down into the cell.

The flame burned up steadily, revealing pavement and walls of gray cement, a tiny hearth and flue of river stones, a flight of slab steps descending from the door, and a small birch canoe, in which Jouaneaux had probably slept.

Massawippa went down and set the candle securely on the hearth. Claire waited until Massawippa had returned and filled both cups at the river. They then descended into Jouaneaux's house and carefully shut the door.

"Oh!" Claire exclaimed as this lid cut off the sunlit world above her head, "do you suppose we can easily open it again from within?"

"Yes, madame; as easily as the Iroquois could raise it from without. Jouaneaux was skillful for a Frenchman. But he relied on secrecy, for there are no fastenings to his door. A fox he called himself."

"It would be charming," said Claire, "if we could carry this pit with us on our way."

Drift-bark and small sticks, half charred, were piled against the chimney-back. To these Massawippa set a light, blowing and cheering it until it rose to cheer her and helped the candle illuminate their retreat.

"Sit on the bottom of this boat, madame," said Massawippa, folding her blanket and placing it there. "Let us eat now, instead of nibbling bits of bread."

Claire took up one of the cups and drank reluctantly of river water, saying, "I am so thirsty! While you are taking out the loaves and the meat, show me all you have in the sack, Massawippa."

Massawippa therefore sat on the floor with the sack's mouth spread in her lap, and Claire leaned forward from her seat on the boat.

"There were the cups and the candle and one rope and the tinder that we have taken out," said Massawippa. She did not explain that she despised the promiscuous use of pewter cups, and would not use one in common with the Queen of France.

Out of the bag, jostled by every step of the day's journey, came unsorted a loaf of bread, some cured eels, a second rope,—"I brought ropes for rafts," observed Massawippa,—a lump of salt, a piece of loaf sugar,—"For you, madame,"—more bread, more eels, another length of rope,—"I dared not buy all we needed at

[1] While Jouaneaux's house had historic existence, its elaboration, of course, had not.

one place or at two places," explained Massawippa,—the tinder-box, a hatchet, and, last, half a louis in coin, which Massawippa now returned to Claire.

"Be my purse-bearer still," said Claire, pushing it back. "If there be things we need to buy in the wilderness, you will know how to select them."

"We will keep it for the walking woman above Carillon," said the half-breed girl, sagely; and she put it in the careful bank of her tinder-box, bestowing this in the safest part of her dress.

They ate a hearty supper of eels and bread, and breaking the sugar in bits nibbled it afterwards, talking and looking at the coals on Jouaneaux's hearth.

Massawippa put their candle out. Their low voices echoed from the sides of the underground house and made a booming in their heads, but all sound of the river's wash so near them, or of the organ murmur of the forest trees, was shut away.

They cast stealthy occasional looks up at the trap-door, but neither said to the other that she dreaded to see a painted face peering there, or even apprehended the nuns' man.

While night and day were yet blended they turned the canoe over, and propped it in a secure position with the help of the paddle. Claire brought her cloak out of her packet, and this they made their cushion in the canoe.

The half-breed took the European's head upon her childish shoulder, wrapping the older dependent well with her own blanket. Of all her experiences Claire thought this the strangest—that she should be resting like a sister on the breast of a little Indian maid in an underground chamber of the wilderness.

"If it were not for you, madame," spoke Massawippa, "I would put this canoe to soak in the water to-night. We must lose time to do it to-morrow. It has lain so long out of water it will scarcely be safe for us to venture across in."

"Massawippa, I thought we could take this boat and go directly up the Ottawa in it."

"Madame, you know nothing about the current. And at Carillon, above Two Mountains Lake, there is a place so swift that I could not paddle against it. We should have to carry around hard places. And there is the danger of meeting the Iroquois or being overtaken by some."

"For Dollard said there were hundreds coming up from the south," whispered Claire. "We must, indeed, hide ourselves from all canoes passing on the river. I took no thought of that."

"It will be best to go direct to the walking woman and get a boat of her. We have only to keep the river in sight to find the expedition. If they camp on the other shore, either below or above Carillon, we will have to go to Carillon for a boat. The Chaudière rapids will be hard for them to pass, madame."

"Who is this walking woman you speak of, Massawippa?"

"I do not know, madame. The Hurons say she is an Indian woman, and some French have claimed her for a saint of the Holy Church. She makes good birch canoes, which are prized by those who can get them. She is under a vow never to sit or lie down, and they say she goes constantly from Mount Calvary to Carillon, for at Carillon she lives or walks about working at her boats. On Mount Calvary are seven holy chapels built of stone, and the walking woman tends these chapels, but she is too humble to live near them. And even the Iroquois dare not touch her."

"Did you ever see her?"

"I saw her walking along the side of the mountain, bent over upon a stick like a very old woman. How tired she must be! for last summer it was told along the Ottawa that she had been years upon her feet."

"Were you afraid of her?"

"No, madame. I am not afraid of any holy person who lives in the woods."

"But did you ever see her face, Massawippa? What did she cover herself with?" inquired Claire, uncomfortably thinking of the recluse on St. Bernard.

"Far up the mountain I saw her face like a dot. She was covered, head and all, in a blanket the color of gray rock. And that is all I know about her, madame."

"Yet you count on getting a boat from her?"

"If she be a holy woman, madame, and sees us in trouble, will she not help us?"

The rosiness of glowing embers tinted the walls of Jouaneaux's house, and perfectly the smoke sought its flue.

Lying quite still in weariness, and holding each other for warmth and comfort, the two young creatures felt such thoughts rise and rush to speech as semi-darkness fosters when we are on the edge of great perils.

"Madame," said Massawippa, "do you understand how it will seem to be dead?"

"I was just thinking of it, Massawippa, and that we shall soon know. There is no imagining such a change; yet it may be no stranger than stripping off a glove of kid-skin and leaving the naked hand, which is, after all, the natural hand. Do you think it possible that anything has happened to the expedition yet? They are three days out from Montreal."

"They cannot be far up the Ottawa, madame. No, I think they have not met the Iroquois."

After such sleep as makes the whole night but a pause between two sentences, they opened their eyes to behold a hint of daylight glimmering down their stump chimney, and Claire exclaimed:

"Child, did you bear the weight of my head all night?"

"I don't know, madame," replied Massawippa, laughing. "This canoe floated us wondrously in sleep. If it but carry us on the Ottawa as well, we shall pass over without trouble."

They drew it up the steps of Jouaneaux's house before eating their breakfast, and carried it between them to the river. Massawippa fastened one of her ropes to it and knotted the other end around a tree. She crept down to the water's edge pushing the canoe, filled it with small rocks, and sunk it. They left their craft thus until late afternoon, while they staid cautiously underground, feeding the little fire with slab chips from Jouaneaux's barn, and exchanging low-voiced chat.

Such close contact in a common peril and endeavor was not without its effect on both of them. Claire from superior had changed to pupil, and seemed developing hardihood without losing her soft refinements. Massawippa, mature for her years, and exactly nice, as became a princess, in all her personal habits, had from the moment of meeting this European dropped her taciturn Indian speech. She unconsciously imitated while she protected a creature so much finer than herself.

Venturing forth when shadows were stretching from the west across that angry mass of waters, they emptied their canoe from its wetting and wiped it out with the hempen sack. But Massawippa still shook her head at it.

"Madame, I am afraid this canoe will not carry us well. Can you swim?"

"No, Massawippa; I never learned to do anything useful," replied Claire.

"We might make a raft of those barn timbers. But, madame, the canoe would take us swiftly, and the raft is clumsy in such swirls and cross-waters as these. You must take one of the cups in your hand and dip out the water while I paddle. Shall we wait until to-morrow?"

"Oh, no!" urged Claire. "We have lost one day for it. If the canoe will carry us at all, Massawippa, I believe it will carry us now."

They accordingly put their supplies back into the bag, but Massawippa cautiously wound all the ropes around her waist and secured them like a girdle. She brought the paddle from Jouaneaux's house, and perhaps with regret closed for the last time its trap-door above it.

Woods, rocks, islands, and water were steeped in a wonderful amber light. The two girls sat down close by the river edge and ate a supper before embarking. Then Massawippa launched the canoe and carefully placed herself and Claire over the keel.

"Unfasten your cloak and let it fall from your shoulders, madame. You see my blanket lies on the sack. We must have nothing to drag us under in case of mischance."

So, dipping with skillful rapidity, she ventured out across the current.

They fared well until far on in their undertaking. Immediately the little craft oozed as if its entire skin had grown leaky; but Claire bailed with desperate swiftness; the paddle dipped from side to side, flashing in the sun, which now lay level with the rivers.

Massawippa felt the canoe settling, turned it towards the nearest island, and tore the water with her speed.

"Madame!" she cried, her cry merging into one with Claire's "O Massawippa, we are going down!"

They were close to the island's ribbed side when a bubbling and roaring confusion overtook Claire's ears, and she was drenched, strangled, and still gulping in her death until all sensation passed away.

Life returned through hearing; her head was filled with humming noises, she was giving back the water which had been forced upon her, and lying across a rock supported by Massawippa. In the midst of her chill misery she noted that shadow was settling on the river, and all the cheerful ruddiness of western light was gone.

"Madame, are you able to get up the rocks now?" anxiously spoke Massawippa. "We must hide on this island to-night."

"How did we reach it?" Claire gasped.

"I swam, and dragged you."

"Then here had been the end of my expedition but for you, Massawippa."

"There was the end of our supplies. All gone, madame, except the ropes I put around my waist, and they would have drowned me with their weight if the island had not been almost under our feet. It is well we ate and filled ourselves, for the saints alone know where we shall get breakfast."

Claire turned her face on the rock.

"My packet of linen and clean comforts, Massawippa!" she regretted.

"The cloak and the blanket were of more account, madame. The Frenchman's boat played us a fine trick. But we are here. And we have still our knives and tinder."

Before the long northern twilight had double-dyed itself into night, they crept up the island's rocky side, explored its small circumference, and found near the western edge

a dry hollow, the socket of an uprooted tree. Into this Massawippa piled all the loose leaves she could find, and cut some branches full of tender foliage from the trees to shelter them. Had her tinder been dry, she dared not make a light to be seen from the river.

Drenched and heavy through all their garments, they nestled closely down together and shivered in the chill breath of night. An emaciated moon lent them enough cadaverous light to make them apprehensive of noises on the rushing water. Sometimes they dozed, sometimes they whispered to each other, sometimes they startled each other by involuntary shivers. But measured by patient breath, by moments of endurance succeeding one another in what then seemed endless duration, this second night of their journey passed away, and nothing upon the island or upon the two rivers terrified them.

Just at the pearl-blue time of dawn, canoes grew on the southward sweep of the St. Lawrence.

Claire touched Massawippa, and Massawippa nodded. They dared scarcely breathe, but watched along the level of the sward, careful not to rear a feature above the dull leaves.

Nearer and nearer came the canoes. A splash of unskillful paddling grew distinct; familiar outlines projected familiar faces.

"Oh, it is Dollard!" Claire's whisper was a strangled scream. "There are the men of the French expedition! There is my —"

"Hush!" whispered Massawippa. "Madame, do you want them to see us, and turn and send us back to Montreal?"

"O my Dollard!" Claire clasped her own hand over her mouth while she sobbed. "Drowned and wretched and homesick for you, must I see you pass me by, never turning a glance this way?"

"Hush, madame," begged Massawippa, adding her hand to Claire's. "Sound goes like a bird over water."

"This is our one chance to reach him," struggled Claire. "Oh, the woods, and the rivers, and the Iroquois — they are all coming between us again!"

"It is no chance at all, madame. I know what my father would do."

"O my Dollard!" groaned Claire in the dead leaves. "Oh, do not let him go by! Must he flit and flit from me — must I follow him so through space forever when we are dead?"

Almost like dream-men, wreathed slowly about by mists, their alternating paddles making no sound which could be caught by the woman on the island living so keenly in her ears, the expedition passed into the mouth of the Ottawa. When they could be seen no more, Claire lay in dejection like death.

XVIII.

THE WALKING HERMIT.

"THEY have been these five[1] days getting past Ste. Anne," remarked Massawippa. "I could not have paddled against that current with the best of canoes. My father will soon follow; we dare scarcely stir until my father passes. He would see us if we did more than breathe; the Huron knows all things around him. And if he finds us, he will put us back into safety, after all our trouble."

Claire was weeping on her damp arms, and lay quite as still as the younger woman could wish, while daylight, sunlight, and winged life grew around them.

Hour after hour passed. Annahotaha's canoes did not appear. Still the half-Huron stoic watched southward, lying with her cheek on the leaves, clasping her eyelids almost shut to protect her patient sight from the glare on the water.

"Madame, are you hungry?"

"In my heart I am," said Claire.

"That is because we were so drenched. My father will soon pass; and when we have food and dry skins our courage will come up again. There is only one way to reach the north shore. If my father would go by, I could cut limbs for the raft."

Claire gave listless attention.

"We must cut branches as large as we can with our knives, the hatchet being gone, and we shall be drenched again; but the river's arm shall not hold us back."

When the sun stood overhead without having brought Annahotaha, Claire could endure her stiff discomfort no longer.

"Lie still, madame," begged Massawippa.

"My child," returned Claire, fretfully, "I do not care if the Iroquois see me and scalp me."

"And me also?"

"No, not you."

"Have a little more patience, madame, for I do see specks like wild ducks riding yonder. They may be the Huron canoes."

The little more patience, wrung like a last tax from exhaustion, was measured out, and not vainly.

The specks like wild ducks rode nearer, shaping themselves into Huron canoes.

In rigid calm the half-breed girl watched them approach, fly past with regular and beautiful motion of the paddles, and make their en-

[1] "Furent arrêtés huit jours au bout de l'île de Montreal, dans un endroit très-rapide qu'ils avaient à traverser," says the French chronicler. But for romancer's purposes, the liberty is taken of shortening the time.

trance into the Ottawa. Her eyes shone across the leaves, but Annahotaha, sweeping all the horizon with a sight formed and trained to keenest use, caught no sign of ambush or human life on the islands.

When the fleet was far off, his young daughter rose up and unsheathed her knife to cut raft-wood.

"My father is a great man," was the only weakness she allowed herself, and in this her gratified pride was restricted to a mere statement of fact.

The raft, made of many large branches bound securely together, occupied them some time. On this frail and uneasy flooring the half-breed placed her companion. Claire was instructed to hold to it though the water should rise around her waist.

The space betwixt island and north shore was a very dangerous passage for them. Massawippa swam and propelled the raft with the current, fighting for it midway, while Claire clung in desperation and begged the brown face turned up to her from the water to let her go and to swim out alone.

When they finally stood on the north bank, streams of water running down their persons, Massawippa's black hair shining as it clung to her cheeks, and their raft escaping from their reach, they felt that a great gulf of experience divided them from the island and Jouaneaux's house.

"This time we lose our ropes," said the half-breed girl. "My hands were too numb. And now we have nothing left but our knives and tinder."

To Claire the rest of the day was a heavy dream. Giddy from fasting and exposure, with swimming eyes she saw the landscape. Sometimes Massawippa walked with an arm around her waist, sometimes held low boughs out of her way, introducing her to the deeper depths of Canadian forest. They did not talk, but reserved their strength for plodding; and thus they edged along the curves and windings of the Ottawa. Claire took no thought of Massawippa's destination for the night; they were making progress if they followed beside the track of the expedition.

Before dark she noticed that the land ascended, and afterwards they left the river below, for a glooming pile of mountain was to be climbed. Perhaps no wearier feet ever toiled up that steep during all the following years, though the mountain was piously named Calvary and its top held sacred as a shrine, to be visited by many a pilgrim.[1]

Sometimes the two girls hugged this rugged ascent, lying against it, and paused for breath. The rush and purr of the river went on below, and all the wilderness night sounds were magnified by their negations — the night silences.

At the summit of the mountain, starlight made indistinctly visible a number of low stone structures, each having a rough cross above its door. These were the seven chapels Massawippa had told about. Whether they stood in regular design or were dotted about on the plateau, Claire scarcely used her heavy eyes to discern. She was comforted by Massawippa's whisper that they must sleep in the first chapel, and by the sound of heavy hinges grating, as if the door yielded unwillingly an entrance to such benighted pilgrims.

The tomb-like inclosure was quite as chill as the mountain air outside. They stood on uneven stone flooring, and listened for any breathing beside their own.

"Let me feel all around the walls and about the altar, madame," whispered Massawippa.

"Let me continue with you, then," whispered back Claire. "Have you been in this place before?"

"I have been in all the chapels, madame."

Claire held to Massawippa's beaver gown and stepped grotesquely in her tracks as the half-breed moved forward with stretched, exploring fingers. When this blind progress brought them to the diminutive altar, they failed not to kneel before it and whisper some tired orisons.

After one round of the chapel they groped back to the altar, assured that no foe lurked with them.

The chancel rail felt like the smooth rind of a tree. Within the rail Massawippa said a wooden platform was built, on which it could be no sin against Heaven for such forlorn beings to sleep.

Their clothes were now nearly dry; but footsore and weak with hunger, Claire sunk upon this refuge, disregarding dust which had settled there in silence and dimness all the days of the past winter. Exhaustion made her first posture the right one. Scarcely breathing, she would have sunk at once to stupor, but Massawippa hissed a joyful whisper through the dark.

"Madame!"

"What is it?"

"Madame, I have been feeling the top of the altar."

"Do no sacrilege, Massawippa."

"But last summer the walking woman put

1 "The large mountain was named Le Calvaire by the piety of the first settlers. At its summit were seven chapels,— memorials of the mystic seven of St. John's vision,—the scene of many a pilgrimage. Gallant cavalier and high-born lady from their fastness at Villemarie toiled side by side up the same weary height." —*Picturesque Canada.*

bread and roasted birds on the altars for an offering. She has put some here to-day. Take this."

Claire encountered a groping hand full of something which touch received as food. Without further parley she sat up and ate. The very gentle sounds of mastication which even dainty women may make when crisp morsels tempt the hound of starvation that is within them could be heard in the dark. Claire's less active animal nature was first silenced, and in compunction she spoke.

"If the hermit put these things on the altar for an offering, we are robbing a shrine."

"She was willing for any pilgrim to carry them away, madame. The coureurs de bois visit these chapels and eat her birds. She is alive, madame! She is not dead! We shall find her at Carillon and get our canoe of her; and the saints be praised for so helping us!"

They finished their meal and stretched themselves upon the platform. Not a delicious scrap which could be eaten was left, but Massawippa piously dropped the bones outside the chancel rail.

"We are in sanctuary," said Claire, her eyes pressed by the weight of darkness. Venturing with checked voice, the sweeter for such suppression and necessity of utterance, she sung above their heads into the low arching hollow a vesper hymn in monk's Latin; after which they slept as they had slept in Jouaneaux's house, and awoke to find the walking woman gazing over the rail at them.

She was so old that her many wrinkles seemed carved in hard wood. Her features were unmistakably Indian; but from the gray blanket loosely draping her, and even from her inner wrappings of soft furs, came the smell of wholesome herbs. She held a long flask in one hand, evidently a bottle lost or thrown away by some passing ranger, and she extended it to Claire, her eyes twinkling pleasantly.

Being relieved of it she turned and tapped with her staff—for her moccasins were silent—slowly around the chapel, mechanically keeping herself in motion. She was so different from fanatics who bind themselves in by walls that in watching her Claire forgot the flask.

Massawippa uncorked it.

"This is a drink she brews, madame. I have heard in my father's camp that she brews it to keep herself strong and tireless."

Claire tasted and Massawippa drank the liquid, with unwonted disregard of a common bottle mouth. It was too tepid to be refreshing, but left a wild and spicy tang, delicious as the cleansed sensation of returning health.

"Good mother," said Claire as she gave the hermit's flask back, "have you seen white men in canoes on the river?"

The walking woman leaned lower on her staff with keen attention. Massawippa repeated Claire's words in Huron, and added much inquiry of her own. The walking woman moved back and forth beside the rail, making gestures with her staff and uttering gutturals, until she ended by beckoning to them and leading them out of the chapel.

Massawippa interpreted her as saying that she had seen the white men and the Hurons following them, and had heard a voice in the woods speak out, "Great deeds will now be done." She would take care of all whom the saints sheltered behind their altar, but she chid Massawippa for prying into mysteries when the girl asked if she had foreseen their coming. They were to go with her to Carillon and get a canoe.

She had breakfast for them down the mountain north of the chapels.

The world is full of resurrections of the body. It was nothing for two young creatures to rise up from their hard bed and plunge heartily into the dew and gladness of morning—the first morning of May.

But the miracle of life is that coming of a person who instantly unlocks all our resources, among which we have groped forlorn and disinherited. Friend or lover, he enriches us with what was before our own, yet what we never should have gathered without the solvent of his touch.

In some degree the walking woman came like such a prophet to Claire. As she brushed down the mountain-side with Massawippa, followed by woman and clinking staff, all things seemed easy to do. The healing of the woods flowed over her anxiety, and like an urchin she pried under moss and within logs for an instant's peep at life swarming there. Never before had she felt turned loose to Nature, with the bounds of her past fallen away, and the freedom which at first abashed her now became like the lifting of wings. Sweet smells of wood mold and damp greenery came from this ancient forest like the long-preserved essence of primeval gladness. It did not have its summer density of leafage, but the rocks were always there, heaving their placid backs from the soil in the majesty of everlasting quiet.

The walking woman lifted her stick and struck upon their rocky path, which answered with a hollow booming, as if drums were beaten underground. She gave Claire a wrinkled smile.

"The rocks do the same far to the eastward," said Massawippa. "It is the earth's heart which answers—we walk so close to it here. And, madame, I never saw any snakes in this fair land."

XIX.

THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAUT.[1]

It was morning by the Long Saut, that length of boiling rapids which had barred the French expedition's farther progress up the Ottawa. The seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and forty Hurons were encamped together in an open space on the west bank of the river. Their kettles were slung for breakfast, the fires blinking pinkly in luminous morning air; their morning hymn had not long ceased to echo from the forest around the clearing. Three times the previous day these men had prayed their prayers together in three languages.

Their position at the foot of the rapids was well taken. The Iroquois must pass them. In the clearing stood a dilapidated fort, a mere stockade of sapling trunks, built the autumn before by an Algonquin war party; but Dollard's party counted upon it as their pivot for action, though with strange disregard of their own defense they had not yet strengthened it by earthworks.

Dollard stood near the brink of the river watching the rapids. His scouts had already encountered some canoes full of Iroquois coming down the Ottawa, and in a skirmish two of the enemy escaped. The main body, hastened by these refugees, must soon reach the Long Saut, unless they were determined utterly to reject and avoid the encounter, which it was scarcely in the nature of Iroquois to do.

No canoes yet appeared on the rapids, but against the river's southward sweep rode a new little craft holding two women. Having crossed the current below and hugged the western shore, this canoe shot out before Dollard's eyes as suddenly as an electric lancet unsheathed by clouds.

He blanched to his lips, and made a repellent gesture with both hands as if he could put back the woman of his love out of danger as swiftly and unaccountably as she put herself into it. But his only reasonable course was to drag up the canoe when Massawippa beached it.

The half-breed girl leaped out like a fawn and ran up the slope. Annahotaha came striding down to meet her, and as she caught him around the body he lifted his knife as if the impulse which drove the arm of Virginius had been reborn in a savage of the New World. Massawippa showed her white teeth in rapturous smiling. So absolute was her trust in him that she waited thus whatever act his superior wisdom must dictate. That unflinching smile brought out its answer on his countenance. A copper glow seemed to fuse his features into grotesquely passionate tenderness. He turned his back towards his braves and hugged the child to his breast, smoothing her wings of black hair and uttering guttural murmurs which probably expressed that superlative nonsense mothers talk in the privacy of civilized nurseries.

But Claire, pink as a rose from sun and wind, her head covered by a parchment bonnet of birch bark instead of the cap she lost at the island, her satin tatters carefully drawn together with fibers from porcupine quills and loosened from the girdle to flow around her worn moccasins, and radiant as in her loveliest moments, stretched her hands for Dollard's help.

He lifted her out of the canoe and placed her upon the ground; he knelt before her and kissed both of her hands.

"Good-morning, monsieur!" said Claire, triumphantly. "You left no command against my following the expedition."

That palpitating presence which we call life seemed to project itself beyond their faces and to meet. Her pinkness and triumph were instantly gone in the whiter heat of spiritual passion. She began to sob, and Dollard stood up, strongly holding her in his arms.

"The paving-stone where you knelt — how I kissed it — how I kissed it!"

"I have not a word, Claire; not one word," said Dollard. "I am blind and dumb and glad."

"Oh, do be blind to my rags and scratches! I would have crept on my hands and face to you, monsieur, my saint! But now I am not crying."

"How did you reach us unharmed?"

"We saw no Iroquois. Have you yet seen them?"

"Not yet."

"But there was the river. Massawippa dragged me through that. Your face looks thin, my Dollard."

"I have suffered. I did not know heaven was to descend upon me."

The Frenchmen and Indians, a stone's-throw away, unable, indeed, to penetrate this singular encounter of the commandant's, gave it scarcely a moment's attention, but turned their eager gaze up the rapids. Dollard looked also, as suggestion became certainty.

He hurried Claire to the palisade, calling his men to arm.

Upon the rapids appeared a wonderful sight. Bounding down the broken and tumultuous water came the Iroquois in canoes which seemed unnumbered. They flung themselves

[1] Pronounced "So." Abbé Faillon with exactness locates the engagement "à huit ou dix lieues au-dessous de l'ile de Montreal, et au-dessous du saut dit de la Chaudière."

ashore and at the fort like a wave, and like a wave they were sent trickling back from the shock of their reception.

Massawippa sat down by Claire in the small inclosure during this first brush with the enemy.

There was no time for either Frenchmen or Algonquins to look with astonished eyes at these girls, so soon were all united in common peril and bonds of endurance. Men purified by the devotion of such an undertaking could accept the voluntary presence of women as they might accept the unscared alighting of birds in the midst of them.

The Iroquois next tried to parley, in order to take the allies unawares. But all their efforts were met with volleys of ammunition. So they drew off from the palisade and began to cut small trees and build a fort for themselves within the shelter of the woods, this being the Iroquois plan of besieging an enemy.

Dollard had stored all his supplies and tools within his palisade. He now set to work with his men to strengthen the position. They drove stakes inside the inclosure and filled the space between outer and inner pickets with earth and stones as high as their heads, leaving twenty loopholes. Three men were appointed to each loophole.

Before the French had finished intrenching themselves the Iroquois broke up all their canoes, lighted pieces at the fires, and ran to pile them against the palisade, but were again driven back. How many attacks were made Claire did not know, for volley followed volley until the crack of muskets seemed continuous, but the Iroquois attained to a focus of howling when the principal chief of the Senecas, one of the Five Nations, fell among their dead.

Morning and noon passed in this tumult of musketry and human outcry. In the unsullied May weather such gunpowder clouds must have been strange sights to nesting birds and other shy creatures of the woods.

Claire and Massawippa looked into the supplies of the fort and set out food, but there was no water. Dusk came. Starlight came. The first rough day of this continuous battle was over, but not the battle. For the Iroquois gave the allies no rest, harassing them through that and every succeeding night.

It was after 12 o'clock before Dollard could take Claire's hands and talk with her a few unoccupied minutes. When women intrude upon men's great labors they risk destroying their own tender ideals, but this daughter of a hundred soldiers had watched her husband all day in raptures of pride. To be near him in the little arena of his sacrifice was worth her heart-chilling vigil, worth her toilsome journey, fully worth the supreme price she must yet pay.

Earth from the breastworks, distributed by thuds of occasional Iroquois bullets, spattered impartially both Claire and Dollard. They had no privacy. Guttural Huron and Algonquin murmurs and the nervous intonation of French voices would have broken into all ordinary conversation. But looking deeply at each other, and unconsciously breathing in the same cadences, they had their moment of talk as if standing on a peak together. There was a lonesome bird in the woods uttering three or four falling notes, which could be heard at intervals when not drowned by any rising din of the Iroquois.

"They sent a canoe down river this afternoon," said Dollard, "evidently for their reënforcements from below."

"How long do you think we can hold out?" inquired Claire.

"Until we have broken their force. We must do that."

"I was on an island at the mouth of the Ottawa when you passed, my commandant. That was purgatory to me."

"Since you reached us," said Dollard, "I have accepted you without question and without remorse. I am stupefied. I love you. But, Claire, to what a death I have brought you!"

"It is a death befitting well the daughter of the stout-hearted Constable of France. But do not leave me again, Dollard!"

"The Iroquois shall not touch you alive, Claire," he promised.

"I am ready shriven," she said, smiling. "Except of one fault. That will I now confess,—a fault committed against the delicacy of women,—and I hated the abbess and the bishop because they detected me in it. I came to New France for love of you, my soldier. Could I help following you from world to world?"

"O Claire!" trembled Dollard, taking his hat off and standing uncovered before her.

"But you should not have known this until we were old—until you had seen me Madame des Ormeaux many years, dignified and very, very discreet, so that no breath could discredit me save this mine own confession."

During four days the Iroquois constantly harassed the fort while waiting for their reënforcements, enraged more each day at their own losses and at the handful of French and Indians who stood in the way of their great raid upon New France. Hungry, thirsty, and giddy from loss of sleep, the allies in the fort stood at their loopholes and poured out destruction. Their supplies were gone, excepting dry hominy, which they could not swallow without water.

Some of the young Frenchmen made a rush

to the river, protected by the guns of the fort, and brought all the water they could thus carry. They also dug within the palisade and reached a little clayey moisture which helped to cool their mouths.

Among the Iroquois were renegade Hurons who had been adopted by the Five Nations. During these four days of trial the renegades shouted to their brethren in the fort to come over and surrender to the Iroquois. Seven or eight hundred more warriors were hurrying from the mouth of the Richelieu River, and not a blackened coal was to be left where the fort and the Frenchmen stood.

"Come over," tempted these Hurons. "The Iroquois will receive you as brothers. Will you stay there and die for the sake of a few Frenchmen?"

First one, then two more, then three at a time, the famished braves of Annahotaha slipped over the intrenchment and deserted, in spite of his rage and exhortations.

On the fifth day, an hour before dawn, a hand of auroral light spread its fingers across the sky from west to east. Betwixt these finger rays were dark spaces having no stars, but through the pulsing medium of every gigantic finger the constellations glittered. Many signs were seen in the heavens during the colonial years of New France, but nothing like the blessed hand stretched over the Long Saut.

That day rapids and forests appeared to rock with the vibration of savage yells, for soon after daylight the expected force arrived.

La Mouche had sulked some time at the loophole where he was stationed with Annahotaha. Massawippa's back was towards him during all this period of distress. She never saw that he was thirsty and that his cracked lips bled. If she was solicitous for anybody except the stalwart chief it was for that white wife of Dollard, who stood always near Dollard when not doing what could be done for the wounded.

La Mouche had no stomach for dying an unrewarded death. Dogged hatred of his false position and of his tardy suit had grown large within him. He therefore left his loophole while Annahotaha's gun was emptied, leaped on top of the palisade, and stretched his dark face back an instant to interrogate Massawippa's quick eye. A motion of her head might yet bring him back. But did she think that he meant to be killed like a dog to whom the bone of a good word has never been thrown?

"My father!" shouted the girl, pointing with a finger which pierced La Mouche's soul. "Shoot that coward; shoot him down!"

Annahotaha seized the long pistol from his side and discharged it at his deserting nephew. But La Mouche in the same instant dropped outside and ran over to the Iroquois.

There remained now only the Frenchmen, Annahotaha, and the four Algonquins.

Playfully, as a cat reaches out to cuff its mouse, the army of Iroquois now approached the fort. They gamboled from side to side and uttered screeches. But the loopholes were yet all manned by men who would not die of fatigue and physical privation, and the fire which sprung from those loopholes astounded the enemy. Guns of large caliber carried scraps of iron and lead, and mowed like artillery.

Three days more, says the chronicle, did this fort by the Long Saut hold out. Who can tell all the story of those days? and who can hear all the story of such endurance? When acclamation cheers a man's blood and a great cloud of witnesses encompasses him, heroic courage is made easy. But here were a few doomed men in the wilderness, whose fate and whose action might be misrepresented by a surviving foe — silent fighters against odds, thinking, "This anguish and sacrifice of mine are lost on the void, and perhaps taken no account of by any intelligence, except that myself knows it, and myself demands it of me."

This is the courage which brings a man's soul up above his body like a tall flame out of an altar, and makes us credit the tale of our lineage tracing thus backward: "Which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

The fort could not be taken by surprise; it could not be taken by massed sallies. The Iroquois wrangled among themselves. Some were for raising the siege and going back to their own country. Their best braves lay in heaps. But others scouted the eternal disgrace of leaving unpunished so pitiful a foe.

Finally they made themselves great shields of split logs, broad as a door, and crept forward under cover of these to hew away the palisades. Mad for revenge, they used their utmost skill and caution.

It was at this time that Dollard, among his reeling and praying men — men yet able to smile with powder-blackened faces through the loopholes — took a large musketoon, filled it with explosives, and plugged it ready to throw among the enemy. His arms had not remaining strength to fling it clear of the palisade's jagged top. It fell back and exploded in the fort, and amidst the frightful confusion the Iroquois made their first breach, to find it defended; and yet another breach, and yet another, overflowing the inclosure with all their swarms.

Smoke-clouds curled around the bride who had trod that sward and borne her part in the suffering. Half blinded by the explosion, Dollard held Claire with his left arm and fought with his sword. As firm and white as a mar-



"DOLLARD HELD CLAIRE WITH HIS LEFT ARM AND FOUGHT WITH HIS SWORD."

ble face, the face of the Laval-Montmorency met her foes. The blood of man-warriors, even of Anne, the great and warlike Constable of France, throbbed steadfastly in the arm which grasped her husband and the heart which stood by his until they were swept down by the same volley of musketry, and lay as one body among the dead. Perhaps to Claire and Dollard it was but sudden release from thirst, hunger, exhaustion, and victorious howling. For La Mouche found Massawippa pointing as if she saw through the earthwork. The half-breed's eyes glowed with expansive brightness, as a spark does just before it expires. Her childish contours were beautiful, and unbroken by pain.

"Father," said Massawippa with effort,— the chief was dead, having saved her from the Iroquois with the last stroke of his hand,— "do you see madame — and the commandant — walking there under — birches?" Her face smiled as she died, and remained set in its smile.

There are people who steadily live the lives they hate, whose common speech misrepresents their thought, who walk the world fettered. Is it better with these than with winged souls?

Fire and smoke of a great burning rose up and blinded the day beside the Long Saut. It was a mighty funeral pile. The tender grass all around, licked by flame, gave juices of the earth to that sacrifice. The wine of young lives, the spices and treasures of courageous

hearts, went freely to it, and for more than two hundred and twenty-five years love and gratitude have consecrated the spot.

XX.

POSTERITY.

THREE weeks after Dollard's departure Jacques Goffinet took the boat and one Huron Indian whom Dollard had sent back with the boat and set off to Montreal to obey his master's final order.

No appearances on the river had caused alarm at St. Bernard. While record has not been made of the route taken by the Iroquois brought from the Richelieu, it is evident that they passed north of Montreal island, avoiding settlements.

Montreal was waiting in silence and anxiety for news of the expedition.

The first person whom Jacques encountered was the nuns' man Jouaneaux, watching the St. Lawrence with uneasy expectation in his eyes.

When they had exchanged greetings, as men do when each thinks only of the information he can get from the other, Jouaneaux said:

"You come from up river?"

"From St. Bernard island," replied Jacques. "What news of the expedition?"

But Jouaneaux had widened his mouth receptively.

"You are then from the commandant Dollard's seigniory?"

"The commandant is my seignior," said Jacques.

Jouaneaux laid hold of his sleeve.

"Did Mademoiselle de Granville return to St. Bernard and take the little half-breed Sister with her?"

"Mademoiselle de Granville, my commandant's sister, is at St. Bernard; yes," replied Jacques, arrested and stupefied by such inquiries.

"Look you here, my good friend," exclaimed Jouaneaux. "I speak for the nuns of St. Joseph of the Hôtel Dieu, where your master put his sister for protection before he set out. Was not her fire built to suit her? We are poor, but our hospitality is free, and we love not to have it flung back in our faces. Still, I say nothing of mademoiselle. She hath her seigniory to look after, and she was not a novice."

"My master left my lady at the governor's house," asserted Jacques.

"But," continued Jouaneaux, "this I will say: ill did she requite us in that she carried off the novice Massawippa, whose father, the Huron chief, had put her in the Hôtel Dieu to take vows."

"I will go to the governor," threatened Jacques, feeling himself baited.

"And what will it profit thee to go to the governor? The governor is a just man, and he hath the good of the Hôtel Dieu at heart."

"I know nothing about your Hôtel Dieu," said Jacques, having forebodings at his heart.

"But where is our novice?" persisted Jouaneaux, following him.

"I know nothing about your novice."

At the governor's house, by scant questions on his part and much speech on Jouaneaux's, he learned that Dollard was yet unheard from, that Claire had been left at the hospital, and for some unspoken reason, which Jacques silently accepted as good since it was the commandant's reason, she had been received as the commandant's sister; and finally that she had disappeared with a young novice, the daughter of Annahotaha, soon after the expedition left, and no one in Montreal knew anything else about her.

Distressed to muteness by such tidings, Jacques went back to his boat, still followed by Jouaneaux, and pushed off up the river with the malediction of St. Joseph invoked upon him.

As his Huron rowed back along Lake St. Louis they saw a canoe drifting, and cautiously approaching it they found that it held a wounded brave in the war-dress of the Hurons. He lay panting in his little craft, feverish and helpless, and they towed him to the island and carried him up into the seigniory kitchen.

The May sun shone and bees buzzed past the windows; all the landscape and the pleasant world seemed to contradict the existence of such a blot on nature as a blood-streaked man.

The family gathered fearfully about La Mouche as he lay upon a bear-skin brought down from the saloon for him by Joan.

Jacques gave him brandy and Louise bathed his wounds. They used such surgery as they knew, and La Mouche told them all the story of the Long Saut except his desertion. None of five deserters who escaped from the Iroquois, and from the tortures to which the Iroquois put all the deserters after burning the fort, could tell the truth about their own action until long after.

Jacques turned away from this renegade and threw both arms around one of the cemented pillars. Louise fell on her knees beside him, and the broad hall was filled with wailings. There were consolations which Louise remembered when her religion and her stolid sense of duty began reconciling her to the eternal absence of Claire and Dollard. She stood up and took her apron to wipe her good man's eyes, saying without greediness and merely as seizing on a tangible fact:

"Thou hast the island of St. Bernard left thee."

"But he that is gone," sobbed Jacques, "he was to me more than the whole earth."

The four other Hurons who escaped carried all the details of the battle, except their own desertion, to Montreal. But the Iroquois were not so reticent, and in time this remnant of Hurons was brought to admit that Annahotaha alone of the tribe stood by the Frenchmen to the last.

As for the Iroquois, they slunk back to their own country utterly defeated and confounded. They had no further desire to fight such an enemy. Says the historian,[1] "If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such fighting behind walls of stone?" The colony of New France was redeemed out of their hands. After the struggle at the Long Saut it enjoyed such a period of rest and peace as the Iroquois had not permitted it for years.

When La Mouche recovered from his wounds he crept away to his côte down the river, and with little regret the people on St. Bernard heard of him no more.

Jacques and Louise remained in possession of St. Bernard, and on that island their stout-legged children played, or learned contented thrift, or followed their father in his sowing; their delight being the real priest who came with his glowing altar to teach them religion, and their terror the pretended priest in the top apartment of their house. For Mademoiselle de Granville lived many years, so indulged in her humors that the story went among neighboring seigniories that she had an insane brother whom she imprisoned on St. Bernard out of tenderness towards him, instead of sending him to some asylum in France.[2]

Rather because her memory was a spot of tenderness within themselves always on the point of bleeding, than because of their ignorant dread of law's intermeddling, Jacques and Louise never told about Dollard's bride. The marriage had taken place in Quebec. Dollier de Casson, who celebrated it, made no record of the fact in connection with his account of Dollard's exploit. The jealousies and bickerings then rising high between Quebec and Montreal clouded or misrepresented or suppressed many a transaction. And honest Dollier de Casson, who no doubt learned by priestly methods the fate of the bride, may have seen fit to withhold the luster of her devotion from the name of Laval, since the bishop pressed no inquiries after his impulsive young relative. News stretched slowly to and from France then. Her name dropped out of all records, except the notarial one of her marriage, and a faint old clew which an obscure scribe has left embodying a scarcely credited tale told by the Huron deserters. Without monument, what was once her beautiful body has become grass, flowers, clear air, beside the hoarse rapids. She died, as many a woman has died, silently crowning the deed done by a man, and in her finer immortality can perhaps smile at being forgotten, since it is not by him.

But Dollard has been the darling of his people for more than two and a quarter centuries.

On every midsummer-day, when the festival of St. John the Baptist is kept with pageant, music, banners, and long processions; when thousands choke the streets, and triumphal arch after triumphal arch lifts masses of flowers to the June sun; when invention has taxed itself to carry beautiful living pictures before the multitude — then there is always a tableau to commemorate the heroes of the Long Saut. If young children or if strangers ask, "Who was Dollard?" any Frenchman is ready to answer:

"He was a man of courageous heart;[3] he saved Canada from the Iroquois."

The dullest soul is stirred to passionate acclamation as the chevalier and his sixteen men go by.

And when we tell our stories, shall we tell them only of the commonplace, the gay, the debonair life of this world? Shall the heroes be forgotten?

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

1 Francis Parkman.
2 Le Moine.
3 "Dollard, un homme de cœur," says Abbé Faillon.



SIMONE MEMMI.

(PROPERLY, SIMONE MARTINI. ALSO CALLED SIMONE OF SIENA. 1283–1344.)

THE good fortune which befell Cimabue in his friendship with Dante was closely paralleled by that of Simone, the Sienese painter, in his relations with Petrarch, by which the artist's reputation was spread abroad through the world of letters and theology, and, in this latter friendship, even leading to the artist's being called to Avignon, then the seat of the papacy. Simone is best known from having painted the portraits of Petrarch and Laura, as well as portraits of other eminent personages of his day. But in this portraiture we must not discover the altogether modern practice of study from life or imagine anything like the work of the genuine school of portraiture which began with the early Dutch schools, perhaps contemporaneously with the Venetians. The portraiture of the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries was a shadowy similitude of the personal presence, and, judging from what remains of it, was done only from memory, as all the figures were. Painting was still a convention, and the conception of anything like what moderns now realize even in their idealisms was generations in the future. That even the rival schools of Florence and Siena were very like is made clear by the fact already pointed out that the painters of one are so often attributed to the other by the writers of a time very near to that of the painters' own. Thus Vasari makes Simone the pupil of Giotto, while as seen by modern inquiry it is clear that he is a Sienese painter, as indeed the tradition of his name would make him, though to a careless student the differences of style are hardly to be dwelt on.

Petrarch, indeed, long ago made any confusion concerning Simone's quality without any excuse, for he says: "I have known two excellent painters — Giotto of Florence, whose fame is great in the present generation, and Simone of Siena." He does not indeed say that he was not a pupil of Giotto, but as the school of Siena was the older and, prior to Giotto, probably the more advanced one, it is most improbable that Petrarch should have ignored the true relation; and had Simone, his intimate personal friend, been the pupil of his other friend Giotto, he had hardly omitted some mention of the fact in this common commemoration. But we are left in little doubt, for the more recent searches of Milanesi have made it tolerably clear that Simone owed his art, as he did his existence, to the great rival of Florence.

In 1324 Simone Martini married the sister of Filippo (Lippo) Memmi, which caused the confusion as to his name, Simone being often mentioned by Vasari as the brother of Lippo.

In the town hall of Siena is a fresco signed by Simone and bearing the date 1315. It represents the Virgin and Child, with a great number of saints and angels, some of whom hold a canopy over the throne. In spite of the great size of this fresco — for the figures are more than life-size — it is painted like a miniature, the garments being touched up with gold and delicately embroidered. In 1321 we find that twenty-six lire were paid to Simone for retouching this fresco.

In 1320 the convent of St. Catherine in Pisa ordered a picture from Simone for the high altar. Parts of it have been lost, but other parts have been preserved in the Gallery of Fine Arts of Pisa, and in the seminary. This is the most beautiful of his paintings which remain to us. In the seven principal divisions are the half-figures of the Virgin and Child and of six saints. Above each are two half-figures of apostles. In the cusps are Christ and two archangels, and the prophets. Below the Virgin is an Ecce Homo with six little figures of saints on each side. This painting is truly marvelous for delicacy and expression. At Orvieto, in the museum, there are several panels by Simone, probably painted about this time.

In Assisi, in the Church of St. Martin, are ten frescos from the history of the saint, which Vasari attributes to Puccio Capanna, but which are, according to Cavalcaselle, certainly by Simone. Some other frescos in the lower church Vasari speaks of as by Simone, and tells of their being by Lippo; but the assistant was most likely Donato Martini, Simone's younger brother, who accompanied him to Avignon.

These frescos, especially the first-mentioned series, are among Simone's most important works. The drawing of the figures is not always correct, nor the proportion just; the joints are often clumsy and the extremities heavy; but as a rule the action is spontaneous and graceful, the expression lifelike, the drapery flowing, the color vigorous, and the execution accurate and precise when compared with



THREE HEADS, BY SIMONE MEMMI (MARTINI).

IN THE SPANISH CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.

(THE HEAD ON THE RIGHT IS SAID TO BE A PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE; THE MIDDLE ONE, EITHER SIMONE HIMSELF OR, WITH LESS PROBABILITY, GIOTTO; AND THE THIRD (CALLED "THE SOLDIER"), GUIDO NOVELLO. THE LAST HAS ALSO BEEN CALLED TADDEO GADDI. BUT THESE IDENTIFICATIONS ARE SAID TO BE "ALL THE GUESS-WORK OF CICERONI.")

prior and most contemporary work. Vasari's opinion of Simone is that he was not a good draughtsman, but rather that he was endowed by nature with great invention, and that he painted much and well from life, this being qualified, as I have before shown.

From 1328 to 1335 Simone was at work in Siena again. He executed another fresco in the council hall, opposite to the one painted in 1315, representing the victorious general Guidoriccio da Fogliano on horseback, for which he received sixteen florins. For other paintings executed in various churches and public buildings we find he got such sums as one lira five soldi, four lire five soldi, twenty-two lire eight soldi, etc. Only two frescos of all this work remain. A panel painted at this time is now in the Uffizi at Florence. Before leaving Italy he seems to have made designs for the Campo Santo of Pisa, which were carried out by Lippo Memmi. Vasari wrongly attributes the execution also to Simone.

In 1339 he was called to Avignon. Some of the old writers say he was taken there by a cardinal who was passing through Siena on his way to join the papal court on the banks of the Rhone. Very little is known of the work done by Simone in Avignon. The frescos in the cathedral are so fallen into decay as to be hardly distinguishable; most of those in the pontifical palace—since used as a barrack—are almost equally ruined, and from what remains they would seem to have been executed by his brother Donato rather than by Simone himself.

The papal chapel is decorated with frescos undoubtedly by Simone, but the somewhat poor execution would seem to indicate that much of the work was done by Donato or by some other assistant. They represent scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, and in one is a group of women, intended evidently as portraits, the first of whom, most richly dressed, is like the reputed portrait of Laura in the Spanish chapel at Florence. She stands very straight, looking calmly in front of her. Her yellow robe is covered by a long blue mantle; a hood covers her head and is buttoned close around her throat; and her red-gold hair, parted down the middle, is bound by a red ribbon. Another chapel in the palace containing frescos by Simone is that of the Holy Office, but these are in very bad preservation—much faded and retouched.[1]

Simone died in 1344 and was buried in the Church of S. Francesco. Vasari maintains him to be the author of three of the frescos in the Spanish chapel of Santa Maria Novella; but contemporary evidence shows that in 1355 they were still unfinished, while the chapel itself was only begun in 1350. The work which of all still remaining best represents him is probably that in his native city and that at Assisi. He was not a great original artist like Giotto or Duccio, but an excellent workman, diligent, conscientious, and while closely adherent to the traditions of his school still in his conceptions no mere copyist—his inventions sometimes showing decided originality if not imaginative power. But in that day obedience to conventional types, and even the most frank adaptation of the compositions of approved predecessors, was considered rather a virtue of the painter than a derogation of his dignity, and originality bore no premium. The old types kept a semi-sacred character, and the imagination had always to obey laws which descended from the Byzantines more or less directly. Memmi's personality—if that quality in art can be distinguished from individuality—was sturdy and matter of fact rather than winged and daring like Giotto's; but even Giotto never escaped from his conventional precedents. Religious conservatism, as well as the prescriptions of the schools, militated against novelty.

The close relation between Simone and his brother-in-law Lippo, not merely personal but technical, has doubtless led to frequent confusion between their works. Lippo was Simone's assistant at Pisa, and we know that after 1324 they worked together in the studio of Simone. As Lippo's excellence lay in his execution rather than in composition, he probably did a great deal of the actual work in the pictures attributed to his master and relative, both in carrying out the designs of the latter and in gilding and decorating the beautiful architectural frames which formed so important a part of the ornamental system of the time. One of these frames is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in the original state—framing a group of pictures of the school of Lorenzetti. The pictures which are signed by Lippo, though possibly entirely by him, are often only repetitions of the designs of Simone, as for instance in the fresco in the town hall of San Gimigiano he followed that by Simone in the town hall of Siena. Vasari says that Lippo finished the work which Simone left unfinished when he went to Avignon and that which he left incomplete at his death; but there are many pictures signed by Lippo which can hardly be distinguished from those of Simone, showing that a complete accord existed between them. Therefore we have really no absolute criterion

[1] Cavalcaselle identifies as by Simone a charming little panel of Christ Found in the Temple, now in the gallery at Liverpool, and a second at Antwerp. Both were painted probably at Avignon, and therefore give the latest phase of the art of the painter. They show the teaching of Duccio. A third is in the Louvre.



"ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA." BY SIMONE MEMMI (MARTINI).

(DETAIL FROM A PANEL IN THE LIBRARY OF THE SEMINARIO AT PISA.)

by which we can separate the work of one from that of the other, and we may imagine them associated in all the work attributed to either, except that at Avignon.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

NOVEMBER 5, 1887.— At Pisa I found undoubtedly the finest work of Simone Memmi — small panels of single saints. Such rare and delicate work I had not supposed him capable of. The finish of these paintings is most exquisite, and reminds me much of the treatment of Duccio, whom he succeeded. Of these I had begun to engrave the Santa Chiara, but subsequently abandoned it for the St. Catherine.

MAY 25, 1888.— "St. Catherine of Alexandria," by Simone Martini, called Simone Memmi, is a detail from a panel in the library of the Seminario at Pisa. The panel itself is a detail of what was once a large and beautiful work. It is now dismembered, and some of its parts are found in the Pisa Academy and the others at the Seminario; none of the panels, however, are lost. It was painted in the year 1320 for the high altar of the Church of St. Catherine, Pisa, and was composed of seven principal compartments representing half-length figures of apostles and saints. One of these, a Madonna and Child, occupied the center, the others being disposed on each side. They are about two feet high, and are each inclosed in a handsome framework. Above each are two small half-lengths, and above and between each of these two is a smaller medallion, the whole forming a panel about four feet high. These seven principal panels represent, besides the Madonna and Child, the following saints: St. John the Evangelist, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Peter, St. John the Baptist, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. Dominic.

The predella to the picture consisted of an Ecce Homo in the center, and twelve saints, male and female, six on each side — half-lengths, perhaps nine inches high. The whole when complete must have measured some 14 or 15 feet long by 6 or 7 feet high.

It is painted in tempera upon wood. The backgrounds and glories are of gold, as well as much of the trimming and ornamentation of the draperies. The drapery of St. Catherine is richly ornamented, and the painting of this is exquisite for delicacy and cleanness, as is the engraved work in the glory around the head — far too delicate and neat to be done justice to in any engraving. It will be noticed that the execution of the patterns in the drapery is flat, without regard to foreshortening in the folds. Attention does not appear to have been directed to this foreshortening until a century later, in the time of Pietro della Francesca (1415–1492). The color of the drapery is of a warm gray tone, yellowish in the lighter portions, and the dark folds of a neutral or bluish tint. The flesh tints are similar in tone, but darker. The book is red, but of a soft, agreeable tone; the hand which holds it has been restored. St. Catherine, as patron saint and martyr, has several attributes. The crown is hers by right as sovereign princess; she bears the palm as martyr; she holds the book as significant of her learning.

THE ALL-KIND MOTHER.

LO, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand:
Nature ofttimes giveth best
When she seemeth chariest.
She hath shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one —
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
All thou lackest she hath still,
Near thy finding and thy fill.
Yield her fullest faith, and she
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth, here and there —
Kindly to the weed as to
The lorn lily teared with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other; an thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
Its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor, or thou art rich —
Never lightest matter which:
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon,
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her,
Baser used than usurer.
Shame be on thee an thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
At her merciful "Arise!

James Whitcomb Riley.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE REMOVAL OF McCLELLAN.—FINANCIAL MEASURES.—SEWARD AND CHASE.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE latter part of September wore away in resting the exhausted Army of the Potomac, and beginning anew the endless work of equipment and supply — work which from the nature of the case can never be finished in an army of 200,000 men, any more than in a city of the same size. But this was a lesson which McClellan appeared never able to learn. So long as a single brigade commander complained that some of his men needed new shoes it seemed impossible for McClellan to undertake active operations until that special want was supplied. When that was done some company of cavalry was short a few horses, and the vicious circle of importunate demand and slow supply continued. On the 23d of September, General McClellan discovered signs of heavy reënforcements moving towards the enemy from Winchester and Charlestown. The fact of the enemy's remaining so long in his front, instead of appearing to him as a renewed opportunity, only excited in him the apprehension that he would be again attacked. He therefore set up a new clamor for reënforcements. "A defeat at this juncture would be ruinous to our cause. . . General Sumner with his corps and Williams's (Banks's) occupy Harper's Ferry and the surrounding heights. I think," is the doleful plaint with which the dispatch closes, "he will be able to hold his position till reënforcements arrive." Four days afterwards he writes again in the same strain:

> This army is not now in condition to undertake another campaign. . . My present purpose is to hold the army about as it is now, rendering Harper's Ferry secure and watching the river closely, intending to attack the enemy should he attempt to cross to this side.

He is full of apprehension in regard to an attack upon Maryland, and prays that the river may rise so that the enemy may not cross.

The President, sick at heart at this exasperating delay, resolved at the end of the month to make a visit to McClellan's camp to see if in a personal interview he could not inspire him with some sense of the necessity for action. The morning report of the 30th of September showed the enormous aggregate of the Army of the Potomac, present and absent, including Banks's command in Washington, as 303,959. Of this number over 100,000 were absent, 28,000 on special duty, and 73,000 present for duty in Banks's command, leaving 100,000 present for duty under McClellan's immediate command. This vast multitude in arms was visited by the President in the first days of October. So far as he could see, it was a great army ready for any work that could be asked of it. During all his visit he urged with as much energy as was consistent with his habitual courtesy the necessity for an immediate employment of this force.[2] McClellan met all his suggestions and entreaties with an amiable inertia, which deeply discouraged the President. After a day and a night spent in such an interchange of views the President left his tent early in the morning and walked with a friend[3] to an eminence which commanded a view of a great part of the camp. For miles beneath them, glistening in the rising sun, spread the white tents of the mighty hosts. The President gazed for a while in silence upon the scene, then turned to his friend and said: "Do you know what that is?" He answered in some astonishment, "It is the Army of the Potomac." "So it is called," responded the President; "but that is a mistake: it is only McClellan's body-guard." He went back to Washington taking little comfort from his visit; and after a few days of painful deliberation, getting no news of any movement, he sent McClellan the following positive instructions:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., October 6, 1862.
>
> MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN: I am instructed to telegraph you as follows: The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy

[2] In his memoirs McClellan tries to create the impression that the President was satisfied with his delay at this time; but his private letters printed in the same volume leave no doubt of the contrary. He says, referring to the President's visit, October 2, "His ostensible purpose is to see the troops and the battle-field; I incline to think that the real purpose of his visit is to push me into a premature advance into Virginia."

[3] Hon. O. M. Hatch of Illinois, from whom we have this story.

[1] Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

or drive him South. Your army must move now while the roads are good. If you cross the river between the enemy and Washington and cover the latter by your operations, you can be reënforced by 30,000 men. If you move up the valley of the Shenandoah, not more than 12,000 or 15,000 can be sent to you. The President advises the interior line, between Washington and the enemy, but does not order it. He is very desirous that your army move as soon as possible. You will immediately report what line you adopt and when you intend to cross the river; also to what point the reënforcements are to be sent. It is necessary that the plan of your operations be positively determined on before orders are given for building bridges and repairing railroads. I am directed to add that the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief fully concur with the President in these instructions.

H. W. Halleck, *General-in-Chief.*

These orders were emphasized a few days later by a repetition of the same stinging insult which Lee had once before inflicted upon McClellan on the Peninsula. Stuart's cavalry crossed the Potomac, rode entirely around the Union army, recrossed the river lower down, and joined Lee again without damage. McClellan seems to have felt no mortification from this disgraceful occurrence, which he used merely as a pretext for new complaints against the Government. He seemed to think that he had presented a satisfactory excuse for his inefficiency when he reported to Halleck that his cavalry had "marched 78 miles in 24 hours while Stuart's was marching 90." He pretended that he had at the time only a thousand cavalry. This led to a remarkable correspondence[1] between him and the Government, which shows the waste and destruction of military material under McClellan. By the reports from the Quartermaster-General's office, there were sent to the Army of the Potomac, during the six weeks ending the 14th of October, 10,254 horses and a very large number of mules. "The cost of the horses issued within the last six weeks to the Army of the Potomac," says General Meigs, "is probably not less than $1,200,000." We may well ask in the words used by the Quartermaster-General in another place: Is there an instance on record of such a drain and destruction of horses "in a country not a desert"? Day after day the tedious controversy went on. This frightful waste of horses was turned by McClellan, as he turned everything, into a subject of reproach against the Government. To one of his complaining dispatches the President sent this sharp rejoinder: "Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?" And again: "Stuart's cavalry outmarched ours, having certainly done more marked service on the Peninsula and everywhere since." These dispatches elicited only new complaints, vindications, and explanations.

It was not alone the pretended lack of horses which kept him idle. In his dispatches to Washington he continually complained — and the complaint was echoed in the correspondence of his satellites and by his adherents in the press — that the army was unable to improve the fine weather on account of the deficiency of all manner of supplies.[2] The Secretary of War, thinking it necessary at last to take notice of this widespread rumor, addressed[1] a letter to the General-in-Chief demanding a report upon the subject. General Halleck reported that on several occasions where General McClellan had telegraphed that his army was deficient in certain supplies it was ascertained that in every instance the requisition had been immediately filled, except in one, where the Quartermaster-General was forced to send to Philadelphia for the articles needed. He reported that there had been no neglect or delay in issuing all the supplies asked for, and added his belief "that no armies in the world, while in campaign, have been more promptly or better supplied than ours." The General-in-Chief further reported that there had been no such want of supplies as to prevent General McClellan's compliance with the orders, issued four weeks before, to advance against the enemy; that "had he moved to the south side of the Potomac he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north side." He then goes at some length into a detailed and categorical contradiction of General McClellan's complaining dispatches. But we need not go outside of the General's own staff for a direct denial of his accusations. General Ingalls, the Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, makes this just and sensible statement in a letter to the Quartermaster-General dated the 26th of October:

> I have seen no real suffering for want of clothing, and do not believe there has been any only where it can be laid directly to the charge of regimental and brigade commanders and their quartermasters, and I have labored, I hope with some effect, in trying to instruct them. I have frequently remarked that an army will never move if it waits until all the different commanders report that they are ready and want no more supplies. It has been my pride

1 War Records.

2 This mania of General McClellan's for providing camp material sometimes assumed an almost ludicrous form. It suddenly occurred to him on the 7th of October to telegraph to the Quartermaster-General asking how long it would take to give him three or four thousand hospital tents. Meigs answered that a sufficient supply had already been sent him, and that to provide the additional number he spoke of would take a long time and half a million of dollars.

to know the fact that no army was ever more perfectly supplied than this has been, as a general rule.

The President, weary of the controversy, at last replies:

Most certainly I intend no injustice to any, and if I have done any I deeply regret it. To be told, after more than five weeks' total inaction of the army, and during which period we have sent to the army every fresh horse we possibly could, amounting in the whole to 7,918,[1] that the cavalry horses were too much fatigued to move, presents a very cheerless, almost hopeless, prospect for the future, and it may have forced something of impatience in my dispatch. If not recruited and rested then, when could they ever be?

General Halleck, in a letter on the 7th of October, had urged McClellan to follow and seek to punish the enemy. He says:

There is a decided want of legs in our troops. They have too much immobility, and we must try to remedy the defect. A reduction of baggage and baggage trains will effect something, but the real difficulty is, they are not sufficiently exercised in marching; they lie still in camp too long. After a hard march one day is time enough to rest. Lying still beyond that time does not rest the men.[2]

The President's proclamation of emancipation had been promulgated to the army in general orders on the 24th of September. It will be remembered that General McClellan, in his manifesto from Harrison's Landing, had admonished the President against any such action. His subsequent negotiations with the Democratic politicians in the North had not tended to make him any more favorably disposed towards such radical action. His first impulse was to range himself openly against the proclamation. We are informed by General W. F. Smith that McClellan prepared a protest against it, which he read to some of his intimate friends in the army. The advice of Smith, and perhaps of others, induced him not to commit so fatal a breach of discipline. For a moment he thought of throwing up his commission. In a private letter of September 25 he said:

The President's late proclamation, the continuation of Stanton and Halleck in office, render it almost impossible for me to retain my commission and self-respect at the same time.[3]

He could not, however, pass over with entire silence an order of such momentous importance; and so after two weeks of meditation, having heard from his friends in New York,[4] he issued on the 7th of October a singular document calling the attention of the officers and soldiers of his army to the President's proclamation. He made absolutely no reference to the proclamation itself. He used it, as he says, simply as an opportunity for "defining the relations borne by all persons in the military service towards the civil authorities," a relation which most of his army understood already at least as well as himself. In a few commonplace phrases he restates the political axiom that the civil authority is paramount in our government and that the military is subordinate to it. He therefore deprecated any intemperate discussion of "public measures determined upon and declared by the Government" "as tending to impair and destroy the efficiency of troops"; and significantly adds, "The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls." There is no reason to believe that this order of General McClellan's was issued with any but the best intentions. He believed, and he thought the army believed, that the President's antislavery policy was ill-advised and might prove disastrous. He therefore issued this order commanding his soldiers to be moderate in their criticisms and condemnations of the President, and to leave to the people at the polls the work of correcting or punishing him. When the troops of the Army of the Potomac had an opportunity of expressing at the polls their sense of the political question at issue between Lincoln and McClellan, the latter had occasion to discover that there was a difference between the sentiment of staff headquarters and the sentiment of the rank and file.

The President's peremptory order to move, which we have mentioned as having been issued on the 6th of October, having produced no effect, he wrote to General McClellan on the 13th of the month a letter so important in its substance and in its relations to subsequent events that it must be printed entire. Having already given the general his orders and told him what to do, he now not only tells him how to do it, but furnishes him unanswerable reasons why it should be done.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 13, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.

MY DEAR SIR: You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in

[1] It was really many more than this.
[2] War Records.
[3] "McClellan's Own Story," p. 615.
[4] He wrote, October 5: "Mr. Aspinwall [then at McClellan's camp] is decidedly of the opinion that it is my duty to submit to the President's proclamation." ["McClellan's Own Story," p. 655.]

working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do, without the railroad last named. He now wagons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and in fact ignores the question of time, which can not and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to "operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own." You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania, but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. Exclusive of the water line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route that you can and he must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. You know I desired, but did not order, you to cross the Potomac below instead of above the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge. My idea was that this would at once menace the enemy's communications, which I would seize if he would permit.

If he should move northward I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him, if a favorable opportunity should present; and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as to merely drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond.

Recurring to the idea of going to Richmond on the inside track, the facility of supplying from the side away from the enemy is remarkable—as it were, by the different spokes of a wheel extending from the hub toward the rim, and this, whether you move directly by the chord or on the inside arc, hugging the Blue Ridge more closely. The chord-line, as you see, carries you by Aldie, Hay Market, and Fredericksburg; and you see how turnpikes, railroads, and finally the Potomac, by Aquia Creek, meet you at all points from Washington; the same, only the lines lengthened a little, if you press closer to the Blue Ridge part of the way.

The gaps through the Blue Ridge I understand to be about the following distances from Harper's Ferry, to wit: Vestal's, 5 miles; Gregory's, 13; Snicker's, 18; Ashby's, 28; Manassas, 38; Chester, 45; and Thornton's, 53. I should think it preferable to take the route nearest the enemy, disabling him to make an important move without your knowledge, and compelling him to keep his forces together for dread of you. The gaps would enable you to attack, if you should wish. For a great part of the way you would be practically between the enemy and both Washington and Richmond, enabling us to spare you the greatest number of troops from here. When at length running for Richmond ahead of him enables him to move this way, if he does so, turn and attack him in the rear. But I think he should be engaged long before such point is reached. It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say they cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

In the absence of any definite plan or purpose of his own, General McClellan accepted this plan of the President's, giving in his report a characteristic reason, that "it would secure him the largest accession of force." But even after he adopted this decision the usual delays supervened; and on the 21st, after describing the wretched condition of his cavalry, he asked whether the President desired him "to march on the enemy at once or to await the reception of new horses," to which, on the same day, the President directed the General-in-Chief to send the following reply:

Your telegram of 12 M. has been submitted to the President. He directs me to say that he has no change to make in his order of the 6th instant. If you have not been and are not now in condition to obey it, you will be able to show such want of ability. The President does not expect impossibilities, but he is very anxious that all this good weather should not be wasted in inactivity. Telegraph when you will move and on what lines you propose to march.

With the exercise of a very little sagacity General McClellan should have discovered from the tone of this dispatch that the President's mood was taking on a certain tinge of austerity. Nevertheless he continued his preparations at perfect leisure, and four days afterwards he sent a long letter asking for definite instructions in regard to the details of guards to be left on the upper Potomac; to which he received a reply saying that "the Government had intrusted him with defeating and driving back the rebel army in his front," and directing him to use his own discretion as to the matters in question. As General McClellan in his dispatch had referred with some apprehension to the probable march of Bragg's army

eastward, General Halleck concluded his answer with this significant intimation: "You are within twenty miles of Lee, while Bragg is distant about four hundred miles."

He finally got his army across the Potomac on the 1st of November. It had begun crossing on the 26th of October, and as the several detachments arrived in Virginia, they were slowly distributed on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge under the vigilant and now distrustful eye of the President.

There is no doubt that the President's regard and confidence, which had withstood so much from General McClellan, was now giving way. The President had resisted in his behalf, for more than a year, the earnest and bitter opposition of the most powerful and trusted friends of the Administration. McClellan had hardly a supporter left among the Republican senators, and few among the most prominent members of the majority in the House of Representatives. In the Cabinet there was the same unanimous hostility to the young general. In the meeting of the 2d of September, when the President announced that he had placed McClellan in command of the forces in Washington, he was met by an outbreak of protest and criticism from the leading members of the Government which might well have shaken the nerves of any ruler. But the President stood manfully by his action.[1] He admitted the infirmities of McClellan, his lack of energy and initiative; but for this exigency he considered him the best man in the service, and the country must have the benefit of his talents, although he had behaved badly. We need not refer again to the magnanimity with which the President had overlooked the insolent dispatches of General McClellan from Savage's Station and Harrison's Landing. He closed his ears persistently during all the months of the winter and spring to the stories which came to him from every quarter in regard to the tone of factious hostility to himself which prevailed at McClellan's headquarters. But these stories increased to such an extent during the summer and autumn that even in his mind, so slow to believe evil, they occasioned some trouble. Soon after the battle of Antietam an incident came to his hearing of which he felt himself obliged to take notice. Major John J. Key, brother to Colonel Thomas M. Key, of McClellan's staff, was reported to have said, in reply to the question, put by a brother officer, "Why was not the rebel army bagged immediately after the battle near Sharpsburg?" "That is not the game. The object is that neither army shall get much advantage of the other; that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery." The President sent an aide-de-camp to Major Key to inform him of this grave charge, and to invite him to disprove it within twenty-four hours. A few minutes after this notice was sent, the Major appeared at the Executive Mansion in company with Major Turner, the officer to whom the remark had been made. A trial, as prompt as those of St. Louis dispensing justice under the oak at Vincennes, then took place. The President was judge and jury, attorney for the prosecution and for the defense, and he added to these functions that of clerk of the court, and made a record of the proceedings with his own hand, which we copy from his manuscript:

At about 11 o'clock A. M., September 27, 1862, Major Key and Major Turner appear before me. Major Turner says: "As I remember it, the conversation was, I asked the question why we did not bag them after the battle at Sharpsburg. Major Key's reply was, 'That was not the game: we should tire the rebels out and ourselves; that that was the only way the Union could be preserved, we come together fraternally, and slavery be saved.'" On cross-examination Major Turner says he has frequently heard Major Key converse in regard to the present trouble, and never heard him utter a sentiment unfavorable to the maintenance of the Union. He has never uttered anything which he, Major T., would call disloyalty. The particular conversation detailed was a private one.

Upon the reverse of this record the President made the following indorsement:

In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any gentleman holding a military commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is within proved to have done. Therefore let Major John J. Key be forthwith dismissed from the military service of the United States.

The President's memorandum continues:

At the interview of Major Key and Major Turner with the President, Major Key did not attempt to controvert the statement of Major Turner, but simply insisted and tried to prove that he was true to the Union. The substance of the President's reply was that if there was a game even among Union men to have our army not take any advantage of the enemy when it could, it was his object to break up that game.

Speaking of the matter afterwards the President said, "I dismissed Major Key because I thought his silly, treasonable expressions were 'staff talk,' and I wished to make an example."[2]

He was still not ready to condemn General McClellan. He determined to give him one more chance. If McClellan, after Antietam, had destroyed the army of Lee, his official position would have been impregnable. If, after Lee had recrossed the Potomac, McClellan

[1] Welles, "Lincoln and Seward," pp. 195, 196.

[2] J. H., Diary.

had followed and delivered a successful battle in Virginia, nothing could afterwards have prevented his standing as the foremost man of his time. The President, in his intense anxiety for the success of the national arms, would have welcomed McClellan as his own presumptive successor if he could have won that position by successful battle. But the general's inexplicable slowness had at last excited the President's distrust. He began to think, before the end of October, that McClellan had no real desire to beat the enemy. He set in his own mind the limit of his own forbearance. He adopted for his own guidance a test which he communicated to no one until long afterwards, on which he determined to base his final judgment of McClellan. If he should permit Lee to cross the Blue Ridge and place himself between Richmond and the Army of the Potomac, he would remove him from command.[1]

When it was reported in Washington that Lee and Longstreet were at Culpeper Court House, the President sent an order, dated the 5th of November, to General McClellan, which reached him at Rectortown on the 7th, directing him to report for further orders at Trenton, New Jersey, and to turn the command of the Army of the Potomac over to General Burnside. General Buckingham delivered his message first to Burnside and then came with him to McClellan's tent. McClellan says in his memoirs that with the eyes of the two generals upon him he "read the papers with a smile"; but when they were gone, he turned to finish a letter he had been writing, and broke out in the heartfelt ejaculation, "Alas for my poor country!"[2] He took credit to himself in after years for not heading a mutiny of the troops. He said, "Many were in favor of my refusing to obey the order, and of marching upon Washington to take possession of the Government."[3]

Thus ended the military career of George Brinton McClellan. Now that the fierce passions of the war, its suspicions and its animosities, have passed away, we are able to judge him more accurately and more justly than was possible amid that moral and material tumult and confusion. He was as far from being the traitor and craven that many thought him as from being the martyr and hero that others would like to have him appear. It would be unfair to deny that he rendered, to the full measure of his capacity, sincere and honest service to the Republic. His technical knowledge was extensive, his industry untiring; his private character was pure and upright, his integrity without stain. In the private life to which he retired he carried with him the general respect and esteem and the affection of a troop of friends; and when by their partiality he was afterwards called to the exercise of important official functions, every office he held he adorned with the highest civic virtues and accomplishments. No one now can doubt his patriotism or his honor, and the fact that it was once doubted illustrates merely the part which the blackest suspicions play in a great civil war, and the stress to which the public mind was driven in the effort to account for the lack of results he gave the country in return for the vast resources which were so lavishly placed in his hands.

It was in this native inability to use great means to great ends that his failure as a general lies. It was in his temperament to exaggerate the obstacles in front of him, and this, added to his constitutional aversion to prompt decisions, caused those endless delays which wasted the army, exasperated the country, and gave the enemy unbroken leisure for maturing his plans and constant opportunity for executing them. His lethargy of six months in front of Washington, to the wonder and scorn of the Southern generals; his standing at gaze at Yorktown, halted with his vast army by Magruder's men in buckram; his innocent astonishment at Williamsburg at finding that the rebels would not give up Richmond without a fight; his station astride the Chickahominy, waiting for the enemy to grow strong enough to attack him, while his brave soldiers were fading to specters with the marsh fevers; his refusal to assume the offensive after the Confederate repulse at Seven Pines; his second refusal of the favors of the fortune of war when Lee took his army north of the Chickahominy and Porter fought him all day with little more than one corps, but with splendid courage; his starting for the James, in this crisis of his fate, when he should have marched upon the scantily guarded city of Richmond; his final retreat from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing, breaking the hearts of the soldiers who had won on that field a victory so complete and so glorious — all these mistakes proved how utterly incapable he was of leading a great army in a grand war. No general had ever been offered such wonderful opportunities, and they continued to be offered to him to the end. When Pope had drawn away the enemy from Richmond, and given him an unmolested embarkation, and had fought with undaunted valor against Lee's army, before which at last he was forced to give way for the want of relief which he had the right to expect from McClellan, the President, magnanimously ignoring all his own causes of quarrel, gave to McClellan

[1] These are the President's own words, taken down at the time they were uttered.

[2] "McClellan's Own Story," p. 660.

[3] Ibid., p. 652.

once more his old army, reënforced by Pope's, and sent him against an enemy who, in a contempt for his antagonist acquired in the Peninsula, had crossed the Potomac and then divided his army in half. As a crowning favor of chance this was made known to McClellan, and even this incalculable advantage he frittered away, and gave Lee forty-eight hours in which to call in his scattered battalions. After Antietam, for six long weeks of beautiful autumn weather he lingered on the north bank of the Potomac, under the constant pressure of the President's persuasions, and afterwards under the lash of his orders and reproaches, unable to make up his mind to pursue the enemy so long as he could find excuse for delay in a missing shoelace or a broken limber.

The devoted affection which he received from his army was strange when we consider how lacking he was in those qualities which generally excite the admiration of soldiers. When Sumner, swinging his hat, charged in front of his lines at Savage's Station, his white hair blowing in the wind; when Phil. Kearney, who had lost his bridle arm in Mexico, rode in the storm of bullets with his reins in his teeth, his sword in his right hand, there was something which struck the imagination of their troopers more than far more serious merits would have done. But no one ever saw General McClellan rejoicing in battle. At Williamsburg, the first Peninsula fight, while Hooker and Kearney and Hancock were in the thick of the conflict, he was at the wharf at Yorktown, very busy, doing an assistant quartermaster's duty; the day of Fair Oaks he spent on the north side of the river; when at Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines's Mill the current of war rolled to the north side, he staid on the south bank; during the retreat to the James he was far in advance, selecting with his intelligent engineer's eye the spots where Sumner, Franklin, and the rest were to fight their daily battles; and even in the fury and thunder of Malvern Hill — the most splendid feat of arms ever performed by the Army of the Potomac, a sight which a man with the true soldier blood in his veins might give his life to see — he spent the greater part of those glorious hours, the diapason of his greatest victory booming in his ears, in his camp at Haxall's or on board the gun-boats, coldly and calmly making his arrangements for the morrow's retreat and for the coöperation of the navy; and at Antietam, the only battle where he really saw his own troops attacking the enemy, he enjoyed that wonderful sight "all day," says General Palfrey, "till towards the middle of the afternoon, when all the fighting was over, on the high ground near Fry's house, where he had some glasses strapped to the fence, so that he could look in different directions." We make no imputation on his courage: he was a brave man; but he was too much cumbered with other things to take part in his own battles.

With such limitations as these it is not likely that posterity will rank him among the leading generals of our war. The most his apologists ask for him is a place among the respectable, painstaking officers of the second order of talent, the "middle category of meritorious commanders";[1] but when we see such ardent friends and admirers of his person as General Webb and General Palfrey brought by a conscientious and careful study of his career to such a conviction of his continuous mistakes as they have expressed, we may well conclude that the candid historian of the future will have no sentiment but wonder when he comes to tell the story of McClellan's long mismanagement of a great, brave, and devoted army, backed by a government which strained every nerve to support him, and by a people whose fiery zeal would have made him the idol of the nation if he had given them the successes which their sacrifices deserved, and which were a dozen times within his grasp.

We have evidence from a candid and intelligent, if not altogether impartial, witness of the impression made upon the peace party of the North by the dismissal of General McClellan from command. On the 8th of November, 1862, Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, arrived in New York from a visit to England. The Democrats, or the Conservatives, as he called them, had carried the State and elected Mr. Seymour governor. He found them in great exultation over their victory. They imagined that the Government would at once desist from the measures which they had denounced as arbitrary or illegal; or, if not at once, they were certain that after the 1st of January, when Mr. Seymour would be inaugurated, the Government would not dare to exercise its war powers within the limits of the State of New York. They confided to the urbane and genial representative of the British Government much more specious hopes than these — hopes which they were not yet ready to avow to their own countrymen:[2] that the President would "seek to terminate the war, not to push it to extremity; that he would endeavor to effect a reconciliation with the people of the South and renounce the idea

[1] Swinton, "Army of the Potomac," p. 229.

[2] I listened with attention to the accounts given me of the plans and hopes of the Conservative party. At the bottom I thought I perceived a desire to put an end to the war even at the risk of losing the Southern States altogether; but it was plain it was not thought prudent to avow the desire. [Letter of Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, Nov. 17, 1862.]

of subjugating or exterminating them."[1] But these rising hopes, Lord Lyons says, "were dashed by the next day's news." The dismissal of General McClellan caused "an irritation not unmixed with consternation and despondency. The general had been regarded as the representative of Conservative principles in the army. Support of him had been made one of the articles of the Conservative electoral programme. His dismissal was taken as a sign that the President had thrown himself entirely into the arms of the extreme Radical party, and an attempt to carry out the policy of that party would be persisted in." The "party" and the "policy" referred to were, of course, the Republican party of the nation and the policy of carrying the war through to the end, and saving the Union intact by all the means within the power of the Government; and in this forecast the Conservative gentlemen of New York, who sought the accomplished envoy of Great Britain to unbosom to him their joys and their griefs, showed that however they may have been lacking in patriotism or self-respect, they were not deficient in either logic or sagacity.

FINANCIAL MEASURES.

THE wisdom displayed by Mr. Lincoln in choosing his Cabinet, not from among his personal adherents, but from among the most eminent representatives of the Republicans of the country, shone out more and more clearly as the war went on, and its enormous exigencies tested the utmost powers of each member of the Government. A great orator and statesman has said that in this respect Mr. Lincoln showed at the outset that nature had fitted him for a ruler, and accident only had hid his earlier life in obscurity.

> I cannot hesitate [says Mr. Evarts] to think that the presence of Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase in the great offices of State and Treasury, and their faithful concurrence in the public service, and the public repute of the President's conduct of the Government, gave to the people all the benefits which might have justly been expected from the election of either to be himself the head of the Government, and much else besides. I know of no warrant in the qualities of human nature to have hoped that either of these great political leaders would have made as good a minister under the administration of the other, as President, as both of them did under the administration of Mr. Lincoln. I see nothing in Mr. Lincoln's great qualities and great authority with this people which could have commensurately served our need in any place, in the conduct of affairs, except at their head.[2]

We do not question that posterity will confirm this sober and impartial judgment of one of the most intelligent of contemporary observers. Lincoln, Chase, and Seward were, by a long interval, the first three Republicans of their time, and each, by what would almost appear a special favor of Providence, was placed in a position where he could be of most unquestioned service to the country. Had either of the three, except Lincoln, been President, the nation must have lost the inestimable services of the other two. We have already dwelt at some length upon the responsibility which devolved during these years upon the Secretary of State, and upon the unfailing courage, sagacity, and industry with which he met it. Before recounting an incident which threatened for a time to deprive the President of the powerful assistance of his two great subordinates, it will be necessary to review, in a manner however brief and inadequate, some of the main points in the administration of the finances during the war.

The Republican party came to power at a time when its adversaries had reduced the credit of the country to a point which now appears difficult to believe. Even before the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, was compelled to pay twelve per cent. for the use of the small sums necessary to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government, and early in the session of Congress which began in December, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, amid the gathering gloom of imminent civil war, Congress authorized the issue of ten millions of Treasury notes, payable in one year, to be issued at the best rate obtainable by the Secretary of the Treasury. That officer having advertised for bids for half the amount authorized, only a small sum was offered, the rates ranging from twelve to thirty-six per cent. The Secretary accepted the offers at twelve, obtaining, even at that exorbitant rate, the meager sum of half a million dollars. Afterwards a syndicate of bankers, upon hard conditions proposed by themselves, took the remaining four and a half millions at twelve per cent. A month after, when Mr. Cobb had retired and Mr. Dix had assumed the charge of the Treasury, the slight increase of public confidence derived from the character of the new Secretary enabled him to dispose of the other five millions at an average of ten and five-eighths per cent. In February, Congress having authorized a further loan of twenty-five millions at six per cent., Mr. Dix was able to obtain eight millions at a discount of ten per cent. It was in this depressed and discouraging state of the public finances that Mr. Chase took charge of the Treasury. Without any special previous experience, without any other

[1] Letter of Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, Nov. 17, 1862.

[2] W. M. Evarts, Eulogy on Chase delivered at Dartmouth College.

preparation for his exacting task than great natural abilities, unswerving integrity and fidelity, and unwearying industry, he grappled with the difficulties of the situation in a manner which won him the plaudits of the civilized world and will forever enshrine his name in the memory of his fellow-citizens. To quote Mr. Evarts again:

> The exactions of the place knew no limits. A people wholly unaccustomed to the pressure of taxation, and with an absolute horror of a national debt, was to be rapidly subjected to the first without stint, and to be buried under a mountain of the last. Taxes which should support military operations on the largest scale, and yet not break the back of industry, which alone could pay them; loans, in every form that financial skill could devise, and to the farthest verge of the public credit; and finally, the extreme resort of governments under the last stress and necessity, of the subversion of the legal tender, by the substitution of what has been aptly and accurately called the coined credit of the Government for its coined money — all these exigencies and all these expedients made up the daily problems of the Secretary's life. . . . Whether the genius of Hamilton, dealing with great difficulties, transcended that of Chase, meeting the largest exigencies with greater resources, is an unprofitable speculation. They stand together, in the judgment of their countrymen, the great financiers of our history.

Immediately upon assuming office Mr. Chase addressed himself to the difficult work before him. The only provisions which had been made by law for the support of the Government were the fragments of the loan, authorized but unsold, of his predecessor. Satisfied that the rates at which money had been borrowed both by Cobb and by Dix were unnecessarily degrading to the national credit, he firmly refused terms similar to those which they had accepted, and succeeded in borrowing $8,000,000, none of it at a lower rate than ninety-four, and a few days later he borrowed $5,000,000 more at par. Even in May, after the outbreak of the war, he was able to place some $9,000,000 of Government loans at a rate only a little below their face value. These were of course but temporary make-shifts, based upon previous legislation; but when Congress met on the Fourth of July, in that first special session called by President Lincoln, an entirely new system of finance had to be instituted. The national debt on the 1st of July was $90,000,000, and there was a balance in the Treasury of only $2,000,000.

There was something appalling in the sudden and monstrous increase of the expenses of the Government as a consequence of the war. The appropriations for the fiscal year 1860–61 were but $79,000,000, and the estimates for the year following, notwithstanding the threatening outlook, were only for $75,000,000. Nobody foresaw the coming exigencies, no provision was made to meet them. Mr. Chase's estimates for the first fiscal year of his administration reached the astounding aggregate of $318,500,000, but before the short session of Congress adjourned even this enormous sum was found inadequate. To meet these immense demands he proposed to raise $80,000,000 by taxes and $240,000,000 by loans. By increasing the taxes upon imports he expected to add $27,000,000 to the $30,000,000 already derived from the tariff, and $3,000,000 from miscellaneous sources made up $60,000,000, leaving $20,000,000 to be derived from direct taxes and the excise.[1] Congress responded with the greatest decision and patriotism to the proposition of the Secretary. They authorized, on the 17th of July, a loan of $250,000,000, and passed laws increasing duties on a great number of articles; they apportioned a direct tax of $20,000,000 among the States, which was cheerfully paid by the loyal States, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to enforce it by commissioners for the States in rebellion. The estimates voted for the army were $207,000,000; for the navy, $56,000,000; and only $1,300,000 for civil and miscellaneous purposes. Every day during the summer and autumn the expenses of the war increased; for the last quarter of the year they averaged nearly $50,000,000 a month.

One of the first measures of relief adopted by the Secretary under the authority of Congress was the issue of the so-called "demand notes," payable in coin, for the payment of salaries or other debts of the United States, and by a later act made receivable for public dues. There was, at first, a great distrust of this form of paper money, and the Secretary of the Treasury and other public officers, in order to create confidence, joined in an agreement to receive them in payment of their salaries. General Scott issued a circular to the army announcing the issue of paper money and advising its acceptance. Several corporations declined to accept them in payment of freight. There is an instance recorded where a bank in New York refused to accept a large amount of them except as a special deposit, which deposit was afterwards withdrawn, the value of the notes having increased with the rise of gold, in which they were payable, to fifty per cent. premium in other paper money. But this and other like expedients gave only temporary relief. For the permanent and wholesome administration of financial affairs a great national loan was necessary, and Mr. Chase held, in the city of New York, on the 19th of August, 1861, a conference with the representatives of the principal bankers of the United States. He laid before them, with

[1] Round numbers are used in this chapter.

equal eloquence and judgment, not only the needs of the Government, but the safety and value of its securities; and after a long and earnest discussion, during the course of which it seemed at one time possible that his mission would result in failure, he formed a syndicate of banks which advanced the Government $50,000,000, and after this loan was successfully placed $50,000,000 more were derived from the same source, the Government paying seven and three-tenths per cent. for the money, and later he used the authority conferred upon him by the act of July 17, 1861, to issue $50,000,000 more of six per cent. bonds at a rate making them equivalent to seven per cents.

When Congress met in December and the Secretary in his first annual report gave an account of his stewardship, he reported an aggregate of $197,000,000 realized from loans in all forms. The receipts from customs were less than had been expected, and on the other hand the expenditures had grown to a sum much larger than in June had been imagined possible. The estimates of the summer session were based upon an army of 300,000 men; double that number were now under arms. The pay and the rations of soldiers and sailors had also been augmented, and the Secretary found himself under the necessity of asking increased appropriations to the amount of $200,000,000. To meet this needed sum he proposed to increase the tariff and the direct tax, to impose duties on liquors and tobacco, on notes and deeds, and to modify the income tax to the advantage of the Government. In the presence of the vast obligations devolving upon the Administration he did not hesitate to face the facts, and with a courage unusual in history, and a sagacity as surprising as his courage, he announced to Congress that the public debt, which on the 1st of July, 1860, was but $64,000,000, and on the 1st of July, 1861, was $90,000,000, would probably amount on the 1st of July, 1862, to $517,000,000.[1]

It was apparent that the volume of currency in the country was not sufficient for the enormous requirements of the public expenditure. The banks could neither pay coin to the Government for bonds, nor dispose of them to their customers for specie. The weaker institutions were already tottering, and the stronger ones feared a crisis which would result in universal disaster. They met in convention on the 27th of December and agreed upon a suspension of specie payments, which took place the following day. The Government necessarily followed the example of the banks, and the new year began with the melancholy spectacle of all the public and private institutions of the country redeeming their broken promises with new ones.

The public debt had risen to $300,000,000; the treasury was almost empty; the daily expenditures amounted to nearly $2,000,000. It was estimated that $350,000,000 were needed to pay the expenses of the Government to the close of the fiscal year, and the treasury had means for meeting the drafts of the Government for less than two months. In the world of finance, as well as in the world of politics, it was generally agreed that the only resort of the Government was paper money. Leading bankers throughout the United States urged this upon the Secretary of the Treasury as the only practicable expedient. The leading statesmen in both houses of Congress were brought with extreme reluctance to the same conclusion. To no one was this decision more painful than to the Secretary of the Treasury. He agreed with the greatest of his predecessors, in that famous report which has become a classic in our politics and our finances, that—

> The emitting of paper money by the authority of the Government is wisely prohibited to the individual States by the Constitution, and the spirit of that prohibition ought not to be disregarded by the Government of the United States. . . . The wisdom of the Government will be shown in never trusting itself with the use of so seducing and dangerous an expedient. . . . The stamping of paper is an operation so much easier than the laying of taxes, that a government in the practice of paper emissions would rarely fail in any such emergency to indulge itself too far in that resource to avoid as much as possible one less auspicious to present popularity. If it should not even be carried so far as to be rendered an absolute bubble, it would at least be likely to be extended to a degree which would occasion an inflated and artificial state of things incompatible with the regular and prosperous course of the political economy.

But in spite of all this reluctance Mr. Chase felt that an emergency was upon the Government from which this was the only issue. He saw that the corporate institutions of the country would not receive the notes of the Government unless they were made a legal tender by act of Congress.

"This state of things," he wrote, "was the high road to ruin, and I did not hesitate as to the remedy." He threw the entire weight of his influence upon his friends in Congress and urged them to prompt and thorough action. In a letter to Mr. Stevens, of the Committee of Ways and Means, he said:

> The provision making the United States notes a legal tender has doubtless been well considered by

[1] It actually was $524,000,000 on the 1st of July, 1862, and on the 1st of July following it was $1,100,000,000; Mr. Chase having estimated it in his report of December at $1,000,000,000.

the committee, and their conclusion needs no support from any observation of mine. I think it my duty to say, however, that in respect to this provision my reflections have conducted me to the same conclusion they have reached. It is not unknown to them that I have felt, nor do I wish to conceal that I now feel, a great aversion to making anything but legal coin a payment of debts. It has been my anxious wish to avoid the necessity of such legislation. It is at present impossible, however, in consequence of the large expenditures entailed by the war and the suspension of the banks, to procure sufficient coin for current disbursements. It has therefore become indispensably necessary that we should resort to the issue of United States notes. The making them a legal tender might still be avoided if the willingness manifested by the people generally, by railroad companies, and by many of the banking institutions, to receive and pay them as money in all transactions were absolutely, or practically, universal; but, unfortunately, there are some persons and some institutions which refuse to receive and pay them, and whose action tends not merely to the unnecessary depreciation of the notes, but to establish discriminations in business against those who in this matter give a cordial support to the Government and in favor of those who do not. Such discriminations should, if possible, be prevented, and the provision making notes a legal tender in a great measure at least prevents it by putting all citizens in this respect upon the same level both in respect to rights and duties.[1]

And several days later, on hearing some intimation that the committee thought he was not specially earnest in desiring the passage of the bill, he wrote to Mr. Spaulding:

It is true that I came with reluctance to the conclusion that the legal-tender clause is a necessity, but I came to it decidedly and I support it earnestly. . . . Immediate action is of great importance; the treasury is nearly empty. I have been obliged to draw for the last installment of the November loan. As soon as it is paid I fear the banks generally will refuse to receive United States notes. You will see the necessity of urging the bill through without more delay.

In both houses of Congress the measure received the most violent denunciation on the part of those opposed to it, and even those who voted in favor of it explained their votes in speeches filled with deprecation of the necessity which demanded it. Mr. Sumner, after reciting in an eloquent and impassioned speech the evil which he thought would result from such a measure, concluded by saying:

If I mention these things it is because of the unfeigned solicitude I feel with regard to this measure, and not with the view of arguing against the exercise of a constitutional power, when in the opinion of the Government in which I place trust the necessity for its exercise has arrived.

[1] Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 244.

Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Morrill spoke in the same strain of sorrowful apprehension, but the bill became a law on the 25th of February, 1862.

This important law, which Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, urged upon Congress, and which Mr. Chase, as Chief-Justice of the United States, afterwards decided to be unconstitutional, authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of United States notes not bearing interest, payable at the Treasury of the United States, in denominations of not less than five dollars. These notes were to be received in payment of all debts and demands of every kind due to the United States, except duties on imports, which were payable in coin; and they were to be paid by the United States in satisfaction of all claims against the Government, except for interest upon the public debt, which also was to be paid in coin, the receipts from customs being devoted to this purpose; and these notes were to be lawful money and legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, with the exceptions above mentioned, and they were to be received at par in exchange for Government bonds. By a later act the demand notes were also made a legal tender, as some of the banks had refused to receive them without such provision. It was thought in February that $150,000,000 of this currency would be enough, but in June it was evident that this would not be the case; $150,000,000 more were demanded by the Secretary and at once authorized by Congress. $35,000,000 of this last issue were to be in denominations less than five dollars.

Even this vast volume of currency did not satisfy the insatiable demands of the time, and the rapidly increasing popularity of the United States notes, or greenbacks, as they were called, induced the Government to ask, and Congress to grant, a wide extension of the authority to issue them, so that before the war ended $1,250,000,000 of legal tender had been authorized by Congress. Of this $450,000,000 were in legal-tender United States notes; $400,000,000 in Treasury notes payable not more than three years from date, and bearing interest not exceeding six per cent.; $400,000,000 in Treasury notes redeemable after three years, bearing a currency interest not exceeding seven and three-tenths per cent. This full authority was not availed of by the Secretary of the Treasury. The legal tenders outstanding on the 30th of June, 1864, amounted to $600,000,000, and a year later, under the administration of Mr. Fessenden, they amounted to $669,000,000. The public debt at the close of the fiscal year 1864 was $1,740,000,000, and the next year $2,682,000,000, which was increased some

$200,000,000 by the necessary expenses that followed as a sequel of the war.[1]

This is not the place to reopen the controversy which outlasted the war and for years afterwards was an element of disorganization in politics and of a bitter and somewhat demoralizing dispute in both houses of the Congress of the United States. It will probably be the verdict of posterity, as it was the opinion of the ablest statesmen of the time, that a legal-tender act was a necessary exercise of the powers of the Government in a time of supreme emergency; that the result of that act was all that its advocates hoped for in sustaining the Government in a period of vast and compulsory expenditure; and that the evils which grew out of it, great as they unquestionably were, were not so disastrous as the fears of intelligent economists at the time apprehended.

Gold, having been driven from circulation by the legal-tender notes, became at once the favorite stock for speculation in Wall street, and while the premium upon it rose to a certain extent in proportion to the increase of volume of paper money, and was subject to violent fluctuations in consequence of military successes or disasters, there was no such method in the course of its quotations as to render them explicable by either of these influences. It had become, so to speak, a fancy stock, and there was no more reason for its wilder fluctuations than for those of other securities which rise and fall in obedience to the currents of Wall street and without reference to intrinsic values. Just before the passage of the legal-tender bill the premium upon gold was 4⅜ per cent., and shortly after it became a law the premium fell to 1½; but it gradually rose until in the middle of July it was 17, in the middle of October, 32½, and at the end of the year, 34. On the 25th of February, 1863, after the legal-tender law had been in operation for a year, the premium on gold had risen to 72½; the brilliant successes of the National cause at Gettysburg and Vicksburg reduced it to 23½; it rose again in October to 56⅜, and rose no higher than that until the following spring, when on the 14th of April, 1864, it was quoted at 88, and on the 22d of June, as the consequence of an ill-advised bill passed by Congress to prevent speculation in gold, the premium climbed at once to the frightful altitude of 130, falling the day afterwards to 115. On the 1st of July it jumped to 185, on the 2d it fell back to 130, and on the 6th the unfortunate law, born of a short-sighted patriotism, was repealed. The mischief, however, was not yet over, for five days later there was a rise to 185,—the highest figure attained during the war,—followed by a sharp fall, which continued until gold was quoted on the 26th of September at 87, thus falling nearly 100 per cent. in less than three months. There was no warrant in the financial or the military condition of the country for these wild fluctuations. They were the offspring of the desperate efforts of cupidity and enterprise which found their predestined prey in the fears and apprehensions of more timid speculators. The Secretary of the Treasury was authorized in March, 1864, to sell surplus gold for the purpose of checking this speculation; and in April, the premium having risen to 75, Mr. Chase went in person to New York to try the effect of the sale of "cash gold" upon the trade in phantom gold.[2] The day he arrived the speculators defied him by running the premium to 88. He sold in a few days about $11,000,000, reducing the premium to 65, with convulsive fluctuations; but the moment the pressure of the Treasury was removed the price of gold mounted as before. The same experiment was frequently tried afterwards, with more or less success.

The troubles of the time, which had reduced the treasury of the United States to a condition of impoverishment, had exercised, as was natural, exactly the contrary effect upon the banks of New York. The timidity of capital had accumulated a great surplus of money in these institutions, with a far smaller number of loans and discounts than usual. The deposits amounted at the end of 1861 to $146,000,000. At the suggestion of Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer in New York, the Secretary of the Treasury adopted a system of temporary loans which was sanctioned by Congress in a clause of the legal-tender law, and the authority thus given was increased by successive acts until the limit was fixed at $150,000,000. These loans were not only of great advantage to the Government as well as to the lenders, but they also served as a useful balance to the money market. In times of severe pressure the reimbursement of large sums was often the means of temporary relief. Another expedient authorized by Congress, on the 1st of March, 1862, was the issuing of certificates of indebtedness to such creditors of the United States as chose to receive them in payment of audited accounts. They were payable one year from date, with interest at six per cent. The power to issue them was unlimited, and their extensive issue

[1] The cost of conducting the war, after it was fully inaugurated, was scarcely at any time less than $30,000,000 a month. At many times it far exceeded that amount. Sometimes it was not less than $90,000,000 a month; and the average expenses of the war, from its inception to its conclusion, may be said to have been about $2,000,000 each day. The public debt reached its maximum on August 31, 1865, on which day it amounted to $2,845,907,626.56. [J. J. Knox, "United States Notes."]

[2] Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 358.

led at last to their serious depreciation. Another important clause of the legal-tender act, in addition to those we have mentioned, was that which authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue coupon or registered bonds to an amount not exceeding $500,000,000, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years and payable twenty years from date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. They were to be exempt from taxation by State authority, and the coin from duties on imports was to be set aside as a special fund for the payment of interest on the bonds and notes of the United States and for other specified purposes. These were the famous "five twenty" bonds, which, issued at first at a slight discount below par in paper, justified the faith and the sagacity of their earliest purchasers by a steady rise during all the years of their existence and were all paid in gold, or converted into other securities, long before the time fixed for their redemption. "All these measures," the Secretary said in his annual report of December, 1862, "worked well." If Congress had passed at the previous session the national banking law which he urged upon it, he thought that no financial necessity would at that time have demanded additional legislation. But the bill which had been introduced for that purpose the year before had found few supporters. Its only prominent advocate in the House of Representatives was Mr. Samuel Hooper of Massachusetts, a gentleman whose sound judgment and whose large knowledge of financial subjects gave great and deserved weight to his opinions. He could do nothing more at the moment than to obtain leave to bring in a bill for that purpose; but in the course of the year that followed, the absolute necessity for some such measure became every day more apparent. The coin in the country, variously estimated at from $150,000,000 to $210,000,000, was absolutely inadequate to the demands of the time. The system of State banks in existence at the beginning of the war was not only incommensurate to the needs of the country, but radically vicious in itself. There was no uniformity of credit, no guaranty whatever of authenticity in circulation. Out of 1500 banks there were said to be fewer than 300 whose notes were not counterfeited. There was but a comparatively small number whose notes were not subject to discount outside of the State in which they were issued, and a citizen traveling from the Mississippi to the Hudson found the contents of his wallet changing in value whenever he crossed a State line. Of course with the immense demand for currency created by the war all these evils were greatly increased and aggravated, and when Congress met again in December, 1862, the Secretary urged anew, with the added weight of authority which came from a more fully matured plan and an enlarged experience, the scheme, which had been treated with neglect the year before, for establishing a safe and uniform currency throughout the nation.

The National Bank Act was prepared in accordance with the views of Mr. Chase by E. G. Spaulding of New York and Samuel Hooper of Massachusetts, who were members of the Committee of Ways and Means, and during the month of December, 1861, it was printed for the use of that committee. The bill encountered most earnest opposition in the committee, which was busily engaged on the loan and internal-revenue bills and other important work, and it was finally laid aside. In his report for 1862, Mr. Chase again, notwithstanding the suspension of specie payments, earnestly advocated the measure. He said that among the advantages which would arise from its passage would be "that the United States bonds would be required for banking purposes, a steady market would be established, and their negotiation greatly facilitated. . . . It is not easy to appreciate the full benefits of such conditions to a Government obliged to borrow"; it will "reconcile as far as practicable the interests of existing institutions with those of the whole people," and will supply "a firm anchorage to the union of the States."

The bill is understood to have had the sanction of every member of the Administration, and President Lincoln earnestly advocated its passage in his annual message in 1862; and in 1863 he said, "The enactment by Congress of a national banking law has proved a valuable support of the public credit, and the general legislation in relation to loans has fully answered the expectations of its favorers. Some amendments may be required to perfect existing laws, but no change in their principles or general scope is believed to be needed." Again, in 1864, he favored the taxation of the issues of State banks and the substitution of national-bank notes therefor. About fourteen months thereafter the same bill which had been printed for the use of the Committee of Ways and Means was introduced by Mr. Sherman and referred to the Finance Committee of the Senate, from which it was reported by him on February 2, 1863, with amendments. Ten days later it passed that body by a vote of 23 to 21; and on the 20th, same month, it also passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 78 to 64.[1]

It was warmly advocated by those who appreciated its advantages, and as earnestly opposed by those who thought they foresaw the growth of a powerful monetary system dangerous to the popular liberties. Its chief opponent in the Senate was Mr. Collamer, who ably represented the traditions of the past; it was most efficiently advocated by Mr. John Sherman of Ohio, to whom was reserved a part of great

[1] Address of Comptroller Knox before the Merchants' Association of Boston, Nov. 27, 1880. "Bankers' Magazine," Vol. XV., p. 545.

honor and usefulness in bringing to a close the financial history of the war.

> The bill was thoroughly revised, discussed, and repassed a little more than one year afterwards (June 3, 1864). . . . The vote in the Senate was 30 in favor and 9 against the bill, and in the House the vote was 78 to 63.[1]

The principal features of this comprehensive scheme were to open to private capital the business of national banking so freely that there could be no reasonable accusation of privilege or monopoly; to give to the whole system of banks a homogeneous circulation of notes, having a common impression, authenticated by a common authority, made safe by an adequate provision of specie, and secured for redemption by the pledge of United States bonds deposited in Washington; and finally by the Act of March 3, 1865, to tax out of existence the circulation of the banks organized under State laws. The whole system being thus based upon Government bonds, several hundreds of millions of United States notes were funded in bonds. It was the Secretary's belief, afterwards fully justified under the wise and masterly administration of Mr. Sherman, that this system of national banks would be of invaluable assistance in the resumption of specie payments by the Government. He said:

> If temporarily these associations redeem their issues with United States notes, resumption of specie payment will not thereby be delayed or endangered, but hastened and secured; for, just as soon as victory shall restore peace, the ample revenue already secured by wise legislation will enable the Government through advantageous purchases of specie to replace at once large amounts, and at no distant day the whole of this circulation, by coin, without detriment to any interest, but, on the contrary, with great and manifest benefit to all interests.

The bill was constantly amended and improved, and, although it might be too much to say that it was ever rendered entirely perfect, it is perhaps now unquestioned that few more wise and beneficent measures have ever been devised by American statesmanship.

No financial operations so prodigious as those which we have thus briefly sketched had ever before been known. The largest loans ever made by England were those which she negotiated in the terrible years of 1812–13 when she was fighting at the same time Napoleon and the United States. The British Government borrowed in those years $534,000,000, only a little more than Mr. Chase borrowed in nine months. The estimated wealth of the United Kingdom at that time, and of the loyal States in 1860, was almost exactly the same, in each case something over $100,000,000,000. Nowhere, we believe, do the annals of the world record such an appreciation of the public credit as that which is seen from the time of Mr. Lincoln's accession to the presidency until the period of the resumption of specie payment after the close of the war. It was hard for Mr. Buchanan's Secretaries of the Treasury to borrow money to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government at twelve per cent. Mr. Chase, as soon as Congress had given him command of the machinery required, in the legal-tender currency, the popular loan, and the national banking law, found no great difficulty in supplying at six per cent. the ravenous wants of a most costly war; and under the operation of the laws provided for him and similar legislation called for by his successors the Government credit gradually rose until its four per cents. sold at 130, and its three per cents. commanded a premium. At the beginning the Secretary was forced to rely more upon individual patriotism than upon public confidence; but long before the war ended he had hundreds of millions at his command.

In all these important labors Mr. Chase had the constant support of the President. Mr. Lincoln exercised less control and a less constant supervision over the work of the Treasury than over some other departments. But he rated at their true value the industry and the ability of the Secretary and the immense responsibility devolved upon his department, and contributed to its success in every way in his power. He sometimes made suggestions of financial measures,[2] but did not insist on their being adopted, and when the Secretary needed his powerful assistance with Congress he always gave it ungrudgingly. In regular and special messages he urged upon Congress the measures which the Secretary thought important,[3] and in frequent and informal conferences at the Executive Mansion with the leading members of both houses he exerted all his powers of influence and persuasion to assist the Secretary in obtaining what legislation was needed.

SEWARD AND CHASE.

Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase became at an early day, and continued to be, respectively, the representatives in the Cabinet of the more conservative and the more radical elements of the Republican party. Each exerted himself with equal zeal and equal energy in the branch of the public service committed to his charge; but their relative attitudes towards the President soon became entirely different. Mr. Seward, while doing everything possible to

1 Address of Comptroller Knox.

2 Lincoln to Chase, May 18, 1864.

3 Especially the message of January 19, 1863, in favor of the funding bill and the bill to provide a national currency.

serve the national cause, and thus unconsciously building for himself an enduring monument in the respect and regard of the country, was, so far as can be discerned, absolutely free from any ambition or afterthought personal to himself. He was, during the early part of the war, so intent upon the work immediately in hand that he had no leisure for political combinations; and later, when the subject of the next Presidential nomination began to be considered and discussed, he recognized the fact that Mr. Lincoln was best qualified by his abilities, his experience, and his standing in the country to be his own successor.

The attitude of Mr. Chase was altogether unlike this. As we have seen, he did all that man could do to grapple with the problem of supplying the ways and means of the gigantic war. With untiring zeal and perfect integrity he devoted his extraordinary ability to the work of raising the thousands of millions expended in the great struggle which was crowned with a colossal success. But his attitude towards the President, it is hardly too much to say, was one which varied between the limits of active hostility and benevolent contempt. He apparently never changed his opinion that a great mistake had been committed at Chicago, and the predominant thought which was present to him through three years of his administration was that it was his duty to counteract, as far as possible, the evil results of that mistake. He felt himself alone in the Cabinet. He looked upon the President and all his colleagues as his inferiors in capacity, in zeal, in devotion to liberty and the general welfare. He sincerely persuaded himself that every disaster which happened to the country happened because his advice was not followed, and that every piece of good fortune was due to his having been able, from time to time, to rescue the President and the rest of the Cabinet from the consequences of their own errors. He kept up a voluminous correspondence with friends in all sections of the country, to which we should hesitate to refer had it not been that he retained copies of his letters, and many years afterwards gave them into the hands of a biographer for publication. These letters are pervaded by a constant tone of slight and criticism towards his chief and his colleagues. He continually disavows all responsibility for the conduct of the war. "My recommendations," he says, "before [Halleck] came in were generally disregarded, and since have been seldom ventured. . . . Those who reject my counsels ought to know better than I do."[1] "I do not wonder that dissatisfaction prevails. . . . It is sad to think of the delay and inaction which have marked the past."[2] To Senator Sherman he wrote:

> The future does not look promising to me. . . . We, who are called members of the Cabinet, but are in reality only separate heads of departments, meeting now and then for talk on whatever happens to come uppermost, not for grave consultation on matters concerning the salvation of the country—we have as little to do with it as if we were the heads of factories supplying shoes or clothing. . . . It is painful to hear complaints of remissness, delays, discords, and dangers, and feel that there must be ground for such complaints, and know, at the same time, that one has no power to remedy the evils complained of, and yet be thought to have.[3]

To another he said:

> Some consolation, in the review of the disasters we have experienced, may perhaps be found in the supposition that they were necessary to convince the President and the country that a decided measure in relation to slavery was absolutely necessary. . . . Though charged with the responsibility of providing means for the vast expenditures of the war, I have little more voice in its conduct than a stranger to the Administration.[4]

He says if his judgment had more weight the war would be prosecuted with more vigor and success. The letters in this strain are innumerable. In all of them he labors to keep himself distinct and separate from the rest of the Government, protesting against its faults and errors, and taking credit for the good advice he wastes upon them. He says:

> We have fallen on very evil days. . . . The President has hitherto refused to sanction any adequate measures for the liberation of the loyal population of the South from slavery to the rebels. . . . Then we have placed and continued in command generals who have never manifested the slightest sympathy with our cause as related to the controlling question of slavery. . . . All these causes tend to demoralization, and we are demoralized. . . . It is some consolation to me that my voice, and, so far as opportunity has allowed, my example, has been steadily opposed to all this. I have urged my ideas on the President and my associates till I begin to feel that they are irksome to the first and to one or two at least of the second.[5]

All this time, with the most facile self-deception, he believed in his own loyalty and friendship for the President, and nightly recorded in his diary his sorrow for Mr. Lincoln's fatal course. September 12 he writes:

> The Secretary of War informed me that he had heard from General Halleck that the President is going out to see General McClellan, and commented with some severity on his humiliating submissive-

1 Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 443.
2 Ibid., p. 458.
3 Ibid., 379.
4 Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 491.
5 Ibid., pp. 453, 454.

ness to that officer. It is indeed humiliating, but prompted, I believe, by a sincere desire to serve the country. . . . I think that the President, with the most honest intentions in the world, and a naturally clear judgment and a true, unselfish patriotism, has yielded so much to border State and negrophobic counsels that he now finds it difficult to arrest his own descent towards the most fatal concessions. He has already separated himself from the great body of the party which elected him; distrusts most those who represent its spirit, and waits — for what?[1]

He says in another place:

September 11th. How singularly all our worst defeats have followed administrative cr— no, blunders. McDowell defeated at Bull Run, because the Administration would not supersede Patterson by a general of more capacity, vigor, and devotion to the cause; McClellan defeated at Richmond, because the Administration recalled Shields and forced Frémont to retire from the pursuit of Jackson; . . . Pope defeated at Bull Run, because the Administration persisted in keeping McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac.[2]

He never lost an opportunity for ingratiating himself with the general in favor, or the general in disgrace. He paid equally assiduous homage to the rising and the setting sun. In the dawn of McClellan's first successes in the West he made haste to write to him:

The country was indebted to me . . . in some considerable degree for the change of your commission from Ohio into a commission of major-general of the army of the Union, and your assignment to the command of the Department of the Ohio. I drew with my own hand the order extending it into Virginia. . . . It was my wish that you should remain in command of the Mississippi, but in this I was overruled.[3]

His present command, however, he says, is a more important one, and he wishes Kentucky and Tennessee to be included in it, and thinks both will be done. When McClellan was appointed General-in-Chief, the Secretary, eager to be the first to tell the good news, immediately wrote a note to Colonel Key, McClellan's judge-advocate: "McClellan is Commander-in-Chief. Let us thank God and take courage."[4] To newly appointed and promoted generals he wrote in the same strain.[5] Even when he had become estranged from a prominent officer the slightest appeal to his *amour propre* was sufficient to bring about a reconciliation. After he had lost all confidence in McClellan and almost given up the President for not dismissing him, General John Cochran came to him and said McClellan would like to retire from active command if he could do so without disgrace — which could be accomplished, and a more active general secured, by restoring him to the chief command, "where he could act in unison with myself," says the Secretary.[6] He entered at once into *pour-parlers*, saying how much he had once admired and confided in McClellan; how the general came to lose his confidence; how heartily he had supported him with supplies and reënforcements, notwithstanding his mistrust; his entire willingness to receive any correction which facts would warrant; his absolute freedom from personal ill-will. When the amiable ambassador told him that Colonel Key had often expressed his regret that McClellan had not conferred and acted in concert with the Secretary, he replied, "I think if he had, that the rebellion would be ended now."[7] Further letters followed between them which are faithfully recorded in his diary; but during these platonic negotiations McClellan was finally removed from command.

Mr. Chase cultivated, however, the closest relations with those generals who imagined they had a grievance against the Administration. He took General Shields to his arms when he returned from the Shenandoah after his disastrous experience with Jackson. Shields's account of how he would have destroyed Stonewall Jackson if the President had permitted him did not apparently touch the Secretary's sense of humor. He received it all in good faith; assured Shields that if he had had his way he should have been supported, and wrote in his diary: "Sad! sad! yet nobody seems to heed. General Shields and I talked all this over, deploring the strange fatality which seemed to preside over the whole transaction. He dined with us and after dinner rode out." To Hooker, after the failure of the Chickahominy campaign, he said, "General, if my advice had been followed, you would have commanded the army after the retreat to the James River, if not before";[8] to which Fighting Joe of course responded, "If I had commanded, Richmond would have been ours." He warmly sympathized with General Hunter after the revocation of his emancipation order in South Carolina, and allowed his preference for military emancipation to carry him, in one instance, to the point of absolute disloyalty to the President. On the 31st of July, 1862, he wrote a long letter to General Butler in New Orleans striving to controvert the views of the President in relation to slavery in the Gulf States, and urging in place of them his own opinions, "to which,"

1 Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 470.
2 Ibid., p. 469.
3 Shuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 427.
4 Ibid., p. 445.
5 Ibid., p. 457.
6 Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 499.
7 Ibid., p. 500.
8 Ibid., p. 487.

he said, "I am just as sure the masses will and the politicians must come, as I am sure that both politicians and masses have come to opinions expressed by me when they found few concurrents"; and he concluded his letter with this rash and mischievous advice:

> Of course, if some prudential consideration did not forbid, I should at once, if I were in your place, notify the slaveholders of Louisiana that henceforth they must be content to pay their laborers wages. . . . It is quite true that such an order could not be enforced by military power beyond military lines, but it would enforce itself by degrees a good way beyond them, and would make the extension of military lines comparatively quite easy.[1]

Here the obvious objection presented itself, that such a course would be in direct contravention to the President's known policy, and would be immediately repudiated and revoked by him. The Secretary foresaw this, and added a prediction so reckless, and so disloyal to his constitutional chief, that if it were not printed by his authority it would be difficult to believe he had written it: "It may be said that such an order would be annulled. I think not. It is plain enough that the annulling of Hunter's order was a mistake. It will not be repeated." A volume could not more clearly show the Secretary's opinion of the President.

The surest way to his confidence and regard was to approach him with conversation derogatory to Mr. Lincoln. He records in his diary an after-dinner conversation with an officer whom he seems to have met for the first time: "I asked him what he thought of the President."[2] He apparently had no perception of the gross impropriety of such a question coming from him. The officer evidently knew what sort of reply was expected. He said:

> A man irresolute, but of honest intentions; born a poor white, in a slave State, and of course among aristocrats; kind in spirit and not envious, but anxious for approval, especially of those to whom he has been accustomed to look up — hence solicitous of support of the slaveholders in the border States, and unwilling to offend them; without the large mind necessary to grasp great questions, uncertain of himself, and in many things ready to lean too much on others.[3]

Of course, after a dictum so thoroughly in harmony with his own opinions, the Secretary naïvely records that he "found this gentleman well read and extremely intelligent." In reply to a correspondent, whose letters were filled with the most violent abuse of the President and other officers of the Government, he had no word of rebuke. He simply replied:

> I am not responsible for the management of the war and have no voice in it, except that I am not forbidden to make suggestions; and do so now and then when I can't help it.[4]

He had no defense for his colleagues against the attacks of his correspondent, except to say:

> Nor should you forget that a war managed by a President, a commanding general, and a secretary, cannot, especially when the great differences of temperament, wishes, and intellectual characteristics of these three are taken into account, reasonably be expected to be conducted in the best possible manner. This condition can only be remedied by the President, and, as yet, he fears the remedy most.

The President was not unaware of this disposition of his minister of finance towards him. Presidents in even a greater degree than kings are kept informed of all currents of favor and hostility about them; for besides being to an equal degree the source of favors and of power, they are not surrounded by any of that divinity which hedges the hereditary ruler, and they are compelled to listen to the crude truth from the hundreds of statesmen and politicians who surround them. And, besides this, the Secretary of the Treasury was a man too direct and too straightforward to work in the darkness. He records in his diary a singular conversation which he held with Mr. Thurlow Weed, an intimate and trusted counselor of the President and the bosom friend of the Secretary of State:

> Weed called, and we had a long talk. . . . I told him I did not doubt Mr. Seward's fidelity to his ideas of progress, amelioration, and freedom, but that I thought he adhered too tenaciously to men who proved themselves unworthy and dangerous, such as McClellan; that he resisted too persistently decided measures; that his influence encouraged the irresolution and inaction of the President in respect to men and measures, although personally he was as decided as anybody in favor of vigorous prosecution of the war, and as active as anybody in concerting plans of action against the rebels.[5]

It is altogether probable that Mr. Weed would consider it his duty to communicate to his friends this disparaging view entertained of them by the Secretary of the Treasury; and when we consider that Mr. Chase talked and wrote in this strain to hundreds of people in regard to his associates, it is likely that they were as thoroughly aware of his opinions and utterances as if he had made them in Cabinet meeting. But Seward was, as the President once said of him, "a man without gall"; and it was the lifelong habit of Mr. Lincoln to disregard slights that were personal to himself.

1 Shuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 377.
2 Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 505.
3 It is doubtless by a slip of the pen that the Secretary attributed this conversation to General Hunter. It was evidently General Halpine, who called with General Hunter, that gave him this highly satisfactory view of the President's character.
4 Warden, p. 549.
5 Ibid., p. 475.

He had the greatest respect and admiration for Mr. Chase's capacity; he believed thoroughly in his devotion to the national cause; and seeing every day the proof of his pure and able management of the finances of the Government, he steadily refused to consider the question of the Secretary's feelings towards himself.

It was near the end of the year 1862 that an incident occurred which threatened for a time to deprive the Government of the services of the Secretaries both of State and of the Treasury. A strong feeling of discontent, gradually ripening into one of hostility, had grown up in the Senate against Mr. Seward. It was founded principally upon the ground formulated by Mr. Chase in his interview with Weed that he "adhered too tenaciously to men who proved themselves unworthy and dangerous, such as McClellan; that he resisted too persistently decided measures; that his influence encouraged the irresolution and inaction of the President in respect to men and measures"; and Mr. Sumner, who had up to this time been friendly rather than otherwise to Mr. Seward, was suddenly brought into sympathy with his opponents by discovering in the diplomatic correspondence a phrase bracketing together the secessionists and the extreme antislavery men for equal condemnation and criticism.[1]

The feeling against the Secretary of State at last attained such a height in the Senate that a caucus was called to consider the matter, which resulted in a vote being taken demanding of the President the dismissal of Mr. Seward from his Cabinet. As a matter of taste and expediency this resolution later in the evening was withdrawn and another adopted in its place requesting the President to reconstruct the Cabinet, in which, although Mr. Seward's name was not mentioned, the intention of the Republican senators remained equally clear. A committee was appointed to present the sense of the caucus to the President; but before this was carried into effect, Senator King of New York, meeting the Secretary of State, acquainted him with these proceedings, and he, with his son, the Assistant-Secretary of State, at once presented their resignations to the President.

On the morning of the 19th of December a committee of nine waited upon the President and presented him the resolutions adopted the day before. A long and earnest conference took place between the President and the committee, which was marked on both sides by unusual candor and moderation. They attacked, one by one, the Secretary of State, not for any specific wrong-doing, but for a supposed lukewarmness in the conduct of affairs, and especially for a lack of interest in the antislavery measures of the Administration, which they considered essential to a successful prosecution of the war. When the President reported this conference to his Cabinet afterwards he said, in his own peculiar imagery:

> While they seemed to believe in my honesty, they also appeared to think that when I had in me any good purpose or intention Seward contrived to suck it out of me unperceived.

The conference ended without other result than an appointment for the committee to call again in the evening. Lincoln at once called the Cabinet together and laid the entire matter before them. He gave them distinctly to understand that in this proceeding he was not inviting or intimating that he desired the resignation of any of them. He said he could not afford to lose any of them; that he did not see how he could get on with a Cabinet composed of new material; and he dismissed the council with the request that they also should meet him that evening. The committee and the Cabinet — Seward of course being absent — came together in accordance with the President's instruction, and each party was greatly surprised to find the other there. Mr. Lincoln was determined, however, to have a thorough and frank discussion, so that hereafter neither in his government nor in the Senate should it be possible to say that there were any points between them concealed or unexplained. The President stated the case and read the resolutions of the senators, commenting upon parts of it with some gentle severity. A general discussion then took place, marked with singular frankness, both in the attack and the defense, Collamer and Fessenden speaking with more mildness than the others, but Grimes, Sumner,

[1] Mr. Seward, writing to Mr. Adams on the 5th of July, 1862, had used this phrase: "It seems as if the extreme advocates of African slavery and its most vehement opponents were acting in concert together to precipitate a servile war — the former by making the most desperate attempts to overthrow the Federal Union, the latter by demanding an edict of universal emancipation as a lawful and necessary, if not, as they say, the only legitimate way of saving the Union." When we reflect that only eight days after these words were written the President informed Mr. Seward of his intention to issue his emancipating edict, we may imagine how far the Secretary was from penetrating the mind of his chief — a fault for which he ought not perhaps to be blamed, considering the extreme reticence which the President observed at that time in regard to his intentions. Still, the dispatch was unnecessary, and the critics of the Secretary contended, not without reason, that it should not have been sent before being submitted to the President's approval. He had also said, writing to Mr. Dayton on the 22d of April, that "the rights of the States and the condition of every human being in them will remain subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or whether it shall fail." This also had given great offense to the radical antislavery men.

and Trumbull attacking the Cabinet generally, and Mr. Seward particularly, with considerable sharpness. The Cabinet defended themselves in general and their absent colleague with equal energy but with unruffled temper. Mr. Chase alone seemed to feel himself in a false position. As we have seen in his interview with Weed, he was in the habit of using precisely the same expressions in regard to the Secretary of State as those employed by the senators. Brought to bay thus unexpectedly and summoned to speak before both parties to the controversy, he naturally felt the embarrassment of the situation. He could not join the Senate in their attack upon the Administration and he could not effectively defend his colleagues in the presence of eight senators, to all of whom he had probably spoken in derogation of the President and the Secretary of State. He protested with some heat against the attitude in which he was placed, and said he would not have come if he had expected to be arraigned. When the fire of the discussion had burned itself out, Mr. Lincoln then took a formal vote. "Do you, gentlemen," he said, "still think Seward ought to be excused?" Grimes, Trumbull, Sumner, and Pomeroy said "Yes." Collamer, Fessenden, and Howard declined to commit themselves. Harris was opposed to it and Wade was absent. The meeting broke up late at night, says Secretary Welles, "in a milder spirit than it met." The free talk had cleared the air somewhat, and both parties to the controversy respected each other more than before. As the senators were retiring, Mr. Trumbull paused for a moment at the door, then, turning, walked rapidly back to the President and said to him privately, but with great vehemence, that the Secretary of the Treasury had held a very different tone the last time he had spoken with him.

The news of this stormy meeting quickly transpired, and the next morning there was great discussion and excitement in the town. The resignation of Seward was regarded as irrevocable, and all the amateur Cabinet-makers were busy in the preparation of a new Administration. The hopes of all the enemies of the Government were greatly stimulated by this indication of divided counsels, and the partisans of General McClellan in particular thought they saw in this conjuncture the occasion for his return to power. In fact, they felt so sure of his speedy restoration to command that they began to stipulate as the price of their adhesion to him that he should dictate his own terms on his return; that he must insist upon the disposal of all the important commands in the army.[1] They imagined that the President would be so helpless that the friends of McClellan might demand any terms they thought good.

[1] Welles, Diary.

The President, though deeply distressed at the turn which affairs had taken, preserved his coolness and kept his own counsel. On the morning of the 20th, in the presence of several other members of the Cabinet who had called for further discussion of the crisis, the Secretary of the Treasury tendered his resignation. He held the written paper in his hand, but did not advance to deliver it. The President stepped forward and took it with an alacrity that surprised and, it must be said, disappointed Mr. Chase. He then at once dismissed the meeting. From the moment when he saw Mr. Chase holding his resignation in his hand, his way was clear before him. He at once sent an identical note to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State, saying:

> You have respectively tendered me your resignations as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. I am apprised of the circumstances which may render this course personally desirable to each of you; but after most anxious consideration my deliberate judgment is that the public interest does not admit of it. I therefore have to request that you will resume the duties of your Departments respectively.
>
> Your obedient servant,
>
> A. Lincoln.

The next morning Mr. Seward addressed a brief note to the President, dated at the Department of State, and saying: "I have cheerfully resumed the functions of this Department, in obedience to your command"; and inclosed a copy of this note to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase found his position not quite so simple as that of the Secretary of State. He did not follow Mr. Seward's example in returning to the Cabinet as promptly as he did in leaving it. He wrote him a brief letter, saying:

> I have received your note and also a call from Mr. Nicolay, to whom I have promised an answer to the President to-morrow morning. My reflections strengthen my conviction that being once honorably out of the Cabinet no important public interest now requires my return to it. If I yield this judgment, it will be in deference to apprehensions which really seem to me unfounded. I will sleep on it.

He had seen in the face of the President the gratification which the tender of his resignation had imparted, and returning to his house, while not entirely comprehending what had happened, he seemed conscious that he had made a misstep. He wrote a letter to the President, from which we take a few paragraphs:

> Will you allow me to say that something you said or looked when I handed you my resignation this morning made on my mind the impression

that having received the resignations both of Governor Seward and myself you felt that you could relieve yourself from trouble by declining to accept either, and that this feeling was one of gratification.

He then went on to say that he was glad of any opportunity to promote the comfort of the President, but that he did not desire him to decline accepting his resignation. He said:

> Recent events have too rudely jostled the unity of your Cabinet and disclosed an opinion too deeply seated, and too generally received in Congress and in the country, to be safely disregarded, that the concord in judgment and action essential to successful administration does not prevail among its members. By some the embarrassment of Administration is attributed to me; by others, to Mr. Seward; by others still, to other heads of Departments. Now neither Mr. Seward nor myself is essential to you or to the country. We both earnestly wish to be relieved from the oppressive charge of our respective Departments, and we have both placed our resignations in your hands.

He concluded by saying he thought both himself and Mr. Seward could better serve the country at that time as private citizens than in the Cabinet. He did not immediately transmit this letter to the President, and after hearing from Mr. Seward that he had gone back to the Cabinet his suggestion that both would better retire was no longer practicable. After a Sunday passed in very serious consideration, he resolved to withdraw his resignation. He was unable, even then, to imitate the brevity of Mr. Seward's note. He sent to the President his note of the 20th inclosed in another, in which he said that reflection had not much, if at all, changed his original impression, but that it had led him to the conclusion that he had in this matter to conform his action to the President's judgment. He would therefore resume his post as Secretary of the Treasury, ready, however, to retire at any moment if, in the President's judgment, the success of the Administration might be in the slightest degree promoted thereby.

The untrained diplomatist of Illinois had thus met and conjured away, with unsurpassed courage and skill, one of the severest crises that ever threatened the integrity of his Administration. He had to meet it absolutely unaided: from the nature of the case he could take no advice from those who were nearest him in the Government. By his bold and original expedient of confronting the senators with the Cabinet, and having them discuss their mutual misunderstandings under his own eye, he cleared up many dangerous misconceptions, and, as usually happens when both parties are men of intelligence and good-will, brought about a friendlier and more considerate feeling between his government and the Republican leaders than had ever before existed. By placing Mr. Chase in such an attitude that his resignation became necessary to his own sense of dignity he made himself absolute master of the situation; by treating the resignations and the return to the Cabinet of both ministers as one and the same transaction he saved for the nation the invaluable services of both, and preserved his own position of entire impartiality between the two wings of the Union party. The results of this achievement were not merely temporary. From that hour there was a certain loosening of the hitherto close alliance between Mr. Chase and the Republican opposition to the President, while a kind of comradeship, born of their joint sortie and reëntrance into the Government, gave thereafter a greater semblance of cordiality to the relations between the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury. But above all, the incident left the President seated more firmly than ever in the saddle. When the Cabinet had retired, and left the President with the resignation of Mr. Chase in his hands, he said to a friend who entered soon after, in one of those graphic metaphors so often suggested to him by the memories of his pioneer childhood, and which revealed his careless greatness perhaps more clearly than his most labored official utterances, "Now I can ride; I have got a pumpkin in each end of my bag."[1]

Nearly a year later he said in a conversation relating to this matter:

> I do not see how it could have been done better. I am sure it was right. If I had yielded to that storm and dismissed Seward the thing would all have slumped over one way, and we should have been left with a scanty handful of supporters. When Chase gave in his resignation I saw that the game was in my hands, and I put it through.

Though the opposition to Mr. Seward did not immediately come to an end,[2] it never exhibited such vitality again, and its later manifestations were treated far more cavalierly by Mr. Lincoln. He had even before this dismissed one very respectable committee from New York who had called to express an unfavorable opinion of the premier, by saying with unwonted harshness, "You would be willing to see the country ruined if you could turn out Seward"; [3] and after this incident he never again allowed the Secretary of State to be attacked in his presence.

[1] J. H., Diary.

[2] There was a long and heated discussion between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond, in the columns of the "Tribune" and "Times," in regard to the culpability of the Secretary of State in the matter of his dispatches.

[3] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 468.

SLOW-BURNING CONSTRUCTION.[1]

THE fearful losses of life and property by fire in the United States have lately attracted the attention which is due to the causes of such loss and to the means for preventing them. Coincidently with these investigations a very profound change in the conduct of the business of fire insurance companies is in progress. Until within a very recent period the management of an insurance company issuing policies of indemnity against loss by fire has consisted mainly in taking risks as they might happen to be, a more or less careful inspection having been made into the condition of the property before issuing a policy, for the purpose of estimating the rate of premium to be charged rather than with a view to improving such conditions.

The notice of the owners or occupants has sometimes been called to glaring defects, and a somewhat desultory inspection has been maintained; not so much with the intention of informing the owner or occupant how to protect the property against fire so as to reduce the loss to the lowest terms, but rather for the purpose of informing the underwriters, that they may not take or maintain too low a rate of premium. In fact, there has been until recently a passive indifference and sometimes a frankly acknowledged objection on the part of prominent underwriters to the introduction of the most effective safeguards, lest the reduction of premiums that might be demanded should diminish the profits of the insurance companies.

It may be admitted that under this system many fire insurance companies have been established and conducted by men of conspicuous ability, with great profit to the stockholders and indirectly with great benefit to the assured. These companies have done a world-wide business, scattering their risks, and by the very breadth of their operations and income they have been enabled to reduce their premiums to the very lowest terms that the system itself would permit, subject as it has been to an excessive expense; but as the amount of property at risk has increased in recent years with very great rapidity, the companies of a safe kind have been unable to carry the full lines required in the concentrated hazards of our great cities. Owners have therefore been obliged to seek insurance wherever they could get it, sometimes exhausting all the fire insurance companies of the world. At the same time an unwholesome competition has grown up among the underwriters themselves by which their previously heavy expenses in the conduct of their business have been increased, while badly managed or small companies have been led to take risks at less than cost — a method ending inevitably in bankruptcy or in withdrawal from business.

In the opinion of competent experts from eighty to ninety per cent. of all the stock fire insurance companies organized to transact business within the limits of the United States, or empowered thereto, have agencies in the State of New York, which renders it incumbent on them to make returns to the Commissioner of Insurance of that State giving a statement of all their transactions in the United States. There could be no better indication of the rapid growth of wealth in this country during the last twenty-five or thirty years than a comparison of the sum of the insurance written by these companies. In 1859, before the civil war, the sum of the risks taken by companies making these returns was a fraction under $1,500,000,000. In the year 1887 the amount in round numbers was $12,250,000,000.

The proportion of loss to the value of the property insured has slowly diminished: there has been a little improvement in the construction of buildings in some of the great cities, though not much elsewhere, so that the loss by fire now ranges from $100,000,000 to $130,000,000 a year. The cost of sustaining fire insurance companies whose function is simply to distribute this loss over a wider field is about $65,000,000 a year; to this must be added the cost of sustaining expensive fire departments, which may be computed at a minimum at not less than $25,000,000 a year, and is probably more, to say nothing of the additional cost of water supply for fire purposes. The fire tax of the United States may therefore be estimated at a minimum of $180,000,000, or at a maximum of over $200,000,000, in a normal year in which no great conflagration occurs.

Within the last five years a great change has taken place in the views of the leading men who conduct the business of the fire insurance companies, and a system is rapidly coming into vogue for the frequent inspection of buildings with a view to the prevention of loss by protecting them, so far as their generally bad construction will permit, from the dangers which must occur from fires that are unavoidable, by installing apparatus to check the rapid spread of fires when they do oc-

[1] Copyright, 1888, by Edward Atkinson.

cur. Doubtless a very considerable part of the present losses may be saved in this way, but the relief is only a palliation; the true remedy will come only when the owner of the insured building realizes the simple fact that he himself is chiefly responsible for all the losses that happen. It must be brought home to him that the true function of an insurance company is to distribute a loss when it occurs. True, it may be a part of the function of the officers of an insurance company to instruct an owner how to build his building and how to guard it after it is built; but the owner himself, by his own control over the construction and the occupation of his building, is the only person who can remove the causes of loss by fire. It must be made apparent to the owner of property that if he pays a high rate of premium for a policy of insurance *it is his own fault:* he makes the rate high by neglecting his own duty, and when he may afterward undertake to procure a contract of indemnity or policy of insurance at less than cost, he is an illustration of the old adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted." A contract made under such conditions is not worth the money paid for it.

The cause of this enormous fire tax may be attributed mainly to the common practice of what has been perhaps well named "the art of combustible architecture."

How can this waste be avoided? It is useless to suggest the construction of buildings modeled on those of Europe, especially of those upon the Continent: we have not a general supply of the soft and easily worked stone of which most of the buildings in Paris and in many other of the foreign cities are constructed—a stone which cuts like cheese and which hardens like iron upon exposure to the weather. In some of the States west of the Alleghanies there are considerable deposits of easily worked stone which hardens on exposure, but in the Eastern and the Middle States no such building-stone is found. Neither have we that abundance of low-priced manual labor which will enable us to construct buildings exclusively of brick and iron, without exceeding in cost the capital which can be applied to buildings required for ordinary purposes. Many labor-saving devices indeed have been adopted in the building trades, but on the whole a building of any kind is to a large extent the product of the hand rather than of the machine; the stone must be cut, the mortar must be prepared, the brick must be laid, the timbers must be adjusted by hand work, and all the costly finish must be put on by hand. Hence, although it is a rule that in all the arts to which modern machinery can be applied a low cost of production is consistent with or is the correlative of high wages or earnings, yet in arts which remain mainly handicrafts the rate of wages becomes one of the elements of a high cost of production or construction; therefore the higher cost of building in this country as compared with the cost in Europe is in itself a proof of the greater relative prosperity of the members of the building trades, even though it results in higher rents to all others. Moreover, many of the articles which enter into the construction—especially of city warehouses, in which the greatest losses by fire occur—are heavily increased in their cost by the present system of duties on foreign imports; for instance, structural iron and steel, window glass of the better quality (especially plate glass), cement, and many building stones, to say nothing of the tax imposed upon Canadian lumber. We have, however, a greater relative abundance of timber than of other suitable building materials, and it follows that wood rightly enters into the construction of our buildings more than it does in most European countries, even in our factories, city warehouses, churches, and the like. Again, in the northern parts of the United States wood, properly cut and disposed in the building in a suitable manner, is almost a necessary part of the construction because of the climatic conditions; stone and brick, when exposed to the extreme cold of the outer air of winter, draw moisture from within the building, which condenses on the inside of the walls and is apt to make the buildings very damp; especially churches, wherein the furnace may be lighted and the building kept warm for only a part of the week.

The question therefore arises, Can buildings be constructed either wholly of timber, or of brick, stone, or iron for the outer walls, combined with wood for the inside construction, in such a way as to eliminate the greater part of the causes of the fearful fire tax which now constitutes a waste equal to an average of at least fifteen per cent. on the net savings or possible additions to the capital of the country in a fairly prosperous year?

To this question an affirmative reply may be given. It is based on many years' experience in the construction of textile factories under the supervision and guidance of the mutual underwriters by whom these factories have been insured on an absolutely mutual principle for a period ranging from thirty to fifty years in respect to the principal companies.

Witness the necessity for the solution of this problem. There are even now more cities than one in which a great conflagration exceeding that of either Boston or Chicago awaits but the accident of a spark and a favorable wind. It is therefore to be hoped that the time may not be far off when, by the bankruptcy or the withdrawal of only a moderate number of the

existing insurance companies whose losses and expenses now exceed their income, a few great and powerful fire insurance companies may be enabled to impose conditions upon those who apply to them for insurance, under which conditions a remedy may be found for the existing faults, even if that remedy be not found sooner under the system of inspection and prevention now beginning, by which the danger of such a great conflagration may be almost if not wholly removed.

It is not too much to claim that if a sum of money equal to that which is annually paid in premiums for policies of insurance on property situated within the so-called "dry goods district" of New York and its immediate vicinity, covering about one hundred acres, were put at the disposal of the officers, engineers, and architects who are employed by the factory mutual insurance companies of New England, to be by them applied to suitable appliances and safeguards for the protection of that district, the danger of a great conflagration would be wholly removed and the destruction of even a single warehouse and its contents would be of the rarest occurrence.

Strange to say, some of the worst examples of combustible architecture are to be found among our prisons, hospitals, asylums, and almshouses; next, among college buildings, libraries, and schoolhouses; to these may be added churches, hotels, and theaters. In the year 1887, according to the tables compiled by the "Chronicle" of New York, there were burned within the limits of the United States —

45 hospitals, asylums, almshouses, or jails, being nearly four per month, in many cases accompanied by the loss of a large number of lives.
126 college buildings and libraries, being ten and a half per month.
146 churches, being two and eight-tenths per week.
52 theaters and opera houses, being one per week.
515 hotels, being one and four-tenths per day.

The bad construction of these buildings is due mainly to habit, to fear of innovation, and to distrust of theory. These inherited faults in construction may be readily traced to their origin. In order to make this matter plain, the evolution of the modern factory will be fully described in this article, illustrated by examples of the several types of building which have been from time to time constructed. When the textile factory system was first established, water power only was applied to the movement of machinery. The larger factories were thus customarily placed in narrow valleys or upon very limited areas of land, below the falls of rivers and alongside the streams; it therefore became necessary to economize the area of ground covered by the factories and to build them many stories in height. When other arts began to be conducted upon the factory system the buildings were apt to be in cities or towns where the price of land forbade large areas being devoted to the purpose, and, again, buildings of many stories in height were constructed. As time went on, however, steam took the place of water power, while cheap railway service or rapid transit made it possible to scatter the factories over a wider area. Factory buildings then began to be constructed in the open country, but apparently it did not occur either to the owner, the managers, the architects, or the builders that the reasons for constructing a building many stories in height did not apply to places where land could be had at a very low price; therefore the customary bad and unsuitable form of construction was adopted and is still practiced where it is not only useless and unsafe, but less adapted to the purpose to which the building is to be put than a one-story or a two-story building would be. Moreover, the whole method of cutting timber having been developed with a view to the supply of material required in the ordinary unsafe and unsuitable method of construction, it was for many years difficult to obtain material cut in a proper way for what has been called the slow-burning use of timber. Hence it follows that the art of slow-burning construction is little known outside the limits of New England, and until very lately it was little known even there except to those who had become accustomed to the construction of textile factories, paper-mills, and other works which are customarily insured by the factory mutual insurance companies. It is only within a very short time that the methods which have been practiced for many years in the construction of textile factories — which are only the old methods of almost prehistoric time, when timbers were shaped by the ax or by hand, before the modern sawmill had rendered the construction of a sham building possible — have been taken up by a few architects of capacity and responsibility to be applied to warehouses, churches, college buildings, and occasionally to dwelling-houses.

A most conspicuous example of the right method of dealing with timber and plank in a commercial warehouse may be found in the inside work of the huge building lately finished and occupied by Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago, on plans made by the late Mr. H. H. Richardson and carried out by his successors, the motive of the plan having been derived from the customary method of constructing a textile factory.

In what does slow-burning construction consist? It may be considered somewhat amazing that so simple an art should not have been common for generations. We will begin at the weakest point in the common art of combustible



WAREHOUSE OF MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO, ILL. (H. H. RICHARDSON, ARCHITECT; COMPLETED BY HIS SUCCESSORS, SHEPLEY, RUTTAN & COOLIDGE.)

architecture, to wit, with the roof, and describe its evolution. It may be admitted that the modern factory roof waited for its possibility until right methods of covering a flat roof had been invented; but even with respect to the roofs that are not flat, about ninety-five out of every hundred of those which are now building are models of everything that is bad. They convert the attic stories into ovens in summer, refrigerators in winter, and fire-traps all the time. It seems as if hardly any one, owner, architect, or builder, had ever put to himself the simple question, "What is the purpose of a roof?" The plain answer obviously is, "To keep out the rain." Many of these "crazy roofs" of irregular form and full of leaky valleys fail even in that essential point. May it not be added to this main object of keeping out the rain that the subsidiary purpose of a roof is also to keep out the heat of the summer sun and to keep in the warmth of the winter fuel? May it not even be added that a roof may furnish a comfortable and convenient place to get a little fresh air by those who dwell in crowded cities; or at least may not a good roof add one floor to a building where work which requires the outer air may be done comfortably and conveniently? Are not the roofs of buildings in nearly all hot countries made great use of by the inhabitants? Are they not invariably of thick, solid construction, flat enough to be occupied in hot summer nights? In what country is there greater need for such a place of comfort and fresh air than in our Northern cities during the extreme heat of our summers? In the country or upon the factory the flat roof might not be treated for use; yet aside from use it is better in every respect, so far as safety, ventilation, and other elements of comfort or utility are considered, than any other form of roof which can be put upon any kind of building. Are our architects capable of making a flat-roofed building artistic, or pleasing to the taste? It has been done in many instances; why not in nearly all?

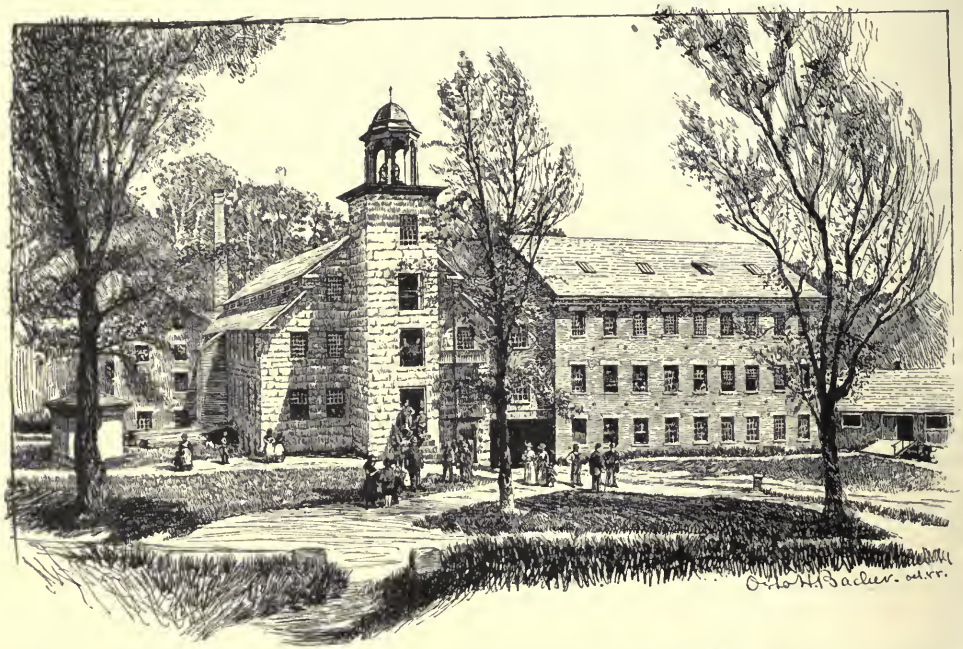
In the evolution of the factory all the faults have been discovered and remedied which now infest nearly all the warehouses, hospitals, dwelling-houses, schoolhouses, college buildings, and other examples of combustible architecture of this country.

The first form of factory roof resembled the gambrel roof of the dwelling-house. In early days it was constructed of solid timbers set wide apart, as they should be, covered with good thick boards and shingled; in some cases the shingles were laid over mortar. I have an example of shingles which are more than fifty years old yet still in good condition, having been preserved by the interposition of the mortar between the shingles and the roof boards.

This method of outside construction might not be objected to in itself; on the inside, however, the owners were apt to put vertical sheathing at a little distance from the eaves and horizontal sheathing across the upper timbers of the roof, making a cockloft. These hollow spaces, in which fire may spread out of the reach of water, are among the most dangerous elements of bad construction, especially when connected with the basement or the

cellar by vertical flues in the walls or partitions of the building.

The next form of roof came into vogue when heavy timbers were displaced by joist or plank rafters set closer together. It is commonly known among factory people as a "barn-roof," consisting of an ordinary pitched roof made of rafters set eighteen inches or two feet apart on centers, covered outside with thin boards and slated, sheathed inside vertically at the eaves, and horizontally across the apex. self through the hollow walls of a building of ordinary construction. Thus the thin-slated roof fails in summer as well as in winter. In this kind of roof a fire is completely protected from water; the slates when exposed to outside heat are readily cracked; they then fall and cut open the firemen's heads; the interspaces at the eaves also make excellent nesting-places for the rats, which carry into them oily waste and other combustible substances to be ignited by spontaneous combustion in the



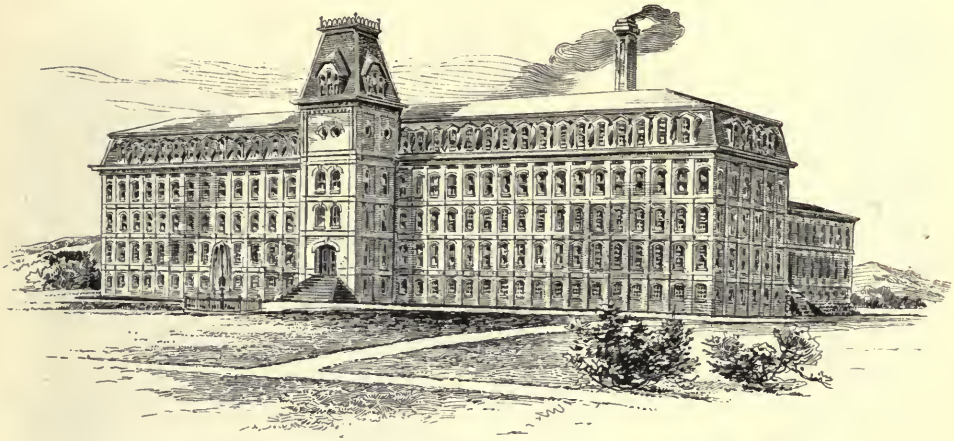
A VERY OLD WOOLEN MILL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND A MILL OF THE SECOND PERIOD ATTACHED THERETO, SHOWING THE BARN-ROOF, SO CALLED,—THE GERM OF A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT.

The older factory roof and the barn-roof are both shown in the accompanying illustration, which delineates an old mill from which a large establishment has been subsequently developed.

This barn-roof is the most abominable, unsafe, and atrocious roof ever devised for the covering of buildings of any kind. The slates serve to attract the heat of the sun, which beats in through the interstices of the open boards and converts the interspaces of the roof into ovens for the concentration of heat and for its distribution throughout the building, especially when the roof spaces are connected with hollow walls. The most effectual method of diffusing heat in a factory has proved to be to suspend the steam-heating pipes overhead, at some distance from the walls — the warm air following the cold air as it passes out by bottom ventilation. By analogy it may be assumed that the heat concentrated by the slates in the interspaces of a hollow roof diffuses it- heat of summer, to the partial or total destruction of many a mill.

The next abomination came with what is called the French roof. This, when put upon the top of a factory, is nearly as bad as the barn-roof: it restricts the space in the attic within, adds greatly to the cost of the building, while in it are commonly repeated nearly all the faults of construction of the barn-roof.

The next roof was a little better. It consisted of a flat roof made of ordinary plank rafters set eighteen inches or two feet apart on centers, covered on the outside with boards and then with composition or metal and sheathed within upon the under side of the rafters. The humidity generated in any room warmer than the external air and in the processes of many of the manufacturing arts passes into the interstices of this roof, where the moisture is condensed on the under side of the thin boards of the outer covering, from which it drops upon the sheathing and rots it, while



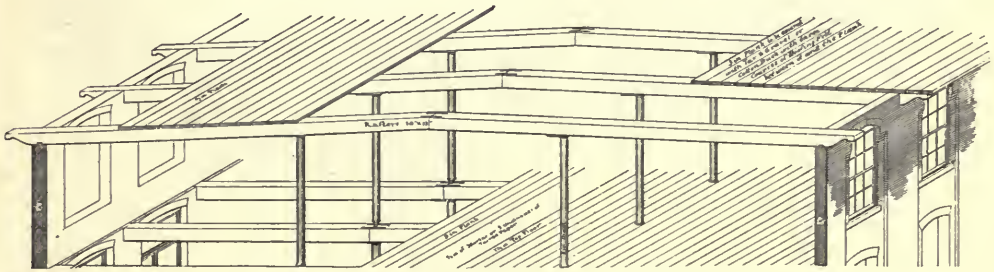
A COTTON FACTORY IN MAINE, WELL CONSTRUCTED EXCEPT THE ROOF.

the interspaces add not only to the danger of fire, but work the speedy destruction of the whole roof by the rotting of the rafters, especially near or upon the walls. This roof was usually furnished with a hollow wooden cornice, also bad and dangerous.

It remained for the officers of the Factory Mutual Insurance Company to suggest that the same solid floor which is required in the construction of the mill might well be adopted in the construction of the roof, only changed so as to give a pitch of half an inch to the foot. It was also suggested by the underwriters that the wooden covings and gutters and the sham hollow cornices, by means of which fire was conveyed from building to building in the great Boston conflagration, were a dangerous and superfluous element in the construction of the roof of the factory. In pursuance of these suggestions all the former bad forms described gave way to a simple deck constructed of three-inch plank grooved and splined, placed on timbers set from eight to eleven feet apart on centers, sheathed underneath between the timbers if the owner desires a fine finish, and covered on the outside with any of the customary materials; the ends of the timbers sometimes projecting outside the wall and the deck carried far enough over to form a suitable coving, according to the height and character of the building; or else the finish may consist of a brick cornice, without gutters, the drainage being below.

Again: the old type of textile factory, from which the plans of a great many other factories have been derived, was very narrow and very high. It had not entered the minds of the constructors of the earlier factories that the spaces of wall between the windows might be very narrow and that the windows might be very wide; nor had it apparently occurred to any one that the tops of the windows had better be carried up flush or even with the ceiling of each room in order that the light might be better diffused within. Consequently the wall of the factory consisted mainly of a great blank of brick-work with small holes in it for windows, the mill being seldom more than fifty-two feet wide, often less, and many stories in height. The first illustration on page 572 shows mills of this type, nine stories high, including attics.

The width of the mill was gradually extended and the size of the windows enlarged by degrees; for many years about sixty-two feet was considered the proper width and the



THE FACTORY ROOF, FIRST DEVISED BY W. B. WHITING.

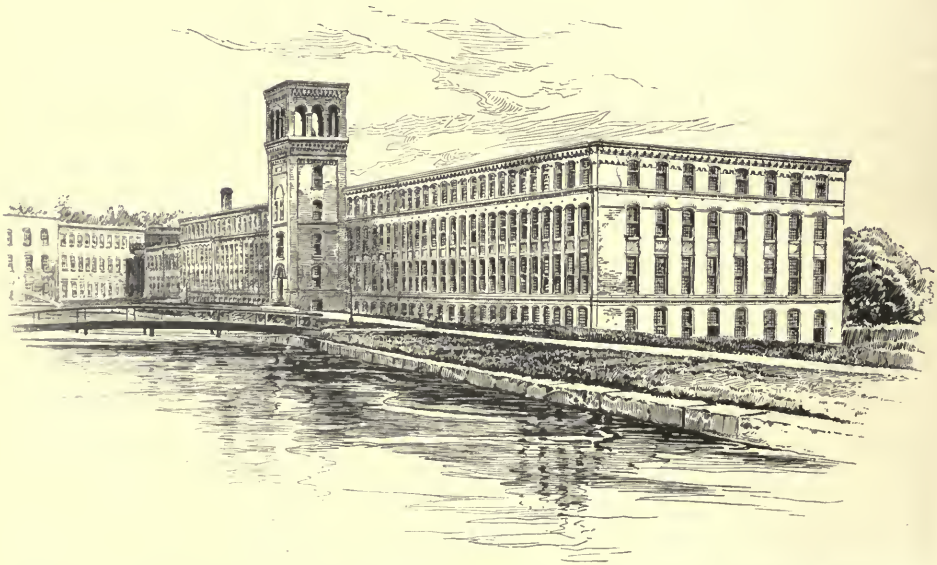


BAY STATE MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASS. TWO OF THE THREE MILLS TAKEN DOWN TO GIVE PLACE TO MODERN TYPES; ONE MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

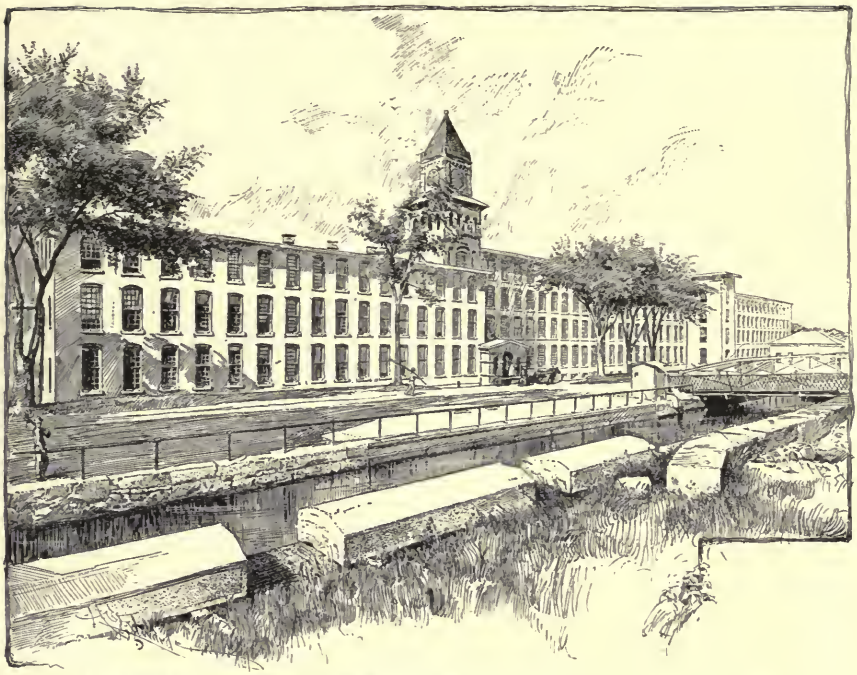
windows began to occupy a larger part of the wall space, while the wall itself was increased in thickness.

At last it was discovered that if the tops of the windows were carried up flush with the ceiling and as much space, or a little more, was devoted to windows as to wall, the width of the mill might be carried to ninety feet; then to a little over one hundred feet.

Until now in England, where the light is less intense than in this country, cotton-mills have been built five or six stories in height and one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide,—that being the width in which certain kinds of machinery can be most economically placed and operated,—with six feet of window space to four feet of wall, the tops of the window panes being absolutely flush with the ceiling between the beams, and the window caps placed opposite the floors. Of late, however, the mutual underwriters, having discovered the great danger of high buildings as compared with those of wide, low construction, began to ask their members who were about to build mills to be operated by

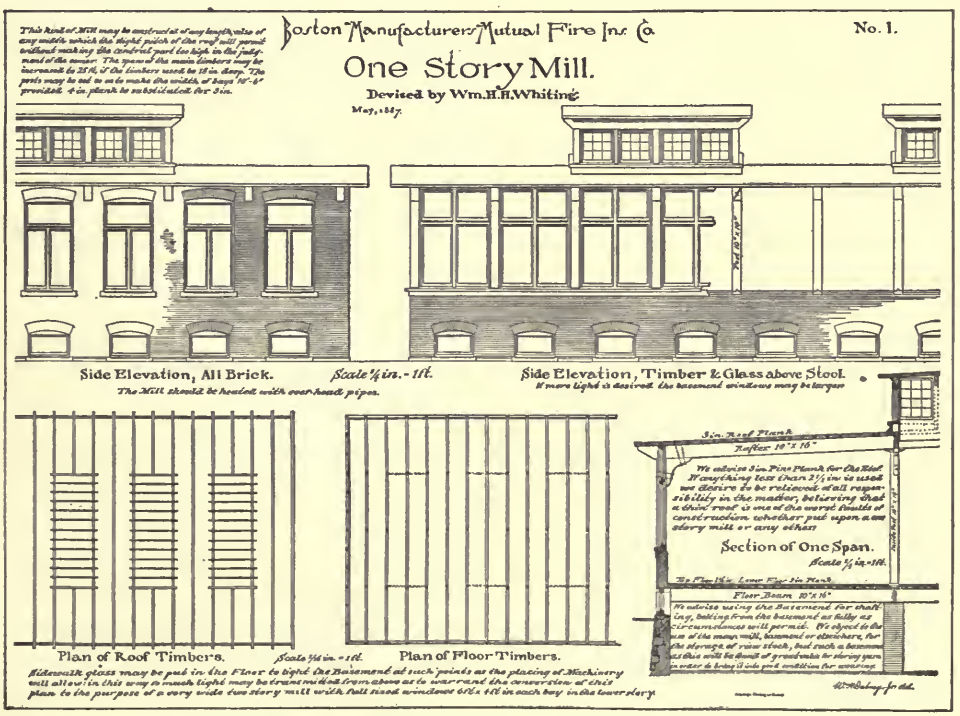


MILL NO. 1, CHICOPEE MANUFACTURING CO., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. (EDWARD SAWYER, ARCHITECT, BOSTON.)

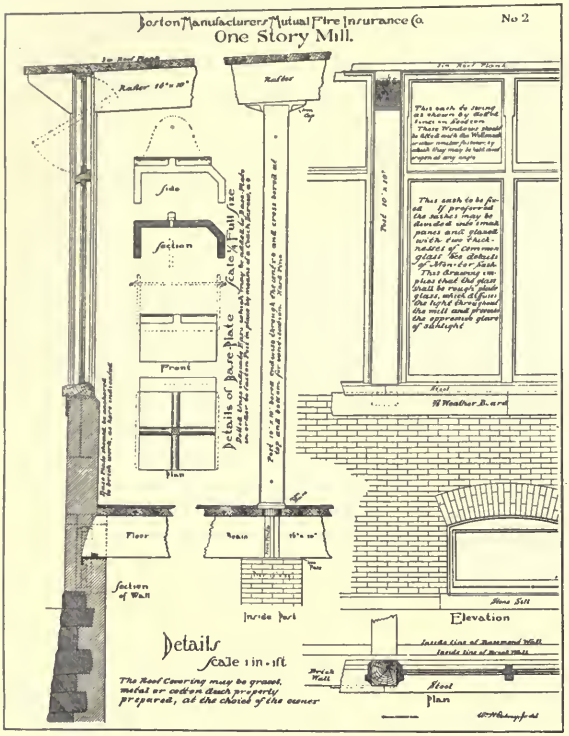


AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING CO., MANCHESTER, N. H. (CONSTRUCTED BY W. T. STRONG.)

steam power in the open country, "Why do you follow this inherited and bad type of building? A mill of two or three stories in height can be constructed at less cost per square foot of floor than a mill of any greater number of stories; if you have room enough, even a one-story mill properly constructed may be built at as low a cost per square foot of floor as the



ONE-STORY MILL DEVISED BY MR. W. H. H. WHITING, C. E.— NO. 1.

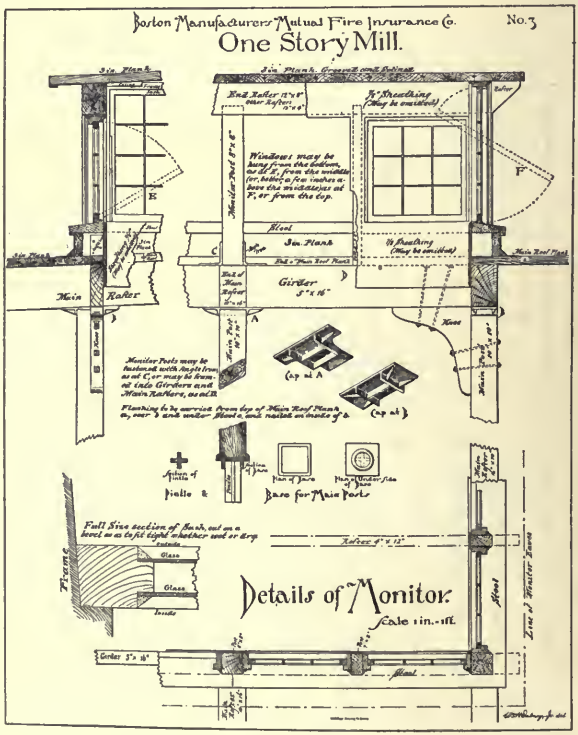


DETAIL OF ONE-STORY MILL.—NO. 2.

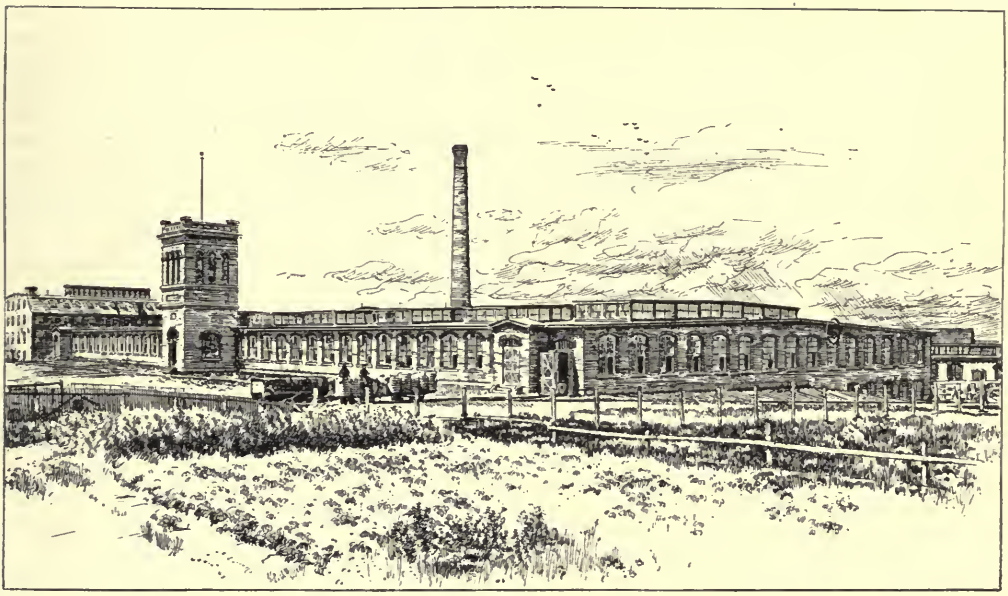
mill of four or five stories, while it will be as warm in winter, cooler in summer, and lighter and better ventilated all the year round than any other type of mill can possibly be." Since that suggestion was made a large number of factories of only one story in height, covered in with three-inch pine roofs, protected outside with gravel roofing, tin, or with cotton duck properly prepared, and lighted with what are known as monitors, have been constructed in many parts of New England, ranging from half an acre to three and a half acres in size; a very common type being a mill of sixty thousand feet on the main floor, constructed on a moderate slope so as to give a basement under one-third of the mill for wet work or for other subsidiary purposes. Such one-story buildings are best adapted to weaving, and are often built in connection with spinning-mills of two or three stories in height.

In one instance, in a case where the machinery is very heavy and is subject to great vibration, a one-story mill of this sort was substituted for one of two four-story factories which had been burned; the owners were advised to reconstruct a one-story mill in place of the burned mill, but to make it large enough to accommodate all the machinery then in the other four-story mill which had not been destroyed. They were warned that the new mill would bankrupt the old one on account of the greater economy of the work and the better conditions for its operation. The prophecy has proved true: sixty-seven men accomplished the work in the new one-story mill on the same machinery which required one hundred men in the old four-story mill; therefore that old mill has been taken down in order to make way for the extension of the one-story factory, and the old material has been put together in a better form.

What, then, is the slow-burning construction? It consists simply in consolidating the wooden material in frame, floor, and roof in such a way that a fire can be held long enough in any room in which it may originate for a fairly competent fire department, public or private, to get it under con-



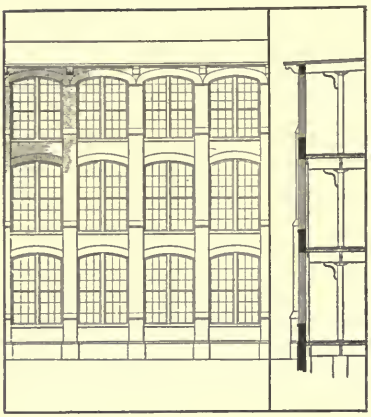
DETAIL OF ONE-STORY MILL.—NO. 3.



ONE-STORY MILL OF THE PLYMOUTH CORDAGE CO. (CONSTRUCTED FROM PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS MADE BY THE BOSTON MANUFACTURERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.)

trol, or where it may be extinguished or held in check by sprinklers. The timbers used may be solid or may be cut in two parts to be bolted together. The latter is perhaps the better way, in order that the air may reach the center of the timber and season it, great care also being taken in mill practice not to paint, oil, or varnish the outside of any heavy timber for at least three years after it has been placed in the building, lest what is called dry rot should occur from the fermentation of the sap in the green timber. Where an outside finish is required some architects use the timbers in two parts bolted together with an air space between, each timber being also bored through the center lengthwise for ventilation. This latter plan is the customary method with posts when wood is used for supports, a crossway hole being also bored near the top and bottom, connecting with the center. Upon these heavy timbers — which are commonly placed eight or ten feet on centers resting directly on properly adjusted posts without the interposition of any girders lengthwise of the building, in lengths or spans from eighteen to twenty-two feet — the floors are laid of plank not less than three inches thick when the beams are eight feet on the centers. If the beams are ten feet or even twelve feet apart on centers, ordinary weights will be carried by floors consisting of four-inch or five-inch plank; the timbers themselves may be from fifteen to not exceeding twenty-two feet in length from wall to post and from post to post, for ordinary factory loads. If provision is required for extraordinary loads, a special computation should be made to meet the case. If a fine finish is desired, sheathing may be placed underneath between the timbers, nailed close to the under side of the plank; if the most absolute security against fire is called for, the finish may consist of plastering laid on wire lathing close against the plank. This plastering may be carried around the outside of the timber on the line of the timbers, provided no skim coat of lime putty is put upon the plastering, thereby cutting off the air from the timber. The top floor may be laid directly upon the plank, or a layer of mortar may be laid between the plank and the top floor; in some cases asbestos paper has been interposed. The layer of mortar offers great security in preventing the passage of fire downward. The roof which has been described corresponds substantially to the floor, to wit: three-inch plank laid upon the timbers, one-inch sheathing on the under side if desired, and sometimes one-inch boarding on the plank; then the ordinary outer covering of whatever kind may be adopted. If the roof is exposed to great humidity within, as in the machine-room of a paper-mill, one inch of mortar may be interposed between the roof boards and the plank. This latter roof proves to be impervious to cold or heat, and with proper means of ventilation gives security against any possible condensation of moisture from the atmosphere within.

An alternative plan consists in setting the first line of posts at the right distance from the wall to make a passage-way, the floor of the



CONSTRUCTION OF FACTORY DEVISED BY EDWARD ATKINSON, THE PURPOSE BEING TO CONSTRUCT THE ALLEYWAYS SO THAT THEY SHALL BECOME HORIZONTAL TRUSSES, TO PREVENT THE VIBRATION OF THE STRUCTURE.

alley being laid of two thicknesses of plank crossed — the posts being fitted with hackmatack knees. This form of horizontal truss braced to wall and post gives great stability to the building.

If the building is over one story in height the stairways ought to be placed either in separate towers outside the building proper, or else in the corners of the building surrounded by brick walls, the doorways being protected by adequate fire-doors consisting of wood encased in tin, iron being one of the most treacherous materials customarily made use of for the protection of doorways in party walls. In such a factory no cornice is required or permitted, and no sheathing within set off by furrings from the wall can be tolerated. No concealed space is allowed anywhere in which a fire can pass from room to room or from cellar to attic. Every part of the building must be open, so that water from bucket or hose can be thrown anywhere.

If these plans and specifications are compared with the ordinary method of combustible architecture, the reason will be apparent why textile factories, paper-mills, and other works are better fire risks and are insured at less cost than the average so-called stone church, brick hospital or asylum, or iron warehouse, although the nature of the work done carries with it almost every cause of fire hazard from ignition, friction, or spontaneous combustion, while in many cases the material used is almost explosive.

The method of Sartor Resartus may well be applied to the average hospital or asylum. What is it but a sham? a picture composed of brick or stone clothing or screening a whited sepulcher well prepared for the cremation of the inmates? It consists of an outer wall of brick or stone inclosing a wooden structure of the most dangerous kind; it is usually but a system of combustible wooden cells each connected with the other from cellar to attic by open wooden ways in walls, floors, and partitions alike. Had the motive been to house the inmates of most hospitals, asylums, and hotels under conditions which should assure the greatest possible destruction of life and property from the least possible cause, greater success could not have been secured than has been attained in most of these buildings, in many of which the danger is enormously increased by the use of gasolene vapor for lighting. How soon a remedy may be found for these faults rests with the public to decide. The builders of factories in city or in country may perhaps derive some useful information from this description of slow-burning construction, for the reason that if carried out consistently and economically it will cost less than the ordinary method of combustible architecture.

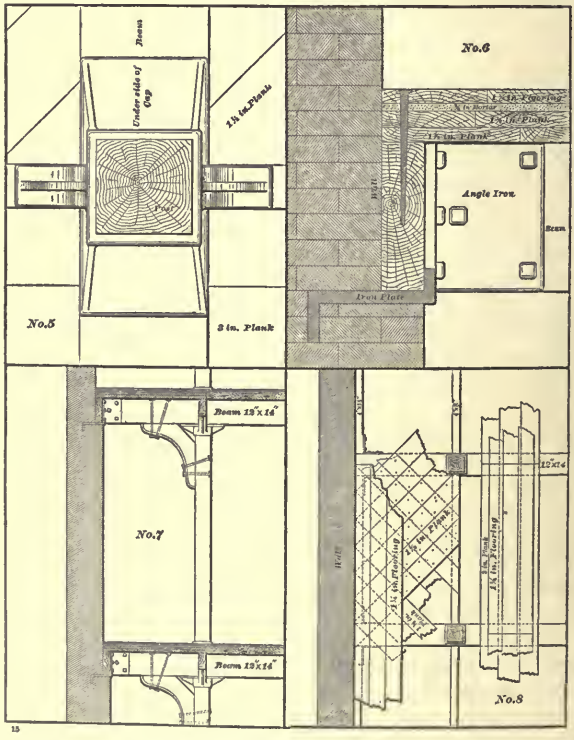
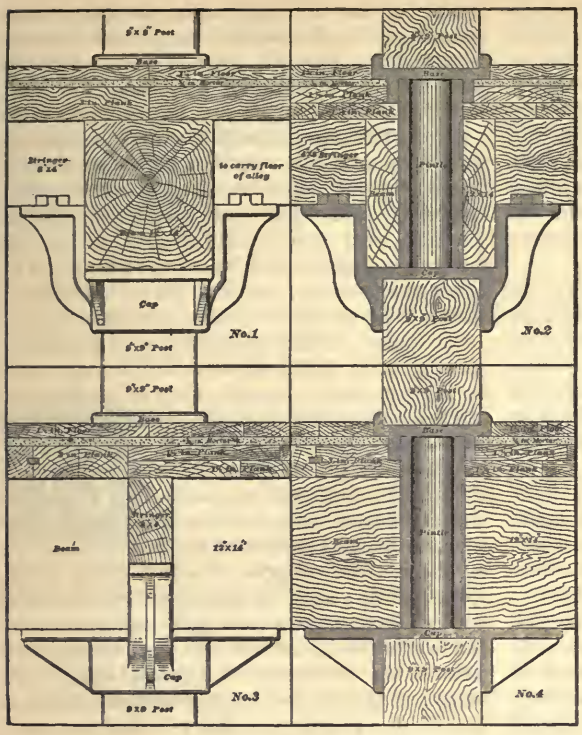


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE OUTER LINE OF POSTS (HORIZONTAL TRUSSES OR ALLEYWAYS) AND OUTER WALLS, SO ADJUSTED THAT THE FLOORS INSIDE THIS LINE OF POSTS MAY FALL AWAY FROM THEM WITHOUT STRAINING THE POSTS OR THE WALL. IN ANY CUSTOMARY METHOD THESE POSTS SHOULD BE FIRE-PROOF.



POSTS, PINTLES, AND CAPS CUSTOMARILY ADOPTED IN MILL CONSTRUCTION.

It may be interesting to add that a mill building of from three to five stories in height can now be constructed in New England in accordance with these plans at a cost above the foundation varying from sixty to seventy-five cents per square foot of floor, counting every floor, but not counting the basement unless it is a high basement, to be made use of in the same way that the other floors are used. The cost per square foot of floor will vary somewhat according to the position, and according to the interior finish required with respect to sheathing and other matters. A mill two stories in height, *i. e.*, of two floors for use, can be constructed at somewhat less cost, as the walls may be lighter in proportion to the area.

Under ordinary conditions a mill of one story in height can be constructed at about the same cost per square foot of floor as the four or five story mill if the ground is level and the subsoil is such as not to require any excessive expenditure in the foundation. A lighter framework and less expensive methods have been adopted in some cases in one-story construction, so that the cost of the building per square foot of floor has been considerably less than the sum named —even as low as fifty cents per square foot of floor. For many purposes, such as for shoe factories or other light work, these changes and this kind of economy may be admitted, provided a false economy is not applied in the construction of the roof. The whole comfort and welfare of the operative in the one-story factory depends upon the solid construction of the roof and the monitors, the plank to be three inches thick. Ordinary sloping skylights should never be permitted, as they transmit heat; while the monitor, with its vertical windows, reflects the heat and may be made use of to promote ventilation. In all cases the windows in the monitor either should be double or the sash should be glazed with two plates of glass in the same frame, in order that the condensation of moisture on the inside of the windows may be avoided. Experience proves that these flat-roofed buildings, even when constructed from one to three acres in extent, are not more liable to collect snow than are other forms of roof, and they are very much more easily cleared of the snow when it does collect. The English saw-toothed roof, so called, generally placed over their weaving buildings, has not proved to be desirable in this country north of Philadelphia owing to the tendency of the snow to collect in the valleys; it is also more costly than the roof of the one-story building lighted by monitors, as given in this plan. The light in the saw-toothed roof being always taken from the north it may possess a slight advantage, but in the monitor the windows towards the south can be clouded so that there will be no objectionable glare within the room.

The plan has been adopted in many cases of carrying the brick-work to the roof between the windows; more often, though, the brick



AUTOMATIC FIRE-DOOR.

or stone work is carried only to the window-sills, the superstructure being wholly of timber and glass.

In many cases it is desirable that there should be no open space under the floor, both with the view to avoid danger and to give stability and freedom from vibration to heavy machinery. To meet these conditions special plans are furnished by the factory mutual companies for laying plank directly on the ground without danger of decay.

It is not a pleasant experience for the officers and inspectors of the factory mutual insurance companies to pass, day by day, bad examples of combustible architecture occupied as shoe factories, clothing factories, and the like, or to see other unsafe buildings in which branches of industry are conducted which have not yet come under the supervision of skilled inspectors and underwriters, but which in their intrinsic hazard are safer than the textile arts. It is not pleasant to witness the mushroom growth of five-story wooden buildings standing often in the middle of a field where land is of little value, in which hundreds of people may be daily exposed to great danger, and hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars' worth of property are subject to a heavy charge for insurance because the buildings have no right to exist. These officers and inspectors know from their own experience or that of their predecessors, covering fifty years, that more commodious, better ventilated, better lighted, more comfortable, and safer buildings could be constructed for the same or for less money than these examples of combustible architecture usually cost.

It would not be within the province of this article to describe the customary equipment of factories with pumps, pipes, hydrants, automatic sprinklers, watchman's electric record clocks, fire-escapes, and the like; all these safeguards are fully described in the technical publications of the factory mutual insurance companies. The purpose of this paper is only to call attention to the relatively low cost of slow-burning construction, and to suggest that because the customary methods of building are bad it is not therefore necessary to rush to the opposite extreme and to spend money in futile attempts at fire-proof building for ordinary uses. In fact, there is no such thing as a fire-proof building: a building may be constructed wholly of incombustible material and may yet be totally destroyed by the combustion of the contents, especially when the iron members of such a building are unprotected from the heat of a fire among the contents. Granite is one of the most worthless materials for withstanding heat. In a recent fire in one of the factories insured under the supervision of the writer a granite post 12 × 12 inches was reduced to sand by the same fire that burned into a wooden post next to the granite less than one inch. Sandstone and marble are not quite so bad; unprotected iron is most treacherous and unsafe, especially cast iron; brick, having already passed the ordeal of fire, is substantially indestructible, and when combined in a suitable manner with heavy timber and plank, the latter being protected by wire lathing or by other methods for retarding the action of heat, serves the best for the safest construction.

In recent years the profession of the architect has been raised above that of a mere artist or draughtsman, capable only of making an attractive elevation and of planning a building with little regard to the safe or suitable disposition of the material, to the level of some of the architects of old time, who, like Brunelleschi, combined with the functions of the artist the skill of the craftsman, the builder, and the engineer. The progress of combustible architecture is therefore likely to be checked as the young men who are now graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and from other architectural schools supply the places of those who, having had no technical knowledge themselves, have been unable to prevent the owners and contractors from committing the follies in construction by which our cities are now rendered so dangerous.

Objection has at times been taken by some architects to the comments of the mutual underwriters upon the architects' customary methods, that the factory building planned and constructed under their supervision is but a shell or skeleton of the building which the architect is commonly called upon to plan and supervise. This may be admitted; yet there have been, and are, architects who have proved themselves competent to clothe this skeleton and to adapt it to more æsthetic purposes than the factory, by covering the timbers in such a way as to make the method of construction even safer and more slow burning than when the timbers are left clear, without losing sight of the prime motive—safety of property and of life. The great warehouse built by Richardson and his successors for Marshall Field is but a glorified cotton factory, and the lovely little building connected with the home office of Mr. Richardson in which his art treasures were safely housed was but the picker building of a cotton factory with a touch of genius added.

Moreover, the architects themselves are now finding it expedient to adopt the same method of subdivision in their work which has become necessary not only in many of the practical arts but even in the legal profession, viz., either to employ special experts in the different de-

partments, or else to organize firms in which one should be the artist, another the builder, another the engineer. Modern requirements make specialization necessary, and there are few indeed who can qualify themselves for all the requirements of almost any profession.

In view of the attention which is now being given to the application of the "factory floor" (as it is called) and the "factory roof" to other buildings, it may be that the time is not far distant when it will be safe and prudent for the owner who intends to construct a textile factory to employ a professional architect without incurring the danger that the purpose to which the building is to be put will be lost sight of in the attempt to apply meretricious or misplaced art to a building in which economy and utility must not be disregarded.

Edward Atkinson.

TWO NEGATIVES.

I. HER LETTER.

BY a change, which in the order of evolution seems natural, the feminine portion of the Confederate States Treasury Department at Richmond was lodged in a building which had served originally as a fashionable dry-goods store. There exists, in men's minds at least, an indissoluble connection between women and dry goods. One cynical husband of the period was known to say that the irony of fate decreed that where women used to spend good money for worthless rags they were now converting good rags into worthless money.

The fifth and uppermost story of the old dry-goods store was occupied by the aristocracy of the Department. For there, as elsewhere, there was an aristocracy. In every community, as in every pan of unskimmed milk, there are elements which detach themselves from the rest and rise to the top. The cream of the Treasury consisted of a score of pretty girls who, high up under the roof, signed their names to bits of blue paper and made money at the rate of a million dollars a day. Ask any old Treasury clerk of the sterner sex — they are all old fellows now — what name was given the room in which those slim-fingered girls forged the sinews of war. Ten to one his eyes will flash with the light of other days as he answers, "Angels' Retreat."

Now "Angels' Retreat" was a dusty, cobwebby attic, bare of furniture, except for a lining of shelves, which gave evidence of its former use in storing purple and fine linen, and rough writing-tables adapted to its present purpose. The lodgment was poor enough, but there was no question about the angels. They were as good as can be made. The Retreat during working-hours had the appearance of nothing so much as a young ladies' school at writing-time. Twenty girls bending over desks and twenty pens scratching in unison. Absence of school discipline was indicated by twenty tongues often talking at once. The sun coming in through dormer windows on two sides of the room shone on the usual medley of fair and brown types, only that in this instance the types were unusually fine. Among them there was of course a beauty par excellence; likewise a vivacious girl they dubbed chief speaker, and a lovable one they called the favorite of the Retreat. Beauty answered to the name of Rose Chandler. The chief speaker was one Norah Grattan; while the favorite, Madge Dillon, an enthusiastic young Carolinian who had gained the sobriquet of "Palmetto," her companions, with the superlative speech of feminine youth, declared to be "the nicest girl in the world."

Rose Chandler's supremacy in the matter of looks did not admit of doubt. She was a beauty of the loveliest type, with a fabulous number of "Lee's miserables" at her feet. Norah Grattan would have been plain but for a clever, satirical mouth and a pair of keen, gray eyes. Palmetto, a tall, slender brunette, was ordinarily not pretty, but capable of great illumination on occasions.

The Confederate Treasury hours were from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and within that time the clerks signed from two to four thousand notes, according to their ability. Palmetto's signature, "M. Dillon," being short, and her writing rapid, she was able to put in the larger number every day without troubling herself to be punctual, so she rarely made her appearance before 10 o'clock. This in another would have been a finable breach of Treasury rules. Palmetto, the angels complained, was in some incomprehensible way independent of rules. But this is not an altogether haphazard world, and people who seem independent of rules balance the account somewhere, and are, for the most part, exceptional people who do better without rules than others with them. Palmetto's work, clean, swift, and clerkly, was the best in the Treasury. Why should she bother about rules? She was the poorest and of necessity the proudest of the angels. She did not explain what household drudgery she had to do at home before she came to the Department,

and her unruffled countenance and her neat dress did not betray her.

One cold morning early in December she entered the Retreat at 10 o'clock, as was her custom, and her appearance was greeted with a gust of exclamation.

"Well, here you are at last! We have been waiting for you."

The stir created by her entrance every morning would have led one to suppose that she ranked her fellow-angels as archangel, but this big unanimous breath of welcome was even more emphatic than usual.

"What is it now?" she asked, disposing of her wraps and her lunch basket on one of the old dry-goods shelves and trying to thaw her fingers at an ineffectual stove.

Palmetto posed well as archangel. Besides overtopping her companions in the matter of height, she had a distinguished air of her own. She was large-natured in every way, and was everybody's friend, with a decided leaning towards the under dog.

In her companions' estimation there was nothing she could not do, from the tying of a shoulder-knot to the pacification of a feminine feud. Certainly there were few things she had not been called upon to do since she became a Treasury clerk.

"Oh, yes," she said when once questioned on the subject, "there are some things I have not done for the girls. They have never asked me to buy or sell horses."

"What is it now?" she repeated on this particular morning when her presence was hailed with so much interest. She stood before her desk, the tips of her slender fingers resting on it as though it was a key-board, and with head thrown slightly back looked round on the circle of fresh-faced pen-drivers for explanation.

The direct question reduced the chorus of voices to a titter. Everybody looked to somebody else to explain. The angels addressed themselves to note-signing with vigor. That is, all except the beauty, Rose Chandler, who sat biting her pen-handle with a deprecating expression as if she wished to say something but did not know how. She looked as rosy and beautiful as the dawn, but withal a little silly, as though the dawn was ashamed of itself.

"Well!" said Palmetto, taking her seat and arranging her things preparatory to writing her name four thousand times. "Can't some of you tell me what it 's all about?"

"Help wanted — female," said Norah Grattan with a dry smile, fishing a superfluous hair out of her inkstand. "Your peculiar talents are invoked to assist a lady out of a tight place. There 's Rose Chandler now —"

"Rose?" exclaimed Palmetto, arching her eyebrows. It was something new for Miss Chandler to want assistance. "What can she want with help, female or otherwise, having a good part of the army at her back?"

"Now, Palmetto," remonstrated Rose, still nibbling her pen, "you know that 's an exaggeration; besides, those army fellows are the very people who give one trouble."

"They don't bother me" — with delightful frankness.

"Because you have a talent for keeping men straight," said Rose, politely, knowing that Palmetto had few admirers. "But I have n't; I can't even sign these old notes straight."

"Perhaps if you were to devote more attention to the other end of your pen you would do better," suggested Norah.

Whereupon Rose, amid a general smile, left off nibbling, and began scrawling her name. Note-signing, it may be remarked, is an occupation charmingly adapted to women, being compatible equally with want of thought and endless conversation.

"You see, Palmetto," resumed Rose, "I want somebody to write a very particular letter for me. I asked Norah and she would n't, and all the girls said they were sure you would."

"All the girls are very kind to offer my services" — with a circular bow to the company; "but I should think that writing your own letter would be more satisfactory to your correspondent."

"But you see I don't know what to say."

"I am equally at a loss," began Palmetto, intending to be satirical, when her satire was nipped in the bud by the entrance of one of the men clerks bringing in her package of notes, which he proceeded to count in her presence before delivering. He was a good-looking young fellow, well calculated under ordinary circumstances to create a flutter in a dovecote like the Retreat, but men clerks were not in repute during the war, women acting severely on the principle that none but the brave deserve the fair. Poor Waller counted his notes in chilling silence. The angels did not even take the trouble to look their best, but pulled long faces and looked their worst. Only Rose's beautiful blue eyes gave him one soft glance as instinctive as the extension of pussy's velvet paw at sight of a mouse, and then she called herself to order and remembered that in spite of his broad shoulders and shapely limbs he was nothing but a man clerk.

When he was gone the subject of her letter was resumed. The matter was pressing and she was in earnest. It may be said in explanation that Rose, whose reputation as beauty and belle was co-extensive with the Confederacy, had no secrets from her companions. She talked with them of her admirers as openly and

artlessly as another would talk of her bonnets — or lack of bonnets, as was more apt to be the case during the war.

"Now, Palmetto, I 'm not jesting," she said. "I want you to write a letter right away. My — my friend says there is to be a battle soon, and he wants an answer before he goes into it."

"What is the answer to be — yes, or no?" asked Palmetto, gravely.

"Why, no, of course. I know how to say yes. But when you refuse a person I suppose you must let him down 'easy,' and that is what I don't know how to do."

Palmetto's face flushed. She took things more seriously.

"You are a heartless little monkey, Rose. You don't mind disappointing the man, but you shirk the trouble to yourself. No, you must do your own refusing. I don't know how to do it. I never refused a man in my life."

"Neither did I."

"Oh, oh!" from all parts of the room.

"It 's true," said Rose, stoutly.

"Then what *do* you do with all your 'captains, colonels, and commanders-in-chief'?" asked Norah.

"I — I —"

"It is n't possible that you accept them all?"

"It 's less trouble."

"Oh, you dreadful girl! And what becomes of them after you accept them?"

"I don't know; I suppose they just — dangle."

"I see," said Norah, "like fish. Recipe: you first angle, then entangle, then dangle them."

"That sounds very fine, but I never angle" — with dignity.

"Oh, no! I dare say you never steal soft looks at them."

"Pooh!" blushing, and looking prettier than ever. "I can't wear goggles, or a blind bridle."

"Rose," said Palmetto, interrupting this side skirmish, "what makes you refuse this one? Why not let him dangle with the rest?"

"He won't dangle; I wish he would. He is the most distinguished of all. But he says he must have an answer at once. It 's very hard."

"He won't dangle?" said Norah. "Upon my word, I am delighted to hear it. He is the only man among them. What 's his name?"

"It 's — it 's a French name" — nibbling again.

"You don't mean that handsome creole, Major Rodrigue?"

"Major Rodrigue," assented Rose.

"Then I won't do it. You can't expect me to do for you what I would not do for myself," said Palmetto, warmly. And all the angels fell to laughing at the vehemence of her confession.

Rose opened wide her blue eyes. She was not insensible to the spur of rivalry. "You mean you would not refuse Major Rodrigue? I did not know you knew him."

"Nor do I, except by reputation," said Palmetto with heightened color. "What I mean is that I should never let him or any man ask me if I could only refuse him."

Rose put up her lip discontentedly. "You don't know what you would do if — "

"If I were a belle?" interrupted Palmetto, good-humoredly. "That is so."

"Not that, but if you were me."

"If I were you I suppose I should do as you do."

"Being Palmetto, you will do like a dear, good girl and write the letter for me."

In the end Palmetto was persuaded, against her judgment, to write the letter. But her sympathies were all with the Major. She could not understand his devotion to a flimsy coquette like Rose; but then women never understand men's taste in the matter of women, and she felt sorry for him.

His letter which Rose gave her to answer touched her deeply.

Written on the eve of battle, it laid bare his heart, full of manly and tender love. To Palmetto it was desecration that it should be seen by other eyes than those for which it was intended. Her face tingled with shame that she should be reading the secrets of a brave man's soul.

Rose's flippancy had made the affair a bit of commonplace; the Major's simplicity translated it into poetry, and inspired Palmetto to write a worthy answer. It was the only amend she could make. Never perhaps has a woman's refusal been expressed more generously and sympathetically, nor paid a higher tribute to the man. It was written in the heat of the moment after her notes were signed, in the brief space before the Department was closed, and was all the better that she had no time to spend on calligraphy or the polishing of phrases. It was far beyond the capabilities of the girl in whose name it was to be sent. Rose's sugared little platitudes were to Palmetto's breathing words as the ticking of a lady's watch to the beating of a heart.

"How will this do?" cried Palmetto, flushed with guilty consciousness that she was in a way deceiving the Major, and excited by the unusual task of refusing a man who had never proposed to her.

Standing with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to depart as soon as she got through, she read the document aloud for Rose's approval, while the angels put down their pens to listen.

Rose's request had been greeted with laughter. Palmetto's way of granting it made them serious, not to say solemn.

Rose hung her head.

"O Palmetto!" she said presently, "I 'm so much obliged to you. I could never have written like that."

"I should think not," said Norah.

"There!" cried Palmetto, tossing the letter to Rose. "It is written shockingly and on shabby paper; so be sure to copy it before you send it, and never let me hear of it again. I had much rather try trade a horse for you than do the like another time."

"All right," said Rose, wondering if, after all, she was wise in refusing Rodrigue. "Anyhow," she reflected, "he will give me credit for a beautiful letter."

It was Saturday afternoon. The Treasury clerks would not meet again until Monday, so Palmetto threw her companions a kiss as she called out, "Good-bye, girls!" A flight of kisses and a hubbub of girlish voices followed her with an affectionate, "Good-bye, Palmetto!"

Late that evening, while Rose was in close conversation with one of her epauletted danglers, she was startled by an energetic pull at the house-bell, followed by Palmetto's abrupt entrance into the parlor, where Rose was winding up one of her little affairs.

"O Palmetto!" she cried, rising and covering the gentleman's confusion by more than ordinary effusiveness. "So glad to see you! Let me introduce Captain Dalrymple; Captain Dalrymple, my friend Miss Dillon."

The Captain, who in the mean time had made a dive under the sofa in search of his hat, acknowledged the introduction with a very red face.

But Palmetto was too preoccupied to notice the gentleman's heat or the lady's coolness.

"Thank you, Rose; I can't sit down. Have n't a moment to stay. I came on a little private business. Can't you come into the hall with me? Captain Dalrymple, you will excuse us; I won't keep Miss Chandler."

"What is it?" asked Rose, her curiosity excited to the highest point by Palmetto's eagerness.

"Have you sent that letter?"

"That letter?" — bewildered. Dalrymple had for the moment obscured Rodrigue. "Oh, yes. Why, long ago" — laughing, and relieved to find it nothing worse. "An orderly was waiting for it while you wrote. The Major was to leave town at 4 o'clock."

"Rose, did you copy the letter before you sent it?" — anxiously.

Rose changed color. Palmetto's intensity was discomposing.

"To tell you the truth," she began.

"Rose, don't you say you sent the letter without copying it."

"What difference does it make? *I* don't mind the bad writing. He will think it was because I was agitated."

"Pooh! Did n't you even *look* at it before you sent it?"

Rose was obliged to confess that she was so pressed for time that she had thrust it in an envelope and sent it without looking at it.

"Do you know what you have done?" cried Palmetto. "You have sent it signed with my name."

"You don't mean it," gasped Rose, to whom this intelligence was anything but agreeable. "What made you put your name?"

"I did it mechanically, of course, and unconsciously. How could I help it, having just signed my name four thousand times? When I got home I thought about it, and I know I put 'M. Dillon'; and oh!" cried Palmetto with burning cheeks, "it serves me right for having written the letter at all. My sin has found me out."

A little cough from Captain Dalrymple within reminded Rose of his existence, which she had forgotten in her dismay on learning that Major Rodrigue by this time knew that she had betrayed his confidence and employed another girl to reject him, and she would not even get the credit of having written the beautiful letter!

It was a horrible contretemps. Palmetto worked off some of her feeling on the house door, while Rose made it no easier for the Captain.

II. HIS LETTER.

On the Sunday which intervened before the Treasury clerks met again a great battle was fought, as so often happened on Sunday, with dearly bought victory on the Confederate side. Late the night before the engagement, Major Rodrigue, a young artillery officer, having placed his guns on the height where they were to do effective work in the morning, and having seen to the minutest detail of preparation for the attack rightly anticipated at dawn, drew from his bosom, to read once more, the letter he had received from Rose Chandler. He had already read it many times, and each time with a modification of feeling. As he opened it now, for the last time, he remembered, with a sort of self-pity, the thrill of joy with which he had recognized her writing on the address and the ardor with which he had pressed it to his lips. Then, how on opening the envelope he had been chilled and puzzled by the unfamiliar hand within, and, as he read, how he had forgotten the writing in the words — so kind, so gentle; treating love so reverently, and himself with such tender regret that she could not make his happiness. It had dawned upon him then that he had not given Rose credit for so

much feeling. Her rejection seemed more akin to love than any kindness she had shown him. His heart glowed within his breast again. Then when he turned the page and saw the signature, "M. Dillon," he started as if he had been shot. The hot indignant blood mounted to his face. He had been betrayed.

Reading it now for the last time by the light of his camp-fire he felt that he had forgiven Rose Chandler, and forgiveness was more painful than resentment. In the last few hours he had learned the value of a woman who could encourage a man's honest love and reject him with a practical joke. The letter had destroyed for him more than could the enemy's guns. And yet he read it again. Some words in it had, for a moment, warmed his heart, and he lingered over them with the bitter reflection that they were only words.

"Pshaw!" he said at last, holding the letter over the fire until it crumbled to ashes. He buttoned up his overcoat and walked up and down in the shadow of a long line of breastworks overlooking the enemy's camp.

The night was clear and cold, a full moon hung high in the heavens, and her brilliance was reflected in the glitter of a light fall of snow which covered the earth and encrusted the blue and the gray of two sleeping armies.

"I wonder," mused Rodrigue with a thought for the sleepers on each side of the breastworks, "how many of those poor fellows lying there are dreaming of a woman. To-morrow's shot and shell will waken you more gently than I have been wakened to-night. Who can 'M. Dillon' be?" he thought, his quick French blood boiling again. Can it be a man,"—with his hand upon his sword-hilt,—"a rival who has put this insult upon me? One of the Treasury canaille? The writing was clerkly enough, but the sentiment was more like a woman's. Bah! the whole thing is a comedy."

Then he put away love, and lighting his pipe went to look at his guns again and cover his horse with his overcoat.

In the great battle which took place the following day, Rodrigue, who had the good fortune to occupy a position well adapted to show his ability, so covered himself with glory as to be commended for gallantry and recommended for promotion by the great Stonewall himself. His praise came to be in everybody's, especially every woman's, mouth; for, besides being a brilliant soldier, he was a handsome fellow, and had been severely wounded—three qualifications any one of which would have commended him to feminine favor. Possessing all, nothing was left undone that could express woman's admiration.

His room in a hospital near Richmond was a conservatory of flowers, and his table was supplied with every delicacy that versatile Confederate mind could achieve from limited Confederate material. Colonel Rodrigue was the hero of the hour.

One morning, when he was coming back to life from the effects of wounds which had carried him into weeks of unconsciousness and to the borders of another world, a note was brought him.

He was lying in bed, pale and emaciated, but smiling with the blissful languor of convalescence. The receipt of another note increased his cheerfulness to hilarity. The thing was getting to be amusing. He had already received a snow-storm of notes, little white-winged messengers of congratulation, admiration, friendship, and what not. But when he saw the superscription of this last he became grave. His great dark eyes, all the greater and darker for the pallor and emaciation of the rest of his face, opened wide with astonishment, and a faint color overspread his wan cheeks. Was it possible that here was another communication from Rose Chandler?

The unexpectedness of the thing made him dizzy. He closed his eyes and threw back his head on the pillow to think—to think, after a long, delicious rest of not thinking.

The sight of Rose's writing brought back the pain he had suffered the night before the battle—months—years—he did not know, nor did it matter, how long ago. He had been told and did not remember. But he remembered very vividly how her other letter had made him wish that a bullet would put an end to him—how it had made him so reckless and daring in battle that friends and enemies were now talking of his valor, and he had been within a hairbreadth of his desire. The enemy's bullet—in fact several of the enemy's bullets—had come and very nearly put an end to him, and (strange inconsistency) now that his pulses were beginning to throb with new life he was unreasonably glad to be alive. Rose's letter had done its work more effectually. It had put an end to his love beyond surgery, beyond medicine, beyond resurrection.

Rodrigue sighed over the lost illusion, and his hand trembled a little as he took up the note again. It was a pretty little plea for forgiveness, and as ingenious as pretty. It said that when the former communication was sent the writer had not the heart to say no to Colonel Rodrigue, who had insisted upon an immediate answer, and she was not then sufficiently sure of herself to say yes. In her dilemma she had asked a friend, cleverer than herself, to express in words what she felt but did not know how to say. She knew now that it was wrong to have intrusted so delicate a mission to another,

but at the time she was anxious only to do what was right. Colonel Rodrigue's dangerous illness had opened her eyes to many things. She hoped he would forgive her, and be her friend as before. If he only knew how wretched she had been while his life was in danger, he would write at once and tell her that she was pardoned.

Rodrigue, having read this effusion, was lying back among his pillows exhausted, wishing, with the intensity known only to convalescents, for something to eat, when the hospital surgeon came in on one of his flying visits.

"What 's all this about?" he asked, with his fingers on Rodrigue's wrist. "Pulse accelerated, and not so well as yesterday. Been seeing too much company this morning, eh?"

Rodrigue shook his head. "I want some writing materials," he said stoutly, as if he expected denial.

"Writing materials! I 'd as lief give writing materials to a baby. How do you think writing would agree with that lame arm of yours? Bless the women, I wonder if they know how much of my work they undo with their messes and letters and things! Come, don't look sulky. I can't have you getting a set-back. You must put off your letters until you can eat a beefsteak."

Rodrigue's eyes brightened. Beefsteak! The word thrilled him more than sentiment.

"Indeed, Moreton, I must write a few words and then I will eat a beefsteak, and — and anything else I can get."

"No," returned the other, pulling out his prescription-book and pencil. "I will do the writing, — I hope your correspondent is not particular about stationery, — and you will do the eating. Now what is it? I am as secret as the grave."

There was no help for it. Rodrigue was too weak to resist even mentally, and Moreton saw that the writing was on the patient's mind and had better be dispatched at once.

Rodrigue closed his eyes and contracted his brows. Composing a letter now required more effort than storming a breach yesterday. He was afraid that writing vicariously would appear to Miss Chandler as if he intended giving her a Roland for her Oliver. But what was he to do with her desire for an immediate answer and his superior officer standing over him in this way? He told Moreton with all delicacy that he wished to send a lady, who had asked for it, his forgiveness for a small unkindness, to say that he had accepted her decision with regard to his suit as final, and that he was proud to be assured of her continued friendship. He left all the honors of the field with the lady. Having thus delivered himself he heaved a deep sigh, relieved to have it over. Then he looked keenly at the clock to see if it was not dinner-time.

Moreton, with a ward full of sick and wounded waiting for him, carried out his patient's instructions with medical brevity. His words reduced to their lowest equation amounted to: forgiveness, 1 gr.; friendship, 1 gr.; adieu, 2 grs.

Rodrigue's dinner coming in just as the letter was inclosed and directed, Moreton went off to look after mutilated legs and arms without another thought for this little affair of the heart.

And so it came to pass that quite unintentionally, and yet by a sort of poetic justice, Rodrigue's letter to Rose, as hers to him, was written by a third person, and, like hers, it was fatal to any hopes the recipient may have previously entertained.

III. THE RESULT.

SEVERAL months had elapsed and it was now spring. The Treasury clerks were still hard at work manufacturing money; in fact, harder than ever, for as the notes decreased in value they increased in volume.

About this time the joke was made that whereas at the beginning of the war one marketed with a pocket-book for money and a basket for food, the order was now reversed.

Angels' Retreat presented much the same appearance as when Palmetto acted as amanuensis for Rose Chandler, except that recent battles had clothed many of its occupants in mourning and the strain of increasing anxiety and privation was apparent in the countenances of all, except Rose Chandler, who belonged to the class of women upon whom, without effort of their own, the good things of life are lavished. She was plump, rosy, and as beautiful as ever. Palmetto was perceptibly thinner and more poorly clad. Her homespun dress hung loosely round her too slender figure, and the suave, round contour of her face had given place to the pathetic sharpness of ill-fed youth. But there was no diminution of spirit. She did her work, helped her friends, and was as proud and dauntless as before.

It was a breezy day in April when we meet her again. She has come late to the Department as of old, and without her lunch basket. She had for some time ceased to have occasion for one. The slice of bread, which was all that could be spared from home and served for her principal meal, could easily be carried in a small parcel in her hand, and she maintained that she was glad not to have the trouble of a basket. So many things had happened since writing Rodrigue's letter of rejection that she never thought of it now, unless

his name was mentioned, as often happened, in connection with some brilliant military achievement, and then she remembered with an uncomfortable glow that her name was appended to the missive. Rose Chandler, too, had not a few regretful thoughts on the subject. Rodrigue, the only man who had ever touched her heart, and whose subsequent career had touched her more sensitive ambition, she had let slip through her fingers. She had not met him again. She believed if she could only see him, or, more properly speaking, if he could only see her once more, all would be right. It was easy to believe that a sight of her would influence a man's judgment. A suspicion that had it not been for Madge Dillon's name Madge Dillon's words would have kept Rodrigue bound made her bitterly repent not having copied the letter.

To have lost a hero by such an oversight was exasperating. Added to this, a later event gave her a distaste for writing by proxy from which she never recovered.

On this April morning her desk was decorated as usual with a bunch of spring flowers, and the shabby old room was sweet and fresh with their delicate odors. Where they came from nobody was supposed to know, but everybody suspected that Waller, the man clerk, could tell. The truth was, so slight a thing as a soft glance repeated every day had forged a chain strong enough to bind poor Waller hand and foot. He had come to live on the soft glance. His waking thoughts were occupied in remembering and looking forward to it.

The angels believed he spent half his salary in flowers for Rose, and were disposed to make fun of the matter. They were treating her to a deal of satire on having added a civilian to her list of admirers when Palmetto raised her hand.

"Hush! What is that?"

Her manner commanded attention. The angels stopped work and listened eagerly. It was a time of intense but subdued excitement, and everybody was on the *qui vive* for news of victory or of defeat. The far-off, tumultuous noise that reached them now was unlike anything they had ever heard. It had not a note of the soul-inspiring cheers with which good news is proclaimed, nor of the angry violence of brawling men. It was a wild, unearthly wail of discontent. The angels huddled together with blanched cheeks.

"Heavens!" cried Norah. "It sounds like an army of wildcats."

"Don't, Norah, don't!" said Rose, cowering behind her. "It 's more like the cry of lost spirits."

"I 've never heard *them*," answered Norah, excitedly.

The tumult came on and on, like a tempest of shrieking winds.

"It has an awful, hungry sound," whispered Palmetto, interpreting the cry through her own sensations.

Just then the door opened and Waller, very white and trying not to look scared, entered.

"Ladies," he stammered, "you are requested by the Secretary of the Treasury not to go near the windows."

"What is it?" gasped Rose, forgetting her soft glance.

"It — it 's a woman's bread riot."

"I knew it was something hungry," cried Palmetto, clasping her hands.

"Hun — hundreds of women," chattered Waller, talking very fast after he got started, "armed with stones and whatever they can lay hands on, are coming to attack the Treasury, smash windows, break open doors, and get the money if they can."

"Poor things! they must be starving," said Palmetto.

"Poor things, indeed!" sobbed Rose. "It is we that are the poor things if we get killed."

"What are we going to do?" asked Norah.

"Stand a siege, I suppose," said Waller, trying to laugh.

Meanwhile the mob of women had been advancing. It was not long before they were in front of the Treasury doors, yelling like a pack of famished wolves. Knowing what one discontented woman can do in the way of vocalization, it is possible to imagine the clamor multiplied by hundreds.

The noise was so blood-curdling that Palmetto covered her ears.

"But this is terrible," she cried. "Can't we do something?"

"I entreat you ladies to come into the passage, where there are no windows," pleaded Waller.

"You will be safe there!" Rose Chandler screamed.

"Bread riot! I call it an ill-bred riot," sniffed Norah.

"I have it!" cried Palmetto, flying to her desk and gulping down her hunger as she took out her one slice of bread. Her companions looked on as if she had suddenly become insane.

"Come, girls!" she cried, snatching her shawl and spreading it on the floor; "empty your lunch baskets."

Surprise, excitement, and the force of Palmetto's will made them obey.

In a twinkling the lunch baskets, some of them bountifully filled, were thrown upon her piece of bread. Then she caught up the shawl

and made for the door, her companions following pell-mell.

"Ladies, I entreat you. The Secretary—" shouted Waller.

But they heeded not. Palmetto with the angels at her heels — that is, all except Rose, who preferred that Waller should find her a place of safety — flew down the steep stairs from floor to floor and through the long aisles between the desks like a tongue of flame, kindling everybody with her enthusiasm, and gathering up the midday meals of the not too well fed Treasury clerks. More than a hundred baskets were emptied into the shawls caught up in the angels' flight. And all this without an idea of what Palmetto intended to do. But Palmetto knew. She hurried to the front door, which the chief clerk had ordered to be locked and barricaded, and before any one could prevent her — the men about the place being occupied in securing the rest of the building — flung it open.

It was the maddest thing to do. There did not seem to be a chance for her life with a shower of stones and brickbats falling about her. Her companions fell back huddling together, trembling at the sight presented.

An American woman's riot is a mild affair compared with the mobs of brawny, bearded pétroleuses that once in a while make Paris hideous. The American variety is to the Parisian as water unto whisky. But a crowd of howling women maddened by hunger is at best formidable, and it sometimes happens that innocence and inexperience rush in where wisdom gives pause.

The opening of the Treasury doors certainly quelled the storm for a moment. The mob looked to see what would come next.

Palmetto stood in the doorway, slim and straight as the tree whose name she bore. Her face, too pale and thin for material beauty, was illuminated by a pair of courageous eyes that scanned the rioters without flinching, as she extended her hands with a wheaten roll in each. The draught through the open door caught her draperies, which, floating back from her slender figure, gave her the appearance of a winged creature sent to feed the hungry multitude. At sight of her the uproar ceased and missiles were held at rest.

It was one of Palmetto's moments of illumination. She had forgotten self, and her face seemed only the reflection of a beautiful and intrepid spirit. Her countenance, with its innocent mouth and fearless eyes, was a model of heroic maidenhood.

At least this was the impression it made on a young officer on the pavement, who, finding it impossible to extricate himself from the crowd, stood, with folded arms, patiently looking on. He was dark and handsome, with fine intelligent eyes, that took in a situation at a glance.

His slightly foreign face indicated not only appreciation of a fine act, but keen enjoyment of dramatic and artistic values. His temperament, not wholly American, made it not only possible but imperative that his enjoyment should find expression.

His countenance was radiant, although his body was more or less buffeted by the restless mob. He watched Palmetto with hawk-like vigilance. He trembled for her safety, he admired her high-bred face, he adored her courage, he compared her to Jeanne d'Arc.

Meanwhile she was feeding some children, who at sight of bread broke from their mothers and were pressing up the Treasury steps. The act was unpremeditated, but it was like oil on water. Nothing could have so soothed the rioters as seeing the children eat. It was for their sakes that mothers had taken the war-path.

"D' ye think ye are goin' to worrk a miracle wid yer penny'orth o' bread and all these folk?" asked a gaunt Irishwoman in the forefront of the crowd.

"It looks like it," said Palmetto, good-humoredly. "My store began with a slice of bread, and see how it has increased"— moving aside that the angels with their supply might be seen.

"We ain't got nothin' agin you girls," said another, taking a potato (the angels were dealing out their provisions now). "We knowed the women folks was all right. But we want to get hold of them white-handed, white-livered men clerks who is doin' woman's work while our husbands is dyin' in the trenches."

While Palmetto parleyed with the feeble insurgents the men clerks managed to get a squad of militiamen on the scene, and a proclamation was made that if the crowd dispersed quietly double rations would be issued to all who applied at the Commissary Department.

The crowd of wretched women, as of one mind, began to disperse at this announcement. They were tired and hoarse, and double rations were even more satisfactory than the blood of men clerks.

The Irishwoman set up a cheer on her own account for the young lady who was the first person in the town to "lend a hand." Hoarse as the poor rioters were, Biddy's cheer spread like wildfire, and Palmetto, conscious of herself for the first time, stood blushing like a school-girl. The officer on the sidewalk, whose heart echoed the mob's involuntary tribute, uncovered his head, and, pressing his hat to his bosom, breathed inarticulate adoration as Palmetto escaped into the Treasury.

"But, Dalrymple," he said to a comrade who had been suppressing anathemas against

the hags who pressed him close in the crowd — "but, Dalrymple, did you say you knew her?"

"No, Rodrigue," he answered, still out of humor. "I said I had met her once."

"Will you, my friend, have the goodness to tell me all about it?"

"There is nothing to tell," said Dalrymple, abruptly, the reminiscence not being a pleasant one, "except that I was making a visit to Miss Chandler on one occasion and Miss Dillon came into the room for a moment."

"Chandler — Dillon!" exclaimed Rodrigue, remembering with a flash the connection in his mind between these two names. "Dillon! But did you say Dillon?"

"I said Dillon. Is there anything remarkable about the name?"

"No," he said, calming himself. "Not the name, but the lady, I find altogether remarkable."

"She does not seem afraid of brickbats, certainly."

"Brickbats, indeed! She has quelled a mob. I do not believe she has fear of anything. But are you sure of her name?"

"No; she may have changed it."

"Impossible!"

"I don't know. It is four months since I saw her, and it takes about seven minutes to get a woman's name changed."

"You have timed it?"

"I have."

"Bah, Dalrymple! You have no enthusiasms."

"I am not so young as I was."

"Adieu."

"Good-bye."

That evening Rodrigue, in town for a few days on official business, attended a dinner given by a prominent member of the Cabinet. The invitation had been to "pea soup."

Discontent among the lower classes was ripe in Richmond at this time. Women and children, whose natural protectors were in the field, were starving at home, and much ill feeling existed towards men who remained in the capital in what were called bomb-proof offices. To make matters worse, the lower classes believed that Government officials fared sumptuously every day. Rumors of banquets where turtle and champagne played parts created great indignation. To counteract, so far as might be, this impression, it became the fashion among Government officials to request the pleasure of one's company to "pea soup."

Rodrigue had, with the simplicity of a soldier, accepted the invitation in good faith, and went to the Secretary's prepared to dine on the specified menu. He was genuinely surprised to find a dinner, very luxurious for the times, which he enjoyed with a soldier's appetite.

The bread riot of the morning was naturally one of the chief topics of conversation. By some it was considered an important indication of popular feeling. Others pooh-poohed it as a trifling ebullition of feminine discontent.

Rodrigue's right-hand neighbor remarked to him during dessert, "Apropos of the bread riot, I wish I could manage to get my share of these good things to a girl who lives next door to me."

"Indeed!" said Rodrigue, politely, his thoughts being occupied with a young woman he had seen in the morning.

"Yes. Her family are very poor. I am sure they do not have enough to eat. Indeed, the girl fainted to-day for want of food. She is a clerk in the Treasury," — Rodrigue turned his eyes, brilliant with new-born interest, on the speaker, — "and to-day this same bread riot created such excitement at the Department that my young friend remained after office hours without her dinner to finish her work."

Rodrigue's eyes grew bigger with every word. "Well?" he said eagerly, his neighbor pausing to crack a nut.

"Nothing, except that her father came to borrow money of me to buy food, and all these good things made me think of the contrast."

Rodrigue pushed away his plate. How could he eat, knowing a being like that was suffering from hunger? There were many Treasury clerks, but he felt sure that this was his Jeanne d'Arc.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask the young woman's name?" he asked, very modestly.

"Not at all. Her name is Dillon — Miss Madge Dillon."

"Aha! — 'M. Dillon.' I have seen a note with her signature. It is a good signature. I thought it was a man's. I should like to make her acquaintance."

"Nothing easier, Colonel. The name of Rodrigue is a passport to every lady's favor, and I shall be delighted to present you."

"You are very good. But we must be quick about it. My time here is short."

"Ah, well, come and take tea with me to-morrow evening. Miss Dillon is a friend of my wife, and sometimes comes in to tea. We will invite her for to-morrow."

"I shall be engaged to-morrow until too late for tea. But if you will permit me to come afterwards?"

"At your convenience, Colonel."

"Will you promise me something?"

"Almost anything."

"You are too good. But you will not mention that I am coming. I have a reason."

"Certainly, if you wish it; but I had intended using your name as an inducement — my trump card, in fact."

Rodrigue shrugged his shoulders. "But you are wrong. I am not sure that Miss Dillon would take tea with you if she thought I was to be there."

"I think I could arrange it so that she would."

"But you will promise?"

"I promise."

"Strange," mused Rodrigue over his cigar that night, "that I should meet 'M. Dillon' for the first time to-day, and hear of her again to-night. Things have a tendency to run in lines."

Next day Rodrigue, finding it would be impossible to keep his engagement for that evening, went to inform his friend of the fact, and to thank him for his kind intention, which he hoped would be carried out on a future occasion.

The tendency of things to run in lines, or some other occult influence, led him to stumble into the wrong house. He rang the bell at the door adjoining his friend's, and upon asking if the master of the house was at home was answered in the affirmative and ushered into the parlor. There, in the middle of the room, ready for flight, stood Palmetto. The unexpectedness of the meeting was like an electric shock to Rodrigue. He trembled from head to foot, but nobody would have guessed it. To Palmetto it was only the pleasing surprise occasioned by the advent of a handsome stranger. She was still pale from the indisposition which kept her from the Department, but she flushed prettily when Rodrigue entered. She introduced herself as Miss Dillon, and, having heard the dialogue at the front door, asked if he wished to see her father.

"I beg pardon, Miss Dillon," said Rodrigue, with the profound and flattering obeisance of which no purely Anglo-Saxon back is capable, "but I find myself here by a mistake. I intended to call on your next-door neighbor, who had promised me the honor of an introduction to you. Since I am here by accident permit me to introduce myself— Colonel Rodrigue."

It was Palmetto's turn to be electrified; and not being used to shocks, she turned furiously red.

It must be confessed that Rodrigue enjoyed her confusion. He owed "M. Dillon" a turn, and then a blush was the one thing needed to make her face beautiful.

"Oh, oh!" she stammered. "I am so sorry. I — I hoped you would never see me."

"You are too late for that, Miss Dillon; I have had the pleasure before."

Palmetto opened her eyes. "I can't imagine where; and I don't know why you should want to know me, I am sure."

"On the contrary, there is every reason why I should. You once did me the honor to write to me, and I have never had an opportunity to reply."

"You know I did not want a reply."

"And yet it was the most momentous letter I ever received."

"I hope you have forgiven me."

"I had nothing to forgive. You did what you could to soften a severe blow."

"Won't you sit down? I am glad you felt that the writer was sorry to say 'no.'"

"I felt it, and it made me love the writer," said Rodrigue, gravely.

"I mean — I mean," stammered Palmetto "that I thought Rose Chandler owed you that much."

"It seems Miss Chandler thought she owed me nothing. My heart went out to her who thought I deserved something."

"But it — it was to be supposed that Rose was the writer."

"For a moment I did suppose so, and had we not been on the eve of battle, that moment would have brought me back to her. You see fate has brought me to her who really did pity me."

"I ought not to have meddled," said Palmetto, distressed by the directness there was no evading. "I suppose it really was conceit that made me consent to write for Rose. She does not take things so seriously as I, and I thought that — that —"

"That you could disappoint a man more kindly."

"You see Rose is so used to that kind of thing —"

"That one man more or less does not count."

Rodrigue's manner, grave, courteous, and direct, coupled with the unusual circumstances of their meeting, was every moment deepening the favorable impression already made by his appearance and reputation. As he went on, his voice trembled with the restraint laid upon him not to startle his listener. Trembling is contagious, and Palmetto was stirred with vague uneasiness as Rodrigue attempted to state his proposition calmly.

"You know, Miss Dillon, that these are stirring times — times of sudden meetings and partings, of strange friendships and stranger loves. Your letter to me" — Palmetto hung her head — "was one of the strange things which would scarcely have happened in ordinary times. It made a deep impression upon me. The impression has grown to be something more, and I have a favor to ask you."

Palmetto looked up. She tried to emulate Rodrigue's calmness, but his glance was more discomposing than hurtling brickbats. She succeeded in being stilled. Conventionality and decorum stood like a wall between them.

Silence, in which only their breathing could be heard, fell upon them, and their eyes sought the floor. After a moment Palmetto said stiffly, "You have a right to ask any favor that will make amends for my reading your letter."

"Ah, that letter!" exclaimed Rodrigue. "It is of that I would speak. It was written the day before Fredericksburg, and you answered it for Miss Chandler in the negative, and I took that 'no' into battle with me. Now we are looking for another fight, and I am going back to my command. May I — may I take with me — another answer from you, and for yourself?"

"Do you mean —" gasped Palmetto.

"I mean will you give me permission to ask you for yourself if I come out alive?"

Palmetto could not speak. She closed her eyes. In a moment there flashed through her mind — as in other great crises — everything that could be thought. The brilliant soldier suing for *her*. She knew that if she lived a hundred years she would never see another whom she could so love, whom — strange, incredible incident of war — she believed she did love. Then came pride to forbid this hasty wooing and winning. She opened her eyes.

"No," she said; and then, seeing him stand before her handsome and sorrowful on the eve of battle, made a plunge as into cold water and murmured "Yes."

His face became radiant, and hers suffused with blushes as he raised her fingers to his lips.

Just then the silence was broken by the heavy, booming sound so familiar in the beleaguered city, shaking the walls and setting all the air a-tremble. Palmetto started violently. Rodrigue changed color.

Hostilities had begun again.

"I must go," said Rodrigue, with his hand upon the door. "Remember, if I come back."

"If — if you come back!" faltered Palmetto, pale as death.

"Boom, boom, boom!" roared the guns again. Ah, how quickly they shook down the walls of conventionality! Palmetto extended her hands. Rodrigue caught her in his arms, and then, pressing a kiss on her flushed and innocent cheek, was gone into the night.

Mary Spear Tiernan.



ESTRANGEMENT.

I ENTERED, upon a day, at the house of my friend to give him greeting. Then I saw that in the face of my friend there was a change, and that he did not look upon me with the same eyes as heretofore. "There is a change," I said. "There is no change," he replied.

So I gave him messages then, and greetings of gladness, and told him new things, and called him by an old name, and I staid with him, and we spoke together; but, nevertheless, I saw that a change had come over him. So I said, "My friend, there is a change come over thee."

And he said, "Nay, no change." So we conversed together again; and the hour came for departure. Then my friend bade me stay, but I saw that even in his bidding there was a change. So I said to him, "There is a change, which thou canst not deny. Wherefore art thou changed?" And my friend said to me, "Farewell!" So I departed and left him.

But my heart within me cried out against that estrangement; and my soul was broken daily, so that I could not live.

Therefore again upon a day I entered the house of him who was my friend, that I might upbraid him; and my friend moving towards me, I cried out against him as he came, "Wherefore art thou estranged from me?" But my friend, heeding me not at all, said, "Wherefore hast thou delayed so long?"

And I looked upon his face, and he was exceeding bitter sorrowful. Then was I wroth within my mind, and knew not which way to turn. For I saw that the change that had been was in my own soul.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

FAIRIES AND DRUIDS OF IRELAND.

THE trouble with the old archæologists was, and it remains the trouble with those Irishmen who refuse to look at their island as a part of Europe subject to the laws governing humanity everywhere, that they treated Erin as if it belonged to some other planet. This comes from the great wealth of legend with which the country teemed after it had almost vanished from the larger part of the rest of Europe — at least from that part which was educated. If in "Pagan Ireland" I have asserted that we have strong evidences in the island of the primeval warfare between intrusive Kelts and the Turanian or Finno-Ugrian tribes which at one time held all Europe, it is not done to belittle the Irish, as some of that sensitive folk may suppose. The Turanian element is not wanting in Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians; it is present among the English in a very marked degree, and will be acknowledged some day when prejudices based on false teachings, ignorance, or pride shall give way before the arguments of scholars. The selection of Ireland as the place where these arguments are applied brings into relief the now well-known value of her old literature, manners, customs, and myths as documents in reading the past of our common family of nations.

The Fenians have always been a stumbling-block to native and foreign students, owing largely to the oriental allusions in the old literature and the similar sound of Phœnicians, but also to ignorance of the literature itself. So with Druidism. It has been denied to Ireland outright, because in the records that came through Christian hands there were fewer allusions to the order than were to be expected. As definite facts about these bodies of men were wanting, the native archæologists drew on their imagination, having always behind them, however, the traditions that lurk obscurely in the people. The distinction between historical figures enveloped in an atmosphere of myth, and mythical figures to whom historical events have been fitted, is naturally difficult to draw; it is hard enough with all the facts that are now at our command, and was manifestly impossible in previous periods. The earliest records of Ireland refer to bands of settlers coming from the mainland, to gods and guardian deities so closely connected with places and specific human acts that their divinity is almost gone, and to historical tribes and men to whom semi-divine or magical attributes have been given. Where are we to draw the line between man and myth, between fact of history and shadow of some old superstition? It will be something gained if we can assign the chief fairies of Ireland to those invading swarms whose deities they appear once to have been. For be it known to those little read in Irish literature that of old the fairies were not trivial folk at all, but powerful champions and wizards who lived in great state inside the hills with their horses and hounds, banquets and retinues, like the nobles they were. Fairy princesses had too often a leaning for mortal heroes, and lured them into their palaces for a year and a day. It seems at one time to have been the fashion in Ireland to couple the name of a fairy with each hero or great chief, as we find Latin legendary giving Egeria the nymph to the wise Roman king. It will be a gain, too, if we can connect Druidism by the aid of languages with a simple religion that lies at the bottom of all the old pagan faiths, just as the Turanian race seems to enter into the composition of most of the peoples of Europe. I shall continue to draw attention to the analogies between the Finnic past as seen in the Kalewala and the Irish past as shown by her literature, because the Finns have kept themselves least mixed with other stocks and therefore represent best the population of Ireland when the Kelts arrived. But we must not understand this arrival in the sense of sudden conquest by an entirely different race. The Kelts would conquer Turanians in Gaul and Holland, and the first swarm into Ireland would be a mixed swarm. At a later date came the horde of purer Kelts.

In 1857, while living in Brooklyn, L. I., John O'Mahony translated a history of Ireland written in Gaelic by Geoffrey Keating. It is only one of many instances of his wisdom that he should have put his finger on the key to the meaning of many obscure points concerning the earliest inhabitants of Ireland. Speaking of Cichol Gri the footless, a chief of the Fomorians, he says: "There are traces of such people, *living by fishing and fowling*, a people of perhaps Lapponian type, and they it was that probably left those stone implements improperly called Celtic." And again, speaking of those who think the Fomaraigh came from the Baltic, he says: "They must have been Finns or Laps, who perhaps were the predecessors of both Celts and Teutons in Western Europe, for in those times it is not

likely that there were any Gothic or Teutonic nations in North-western Europe. It is remarkable that the Welsh, Gaelic, and Breton *resemble* the Uralian dialects in one or two important points wherein all three *differ* from their kindred Indo-European tongues." Had he lived he would have found so many proofs of this guess by comparing the old literature of Ireland and the manners and customs of its more or less purely Keltic tribes with those of Finland that he would have avoided certain minor errors and spoken with certainty on the subject.

The Finnic harpers and dispensers of magic are Irish Druids of a very primitive type, such as Cæsar came too late to find in Gaul. Waïnamoïnen makes a great harp from the head of the monster pike — the Salmon of Knowledge of the Irish tales — and with it either delights the world or renders his foes powerless. Lemminkaïnen is a younger, less wise, Druid, who falls into mishaps, is sliced to pieces by a blind beggar whom he scorns, as Balder is slain by the blind god who was overlooked; he is thrown into the River of Death and fished out piecemeal by his mother. With his harp he puts his enemies to sleep or drives them like cattle into the River of Death. He journeys westward to an island where every good thing exists and all the women fall in love with him. This is the Tir na n'óg or Land of the Young visited by Fion, Cuchulinn, Oisîn, and other heroes. It is a later version of the Isles of the Blessed or Paradise of the Kelts, where pigs trot about roasted and the streams run with beer, of which place modern Germany has a humorous reminiscence in Schlaraffenland. Reports of this cloudland, hidden land, or vanishing archipelago in the Atlantic may really have induced St. Brendan of Kerry to cross the ocean during an epoch when holy men sought the most inaccessible places. They were discovered by the Norse even in Iceland. Such firmly seated traditions may well have induced Columbus to try the solution of the enigma of the Atlantic. It is Madoc's land and the fabled Atlantis.

The foes of the Kaleva heroes are like the magicians who interrupt Fion and his comrades in their hunts. The Lapp of Pohjola is even more malignant than the Sidhé or fairy of the Irish, who is generally considered a survival of the Dé Danann people, one of primitive swarms from over-sea. Fion and his comrades lived the life of hunters and their methods of cooking were extremely archaic. A pit was dug and a fire built therein to heat stones. Then the fire was drawn off, flesh wrapped in leaves placed in the pit, hot stones laid on, another layer of meat added, and thus the pit filled. The practice is still found among some savage tribes; it is still with us a favorite process for a clambake. Parallels between the Kalewala and Irish legends are endless. Magic horses that carry men off like the wind, nymphs who become the wives of heroes, archers who knock enchanted pins from the hair and save people from magic, wizards who cast men into a "Druidic sleep" to force them to reveal the truth, boats of skin or copper that go of themselves, runners who have to bind one leg for ordinary occasions lest they go too fast, enchanted boars or elk that only talking weapons can slay, and swords which have a life and vengeance of their own — these and other singular fancies in Irish literature can be found with little radical difference in the Kalewala. We associate these ideas with pagans or simply enjoy them in the nursery for their wild, preposterous boldness. Oscar pursues a fairy who has bewitched Fion, follows him to a mound, digs after and finally captures him. Shiefner has published a similar story among Siberian tribes. Bearing in mind the eternal quarrel of Iran against Turan in Persia and the battles of Gaels on two Tura-Plains in the west of Ireland, mentioned in "Pagan Ireland," and recalling the hatred shown by the Gaels for the wicked, misshapen, giant-like or pigmy Fomoraigh, we can understand better how gods and heroes of the conquered Finno-Ugrians appear in Gaelic stories with non-Aryan traits.

The Fomorians have been sometimes explained as the Fir-muir, or men of the ocean. We have a ballad in English, found in the Shetlands, which does something to support the view that the Fomorians belonged to the same race as the Finns, though it will also aid Professor John Rhys in his argument that Fomor means under the sea, and refers to an entirely mythical race of submarine fairies. The two ideas are not incompatible; for in popular tales a detested and feared race of sea-robbers holding islands off the coast might readily merge into baleful fairies after they had been destroyed and time had been allowed for myths to grow up round their former sites. But to the Shetland story. According to a ballad in Professor Child's collection there is a human race of seals in Shetland, who come on shore, throw off their skins, and enjoy themselves in the dance. If you can secure the skin, its owner, man or woman, is your booty. This is the familiar idea of swan-maidens and fairies, whose feathery dress, whose green or red cap, you must try to seize. But the singular part of the Shetland story is that they are called Finns.

Another explanation of Fomoraigh is Firmorca, men of horses, and the old histories indeed speak of a King Horsehead among their leaders. Giraldus de Barry reported in the twelfth century a "New and Monstrous

Way of Inaugurating their Kings" practiced by a tribe in Donegal, the very part of Ireland where Christianity least penetrated and the non-Kelts must have survived in largest numbers. A new king had to bathe in broth made from the flesh of a white mare, and feast on the flesh and broth with his people. This story is probably one that was handed down from heathen days and from malice or ignorance told to Giraldus when in Leinster as a practice of his own epoch.

However this may be, these and other primitive inhabitants are strangely like the Finnic heroes. Fintann, the only man who survived the deluge, was such an early Irishman with pronounced Finnic traits. He partakes of some of Waïnamoïnen's characteristics, for he is a Methuselah, lives in the shape of a fish through the flood, passes into other disguises, and is thus able to form the bridge whereby knowledge of the past is handed down to the true Gaels. He recalls Japanese legends of transformations at the other side of Asia. He crops up in St. Finnian's day just as Oisîn returns to quarrel with St. Patrick and delight him with "Fenian tales." He brings us naturally to the Salmon of Knowledge already mentioned, for he and it are probably one and the same.

Fion the hero comes as a lad to the river Boyne in search of a teacher of poetry. His youth has been unfortunate, for his father Cumhal is killed and he is hidden and reared by a Druidess. The poet is fishing the Boyne for a magical creature called the Salmon of Knowledge, which gives prophetic and poetic genius to him who eats it. The Salmon once caught, the pupil is ordered to prepare it for the table; but in cooking it he burns his hand, puts the finger to his mouth, and receives the gift his master intended for himself. At once he knows the past and future and understands the speech of animals. His master sees that Fion is destined to greatness. Taking far distant ideas from Finno-Ugrian sources, Oannes of the Chaldeans, the adventures of Waïnamoïnen the Finnic god with various magic fish, and still others, we can form at least some idea of the meaning of this, one of the most mysterious passages in Irish legend. The trail goes back to some primeval god of the Turanians who united the attributes of Apollo, science and prophecy, with the habitat of Poseidon.

In this way Fion gained a "magic thumb." When the Fianna are disturbed by portents or do not recognize a giant or goblin coming towards them, they ask their leader Fion to put his thumb in his mouth and prophesy. Later bards represent him chewing his thumb to the blood, to the bone, and finally to the marrow in the fury of his prophetic trance. We know the old English phrase used by hectoring fellows, "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" It suggests that biting the thumb at a man was at one time a piece of dumb show, meaning clearer than print that the victim of that gesture was held by the man who made it no better than a foul, sinful Druid. It explains, perhaps —

> By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes —

an idea found in Rune 26 of the Kalewala:

> Comes the hour of the departing
> Of the hero Lemminkaïnen,
> Right hand ready, left unwilling,
> All his anxious fingers pain him,
> Till at last in full obedience
> All his members give permission.

Fion is a race-hero of the subdued but not obliterated Ugrians of Ireland. We may well imagine that the Fianna, of whom he was captain, represent a militia formed by some ancient statesman from this nomadic hunter-stock to keep turbulent tribes at peace and the sea-robbers off the shores of Erin. Growing too strong and arrogant to suit a powerful ruler, the Fenians were destroyed like the Mamelukes in Egypt. Fion's harper and jester is a dwarf of the fairy stock. In the Kalewala a curious effect is produced by the sudden appearance of some pigmy to do tremendous labors, or to stop the path of a hero. Or again it is an infant, not a pigmy, who suddenly speaks up and rebukes or rails or scoffs at a powerful wizard. The name of Cumhal, Fion's father, means "bondage" in Gaelic, and may refer to the enslaved condition of his stock. An uncle has survived the slaughter of that father and of the clan. When Fion discovers him in the extreme west, whither the Firbolgs retired when defeated, he is very old, "and some of the old Fianna along with him who were wont to chase for him." This raises Fianna from the name of the militia to the wider meaning of the tribe or nation from which they were recruited.

In many regards the Gaelic stories, treasuring, as they do, ideas of a vanished race which peopled Europe in remote epochs, contain customs far more archaic than anything in the Kalewala. A bath is prepared for Cuchulinn by heating pieces of metal red hot and casting them into water. This has gone out in all but a few parts of the world. He and his men are called "the distorted ones," owing to their frantic behavior when filled with battle rage. He becomes deformed as if he were a goblin. This allies him with the Fomorians and other non-Keltic monsters and giants; it also recalls the grimaces, contortions, and accouterments of savages whereby they hope to terrify the foe. As the war-witches of Irish legend are far more primitive than the Valkyrs of the



A DESCENDANT OF THE FAIRY STOCK.

Norse, so the frenzied fighters of Ireland are more archaic than the Berserkers of Norway. As a rule in Irish poems the magic-making and slaughter are divided between Druids and heroes, while in the Kalewala both occur in the same person; yet occasionally Waïnamoïnen, Lemminkaïnen, and Ilmarinen cease their magic, lay aside their harps, and drawing sword whip off somebody's head. An Irish Druid such as Cathbad, however, is like Waïnamoïnen in his mastery of swordsmanship as well as witchcraft; he goes on "Fenian" expeditions about Ulster, and is a very bloody and disagreeable person to meet. The heroes who fight for or against Queen Meave, who has been assigned to the earlier cycle, rely more on magic than do those of the Fion cycle. One of Fion's sisters is Fairy, famous for supernatural speed; another is Goat, married to Hound of the World. His aunt is turned by a wizard into a dog, and his wife is transformed into a doe by a Druid whose love she rejects, whereupon she gives birth to the hero Oisïn, "little fawn." In Irish ballads, as in the Kalewala, we have the enchanted house into which the hero penetrates. In Finland he confounds the wizards there assembled; in Ireland he is generally enchanted until released by the sword of a comrade. It must always be remembered that these resemblances do not suggest the influence of Finland on Ireland or the reverse; they are rudimental, as we may expect in long-separated branches of the same race which in one case, certainly, has suffered overwhelming mixture with an Aryan stock. Irish legends are profoundly influenced by the overbearing and bloodthirsty Aryan. These characteristics are as strong in the Kelt as they are weak in the Finn.

Cuchulinn represents a Finno-Ugrian demigod who has been so completely absorbed by the Gael that the name has been altered to a Gaelic meaning, then a story fabricated to account for it. Doubtless we get it nearer the original in Cichol, the Fomorian king, round whose name the Gaels placed attributes of gods mixed with memories of past race conflicts. A diminutive of affection, owing to his great popularity in song, made him Cicholïn. As the Gaels did not know what that meant, they invented the story of the boy Setanta, who destroys the watch-dog (*cu*) of his host (*Culann*) and promises thenceforth to be his guardian in the place of the dog. Hence his name arose as Cuchulinn, dog of Culann. The etymology was popular because of the great respect the Gaels had for the dog, the defender of sheep against the wolf—a respect shown in the number of tribes and heroes who have the dog's term, *cu*, *cyn*, or *con*, in their names. A more striking veneration of the dog among Aryans is found in the Avesta of the primitive Parsees, also of Aryan races.

Druidism appears to have made a profound impression on the Irish and Britons. We learn how a poet in the Christian age sought Druidic powers. While performing the rite he recited the incantation, *Imbas Forosnai*, "Illumination by the Palms," or the *Teinm Laegha*, "Illumination of Rhymes," which were forbidden by St. Patrick.

> This is the way it is to be done: the poet chews a piece of the flesh of a red pig, or of a dog or cat, and he brings it afterwards on a flag behind the door and chants an incantation upon it and offers it to idol gods; and his idol gods are brought to him, but he finds them not on the morrow. And he pronounces incantations on his two palms; and his idol gods are also brought to him in order that his sleep may not be interrupted; and he lays his two palms on his two cheeks, and thus falls asleep; and he is watched that no one may disturb or interrupt him, until everything about which he is engaged is revealed to him, which may be a minute, or two, or three, or as long as the ceremony requires.

Lessons by Christians and their denunciations will not account for the abhorrence for Druidism which has cut its way into the language of the Gaels, and even into English, if we



BATTLE-AXES OF THE OLD HEROES OF LEGEND.

imagine that the Druids were as Lucan and Cæsar described them. Druidism must have been greatly modified for the better in Gaul when Cæsar arrived, but at the same epoch it might easily retain its worst features in an island apart. Lucan drew his knowledge of Druids from Spain, and his picture of them is consequently more savage and uncivilized. And it was the Spaniards who in after-centuries burned heretics by the thousand. In moral vileness as well as fiendish cruelty seems the origin of such words. With time all Druids became more philosophers, less necromancers; but the bad odor of their deeds hung round the name. Those of Gaul disappear from history suddenly because they were on the wane. Pliny tells us that the Druids made much of the serpent. He was the lucky one who found a mass of adders bringing forth the Mystic Egg, which must be caught in his cloak as it rose up from their coils. He must then spring on his horse and race for his life to the nearest stream, like Tam o' Shanter, to escape the goblin snakes. If overtaken, he was enveloped and bitten to death. Pliny saw such an egg "about the size of a large round apple; it has a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus." Apparently it was an oak-apple of unusual size. That excrescence was a mysterious one to the ancients, and we know that other things, like mistletoe, when found on the oak were sacred. The Druids taught in forests and used the awe of mighty trees to enhance reverence for their lessons and rights. The religion is one that belongs to a hunter race living in wood-

lands, and has many points foreign to the Keltic character. But Druidism, especially on its necromantic side, fits well to the strange scenes of the Finnic epic and some of the oldest lays of Ireland. The magician who throws a mist round the strong fighter, makes the champions of Ulster as weak as women, brings on a hero the pains of childbirth, or enchants the weapons of his enemy, and the satirist who compels men, in dread of his occult power, to deliver up to him their wives and choicest possessions — these are persons who have little but a name in common with the respectable and comparatively stately Druids of Gaul in Cæsar's time.

To bring back to life the pagan past of Ireland, and with it that of Britain, philology is not without its use. The Greek word for the oak, *drus*, with its captivating derivative, Dryads, the nymphs of the oak tree, is no longer accepted as the origin of Druid. But a satisfactory explanation has not, so far as I know, been offered. Bearing in mind the Finno-Ugrian and Irish tendency to slur out a harsh consonant between vowels, we may readily suspect between the two syllables of Gaelic *Dráoi* a rough breathing which took the place of an earlier guttural. The plural is *Dráoite*. Inserting the guttural, *Dragoit* would give a word whose first syllable, "drag," contains the meaning "fire" and "anger." *Droch*, chariot-wheel, sun-wheel, and *troghain*, sunrise, are other helps, connecting the word with the celestial bodies worshiped by the Finno-Ugrians and pagan Gaels. *Dragart*, a flint or firestone, *Dragaigean*, a fire shovel, are other Gaelic words in point.

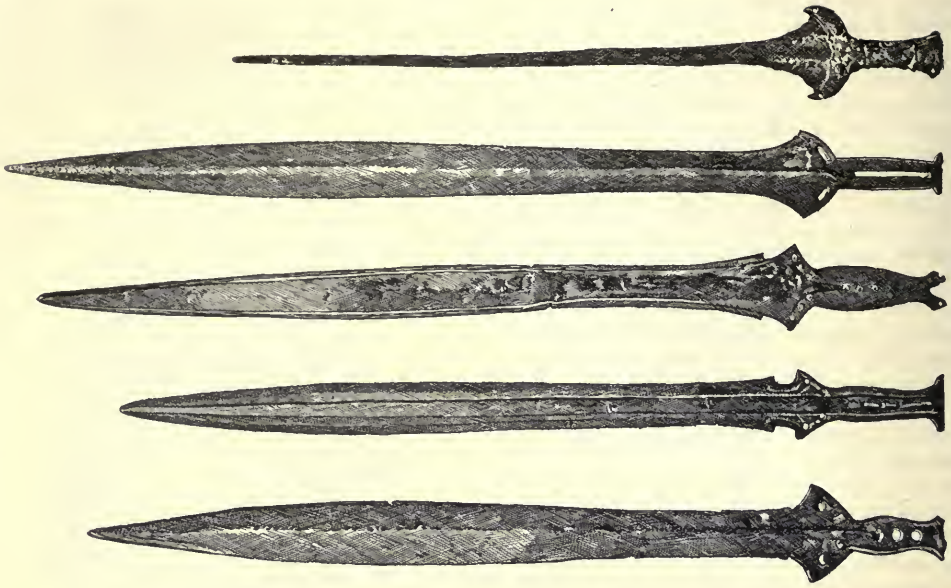
The sentiment inspired by the Druids was that of fear, horror, wrath. They were the executioners in pagan Europe and burned in osier frames those who were accused of crimes against the state. Hence "burning in effigy" remains the popular form of threat against political offenders. They superintended the burning of the firstborn of men and cattle to propitiate the sun, moon, and elemental influences. In modern times the hangman is the only person who enjoys or suffers the same distinction of abhorrence from the people, and it is well known how much magic is attributed by the ignorant to the hangman. Owing to this feeling towards the Druid, languages are full of words referring to him which have been misunderstood because they retain that guttural which dropped out of "Druid" before the Latins fixed it as we see it now. Whence came into Welsh *droog*, wickedness; into German *Trug*, deception; in French dialects *truc*, fraud; in English trick, truck, truckle. But there are others presenting the fire-meaning only, such as drought, dry, drug (herbs that are dried), dree or dry (wizard), and others. So that we have not far to seek as to the meanings underlying *Dráoi*. Here



OLD HARP, THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF THE NON-KELTIC ELEMENT.

is the root of dragon, Greek *drakon*, the fiery monster with the terrific side of sun-worship uppermost. A root like *drag* will always be found as *darg*. In Sanskrit *târkshya* is a dragon representing the sun-wheel, and *tarka* adds another element of Druidism, being a philosophical system. Thus in many directions are words that throw light on the hated priesthood as fire-worshipers, philosophers, and tyrants, justifying the tradition that they were the Magi of the West. Men of the classic epoch and the Middle Ages sought ever a direct transfer from east to west to explain such resemblances, but the analogies sprung from roots far back in the past, namely, the religious ideas of the same widely separated stock.

The pagan past of this singular bit of Europe may be divided tentatively into four epochs:



BRONZE SWORDS WHICH THE PEASANTS ATTRIBUTE TO FAIRY WARRIORS.

I. The primeval, represented by an aboriginal race of cave-dwellers completely in the stone age, cannibals who used paint in place of clothes, and moon-worshipers.

II. The Ugrian, in which an unsubstantial form of architecture existed along with subterranean dwellings, grave mounds, cromlechs, stone circles, crannogs, and lake dwellings, and remains like Stonehenge in Britain, pointing to star and sun worship. Shamanism and a very crude Druidic type of religion obtained among people mainly hunters, fishers, and pirates. Slavery, polygamy, and occasional cannibalism existed along with burning as a punishment for offenses to the tribe.

III. The Firbolg-Danann, in which Ugrians from the mainland, much mixed with Kelts, reached the island by north and south Britain, bringing a higher type of Druidism and belief in the immortality of the soul. A wood and wattle architecture suited to a partly pastoral, partly agricultural, people, and the raths, lioses, duns, and "Danes' forts" of earth, thickly scattered over Ireland, may be assigned to them.

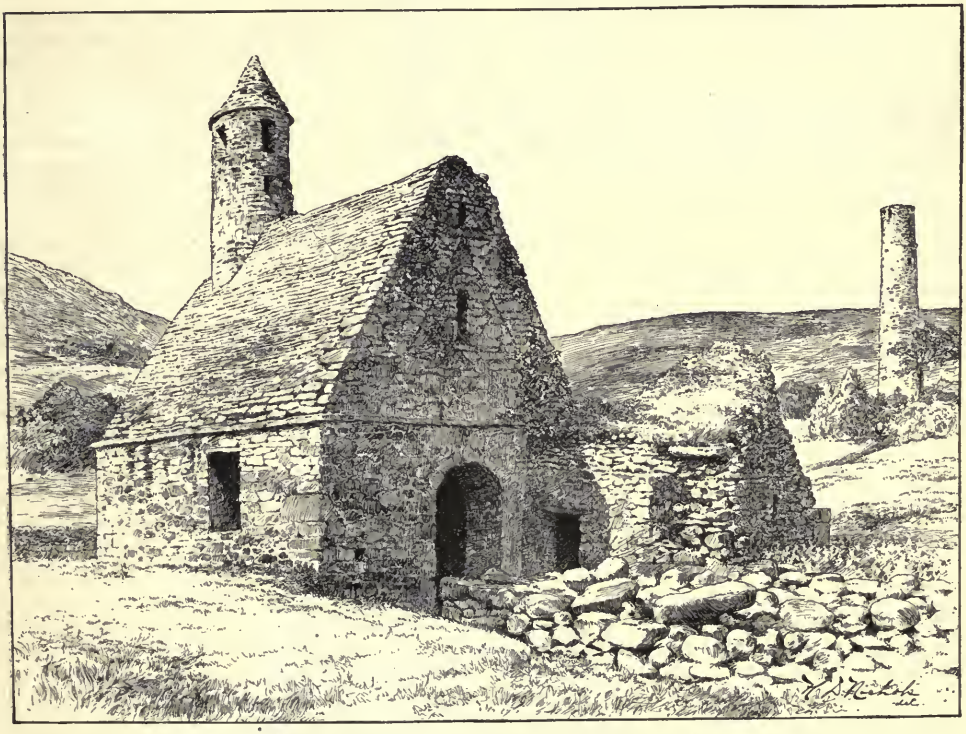
Architecture for palaces and temples lacks the arch and is similar to remains in Yucatan. Remains in Ireland are the "bee-hive" huts of the Aran islands, the type surviving under Christianity in the Church of Glendalough, oddly enough in connection with the round tower, which is also a pagan survival among Christian architects.

These art and song loving mixed tribes brought horses and war-chariots, beautiful objects in gold and silver, bronze weapons and tools of exquisite workmanship, such as are figured herewith. The Bolg-men were those who left on the Continent the name of Belgium to their former seats in the rich country to the south of the Rhine. The men of the goddess Danann, pushed out by Keltic swarms of purer stock, or it may be by the Teutonic advance-guard, left the name Denmark to the country near the Baltic over against Britain. They had slavery, polygamy, burning as punishment, and burning as voluntary or forced honors to the gods.

IV. Lastly we reach the epoch of Miledh (Latin *miles*, soldier), when the purest Keltic swarm, pushed without doubt by Roman conquests, crossed from south France and northern Spain into Munster, and with superior brains and weapons succeeded for a time in subjugating the kindred but mixed tribes already amalgamated into the Irish folk. They formed a governing caste, and were in all probability at once in antagonism with the Druidic profession, whose grossness and tyranny could not please them. Iron as well as bronze was now in use, but bronze is more plentiful in the finds because it rusts less. Laws were made and intrusted to a special class, the newcomers being influenced by the example of the Romans before whom they fled. Probably they used some stone in their forts and houses, but the true arch and stone architecture of an elaborate sort were not general in Ireland till the Normans. The Milesians were more warlike than art-loving; probably the Firbolg-Dananns surpassed them in almost all branches of art. But they brought letters to Ireland, such as

they were, though writing did not thrive under the adverse teachings of the Druids, who objected to it as weakening to the memory and allowing laymen to pry into their mysteries and loosen their hold on the ignorant. It was this caste, hating Druids and ready for a better law, that governed Ireland after a fashion when Christianity arrived.

The aristocracy was largely in favor of Christianity, which might curb the Druids and make subjects more content with their lot. Nevertheless people might be baptized in shoals and driven to chapel, but not lose consciousness of paganism. Few peasants like to put a spade into a so-called "Dane's fort" for fear of the wrath of the "good people" who dance there of moonlight nights. The fort, like the tradition, existed long before the eighth-century Danes appeared. On the 24th of June round young mothers to scare the fiends of darkness with the symbol of the sun. In Ireland it is bad luck to meet a hare; it is a demon that loves to sport in moonlight, is able by day to vanish into its form and start up like magic from the plowed field where no one saw it. It is bad luck to meet a red-haired woman. Why? Badb the war-witch used to meet heroes in the guise of a red-haired woman. Red of head was the unscrupulous Queen Macha, who beat in war certain princes, drove them into exile, followed and cajoled them with the charms of her person, and brought them back to toil at her fortress on the hill of Navan near Armagh. Popular prejudice against red hair points to a hated race that showed more than the usual number of red-haired men and women. The fishermen of the Claddagh, a suburb of Galway, led by a priest who has



CHURCH OF GLENDALOUGH, RETAINING PRIMITIVE TURANIAN ARCH IN ROOF AND KELTIC ROUND-HOUSE IN TOWER.

thousands of fires blaze from the hills in honor of — St. John! They descend from the pagan festival of the summer solstice. Burning brands are seized by the fleetest boys and carried to arable fields; if the embers are alive when the field is reached, a good crop is assured. The Shetland fisherman thinks he will have bad luck if he cannot turn his boat *with* the sun. To make a vow he marches round a well in the same direction. In the Hebrides fire is carried in the right hand round homesteads and taken the place of a Druid, repeat yearly a ceremony at sea intended to bring success to the fisheries. The mayor of Limerick takes possession of the Shannon's mouth by throwing a spear into the sea. Hundreds of "holy wells" show by the rags or round pebbles thrown about or into them that nature worship is not dead; these propitiate nymphs, nixies, and gods of healing. Old querns in which grain was broken by hand, as well as spangles of gold for personal decoration, bear a cross on them.



INTERIOR OF ANCIENT YUCATAN PALACE, SHOWING PRIMITIVE ARCH IN CEILING LIKE TURANIAN OF EUROPE.

The woodcut shows such a gold leaf. Claimed as Christian, they are really pagan, and symbolize the fertile sun, like the Sampo or wonder-mill of the Finns. A weird quern is that which the heroes of Kaleva rescued from the cavern where the foul hostess of Pohjola locked it. Its broken fragments were enough to bring back light, fertility, and wealth to Kaleva-land. In Ireland sun-worship lurks traditionally round the "hag's beds," Druid altars, or "beds of Grainné," which are also called cromlechs. Grainné was a maiden who had *grian*, the sun, in her name. During her elopement from Fion, son of Cumhal, she slept at the places marked by cromlechs with her lover Diarmuid, the Irish Adonis, who had a beauty-spot which deprived women of their reason. Mr. Wakeman reports that in Fermanagh a peasant who is about to be evicted has been known to meet his persecutor with a fire of stones. He fills his hearth with stones, as if they were peats, and kneeling down prays that evil luck attend his landlord and family forever. Then he scatters the stones far and wide in fields and streams lest they be collected and a counter-curse be uttered over them. In the island Innismurray is an ancient stone fort with three "beds," or Cyclopean dwellings. On the largest are certain round stones. The person who wishes to curse an enemy makes the circuit of the bed nine times, reciting the prayers of the Catholic Church used at the "stations" about a cathedral. He then turns the stones:

They loosed their curse against the king,
They cursed him in his flesh and bones,
And daily in their mystic ring
They turned the maledictive stones.[1]

If guilty, the enemy will die or go mad. Here again Christianity of no uncertain kind has been ineffectual to remove the paganism rooted in the people.

Thus we can learn more of the religion of our pagan ancestors from the Irish records than from any other source; for a conservatism which is a trait of the Irish as a whole—shall we say a trait derived from the Finno-Ugrian substratum?—caused them to treasure the echoes of heathenism in histories, annals, ballads, customs, and traditions handed down from generation to generation among the illiterate. The old gods have been degraded into ghosts or demons, or else humanized and connected with heroes and heroines like Cuchulinn, Queen Mab, Fion mac Cumhal, Grainné the beautiful, and Diarmuid the irresistible; or again baptized into saints and put in the calendar. Some are retired into mounds and Dane's forts; and others have gone to Tir na n'ðg, the elysium beyond the setting sun, the Indian's happy hunting-ground.

Putting minor divisions aside, and keeping in mind the two grand divisions among the old Irish, namely, the imaginative, persistent, stolid, revengeful, superstitious Ugrian, and the quick-tempered but kind-hearted, generous, unsteady, quick-tongued, pleasure-loving Kelt, we can understand perhaps better than before the reason for anomalies in the national character. We may perceive in the individual Irishman, it may be, the contest still going on between Aryan and Ugrian, between Iran and Turan. Have we not here a clue to contradictions in Irish natures, their fiery threats and actual peaceableness, their turbulence and relative freedom from crime, their reputation for ferocity among those who do not know them, and the charm they exercise through kindliness and hospitality when treated with regard? It is not fanciful to trace here the singular mixture of sharpness and stupidity in the peasant, nor will it be found on reflection hazardous to assert that the Irish owe to the sturdy, plodding Ugrian element their ability to support suffering and their dogged love for the soil—traits hitherto given to the Kelt, al-

[1] "Lays of the Western Gael," by S. Ferguson.



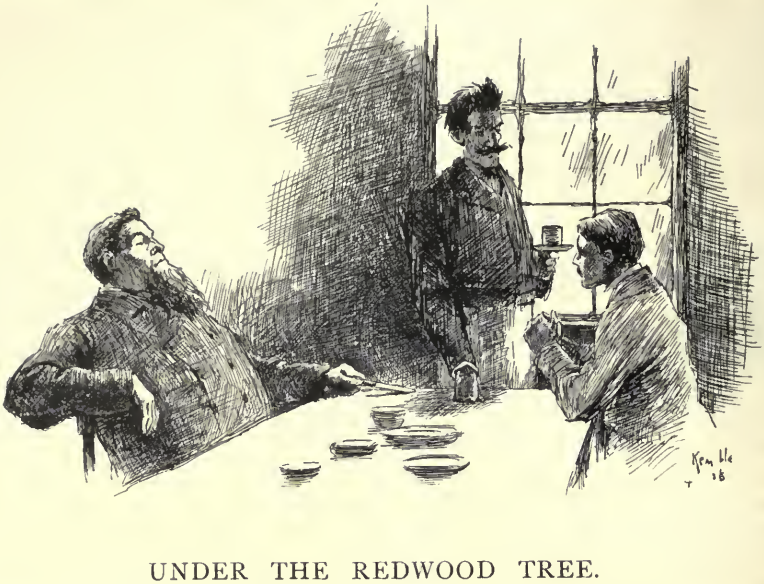
CROMLECH NEAR SLIGO, WEST COAST — THE HAUNTED MOUNT BULBIN IN THE DISTANCE.

though history is full of examples of the Keltic passion for roving about the world. It is an element that gives the counterpoise to the hot-headedness natural to those in whom Keltic blood is strong; it explains the caution of many Scots and Irishmen, for both are apt to talk with violence but to act with great circumspection. It may also supply the sad poetical side of the Irish. It accounts best of all for their essential law-abiding character when humanely treated, their freedom from crimes other than agrarian, to which the latest trials in London bear testimony. It may offer an explanation for the petty though vindictive nature of misdemeanors like moonlighting, houghing cattle, and destroying crops — traits which seem foreign to the Keltic genius. Moreover it affords a reason for the virulence of class hatred in Ireland and for anomalies like the siding of the Roman Catholic upper classes with the enemies of the nation, though the enemies are all that is most bigoted in contempt of their old faith. But it must also be obvious to those who have followed me through these two papers full of strange-looking names and, it is to be feared, wearisome arguments, that the key to the Irish nation fits more or less well the lock of many other peoples. The ancestors of every one of us have fought, conquered, and suffered in that endless quarrel between Aryan and Turanian which took place all over Europe and a large part of Asia, and which still goes on in the breast of every American who is descended from that primeval mixture of races.

Charles de Kay.



HAMMERED GOLD SPANGLE WITH PAGAN SUN-CROSS.



UNDER THE REDWOOD TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH AIGLE."

"YES, you kin hev breakfast; but about a team — wall, I 'll see."

Thus spoke the clerk of the Eureka House, a young man of aggressive manners, whose stubbly black hair stood out from his head as if bristling defiance towards every point of the compass. He looked harassed, and had laid aside his coat. This might be the usual way of welcoming the coming guest in Humboldt County, but Gerald Ffrench did not appreciate it. He was fresh from twenty-four hours of an ocean not always so pacific as its name, and the floor seemed to heave under his feet like the deck of the little steamer that had brought him from San Francisco. He silently accepted the direction of the clerk's finger and entered the dining-room.

The regular breakfast hour at the Eureka House was past and the long table had been cleared off, except at the extreme end, where a little oasis of doubtful tablecloth dotted with dishes relieved the barren expanse of stained redwood. Thither Gerald was marshaled by a communistic-looking waiter, who simplified the young gentleman's choice of viands by remarking, "There 's beefsteak."

"Nothing else?" inquired Ffrench, dropping into his place with a half-bow to a gentleman already seated opposite.

"And coffee," said the waiter.

"Beefsteak and coffee be it," answered Gerald, seeking vainly for a napkin. Then, as he raised his eyes from the futile search, he became conscious that his fellow-guest was regarding him intently across the narrow table.

"You 'll know me again if you see me, my friend," thought young Ffrench, and then, being little troubled with false modesty, he returned the stare with interest.

The other drummed lightly on the board with his knife and never wavered in his unwinking gaze. He was a big man, with broad shoulders and mighty chest; and if his length of limb were at all proportionate to his apparent height as he sat, his stature should be almost gigantic. A pair of blue eyes lighted up a shrewd, good-natured face, clean shaven except on the chin, whence depended a long auburn beard. His age might have been fifty or more, and his costume was the most elaborate that Gerald had yet seen in Eureka; for not only did the stranger boast a white collar and a neck ribbon, but a frock coat of black cloth was buttoned across his broad breast. There is something reassuring in a frock coat, especially on the outskirts of civilization. If it is not worn by a gambler it is pretty sure to be the property of a self-respecting man, and the garment in question, though of country cut and too wide for its wearer, big as he was, had its effect on the young traveler.

Finding this wordless communion of eyes growing intolerable, Gerald broke the silence with a casual remark suggested by the service of the hotel.

"You come in by the *Pelican*, I suppose?" said the big man, wholly ignoring young

Ffrench's observation, and settling down, with obvious enjoyment, to a system of cross-examination.

Gerald admitted that he had so come.

"A great steamer the *Pelican*, entirely," resumed the other. "She was built for a blockade-runner, I suppose you know."

"I did n't know," answered the younger man; "but I should say she was quick enough and uncomfortable enough for anything."

"Comfort!" sniffed the big fellow, with an indescribable inflection of contempt. "But I suppose ye 're used to it down the coast. You come from — eh?"

"I came from the bay yesterday," answered Gerald; and then, divining from the other's look of bewilderment that this description of the city of the Golden Gate might not be so all-sufficing in northern California as in the southern counties, he added, "from San Francisco, you know."

"Oh, ay, Frisco! We don't know nothin' of any other bay here but Humboldt Bay, an' I was just wonderin' what kind o' fish you might be," said the stranger, breaking into a hearty, jolly bass laugh that was pleasant to hear. He threw back his great head and showed every one of an enviable set of teeth as he roared at his own little joke with a simplicity that was not without its attraction. But at this moment the waiter entered, and the gentleman's mirth abruptly ceased. He seemed to case himself in a visible armor of dignity, as if ashamed that he had so unbent, and he addressed the attendant in his gruffest tones.

"That 's the steak, eh? Very well. Now tell Partridge to bring my team around in twenty minutes."

"I will, Mr. Kearney," answered the waiter, slapping Gerald's portion down with a fine air of indifference and moving towards the door.

"Say!" Ffrench called after him. "Do you know if that clerk of yours has made up his mind if he can let me have something to drive to Tacara?"

The waiter evidently heard, for he looked back, but he left the room without condescending to reply. Gerald turned to his plate with a muttered oath and was conscious of a growing desire to kick somebody — that cub of a waiter, for instance. The coffee was vile and the steak utterly unmanageable. Ffrench enviously watched his neighbor gnawing placidly through the tough, leathery mass and drinking the liquid libel without a wry face. The young traveler was in anything but a good temper, and yet he could hardly help smiling as he noticed how comically the red beard wagged in unison with the regular motion of the big man's jaw. Presently the latter paused a moment.

"From Frisco, eh?" he said slowly. "Now I would n't wonder if ye come up after ducks."

"Well, I did n't," said Gerald, snappishly. "There are plenty of ducks there."

"So there are, so there are," said Mr. Kearney in the soothing tone he might have adopted to a fractious child; "but there ain't much except ducks here — ducks an' redwoods."

"Perhaps I came after the redwoods," said Gerald, amused in spite of himself at the other's manner.

"Well, ye might. Goin' lumberin', eh?"

"No. I 'm a correspondent of the San Francisco 'Evening Mail,' and I 've come here to write up the lumber industry."

"So, a correspondent," — Mr. Kearney pronounced the word as if the young journalist had been implicated in divorce proceedings, — "a correspondent; an' ye want to go to Tacara?"

"Yes, if I can get a team — or even an answer — in this hole," replied Ffrench, his indignation boiling to the surface again.

"Well, I 'm goin', an' I 'll drive ye over with pleasure."

"No! will you really? I 'll be very much obliged," answered Gerald, eagerly.

"No obligation in life," returned the big man. "Ye 're as welcome as the flowers in May; an' as I 'm in the lumber business there myself, maybe I can give ye a few points will come in handy."

Ffrench expressed himself, as he felt, very grateful for this timely and unlooked-for kindness.

"Finish yer food, then, an' we 'll start," said Kearney, whose empty plate bore witness that he practiced what he preached.

"Finish my food!" said Gerald, hotly. "I 've had all the leather I want for one morning."

"Ah, ye 're used to comfort down the coast," remarked Mr. Kearney meditatively as he rose. Gerald, though above middle height, felt like a pigmy beside the big man as the latter dropped a great hand familiarly on his shoulder and half steered, half pushed him towards the door. Before they left the dining-room Kearney paused a moment.

"I 've had comforts too, an' like 'em," he said. "I was down to Frisco once an' dined at the Poodle Dog restoorant"; and with a chuckle at the recollection of a pleasant event in his life, he passed out into the office.

Gerald paused a moment to pay for the breakfast he had not eaten, and the warlike clerk remarked, with ill-dissembled delight, that no team could be had till evening — "maybe not then."

Gerald did not attempt to disguise the satisfaction with which he retorted that if there were twenty teams he would not take one of them, and catching up his light valise he left

the Eureka House. The clerk looked after him with a vindictive expression, as if debating whether it was worth while to pursue and chastise the parting guest; but seeing the young man take his place in Mr. Kearney's carriage, he subsided behind the counter, conscious that there was no prospect of another stranger till the next arrival of the *Pelican*, three days hence.

The stout road-wagon was drawn by a good-looking pair of American horses,—in California so called as distinguished from mustangs,—and they drove through Eureka at a rapid pace. Mr. Kearney pulled up at the outskirts of the town in front of a small general store.

"Catch on to them lines," he remarked, handing the reins to his companion; "I 'll keep ye no time waiting." And he swung his bulky form out of the wagon, which rebounded when relieved of his weight. With a single gigantic stride he crossed the narrow sidewalk and vanished in the shop. He reappeared after a brief interval with sundry packages in his hands and a small bundle of gayly painted toy balloons attached to his button-hole.

"D' ye know what them are for?" he inquired as he set the team in motion.

"I should say you have some little folks at home," answered Gerald, smiling.

"I have a boy, sir," answered Kearney, beaming with delight. "The cutest little beggar in the State o' California, an' that 's sayin' a big word. But sure what call have I to be talkin' about him? Won't you see him yourself?"

Gerald expressed the happiness he would feel at making the young gentleman's acquaintance.

"I don't know: ye come from Frisco, an' ye see more down there nor we do; but I 'd back him agen any lad o' his age an' weight under the canopy; and as for learnin'— but there! Jimmy shall have every chance, so he shall. It is n't up here among the redwoods that I 'm goin' to raise him."

"Fine country, though," remarked Gerald, looking around him. They were clear of the town by this time, and on a steep miry road which skirted the shores of the bay, making frequent turns to avoid the long "tide-waters" which ran up to the very foot of the wooded hills bordering the tract to the right— tall, abrupt hills, clothed to their summits with the gigantic redwoods that make the wealth of Humboldt County.

It was a bright autumn morning, succeeding a week of almost incessant rain, and the atmosphere was so clear that the range of vision seemed limitless. The air was calm and still, but up among the lofty forest tops there was an incessant trembling and rustling, as though a breeze were stirring there. At every turn of the road a little pond disclosed itself: none of the deeply shaded hollows seemed to be without one— some far off, sending a gleam of silver through the columned forest, others almost at the roadside, and not a few communicating with tide-water. Wild fowl of all kinds dotted the surface of these miniature lakes, or filled the air with their clangor as they rose disturbed by the passing vehicle. Gerald thought he had never seen such a woodland landscape, and grew enthusiastic in its praise.

"It is fine," said Mr. Kearney, letting his eye rove a moment over forest and water and then bringing it back to the matter in hand— the care of his team over a road-bed as rough as the channel of a mountain torrent. "It is fine; but no place to rear a youngster, for all that."

"Why not?" asked Ffrench.

"No eddication,—whoa! gently there, my beauties,—an' I believe in eddication as I believe in lumber; there 's nothin' in the world to beat it, if it 's sound."

"You 're quite a philosopher, Mr. Kearney," remarked Gerald.

The big man turned square round in his seat and looked his companion in the face.

"Am I labeled, or what 's the matter with me that ye know me?" he said.

"I heard the waiter at your most exclusive hotel address you by name," answered Gerald, laughing.

"It 's none o' my hotel; if it were—well, since you 're so wise, won't you make me as wise as yourself?"

"Certainly," said the journalist. "My name is Gerald Ffrench; very much at your service."

"Ffrench! Ye ought to be an Irishman by that," remarked Kearney.

"Certainly; I was born in the county Westmeath," replied the young man.

D' ye mind that now? Give me yer hand, Mr. Ffrench. I 'm always proud to meet a countryman in these out-o'-the-way parts."

"You 're from the old country, then? I might have guessed as much," said the young man.

"Well you might," returned the other. "I 'm from the townland o' Crogher, barony o' Magharafelth, county o' Limerick, an' my name is Michael James Kearney, an' I 've never been ashamed of any o' them. God save Ireland!"

As the conclusion of this speech seemed to be in the nature of a doxology, Gerald did not feel called upon to make any reply, nor did his companion appear to expect one. Indeed, his whole attention was for the moment occupied by his horses, which, startled at the

sudden appearance of a small boy from behind one of the giant redwood trunks, began to plunge and rear in a rather alarming manner.

"Stand still, Tom! Whoa, Jerry!" cried Kearney, quickly bringing the frightened team under subjection. Then he turned his attention to the immediate cause of the confusion.

"Well, Jimmy, is that yerself! Jump aboard, my boy, an' see what I 've brought ye from Eureka."

"Hurrah! I see something anyway," answered Jimmy, whose sun-burned features, beneath a shock of red hair, bore a curious resemblance to those of Mr. Kearney. The child, whose age might have been seven or eight, climbed into the wagon with the agility of a monkey, and immediately grasped at the little clump of balloons which, to Gerald's intense though secret amusement, had danced and floated above Mr. Kearney's head all the way from Eureka.

"Have some behavior, Jimmy!" expostulated that gentleman in a bass whisper; "don't you see some one there?"

"Who is he, Dad?" inquired Jimmy, not the least abashed, and without taking the trouble to moderate his voice. "'T is n't the new ox-hand, is it?"

"No, it 's a gentleman," answered his father; and then turning to Gerald with a smile, half deprecating, half embarrassed, and wholly winning, he added, "Ye see, I told ye this was no place to raise a boy."

"I think you 've raised as fine a boy as I 've clapped eyes on for many a day," answered Ffrench, heartily. "You 'll take me round to-morrow and show me where I can get a shot at a duck, won't you, Jimmy?"

"I will; an' if Dad will let me, I think I can find you a bear," said the youngster, eagerly.

This was more than Gerald had bargained for; but he contented himself with saying, "Oh, we 'll look for the duck first"; and then added, as an afterthought, "But surely your father does n't let you go where you 'd meet such dangerous game?"

"Yes, he does, when he goes himself," answered young Nimrod. "There is n't much he does n't let me do, anyhow."

There was something of apology in Mr. Kearney's tone as he hastened to explain his son's independence by his invariable formula, "You see, this ain't no place to raise a boy, anyhow."

The drive from Eureka had been long though pleasant, and Gerald, arguing from the presence of the boy that his destination was at hand, ventured to ask if it was much farther to Tacara. He was emboldened by observing that the road, which had run through a sylvan solitude for many miles, now showed occasional signs of life — a logger's hut peeped here and there from among the trees, a wreath of smoke curled up from the hillside, and occasionally the bark of a dog broke the silence as the wagon passed. But though not without circumstantial evidence of human habitation, the region seemed to Gerald as wild and desolate as ever. Therefore he was the more surprised at Mr. Kearney's answer.

"Tacara! We passed through it ten minutes ago."

Gerald gasped:

"Those cabins and —"

"Yes, that 's all the Tacara there is to it."

"Where am I going then?"

"Home with me, I hope," said Mr. Kearney, heartily; "and if ye can enjoy yerself as I 'd like to have ye, it 's not very soon ye 'll be wantin' to leave me."

Here was a hearty invitation, most opportunely extended. Gerald was glad to accept it in the spirit in which it was offered, the more so as he had gathered that Mr. Kearney was the great lumber dealer of the district, and in fact the founder and maintainer of Tacara. From no such point of vantage as Kearney's house could the journalist have hoped to study the staple of Humboldt.

The team drew up before a spacious, substantial residence, built of wood, indeed, as was every house within a circuit of fifty miles, but well finished, with glazed windows and shingled roof, and offering plain evidence of comfort. Ffrench attempted a few words of modest disclaimer before entering, but Mr. Kearney cut him short.

"What nonsense ye 're talking! Ye 've come out here to write up the redwoods; where better could ye go than into the thick o' them? Ye 'll see little and hear nothin' else; an' as for the trouble — what trouble? It 's glad I am to have a countryman an' a man of eddication to talk to; an' come in with ye without another word."

Gerald found himself in a low square hall, paneled in unstained timber of the country, and communicating with the rest of the house by doors of the same material. The evening was chilly, and a fire of logs was burning brightly. The floor was covered with the skins of bear and of several species of wildcat. Half a dozen rifles and shot-guns depended from a rack on the wall. It was a comfortable apartment, and as the tired traveler seated himself and stretched his toes towards the welcome blaze he could not but acknowledge that his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

Presently Jimmy reappeared. He had insisted on accompanying the man who had

driven the team to the stable, and came back full of the exuberant life of youth and perfect health. He was anxious to pilot Gerald forth in search of a duck before dark, but to this the young man would in no wise consent. He preferred to sit by the fire and chat with his host, whom he found a singularly well-informed man, allowing for the limitations his secluded life had imposed. With every detail of lumbering he was naturally familiar; and as this was the subject of conversation, Gerald was perhaps inclined to give him credit for more intelligence than he really possessed. The correspondent's note-book was called into frequent use; he learned all the history of the great trees from the moment they were attacked with saws and axes on their lonely hillsides till, having been dragged down by yokes of oxen from their steep fastnesses, one log at a time, they were passed through the saw-mill on the level or floated down the nearest tide-water to the bay.

Presently a substantial supper made its appearance — quail, wild duck, and the remains of a cold rabbit-pie, flanked by a large wheaten loaf and a jug of capital cider. As soon as full justice had been done to these good things the host produced pipes and a bottle of whisky, and over these the interview was concluded, to Gerald's pleasure and profit. Mr. Kearney as he rose invited the young man to visit the saw-mill on the following morning.

"Ye 'll have a walk through two or three miles o' redwood forest to get there," said the big man, "an' that 's an experience worth havin'; an' there ye can see how the cattle start some o' them big logs down to tide-water, an'— an'— in fact ye 'll have lots to see, an' I won't ask no better fun than showin' ye. An' now good-night to ye, for the sun never sees me in bed any mornin' barrin' Sunday."

Gerald's room was small but well ventilated and scrupulously clean, and his bed was comfortable enough to wring from him a sigh at leaving it when his host thundered at the door and a gray misty light struggling through an eastern window showed that the day was at hand. A hearty breakfast, accompanied by better coffee than young Ffrench had expected to find so far from civilization, occupied half an hour or so, and the sun had fairly risen when they stepped out under the redwoods.



AT THE MILL.

Gerald never forgot that morning walk. The redwood forest has little or no underbrush, and the giant trunks rise sheer from the ground, unmarred by branch or twig, till spreading out a hundred feet overhead they meet to create the twilight of the grove. The two men moved on amid a solitude that seemed unbroken since the world began; their steps were noiseless on the soft carpet of pine needles, shed during uncounted ages from the giants above them. The pillared vistas extended on all sides, somber, silent, awe-inspiring. Ffrench felt as

if he were traversing the aisles of some cathedral, but incomparably older, vaster, grander than any built by man's hands. A faint murmurous sound — a sound that seemed the accompaniment of silence — stole down from spreading boughs whose form and direction were lost in their own gloom and distance. Despite the deep calm that weighed on all below, a breeze was stirring in the tops of the redwoods.

Gerald roused himself with an impatient start. He was growing sentimental, and stanzas of the "Talking Oak" flitted vaguely through his mind and strove to adapt themselves to those "giant boles," whose circumference he could scarce have measured in a dozen paces. He looked at his companion. Surely, in an experience of so many years, Mr. Kearney had outworn any emotions the forest was capable of inspiring in his broad breast.

Mr. Kearney was crushing the withered needles beneath his massive tread, and tracking his way unhesitatingly through a labyrinth that to Gerald seemed trackless. The black coat and the white collar that had been donned in honor of Eureka had given place to a stout flannel shirt, belted in at the waist; and the big man looked the better for the change — more solid and business-like. He was glancing at the timber with a practical eye, occasionally pausing to rest his hand against one of the great trunks and to glance upward, as if to estimate how high it ran before branching. The young journalist mentally compared him to a butcher appraising the value of a likely beef before he ordered it slaughtered. Gerald loved fine timber, and he spoke with this feeling strong in him.

"It seems a sin and a shame to cut down such trees," he said, with a touch of indignation in his voice.

Kearney turned and looked at him.

"Eh! That 's the way it seems to ye, I don't doubt. Look deeper, man, look deeper."

Gerald stared at him in astonishment, but Mr. Kearney went on.

"It 's the destiny of every forest to be first cut down and then cut up for the use o' man. Which had the biggest share of honor — the trees that was left standin' in Tarshish, or them that was brought to Jerusalem to build Solomon's temple?"

Had Solomon himself in all his glory appeared in one of the dim arcades he could scarcely have surprised young Ffrench more than did this utterly unlooked-for reasoning in the man beside him.

"For see here now," pursued Kearney, having paused a moment for the answer that did not come, "this tree 's a-growin' here an' has been for a thousand years, maybe two; no man knows till she 's cut an' he counts the rings in her. Down she comes to-morrow, we 'll say, an' then what? Maybe this wood will floor a ball-room, an' be touched by pretty feet you 'd sooner kiss than the Pope's; maybe it 'll build the house that the President of the United States 'll be born in; maybe a bit of it 'll be the soundin'-board of a pulpit, an' echo God's word preached to the savin' of who knows how many souls. Is n't that better for it nor growin' an' rottin' an' shakin' pine needles down on yer head an' mine?"

By this time Gerald had found his tongue. "I had no idea you were so imaginative, Mr. Kearney," he said.

"I dunno as it 's all imagination," answered Kearney. "Maybe it is: anyhow, it 's possible, an' one thing 's sure. Let this timber stand, an' never a foot but an Injun's will pass under its shadow; cut it down, an' ye fill the bay with sails, ye put bread in men's mouths, an' ye give me the means o' doin' what I 'm bound to do — o' makin' a man o' Jimmy such as his father never had the chance to be."

"You 're right and I 'm wrong," said Gerald, somewhat touched by the earnest note in his host's voice as he uttered the last words. "They 're fine trees; but down with them, and make a ladder for your boy to climb as high as you 'd like to see him."

Kearney grasped the young man's hand. "Thank ye, Mr. Ffrench," he said. "The boy 'll climb, an' he can't go too high to please me. His mother, God rest her! was the best woman in the world, an' maybe she 's left some o' her nature behind her with Jimmy."

"You have lost her, then?" said Gerald, softly. Somehow he felt drawn very close to this kind-hearted giant, and the dim, sibilant forest seemed a fitting place for an interchange of confidences.

"Ay, lost is the word," said Kearney, bitterly. "She lies somewhere out yonder where no man will ever find her grave." He waved his arm with a broad gesture in the direction of the ocean. "Come on, Mr. Ffrench," he continued, without apparent pause. "Ye 've many a new sight to see to-day, an' the sawmill 's the first o' them."

But when they reached the mill all was in confusion. A new ox-hand, engaged the day before, had yoked a score of oxen to a great log and started it down the hill on which it had been felled, as is the manner of Pacific coast lumbering. And an accident had befallen — not unheard of in its fashion, but generally horrible in its results. The load had moved freely, the ground being slippery from recent rain, till a steep grade was reached. Here it broke from control, and, gaining impetus as it slid down the hillside, the great log plunged

among the oxen, killing and maiming more than half the team.

So much Kearney heard with comparative composure. It was an accident that had happened before, and was not always to be prevented by any degree of care. He expressed pity for the poor oxen, and bit his lip as he cast up the pecuniary loss.

"Who did ye say was in charge?" he said presently.

"The new ox-hand — Jarl, they called him. He was a Norway man," answered the foreman.

"An' how did ye come to set a new hand to move a log out of any such awkward place as Oorah Hill?" asked Kearney, angrily.

"Wall, there were n't nobody else, and he was an old hand. He 'd been lumbering in Mendocino," explained the foreman.

"An' where is he now? Let me say a word to him," cried Kearney, his temper evidently getting the better of him.

The foreman fell back a step and looked aghast. "Why, did n't you understand?" he said. "Jarl 's dead; the log went over him and crushed him flatter 'n a pancake."

An instant change came over the big man's face. "Holy St. Patrick! ye don't tell me," he gasped. "The poor fellow, the poor fellow! I would n't have had the like happen for — well, well, well! Mr. Ffrench," he added, turning to the journalist, who had been an interested listener, "I 've been twenty odd years in the lumber business, an' they call it a risky trade, but that 's the first life I 've ever lost among my men."

Gerald attempted a few words of sympathy, but Kearney did not seem to hear them. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" he muttered. "Well, every man's time 's got to come sooner or later, but that 's the end o' my luck."

A low wailing cry, the voice of a child sobbing in the abandonment of sorrow, came from a shed on the right. Kearney started as he heard it and glanced nervously around.

"Whisht! D' ye hear that?" he said. "Is there a child anywhere here, or is it the —" He paused as the piteous sob again cut the silence.

"It 's the child, his little girl," said the foreman. "She 's been taking on dreadful, and no wonder. He was n't much to look at; but he was all she had, I reckon."

"His child — whose?" asked Kearney.

"Why, Jarl's, to be sure. She come up with him from Mendocino."

The big man sank down on a pile of shingles and buried his face in his hands.

"My God, my God! this is too much," he murmured. "Is it orphans I 'm makin' in me ould age?" Then he started to his feet and dashed his hat to the ground with a sweeping gesture. "To —— wid the oxen, to —— wid the lumber!" he shouted. "As for the poor Norway boy, there 's a good God above that 'll look out for him, but I 'm goin' to see that this child won't be left an orphan. Where is she?"

He strode forward and entered the shed, Gerald keeping close behind him.

All that was mortal of the poor Norwegian lay on a long bench in one corner. The shockingly mangled form was covered with a blanket, but the face was unscathed, and death had been too sudden to leave much trace on the features. It was a commonplace face of the Scandinavian type — the face of a peasant.

A little girl, apparently about ten years old, was seated on a low stool at the dead man's side. She had flung her blue-checked apron over her head, and was moaning and rocking herself to and fro in an agony of grief. Very gently, very tenderly the big man stooped over the child and drew the apron away. She looked up and checked her sobs — at first from astonishment at the sight of this great bearded stranger, but she soon seemed to recognize, with the intuitive welcome sorrow has for sympathy, that she was looking at a friend.

"That 's right," said Kearney, soothingly. "Can ye speak English, honey?"

The little mourner nodded. Her blue eyes were brightening through their tears, and with an odd, womanly gesture she pushed the tangle of pale wheat-colored hair back from her temples. Kearney went down on one knee and lifted the girl on the other.

"What 's your name, darlint?" he whispered in a tone of indescribable gentleness. Gerald could not but notice how much more strongly marked was the man's Irish accent since this trouble had come upon him.

"Inga," answered the child.

"Well, Inga, will ye come home wid me? Ye can't do anythin' for poor dada," he hastened to add as her eyes turned towards the motionless figure on the bench. "Poor dada 's gone to heaven, an' all that 's to be done for him here I 'll do."

He rose up to his full magnificent height, still holding the little girl in his arms and gathering her close to his breast.

"Let me kiss my father," said Inga. Her speech had no trace of her foreign birth; indeed, it seemed likely she had first seen light in the New World.

"Why not?" said Mr. Kearney. His voice still kept its caressing tone and he did not set the child down, but held her so that she could press her lips to those of the dead man. Then he bent over the poor Norwegian and traced the sign of the cross on his forehead.

"I dunno what was his way o' thinkin'," said he, "but he 'll be none the worse o' that anyhow."

Then, stooping his lofty head, Mr. Kearney passed the low door, crossed the mill-yard, where the hands all stopped to watch him, and so out into the dim cool twilight of the forest, pressing the little orphan close to his breast.

Gerald was surprised at the impressible nature which his host showed, and forebore for a day or two to trouble him with the questions suggested by the strange new life of the lumber-camp. But the big man's spirits recovered their tone very rapidly, and he exhibited the same mixture of boyish lightness, shrewd business thought, and queer, unexpected imagination that had captivated Ffrench in the first instance. The young man found himself greatly taken with Kearney, and if he was anxious to use the lumberman in the interest of the San Francisco "Evening Mail," that purpose was distinctly second to his admiration for Mr. Kearney's character. Meanwhile Kearney himself lived on his hard-working, uneventful life. The introduction of little Inga into the household must have worked a greater change than Gerald was able to appreciate, but she was a quiet, unobtrusive child, and seemed content to spend her evenings looking up into Mr. Kearney's face with widely opened blue eyes, occasionally pushing back the masses of her pale golden hair with an odd, old-fashioned gesture. She and little Jimmy were wonderful friends, and there was always a note of compassionate tenderness in Mr. Kearney's voice when he spoke to her. Probably he was more alive to the extent of the child's loss than she, better cared for now than ever in her life before, could possibly have been.

So passed a few days, and Ffrench collected many facts of interest to the lumber trade, and shot several ducks and quail, and saw a black bear. He was fond of wandering in the gloom of the redwood forest with no companions but the children; and the strange, still atmosphere of the place, with the mysterious rustle of that ever-present breeze overhead, seemed to have a soothing effect even on Master Jimmy's effervescent spirits. As for Inga, whether it was due to her recent loss or was natural to her, she was always a quiet child.

The day after her father's funeral the little girl was even more silent than usual. She sat apart, weeping in corners, with her head in her hands and her tangled hair dropping unheeded over her face. Mr. Kearney checked Jimmy's rude play several times out of consideration to Inga's feelings, and the child soon retired, complaining of a headache.

The next morning Gerald, whose hours had ceased to be so early as those of the rest of the household, came upon Mr. Kearney, equipped in black coat and white collar, climbing into his wagon.

"Hullo! Where away now?" asked the young man.

"I 'm goin' into Eureka," answered Kearney. "I 'd ask ye to take a seat, only I 've some one to bring back wid me. I 'm goin' after the doctor."

"Is there any one ill?" inquired Gerald.

"N — no," said Kearney, slowly. "Anyway I want the doctor to tell me whether there is or no. Inga was complainin' of a headache last night, an' she has a sore throat this mornin'. Get up, Tom; go along, Jerry!" And he drove off.

"Decidedly Kearney means to do his duty by the orphan," reflected Gerald as he strolled under the redwoods. "It 's well for her that it was in the employ of a man like him that her father lost his life."

Mr. Kearney returned with the doctor in the afternoon, and Gerald, arriving late from the ponds with a good bag of wild ducks, perceived that something was amiss at the house. Little Jimmy, in evident spirits, was coming out of the door, followed by his father. The latter carried a small bag and an armful of blankets.

In a few words Mr. Kearney explained the state of affairs. Inga had scarlet fever, and it was thought better that Jimmy should sleep at the mill for the present.

"Is she very ill?" inquired Ffrench.

"No," answered Kearney. "The doctor says it 's a very mild case."

"Where did she catch it?" asked the young man.

"Nobody knows. Down in Mendocino, where they come from, I suppose," answered the lumber dealer. "The doctor says it 's a week, maybe two, since she was where the infection was."

Kearney looked pale and worried, but Master Jimmy, to whom the idea of sleeping at the mill had all the attractions of a picnic, seemed much elated.

Gerald turned, and accompanied them through the darkening shades of the forest.

"It 's foolish I am, maybe," remarked Mr. Kearney as he walked home with Gerald after seeing the boy made comfortable for the night, "but I can't help it. Sure Jimmy 's all I have, an' I think the world o' him; but this is a poor place to rear a lad."

Gerald represented that Jimmy would be far more exposed to infection in a city or in a great school than in a retired place like Tacara, but the father interrupted impatiently.

"It 's not that I 'm thinkin' of. We 've took him away from the fever time enough, please God. It 's not that; it 's his eddication. D' ye know, Mr. Ffrench, that with a fair start that boy has a better chance in life than I had—ay, or you, for all your Trinity College breeding?"

"How so?" asked Gerald.

"Because he was born in that house there under the redwoods," said the older man proudly; "because he was born a citizen of the sovereign State of California, and is eligible to be President of the United States, or will be in thirty-three years' time."

Gerald forebore to remind the ambitious father that many thousands are born every year with the same eligibility, and Mr. Kearney repeated the words several times, rolling them on his tongue as if he savored them.

"President of the United States! And why not? Is n't he born eligible?"

LITTLE Inga made a good recovery. She was to all appearance a delicate child, yet the disease seemed to have taken no hold of her, and yielded quickly to Dr. Granby's skillful treatment. But the very day the orphan was officially pronounced convalescent Gerald met his host in the woods near the saw-mill, wandering bareheaded, tossing his arms aloft in extravagant gesticulation, and evidently a prey to the wildest excitement.

"Oh, don't talk to me, don't talk to me!" moaned the distracted man. "Jimmy 's got the faver."

"No," said Gerald. "Oh, don't say that, Mr. Kearney. Are you sure?"

"The doctor 's wid him now. He sent me out because I could n't rest aisy."

Knowing how the poor fellow was wrapped up in his boy, Ffrench was fully able to appreciate his anxiety. The young man did his best to console and cheer his friend, and urged Jimmy's strong constitution and healthy life, but the father shook his head.

"It 's the strongest that have it the worst. Look at that donny slip of a girl beyant, an' how she went through wid it."

Ffrench urged that this was hopeful, since the disease would seem to be mild in type; but Kearney could take little comfort from this argument.

"We 'll see, we 'll see," he said, and presently reëntered the mill. Gerald did not meet him again that day.

Poor Kearney's worst fears were realized. The infection that had touched the delicate girl so lightly laid firm hold on the sturdy lad, and day by day he grew worse. Dr. Granby, an old friend of the lumber dealer, almost lived at Tacara, and exhausted all that science could do in behalf of the little sufferer. All in vain! After an illness of five days Jimmy died about 11 o'clock on Monday morning.

All work had been suspended at the mill during the child's sickness, for it had been considered inexpedient to move him back to the house, and the noise of the great saws would have disturbed him. Gerald, who had done his share in nursing the little patient, was with him at the last, and so, of course, was his father, who had scarcely left the bedside or closed an eye during those five weary days. The old man—he had begun to show his years since Jimmy sickened—was holding the sufferer's hand and talking in a strain of soothing childish babble, when the doctor stepped forward and drew him away from the bedside. He followed his friend unresistingly, supposing that Dr. Granby had some direction to give, but happening to glance back he realized the great change that had come upon the face of his boy. Then his grief had vent—passionate, unrestrained, violent. The whole nature of the man seemed altered. Gerald had known him as a decorous, kindly gentleman; he saw him now as a savage. Leaping back, he seized the doctor by the collar and pinned him, with gigantic force, against the wall.

"Answer me, ye thafe, answer me before I shake the life out of ye! Why did ye kill me boy?"

Gerald sprung forward to the assistance of Dr. Granby, who really seemed for the moment in personal peril, but the doctor was equal to the occasion. Looking the frenzied man squarely in the eye, he said:

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself, Michael Kearney, to show your black passion in the presence of the dead? I did my best for your boy, and you know it."

The other relaxed his hold and glanced again at the bed. He pushed the doctor aside and flung himself across the little corpse with a howl of anguish that sounded scarcely human.

"Ah, Jimmy, me darlint, me beautiful boy—why did ye die, why did ye die? Ochone, ochone an' wirasthru! where was ever the like o' ye—so bould, so hearty, so full o' sperits? It 's only a few hours that ye were runnin' around wid twice the life in ye that ever I had—an' ye so young, so clever, an' born wid such a grand start! Ah, why did ye die, why did ye die?"

Inexpressibly pained and shocked, Gerald tiptoed to the doctor. The stricken father was still lying across the bed, and his loud lamentations sank into inarticulate moaning.

"Had n't we better get him away?" asked the young man below his breath.

The doctor shook his head. "Impossible," he said. "We must wait till this paroxysm

exhausts itself. I have seen him so before — when his wife was drowned."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Ffrench.

"He got over it before and he will get over it again," said the doctor, "though, to be sure, he had the boy then and he has no one now. I am very fond of Mike Kearney. He has a noble heart, but at times like these he appears at his worst. Civilization and education came to him rather late in life, I fancy, and when such a grief stirs him the depths of his nature come to the surface — the nature of a barbarian, almost of an animal."

Again the powerful voice rose in wild and purposeless lamentation.

"All I had — God help me — all the life that was left me, an' he lyin' there like a log. What have I done that the like should come to me? Now it may go, but divil a prayer will I ever say; for what have I to pray for? Divil resave the kind word or kind thought will I ever give to any one. The whole world may go to —— for me."

He rose from the bed and drew himself up to his full height. His face was very pale, and every feature was working with emotion. He seemed to have aged ten years in the few days that had elapsed since Gerald met him.

The doctor came to his side. "Mr. Kearney," he said, "you had better go home and take a little rest. I will walk down to the house with you."

"Home!" thundered Kearney; "what sort of a home have I? Why should I go to the house when it 's here me little Jimmy is lyin', an' a stranger's brat below there in his place? Ay, but I will go; she killed him — it 's herself brought the death to him. Begorra, I will go home, if it 's only to throw Jimmy's murderer out of it."

He stepped to the bedside and bent over the child's form. "Good-bye to ye, Jimmy, me darlint," he whispered in a tone of infinite tenderness, "though it 's little use kissin' cowld clay. Come, boys; I 'm goin' home," he added, turning from the bed.

A woman had been hired to act as nurse during the boy's illness. Terrified by Kearney's extravagant grief, she had been cowering in a corner of the room. She now came forward, as the men left the place, and busied herself in bestowing the last attentions that little Jimmy would ever need at human hands.

Through the dim aisles of the redwood forest, over the soft, thick carpet of withered pine needles, under the giant branches murmuring their eternal monotone, the three men passed to the lonely house by the tide-water. Kearney was a little in advance, tossing his arms, shaking his head, gesticulating wildly, and muttering a broken jargon, half English, half Irish, that mingled discordantly with the rustle of the passionless pines. Gerald thought that grief had crazed the poor fellow, but suddenly he turned and addressed the young man, rationally enough, though in an unexpected manner.

"Mr. Ffrench, I liked ye the first time I seen ye, an' I like ye yet, but ye see for yerself that ye bro't no luck to me. 'T was the first day ye come here that Norway chap fell under the log — the only man ever I lost in five and twinty years' lumberin', an' nothin' 's gone right with me since. It 's all led up to one p'int, an' that is —" His voice broke, but after a moment's pause he went on, controlling himself with a mighty effort:

"I 'll ax ye to go home, Mr. Ffrench — off down the coast where ye belong, or out o' Tacara anyhow. In ten years' time, if I live that long, I 'd like to see ye ag'in; but now I can't bear to look on your face."

"Whatever you like, Mr. Kearney," answered Gerald. "I had hoped to stay here and perhaps be of use to you in the first days of your trouble, in return for all your kindness to me, but if my presence is painful to you —"

"Ye 'd betther go, ye 'd betther go," said Kearney, huskily. "Ye 'll be goin' to Eureka to-day, doctor, I suppose; ye 've done yer d—" He checked himself. "There 's nothin' more for ye to do here, an' ye 'll take the young man wid ye."

They had just emerged from the shades of the great trees and were entering the clearing in which the house stood. Kearney was a little in advance, when Gerald saw him abruptly stop and cover his face with his hands. Little Inga was running from the door to meet them, and she went straight to the father with a loving inquiry for Jimmy.

"Take her away, take her away," he muttered hoarsely; "don't let me see her." Then he faced round on the child, who shrank back, trembling at his white face and blazing eyes. And then with uplifted hand he cursed her.

"For shame, Mr. Kearney, for shame!" cried Dr. Granby, springing forward. "The little girl is not to blame."

"Who said she was?" said Kearney. "I wish she had done it a purpose, an' I 'd 'a' had one moment's happiness while I was tearin' her to pieces. But out she goes — the home she 's brought sorrow to is no place for her; out she goes. The world 's big an' broad outside o' Tacara."

Astounded at such words from lips that had never yet breathed aught for her but kindness, Inga crouched on the ground at the old man's feet. As was her way in trouble, she had flung the little apron over her head and was weeping,

as her heaving bosom testified, but weeping silently. Gerald stepped forward.

"Mr. Kearney," he said, "when I saw how you took that poor orphan from her dead father's side, how you comforted her and made her future your care, I thought I had never seen so noble a deed so kindly and graciously done. But now, sir, if you cast her off and break her little heart with your cruelty, I don't care who you are, I don't care what your grief may be — you are a brute."

Moved by the child's piteous figure, Gerald spoke hotly, without weighing his words or taking much thought of their consequences. As he ceased speaking he drew back a step, for Kearney's eye and manner were threatening, and the journalist looked for an immediate assault. But the issue was otherwise.

"Who 's axin' to hurt the child? Take her away, do what ye choose wid her, but ye might as well ax me to stare at the sun at noonday as bear the sight o' her. I can't do it. She hurts me eyes, she hurts me heart. I 'll tell ye what, Mr. Ffrench," and Kearney came to his side with eager step and an almost fawning manner — "can't ye take her back to Frisco wid ye? Oh, don't think of the expense — I 'll bear that, I 'll provide for her for life, only don't ax me to see her. Take her wid ye. Sure there must be schools or the like down the coast where they 'll take childher if they 're well ped for it. There is for boys, anyhow, for I had one in me mind for Jimmy — God help me, for Jimmy"; and the strong man fairly broke down, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud.

"Don't interfere with him, don't speak to him," said Dr. Granby; "that 'll do him more good than anything else. You go into the house and get your belongings together while I go round for the wagon. We 'll start for Eureka at once; and of course you 'll take the child, as he says."

"I don't know," said Gerald, helplessly. "Such a charge is altogether out of my line."

"You will take her to San Francisco and put her at a good school. There your responsibility ends, for Kearney will certainly be as good as his word, and provide for her well."

Before Ffrench could answer, Inga had come to his side and slipped her little hand into his. The child had the faculty of making friends in her loneliness; and Gerald, with a puzzled sense of unfitness, accepted the trust.

Kearney was lying on the ground, face downward, his whole frame shaken by emotion. He seemed to be utterly regardless of what was passing; but as Gerald led the little waif towards the house, he raised his head. "Ye need n't be afeard, Mr. Ffrench," he said. "I 'll do all that I said, an' I 'll write to me agent in Frisco to settle it all." Then turning to Inga, who had shrunk trembling to Ffrench's side at the first sound of Mr. Kearney's voice, he added: "Don't be afeard, you either, little girl. I 've no hard feelings left for ye at all, at all; only, God forgive ye, ye 've broken me heart."

These were the last words Gerald heard him speak. Kearney raised his head for a moment when the sound of wheels announced the departure, and waved his hand in farewell; then he let his face sink on the ground again and lay as still as if sleeping. The shadows of the redwoods were growing longer as the sun sank towards the west, but the house was still clothed in the brightness of the autumn afternoon.

"He 'll be better so," said the doctor as he urged the team up the steep track. "An hour's sleep, let him get it how or where he can, will be worth much to his tired and tortured brain."

Gerald looked back as the wagon reached a turn in the road. The house was still visible, and the long, dark shadow of the redwood forest had crept closer to the prostrate man. The doctor stood up and looked back.

"He 's certainly asleep," he said. "When the sun leaves him he 'll wake because of the cold."

Poor Kearney! He would awake in time to see the shadow on his home.

George H. Jessop.





PEAKÈD ROCK.

A LEGEND OF NARRAGANSETT.

SEPTEMBER night, with struggling moon,
And mist that shifts, and sinks, and whirls,
And darkness coming all too soon,
And tender ferns, which sharp frost curls·
And phantom shape inclosed in fog—
A woman at the Crying Bog!

She hears the cry; she kneels, she cries;
Before her cry the voice is dumb,
She spreads her arms, again she tries,
She prays the answering voice to come;
But silence falls on all around,
There is no voice, no faintest sound.

She beats her breast with hollow blows,
Then hurries from the dreadful place,
Her black hair round her wildly flows
And covers all her weeping face;
The fog in pity shuts her in,
And hides her from her mortal sin.

On, on, she speeds, o'er bog and field
With giant bowlders thickly set,
She slips and falls, but will not yield,
She hastens on, in fog and wet;
The baby's cry is in her ears,
It fills her with a thousand fears.

At last she wins the ocean's shore—
A great expanse of dusky gray
In motion with a moaning roar
And dashing on the rocks its spray.
Oh! welcome sound, its sobbing moan
Drowns out the baby's piercing tone.

It is so vast, so great, so strong,
Beneath its fleecy cloud of mist,
How restful is its sobbing song
To ears which ever as they list
For years have heard beneath the fog
The baby of the Crying Bog.

She creeps down to the water's edge—
How soft it breaks upon the rocks,
And gently covers all the ledge
With foam as soft as maiden's locks,
It spreads a bed of softest down,
White, cool, and fair, all care to drown.

How white, how soft! With spell-bound gaze
The woman stands; there is no sound.
How soft, how white! For many days
She 's wandered and no rest has found.
A look of peace comes in her face,
That gives her back her maiden grace.

And then, upon the foamy bed,
A sudden space of blackness comes.
An instant only: overhead
The moon looks out; her gaze benumbs
The white wave slowly creeping on—
An instant more, all trace is gone.

But lo, up from the water rose
A giant rock, and stood upright;
The angry waves beat it with blows,
And on it wasted all their might;
But there it stood in wind and wave,
To mark that lonely woman's grave.

The Peakèd Rock, they called it then:
Long stood it there, for many a year;
None saw it rise, and none knew when
The giant rock would disappear.
It went at last; and some will say
A soul was purged from sin that day.

Caroline Hazard.



THE PORTRAITS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE question of the personal appearance of the last Queen of the Scots is a matter of as much uncertainty to-day as is the greater question of her moral character. Scores of volumes have been written to prove her virtue or to proclaim her infamy, and hundreds of artists have endeavored to picture the face, a glimpse of which, it was said, would move even her enemies to forget her follies and forgive her faults. That she was the most beautiful princess, if not the most beautiful woman, of her time, tradition and history have declared for three hundred years; but wherein lay her loveliness of person, or how far, as a woman, she was worthy of respect, neither history nor art can positively assert.

Horace Walpole, author of "Anecdotes of Painting," and no mean authority upon the subject, to which he had given close attention, said in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, first published in George Chalmers's "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots" (1822), that he never could ascertain the authenticity and originality of any of the so-called portraits of her, except that one which was in the possession of the Earl of Morton. "It agrees," he wrote, "with the figure on the tomb at Westminster; in both the nose rises a little toward the top, bends rather inward at the bottom, but it is true that the profile on her medal is rather full, too. Yet I should think that Lord Morton's portrait and the tomb are most to be depended on."

The picture known as the "Morton Portrait" was painted, according to generally accepted tradition, by Mary's own order in 1567, when the unfortunate queen was twenty-five years of age, and during the first year of her confinement at Loch Leven. It is on a panel, is of life size, and has been attributed to Lucas de Heere. The present Earl of Morton is descended from Sir William Douglas, Laird of Loch Leven, and the elder brother of George Douglas, to whom Mary is said to have presented the picture, because of his assistance in effecting her escape from the castle. The fact that it has been in the possession of this family for upward of three centuries is perhaps its strongest claim to originality. It has frequently been engraved.

The full-length, life-size, recumbent effigy in alabaster on the tomb in Westminster Abbey was placed there upon the removal of the remains of Mary from Peterborough in 1612. Its costume resembles in many respects that of the Morton portrait, by which perhaps it was suggested. The name of the designer of this monument has never been clearly ascertained, although it would appear from certain of the records kept during the reign of the first Stuart king of England that "Cornelius Cure, Master-Mason to his Highness's Works," did receive, during the years 1606 and 1607, various sums of money "for the framing, making, erecting and finishing of a tomb for Queen Mary, late Queen of Scotland . . . according to a Plot thereof drawn"; and that "William Cure, his Majesty's Master-Mason, son and executor under Cornelius Cure," was paid other various sums in 1610, and again in 1613, for "making the Tomb to his Majesty's Dearest Mother."

From these it would naturally appear that the monument was begun six years before, and finished one year after, the final interment, in 1612. John de Critz, mentioned by Meres in his "Wit's Commonwealth" (1598), as "famous for his painting," is generally believed to have been the architect of the tomb to Elizabeth in the adjoining chapel; and as they are similar in design and of about the same date, it is not improbable that he was the author of the "Plot thereof drawn" for the tomb to Mary. The figure, at all events, was executed less than a quarter of a century after Mary's death, and when there must have been many persons still living in Great Britain who remembered her. Its correctness as a portrait does not seem to have been questioned then, and there is every reason to believe, with Walpole, that it is one of the best likenesses of her that have been handed down to us.

Without doubt the first attempt at portraiture of the Queen of Scots was made in her earliest infancy, for her little face was engraved upon the halfpennies issued from the Royal Scottish Mint at the time of her coronation in 1543, and when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it is said that the name "bawbee," or baby, was originally given to that denomination of money because of its bearing the image and superscription of the baby queen. As a likeness, of course, this is of little value. Nor can much more credit be attached to the portrait of the bright, piquant little girl in the collection of Lord Napier; notwithstanding the fact that it bears a memorandum in the handwriting of Francis, seventh Lord Napier, dated 1790, to the effect that "this picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, supposed to have been painted when she was about twelve years of



THE "FRASER-TYTLER PORTRAIT." (AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY HENRY SHAW, F. S. A.)

age, has ever been considered to be an original picture, and has been in the possession of the Napier family for many generations." It is on canvas, two feet three inches high, one foot ten inches wide; the complexion is fair, the hair light brown, the roses in the head-dress are crimson, and the gown is red, with white stripes. It resembles so strongly in face and costume, however, a portrait in the collection of the Earl of Denbigh, which is known to be



THE "MORTON PORTRAIT."

that of an Infanta of Spain, who lived many years after Mary's time, and who was even suggested as a proper wife for her grandson Charles I., that there can be little ground for the belief that it was intended for the Queen of Scots at all.

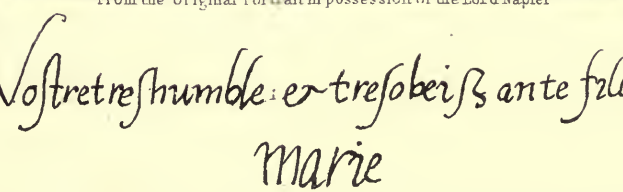
The earliest painted portraits of Mary are probably those executed in France before her marriage to the dauphin in 1558, for it is an established fact that François Clouet, otherwise Jehannet or Janet, who was court painter successively to Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., made a portrait of her about the year 1555, which was sent to the queen regent of Scotland, Mary of Guise, but of which there is no trace now. In the collection of "Drawings of the Principal Personages of the Court of Henry II. of France," purchased by the Earl of Carlisle in Florence about a hundred years ago, and now at Castle Howard, there is a portrait of Mary ascribed to Janet, and, perhaps, the first sketch of the picture sent to her mother. It resembles the portrait in colored crayons in the library of St. Geneviève, in Paris, which has been reproduced by engraving in P. G. J. Neil's "Portraits des Personages Français," although they both suggest a woman of twenty or more, rather than a child of thirteen, and neither of them resembles in any way the subject of the Napier portrait described above. In the crayon drawing the eyes and hair are light brown. Janet is known to have painted another portrait of Mary during her first widowhood, and when she was known as "*La Reine Blanche*," and the picture now at Hampton Court is believed to be the original of this. It is faded, and has every appearance of having been retouched and restored. It certainly belonged

to Charles I., for it bears his monogram, "C. R.," surmounted by a crown, and has attached to it a note by the keeper of the king's pictures testifying that "it is Queen Marye of Scotland, appointed by his Majesty for the Cabinet Room, 1631. By Janet." Its history before it came into the possession of Charles has never been traced to the satisfaction of the antiquarians. The eyes are dark brown, the widow's white cap pressing on the forehead is opened at the sides to show the dark brown hair, and joins a veil which passes around the cheeks and conceals the ears. The face is that of a decidedly elderly woman, and the expression is very sad. If by Janet, and of Mary, it could only have been painted when the queen was in her nineteenth or twentieth year. An old copy of it is in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, whence it was taken from the British Museum some years ago; and several pictures of the same type are to be found at Versailles and elsewhere.

Patrick Fraser-Tytler, the historian of Scotland, published in 1845, for private circulation only, a monograph in which he attempted to prove that the picture now known as the "Fraser-Tytler Portrait" was the identical likeness painted in 1560 shortly before the death of Francis II., and sent by Mary, through Lord Seton, to Elizabeth. It belonged to an artist named Stewart, was bought by Fraser-Tytler from a dealer, and is now the property of the trustees of South Kensington. It is three feet one and a half inches long, and two feet three inches wide. The painter is unknown, although it has been ascribed to Zuccaro, who was only a lad during Mary's residence at the French court, and who did not go to Paris until the reign of Charles IX., ten or twelve years after Mary's return to Scotland. It is hardly probable that she sat to Zuccaro at any time. His only visit to England was during her long captivity, and when she was



From the Original Portrait in possession of the Lord Napier





FROM MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY R. C. BELL OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY GEORGE SCHARF, JR., F. S. A.)

kept under the closest surveillance. Walpole believed that Zuccaro could never have seen her, and Labanof included him in a long list of artists who painted purely imaginative portraits of her, or who, for various reasons, could never have been the authors of the pictures of her which have since been attributed to them. The portrait of Mary and James VI., on one canvas, ascribed to Zuccaro, now in the Drapers' Hall, London, must of necessity be false as an historical if not as an artistic work; for the little prince, who was taken from his mother before he was a year old, never to see her again, is represented as a lad of five or six, standing by his mother's side. Curious stories are told of this painting, and of the manner of its coming into the possession of its present owners. There is a tradition that it was thrown over the walls of the Drapers' Garden for safety during the great fire by persons now unknown, and never reclaimed; another that Sir Anthony Babington left it with the Drapers' Company for safe keeping, and could not get it back; still another that it was stolen from some of the royal palaces by Sir William Boreman in the reign of Charles II.; and it is even insinuated that it is a portrait of Lady Dulcibella Boreman, Sir William's wife. It was cleaned at the instigation of Mr. Alderman Boydell towards the close of the last century, and it has been engraved by Bartolozzi.

Another portrait of Mary with a romantic history is that which was bequeathed by Elizabeth Curle, an attendant and faithful friend of the queen, to the Scot's college at Douai, where it remained until the end of the French Revolution. During the Reign of Terror it was concealed by the priests of the college in the flue of a disused chimney, and lay there, forgotten, for more than twenty years. It hung for some time after that on the walls of the Scottish Benedictine Convent at Paris, but in 1830 it was carried to the Roman Catholic establishment at Blair, near Aberdeen, where

Agnes Strickland saw it, accepted its authenticity, and had it engraved as a frontispiece for one of her published works. The artist, as usual, is unknown, although it has been attributed, with slight authority, to Amyas Carwood, whose name appears upon the painting of the

of Barbara, carrying the portrait with them, or perhaps painting it from memory during their exile. On the death of the last survivor of them it was left, as has been shown above, to the college at Douai. Their bodies were buried in the south transept of the church at



HEAD OF THE MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (FROM A PLASTER CAST IN THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR.)

decapitated head of Mary which belonged to Sir Walter Scott, and with which all visitors to Abbotsford are familiar. That the Curle portrait was a posthumous work there can be no question, as the scene of the execution is introduced in the background. A poor copy of it is in her Majesty's collection at Windsor, which is said by the different authorities to have been made in the reigns of Charles I., James II., and even as late as that of George III. Barbara and Elizabeth Curle were devoted servants of the queen, and were present at the last scene of all at Fotheringay, in 1587. They escaped to the Continent with Gilbert Curle, the brother of Elizabeth and husband

Antwerp, which is dedicated to the patron saint of Scotland; and above the mural tablet erected to their memory, and supported by two carved angels, is a portrait of their queen, copied — the head and bust only — from the original work which they so dearly prized.

Still another picture of the Scottish queen, with a strange, eventful history, is that which is known as the "Oxford Portrait" in the Bodleian Library. Sir David Wilkie discovered that there were two portraits of the same person — although unlike in costume and not very like in face — upon the same canvas; and after the outer picture had been carefully copied it was removed, leaving the portrait as the visitor to Ox-



JANET'S "LA REINE BLANCHE."

ford sees it to-day. The reason for painting this second picture over the first, and the period or the artist of either picture, no man now can tell.

The portrait of Queen Mary most familiar to the world, because most frequently reproduced, and upon which the popular idea of her personal appearance is based, is that known as the "Orkney Portrait," belonging to the Duke of Sutherland. This painter also is unknown. The nearly effaced date, 1556, and the name Farini, or Furini, are said to be visible upon it; but it bears every evidence of being much more modern than the middle of the sixteenth century. It is said to have belonged to Robert Stuart, one of the many natural sons of James V. who fretted Mary's reign, and who was created Earl of Orkney by James VI. How this picture came into his possession tradition does not say. A well-known copy of it by Watson Gordon hangs in Queen Mary's room in the castle of Edinburgh.

Of the very many other existing portraits of Mary, or of their claims to authenticity, it is hardly possible or necessary to speak here. Nearly fifty paintings of all sizes, generally believed to be "originals" by their owners, were exhibited at Peterborough, at the Tercentenary of Queen Mary's death, in 1887, and hundreds of engraved portraits, no two of which are exactly alike, are in the different private collections on both sides of the Atlantic, nearly all of which may be marked "doubtful." Vertue himself confessed that he did not believe "the fine head in a black hat, by Isaac Oliver, in the king's collection," engraved by him, to be a portrait of Mary, and that he also questioned the authenticity of the picture known as the "Carleton Portrait," which he engraved for Lord Burleigh. Holbein died before he could possibly have painted her; Vandyck was not born until twelve years after her execution; Parise Bordone may have seen

her, although there is no certainty of his having been in Paris after the reign of Francis I.; Zuccaro probably did not paint her, and yet to all of these artists "original" portraits are positively ascribed.

It is a remarkable fact that the more beautiful is the face which is painted or engraved the less reason is there for believing it to be the face of Mary. A glance at the fullest collection of "Mariana," in which are prints good and bad, authentic, posthumous, apocryphal, ancient and modern, will convince the observer that no woman, no matter how varied her expression, could possibly have looked like them all. The coins and medals struck during her lifetime to commemorate interesting events in her career, and still in existence in France and in Great Britain, so far as that style of portraiture is to be depended upon, may give a better and more reliable idea of her face in profile than any of the paintings which vary so much in expression and in color. Her head is to be found upon Scottish silver coins of 1553 and 1561, and upon a Scottish gold coin of 1555. There is a cast of a medallion at South Kensington, by Jacopo Primevra, which is very clear, and the medals containing her head and that of the dauphin struck in honor of their marriage are still to be seen in their original state at Versailles and in other French galleries; but how correct any of these may be as portraits, is not possible now to say.



PORTRAIT BY P. G. J. NEIL.

After careful inspection of all of the so-called "original portraits" of Mary Stuart, and after conscientious reading of much of the voluminous literature, contemporaneous and otherwise, in which she figures, it is not possible to accept any picture of her, either by painter or by writer, as absolutely correct. While the lock of her hair, found in a cabinet which was inherited by Charles I. from his father and carefully preserved by the present Queen,

"is of the loveliest golden hue and very fine," Nicholas Whyte, Burleigh's emissary, wrote to his chief in 1569, on the strength of information received from Mary's attendants, that her hair was "black, or almost so." In the "Fraser-Tytler Portrait" the face is pale, the eyebrows of a pale yellow tint, the hair yellow rather than brown, and the eyes blue. In the picture supposed to have been presented by Mary to the Earl of Cassillis, one of the Scottish commissioners sent to act as a witness at her marriage to the dauphin, the hair is of a rich chestnut tint, almost black, the eyes and eyebrows are dark, and the complexion



MEDAL STRUCK AT PARIS COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DAUPHIN AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. (BY PERMISSION OF DUNCAN ANDERSON, KEEPER OF ROYAL CHAPEL, HOLYROOD PALACE.)

is that of a delicate brunette. In a miniature, dated 1579, with the monogram "M. R." in the corner, and sold in the Neville Holt collection in 1848 as "a reliable, original portrait of Mary Stuart," the hair is brown and the eyes gray. Janet painted her with light brown eyes and hair. Melville, in comparing the rival queens, said that Elizabeth's hair was more red than yellow, while Mary's was "light auburn, her eyes of chestnut color." Winkfield, an eye-witness of Mary's execution, described her eyes as hazel. Ledyard, in one of his poems, speaks of her *yeux un peu brunets;* and they all seem to agree that she had a slight but perceptible squint.

That Mary wore false hair, and of many different colors, there is every reason to believe. Elizabeth is known to have had a collection of eighty wigs, and her dear cousin, with the unusual advantages of so many seasons in Paris, is not likely to have been far behind her. Among the statements of the accounts of her personal expenditure are numerous items of *perruques de cheveux*, and Sir Francis Knollis, writing to Burleigh of the ever faithful "Mistress Mary Seton, the finest busker, that is to say the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair that is to be seen in any country," says, "And among the pretty devices she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be perewyke that shewed very delicately. And every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing, without any cost, and yet setting forth a woman gaylie well." This variety and eccentricity of coiffure naturally adds to the confusion, and makes greater the difficulty in identifying positively any of the portraits or descriptions of her. Historians say that her mother was tall and beautiful, that her father was dignified, having a fair complexion and light hair; and other and contemporaneous historians say that she inherited most of the characteristics of her parents, "being about the ordinary size, with fair complexion and Grecian features, and a nose somewhat longer than a painter would care to perpetuate; . . . her face was oval, her forehead high and fine." Froude, in later days, pictures her as graceful alike in person and in intellect, and as possessing that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the expression, and which every painter has represented differently; and Brantôme, one of the ancient chroniclers, summing it all up in one fine sentence, describes her at her marriage to the dauphin as being "more beauteous and charming than a celestial goddess."

"An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel," was a very pretty speech for Shakspere's Henry V. to make to the French king's daughter, but it gives us of to-day no better notion of Katherine's beauty than do all the composite portraits by painters and historians of the wondrous loveliness of the Queen of Scots.

Laurence Hutton.

SAFEGUARDS OF THE SUFFRAGE.

THERE is much discussion in these days about safeguards of the ballot. It is all timely and urgent; but, after all, is there not a previous question? Is it not the suffrage that first needs to be guarded? How we shall vote is well worth thinking about; but first let us determine who shall vote.

It will not do to say that this question is already settled. How is it settled? Not by the Constitution of the United States, for that does not define the qualification of voters. Not by the constitutions of the several States, for they differ in their provisions with respect to the franchise. Not by the general consent, for the opinions and wishes of citizens are by no means unanimous. The question is open, and it is well that it is, for the future welfare of the country greatly depends on the answer that will be made within this generation. It is a double question: it looks towards action by the Federal government and by the State governments. Doubtless the work of reform should begin at Washington, in sharper restrictions upon naturalization; but it could only be completed by the coöperation of the legislatures of the several States.

Every intelligent person knows that the first condition of popular government is education. The citizen must be trained for citizenship. "Educate your masters," said Robert Lowe to Parliament, when the electoral reform bill had enfranchised a million of men. The people who are called to rule must know how to rule, and they must have such discipline in the first principles of social and political obligations that they shall be disposed to rule righteously. We have always understood this doctrine, so far as it applies to native citizenship. We have taken the greatest pains to provide such education for our children. Our theory has been that the boys who receive in our public schools the elements of knowledge and who are taught something about the history and the institutions of their own country will be able, by the use of the faculties thus trained, to vote intelligently by the time that they reach their majority. We know that without as much training as this native citizens could not perform their political duties. Yet, strangely enough, we have admitted to the highest privileges of citizenship men by the million, born in other lands, who know little or nothing about the Constitution of the country or its laws.

That the great majority of these immigrants are deplorably ignorant is not to be questioned. Whatever may have been the case with the immigration of former years, it is clear that the people who are coming to us now are not the *élite* of the European working-class, but the lower grades of the peasantry and the refuse of the trades. Of course there are many exceptions, but this is the rule. Optimists have been assuming that we were taking our pick of the toilers of the Old World; but that comfortable delusion will be dispelled by a study of the steerages and an investigation of the returns of the commissioners of emigration. The skilled laborers that come from other countries are very few. A recent careful analysis of the occupation of immigrants thus concludes: "The great bulk of our immigration consists of the people who can find no place in their own country. This immense preponderance of the classes whose wages in Europe are the lowest and whose lack of acquired skill makes their securing of employment most difficult shows that we are getting the Europeans who can't get a foothold in their own country — we are getting what is left over after all the places in Europe are filled."[1] The notion that such people, with no knowledge of our language, are fit to vote after they have lived five years in this country is sufficiently absurd. And it is evident that the infusion of all this ignorance into our voting population greatly lowers the average of intelligence.

The introduction of several millions of lately emancipated slaves into the full privileges of citizenship has let the average of intelligence down still lower. Counting in all these millions of ignorant immigrants, and all these millions of ignorant negroes, with our native white reserves of illiteracy North and South, and then striking the average, would not the unprejudiced political philosopher be compelled to say that the average American citizen of the year of grace 1888 is not properly qualified for citizenship; that he is not a proper person to exercise the suffrage; that the ballot, in the hands of such a person, is a dangerous weapon, with which he is liable to do himself and the country a great deal of harm?

It is true that a large share of these ignorant voters — the blacks of the South — are prevented from doing the state much harm, since

[1] "Quarterly Journal of Economics," Vol. II., p. 228.

they are by one means or another prevailed upon to forego their political privileges. The measures that are taken for the suppression of the colored vote are sometimes justified on the ground of political necessity. If the whole illiterate vote of the South, white as well as black, were thus suppressed the excuse would be more plausible; but even then the question would arise as to what must be the effect upon the ruling class at the South of the practice of these methods of coercion. Is not this class, by the habitual resort to violence and fraud, gradually learning to despise the first principles of free government? Yet this is one of the natural consequences of extending the suffrage to people who are unfit to vote. That much mischief was done when the negroes voted is unquestionable; that the forcible suppression of their vote works injury, if not to the negroes themselves, yet certainly to those who practice it, and to the whole nation, is quite as clear. An ignorant suffrage will always prove to be subversive of republican government in one way or another, for it is the contradiction of the fundamental postulate of republican government. The most hopeful symptoms of recent politics is the proposition of an educational test for the suffrage, now strongly advocated by influential Southern journals. If that measure can be honestly carried into effect in the South, the worst political evils of that region will be corrected.

Unless this diagnosis is wholly at fault, we find ourselves between these oceans with sixty millions of people, widely scattered, far from homogeneous; with an enormous development of material wealth; with social classes rapidly forming and tending to jealousy and variance; and with powerful influences already at work to debauch our voters, to corrupt our representatives, and to cripple our laws. To cope with the difficulties that must inevitably spring from such a condition of things, those who exercise the power, the voting population, ought to possess a high degree of intelligence and virtue. But the average of intelligence and virtue has been greatly debased by the adulterations I have described. Is it not a question whether our voting population, as at present constituted, is fit to cope with the enormous task thrust upon it — the task of governing this country? For my own part, I must confess my fears that unless some important change is made in the constitution of our voting population the breaking strain upon our political system will come within half a century. Is it not evident that our present tendencies are in the wrong direction? The rapidly increasing use of money in election for the undisguised purchase of votes, and the growing disposition to tamper with the ballot-box and the tally-sheet, are some of the symptoms. We think that the falsification of returns is a grievous crime, and it is; but it is the natural outcome of bribery. Do you think that you will convince the average election officer that it is a great crime to cheat in the return of votes when he knows that a good share of these votes have been purchased with money? No; the machinery of the elections will not be kept free from fraud while the atmosphere about the polls reeks with bribery. The system will all go down together; in a constituency which can be bribed all the forms of law will tend swiftly to decay.

If no improvement should take place in the rank and file of the voters this Government, in its present form, would not long endure. But there is abundant room for such improvement. Doubtless some of our citizens abide in a serene optimism in which they see no need of any reform. After a hotly contested election the shouters of the victorious party are apt to feel that the country is entirely safe. Yet sober men, even among the victors, may find reason for solicitude when they reflect upon the methods and the combinations by which the victory has been won. The fact that the same methods, or even worse ones, may have been employed on the other side will not lessen their anxiety. The need that something should be done to raise our politics out of this mire is obvious enough. And all good Americans, unless they are so infatuated as to believe that nothing needs to be done, expect and believe that something will be done. They do not purpose to stand still and see their Government swamped by its overload of ignorance and barbarism. They are casting about them for remedies, and the remedies proposed are many.

First. By some a restriction of the suffrage is proposed. The franchise ought, they say, to be taken away from many of those ignorant persons who now possess it. Doubtless it ought to be; but the question is, how can it be? Political concessions of this sort cannot easily be retracted. When you have once uncorked your genie you find it hard to get him back into his demijohn. It was sheer fatuity, no doubt, to bestow the suffrage on these millions who cannot read their ballots, and who are morally sure to be the prey of demagogues. But what is given cannot easily be recalled.

"Might not the naturalization laws be so amended," it may be asked, "that the evil should not be perpetuated?" Doubtless they might be, and must be. Every consideration of patriotism, every instinct of self-preservation, should lead us to give prompt and diligent attention to this matter. It is no hardship to those who are already voting; it is only justice and kindness to them to protect the suffrage from any further debasement. We must see to

it that those who are henceforth intrusted with the franchise are reasonably fit to exercise it.

It is not clear that the end desired would be most surely reached by greatly extending the term of residence previous to naturalization. That would be an arbitrary rule, and would unreasonably exclude from political life many who are well qualified to vote when they first land upon these shores. But it would be well to provide that no final naturalization papers should be issued between the 1st of July and the election day in any presidential year; that would discourage the running of the naturalization mill for election purposes. And the law should also require that the intelligence and preparation for citizenship of the person applying should be thoroughly tested by examination. The man who seeks to be invested with the functions of sovereignty in this country should be required to show that he has some knowledge of what citizenship means. He should be able to read the Constitution of the United States, and to read it in the English language. English is the language of this country, and the man who cannot use it cannot obtain the intelligence requisite for citizenship. American ideas are best obtained from Americans; and he who cannot freely communicate with Americans is not likely to secure a satisfactory knowledge of our institutions, or to cultivate a genuine sympathy with our national aims. Thus far our policy seems to have been to encourage the perpetuation upon this soil of separate nationalities. That policy cannot be too speedily reversed.

The candidate for naturalization should also be required to make oath that he has not during his residence in this country, or during the five years previous to his application, been convicted in our courts of any crime or misdemeanor, and that he has not received during that time, as a pauper or dependent, any public aid from the overseers of the poor or from the State or municipal authorities. A man who cannot keep out of the police court and the poor-house during his period of probation for citizenship may as well wait a little before he undertakes to exercise the functions of a ruler.

By the enforcement of some such simple methods we might sift the European contingent, admitting to full citizenship those who give some evidence of being fitted for its responsibilities and excluding the rest. It is difficult to see how any intelligent citizen, native born or foreign born, could object to the erection of these safeguards around the suffrage. If we do not propose to take away the franchise from those who now possess it, but only to make sure that those upon whom it is hereafter bestowed shall be persons qualified for its exercise, we do not interfere with the interest of any class of voters, but only seek to secure the rights of all.

That the average politician will object is a matter of course. He objects to everything that tends to preserve the purity of elections. His methods are corrupt, and it is his interest to maintain a corruptible constituency. Unfortunately the political managers have had quite too much to do with the creation of public opinion. In studying this question, and every other one, for that matter, it will be well to turn a deaf ear to everything they have to say. The man whose business is simply carrying elections is not the man to whom we should go for counsel upon questions of this nature.[1]

Second. But improvements of this kind in our naturalization laws, necessary as they are, would not be sufficient for the purification of the suffrage. We must sharply limit the bestowment of it upon natives as well as upon foreigners. And although we may not be able to take it away — except for reasons which will presently be discussed — from those who now possess it, we ought to take care that hereafter it is not extended to any man, native or foreigner, who is manifestly incapable of using it.

The popular reply to this suggestion will be that suffrage is a natural right which can be justly withheld from no man. But this is a popular superstition. Suffrage is not a natural right — our own laws and the laws of every free country being witnesses. Natural rights are not subject to restriction and limitation. The suffrage is always restricted, and many of these restrictions never raise a suggestion of injustice. Saying nothing about the fact that only the male half of the population is permitted to vote — since the justice of this limitation is questioned — we have this other fact, that out of the 25,518,849 males in the United States at the last census, only 12,830,349 could by our laws be intrusted with the franchise. The other twelve and a half millions of males were absolutely forbidden to vote because they were not twenty-one years of age. Nobody doubts that this is rightfully and wisely done. Nobody imagines that any man's natural rights are infringed by this provision. If the suffrage were a natural right it could not be rightfully denied to male citizens under twenty-one years of age. The right to life, the right to hold property, the right to the peaceable enjoyment of one's own powers and possessions, these are natural rights, and these the state maintains

[1] One of the anomalies that need correction is the practical repudiation of the naturalization laws by several of the States. In Indiana, in Wisconsin, and in Michigan, aliens are intrusted with the suffrage: a man who is not a citizen of the United States may help by his vote to elect the President of the United States.

and defends for every one of its citizens without distinction of age or sex or race — for the infant of days as jealously as for the man of mature years. All states in which the suffrage is exercised limit the possession of it to those of a certain age: in Germany and Italy twenty-five is the voting age; in our own country twenty-one. And the plain reason of this limitation is the belief that it cannot be wisely used by the average citizen under that age. Many youths under twenty-one could vote intelligently; many more would not. The state must have a general rule, easy of application, and this is confessedly a good general rule. But the principle on which it rests defines the suffrage, not as a right, but as a privilege or power conferred by the state, for the service of the state. It ought therefore to be given to those only who can be trusted to serve the state; and the state is bound to withhold it from those individuals or those classes that would be likely to use it for the injury of the state.

The educational value of the suffrage is sometimes insisted on. It is claimed that citizens are educated by voting, and that the suffrage ought therefore to be bestowed, for educational purposes, upon all citizens of proper age. That citizens of a certain grade of intelligence and virtue are educated by the use of the franchise I admit. When a man endeavors to vote intelligently and conscientiously the suffrage is to him a means of culture. But he who uses it as a weapon of selfishness is not elevated but degraded by the use of it. The "ten thousand floaters" of Indiana, who, in the last election, were corralled and conducted to the polls in "blocks of five" by persons well furnished with election funds were not educated, in any useful sense of the word, by the suffrage. To a very large class of voters the suffrage is a personal injury. They themselves are corrupted by the use of it; their possession of it breeds corruption and bribery in the community. And whatever may be said of the educational value of the suffrage to certain classes of voters it is clear that this is not the main reason for which it is given. It is given for the service of the state; and the paramount question in the bestowment of it is whether the persons receiving it are likely to use it to promote the public welfare. Those classes of whom this cannot be expected ought not to be intrusted with it.

Now it is safe to say that a young man who has grown up in this country and has not learned to read and write before he is twenty-one years old is not likely to use this power wisely. The chances are a hundred to one that such a young man will use the suffrage carelessly if not mischievously. It is recklessness and madness to commit the difficult and delicate work of governing the state to such hands as his.

On all these questions of political right John Stuart Mill was a pretty thoroughgoing radical. He believed, as everybody knows, in woman suffrage, and he was utterly opposed to class distinctions and property qualifications for the suffrage; but upon the point which we are now considering he expressed himself as follows:

> I regard it as wholly inadmissible that any person should participate in the suffrage without being able to read and write, and, I will add, perform the common operations of arithmetic. Justice demands, even when the suffrage does not depend on it, that the means of attaining these elementary acquirements should be within the reach of all, either gratuitously or at an expense not exceeding what the poorest who can earn their own living can afford. If this were really the case, people would no more think of giving the suffrage to a man who could not read than of giving it to a child who cannot speak; and it would not be society that would exclude him, but his own laziness. . . . No one but those in whom an *a priori* theory has silenced common sense will maintain that power over others, over the whole community, should be imparted to people who have not acquired the commonest and most essential requisites for taking care of themselves, for pursuing intelligently their own interests and those of the persons most nearly allied to them.[1]

Mill was a courteous gentleman, and was particularly friendly to the people of the United States; it is to be presumed that he was not altogether familiar with our political customs, or else he would have apologized for describing the people of this country as "those in whom an *a priori* theory has silenced common sense." The description is, however, perfectly accurate and perfectly just. For the people of all but three of the States of this Union have done the very thing that Mill declares no person of common sense would think of doing. Although they have made all the provision that Mill demands for popular education; although most of them offer to every child, without money and without price, the best opportunities for obtaining the elements of knowledge, yet they give to their ignoramuses just as many popular rights as their educated citizens possess, and thus, in effect, say to every boy in the streets and on the farms, "It makes no difference whether you avail yourself of the privileges of the schools or not; you shall have just the same political powers and privileges whether you are a dunce or a sage." The States of this Union, in making this proclamation, put upon their costly schools a slight which is altogether gratuitous. If the schools are, as we always claim, the nurseries of citizenship, then the state ought to honor them

[1] "Considerations on Representative Government," p. 174.

as such, and to punish, by disfranchisement, those who despise the provision that it makes to fit them for citizenship.

Only three of the States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Missouri, require their voters to possess ordinary intelligence. The rest of them are plainly under the condemnation of Mill's just dictum. An *a priori* theory it is that has opened the doors of power so wide,—the theory that suffrage is a natural right,—a theory that was borrowed, with much other rubbish, from the romantic philosophers of the eighteenth century. But it cannot be difficult for any one who will listen for a moment to the voice of common sense to perceive that this theory must be unsound. Voting in a republican country is governing. The voters are the rulers. It is evident, as we have seen, that in every state there must be a large number of those who are ruled; over these the voters are the rulers. Shall we say that every man has a natural right to exercise the functions of a ruler? That is the old notion of the divine right of kings in a new and even more questionable shape. No man has a natural right to rule. Only those who possess some measure of intelligence, who have fitted themselves to exercise the functions of the ruler, can be imagined to have any just title to exercise this power.

We talk of choosing our rulers, but the presidents, the governors, the magistrates whom we elect are not our rulers; they are our servants, our representatives; they only exercise the power that we delegate to them. It is not at our elections that we choose our rulers; we choose them when we frame our naturalization laws, and when we adopt those constitutional provisions which define the suffrage. It is a deplorable fact that we have been too careless in the choice of them, and that we have put the power of ruling into the hands of multitudes that are not fit to wield it. In 1880 there were in the United States 1,908,710 males over 21 years of age who could not write—about 15½ per cent. of the whole number of voters. Except in the three States mentioned, these persons are permitted by law to exercise the function of governing their fellow-men. It is a monstrous blunder—one of those blunders that are akin to crime. Nay, is it not a crime, a capital crime against the Government? Does it not strike at the very life of it? Doubtless we cannot, as I have said, deprive any of these illiterates of the power which we have bestowed on them; but we can, if we will, prevent any more of their class from obtaining possession of this power. By means of a system of registration we could easily enforce a law requiring those who hereafter come to their majority to prove themselves qualified, by the possession of some elementary knowledge, for the exercise of the franchise.

Third. Allusion was made above to certain good and sufficient reasons for which the franchise may be withdrawn from those who now possess it. As a matter of fact the suffrage is now withdrawn, in most of the States, for certain specified causes. Disfranchisement for crime is part of the organic law of nearly every nation in which popular rights are recognized. All the States of the Union but three make disfranchisement the penalty for certain offenses. The laws of the several States treat this matter, however, quite variously. In twenty-four States the voter is disfranchised for bribery; in seventeen, for felony; in sixteen, for infamous crimes; in twelve, for treason; in eleven, for dueling; in ten, for perjury; in seven, for forgery; in seven, for larceny; in seven, for embezzlement of public funds or fraudulent bankruptcy; in six, for "election misdemeanors"; in six, for other high crimes or malfeasance in office; in two, for robbery; in two, for murder. Some of the States specify only a single cause for which the franchise may be withdrawn; others name two or more of those above noted.[1] But the principle is clear that the man who proves himself a malefactor and an enemy of society shall not take part in governing the state. Is it not a sound principle? Would not the denial of it be a political solecism?

The principle has had, however, a very inadequate application. It is not for these high crimes alone that men ought to suffer political disabilities, but for every offense against the criminal laws. For the graver crimes the voter might be permanently dispossessed of his vote; for the lesser offenses, temporarily. *But any misdemeanor that brings a man under the censure of the criminal laws ought to deprive him, for a season at least, of the suffrage.* It is absurd, it is monstrous, it is almost a contradiction in terms, to allow men who are engaged in breaking the laws to take part in making the laws. The state is injured in reality far more by the multitude of the lesser crimes and misdemeanors than by the few great crimes. We are told that certainly four-fifths, perhaps nine-tenths, of all convictions under the criminal law are for what are technically called misdemeanors, as distinguished from felonies. "There can be no doubt," says a careful writer, "that the state suffers more economical injury from the constant attack of misdemeanants—drunkards, brawlers, and thieves—than from the occasional assault of felons."[2] The host of evildoers who throng our police courts are the most destructive of the enemies of society.

[1] See an article by Mr. J. F. Colby, in the "Journal of Social Science," Vol. XVII.

[2] Ibid.

Are such persons fit to take part in ruling the state? I protest that they are not. I deny that the men who fail to keep out of the police courts, who expose themselves by their disobedience and disorderly conduct to the penalties of the criminal law, have any right to take part in ruling me. I am wronged and outraged when my rights and liberties are intrusted, in any measure, to the keeping of people of this class. I denounce, as a prostitution of justice and common sense, the investiture of law-breakers with the law-making prerogative. Only recently, in one of our fairest cities, a number of men were taken out of the city prison and conducted by the prison officers to the places of registration, that their names might be entered on the voting-lists. Probably they were men whose terms of confinement might expire before the coming election, and it seems to have been thought a great hardship that they should lose their votes. Whether this was a lawful act on the part of the officers I do not know; if it was, the law permits a shameful thing. The fact that these men were where they were was *prima facie* evidence that they had no business at the registration offices or at the polls. But whether or not our laws permit criminals to be taken from the jails to the registration offices during the weeks just preceding the election, they do, uniformly, permit criminals whose terms of confinement expire on election day to march directly to the polls and resume the powers and functions of rulers.

The *complete* disfranchisement of men who have been guilty of the lesser offenses would not be just or expedient. Such men ought to have space for reformation. The first term of their disfranchisement might well be brief. Conviction for drunkenness or disorderly conduct might exclude from the polls for one year. More serious misdemeanors might entail a longer disfranchisement. And it would be well to give large discretion to the authorities who grant pardons, and who regulate indeterminate sentences, that they may restore the suffrage more speedily to those whose conduct in prison has been exceptionally good. But we should make sure that every conviction under the criminal law work some temporary forfeiture of political privilege. We should make it plain to the dullest mind that good conduct is the indispensable condition of the possession of the franchise; that those who wish to take part in making the laws must refrain from violating the laws.

Some offenses should be followed, as now, by perpetual disfranchisement. That all "felonies" should incur this penalty is not at all clear; many of those committed to our prisons for crimes of passion may, under proper care, be reformed and rendered useful members of the state. That door should by no means be forever closed against them, nor should the opening of it be left to executive clemency. The felon's record, in prison, should determine whether he may, after a space, be restored to full political privileges. But there is one class of crimes for which the laws of many of our States do not entail any political disabilities, which ought to be punished everywhere by the final forfeiture of political power. These are the crimes against the suffrage itself — bribery, both in the briber and the bribed, fraudulent voting, the falsifying of returns, and the like. No man convicted of one of these crimes ought ever to be permitted to vote again. Some of the States, with a moral obtuseness on this point which is positively grotesque, provide that a man caught in attempting a crime of this nature shall lose his vote "in that election"! What a sense of the sacredness of the suffrage the men must have had who could frame into a statute such a grinning jibe as that! The man who strikes with a poisoned dagger at the very heart of the Republic — he shall not be allowed to vote "in that election"! Could the force of anti-climax — and of *a priori* theory — go farther? Such an offender deserves to be banished and forbidden ever again to set foot upon our soil under penalty of death; certainly the lightest punishment that can with justice be meted out to him is perpetual exclusion from the franchise.

Unhappily there are law-breakers who never suffer the penalty of the law, but ply their unlawful callings under the protection of the police. Might not these too be disfranchised? Could not judicial power be given to the board of registration, and might it not be practicable to forbid the board to enter upon the voting-lists the name of any man upon due evidence being furnished that he was habitually violating the law? There are large numbers of persons in many of our communities who could easily be shown to be engaged in unlawful avocations; it is absurd to permit such persons to vote. Even if they are able to secure themselves against molestation by the police, and to avoid punishment through the sympathy or the subornation of jurors, it might be possible, by a rigid registration law, to exclude them from the polls. I do not offer this suggestion with much confidence, because the obvious answer to it is that the courts are the proper places to deal with these law-breakers; and that if we cannot punish them there it is useless to try to deprive them of their political power through the action of our boards of registration. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that the presence of these people at the polls, in force, at every election, is a political anom-

aly of the most aggravated nature; and if our voters valued the elective franchise as highly as they ought, if they had any adequate conception of its sacredness, they would find some way of preventing the men who spend their lives in breaking the laws from performing the functions of government.

As to the exclusion from franchise of those who have been *convicted* of crimes or misdemeanors, that is a perfectly practicable matter. All that is needful is that the clerks of all the criminal courts, including the police courts, be required to keep full lists of all persons convicted, their names, nativities, ages, and places of residence, specifying the charges under which they were convicted and the nature and extent of the sentence pronounced upon them, and that these lists be furnished to the boards of registration. The law should forbid the inscription upon the voting-lists of the names of such criminals and misdemeanants before the time of their disfranchisement has expired, and should make the attempt of such persons to register an offense punishable by imprisonment and perpetual disfranchisement. Such a law would not lack enforcement; for the representatives of each party, watching the registry lists, would take good care that no disfranchised persons of the other party were permitted to register.

The statute should also require the same lists of criminals and misdemeanants to be furnished by the clerks of the criminal courts to the judge of the district courts in which naturalization is effected; and should forbid the bestowment of the franchise, until the expiration of a specified time, upon those foreigners who had thus brought upon themselves the censure of the criminal law.

It is also an open question whether the names of persons receiving aid from the public authorities, as paupers or dependents, should not be reported in the same way, and excluded from the lists of voters. Some worthy persons would thus be debarred from the suffrage, but there is no good law that does not entail some hardship. And it must not be forgotten that the great majority — probably nineteen-twentieths — of those who receive aid from the public almoner are persons who have come to want through vice or laziness, not through misfortune. Worthy poor there are, but not many of them fall into the hands of the overseer. And those who hang upon the city or the county for maintenance are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, persons who are morally certain to sell their votes for liquor or money. They constitute a considerable portion of the bribable voters. It may be regarded as a safe assumption that the man who has come to be dependent as a pauper upon the state is not a man properly qualified to take part in ruling the state.

This disfranchisement, like that for petty crime, should not be permanent but temporary. The door out of pauperism and its disabilities into full citizenship should be kept wide open; but the distinction between the two conditions should be sharply made. It is not improbable that the effect of such a law would be to restrain from pauperism many of those who now too easily slide down into its quagmire, and then find it hard to extricate themselves.

It must never be forgotten that laws which regulate suffrage must deal with classes, not with individuals. Common sense teaches that persons under twenty-one years of age lack the experience which would qualify them to exercise the suffrage wisely; therefore, as a class, they are debarred. To many intelligent youth this might be regarded as an injustice, but it is a good rule, on the whole, and is maintained without question. Similarly we might find in the class that cannot read and write some persons of fair intelligence, and in the class that has fallen under the censure of the criminal law some who are not evilly disposed, and in the class of paupers and dependents some who would not sell their votes; but these persons would all be highly exceptional individuals, and the rule must be made for the class, not for the exceptions. And the proposition is that the law leave ample room and strong encouragement for these exceptional persons to extricate themselves from the disfranchised classes, and to reinstate themselves in full citizenship.

But if all these criminals and misdemeanants and paupers should be reported, according to this plan, by the clerks of the courts and the overseers of the poor to the boards of registration, and if by law the names of persons thus reported were excluded for a longer or shorter period from the voting-lists, it is certain that we should at once and very materially reduce the number of our corruptible and dangerous voters. It is not easy to estimate this reduction, but the best data I can find indicate that from one-twentieth to one-fifteenth of the voters would thus be placed upon the retired list. A city with 100,000 inhabitants would effect a reduction of perhaps 1500 in its vote. The names thus erased would not include the whole of the purchaseable vote, but they would take in a large share of it. The heeler and the briber would find their power vastly circumscribed; the use of money in elections would be materially abridged; the saloon element would find its cohorts weakened and scattered, and the whole political atmosphere would be sensibly cleared.

It may be said that such a penalty as disfranchisement would have no terrors for the

chronic law-breaker; over some of them, however, I believe that it would exert considerable deterrent influence. But that has little to do with the case. Primarily the question is not whether this measure will do them any good, but whether it will prevent them from doing harm to the state.

It may be urged, also, that disfranchisement is a severe penalty for the lesser offenses. Permanent disfranchisement would be; temporary disfranchisement is not. In view of the enormous injury inflicted upon the state by these multitudes of petty criminals and misdemeanants it is no more than equitable that the state should inflict upon them this temporary disability. And the enforcement of some such rule could not but react favorably upon public opinion, greatly raising the popular estimate of the value of citizenship. In that excellent article from which I have before quoted, and to which I am greatly indebted, Mr. Colby says:

> The establishment of a moral qualification for the suffrage, besides strengthening the state by practically disabling its domestic enemies, could not fail to enhance the value and dignity of the franchise itself to all law-abiding citizens, and to increase their willingness to discharge their duties as soldiers, as jurymen, and as voters. The bestowal and retention of the ballot once made dependent upon conduct, its possession will become a badge of respectability, if not of honor, and must soon render the country itself worthier of the sacrifices of its citizens.[1]

One of the first duties of patriotism is to rescue the suffrage from the influences that are now corrupting it. But this is not the only duty of patriotism. If we could purge our voting-lists of the ignorant and the vicious, these classes would still be here in the midst of us; and our duty to them would still be urgent, after our duty to the state was done. To leave them in their ignorance and vice is not to be thought of; they must be prepared for citizenship. The task is arduous, but it must not be declined. The intelligence and good-will of our Christian citizens are able not only to hold in check the selfishness and brutality of these illiterate and alien elements, but to do something far better — to transform them, or many of them, into patriotic Americans. This may require some revival of our own patriotism and some diminution of our partisanship, and it may call for an order of heroism and consecration not much below that which we look for in war-time; but these requirements will not be thought too hard by men who rightly value the freedom and the peace of their native land.

1 "Journal of Social Science," Vol. XVII., p. 98.

Washington Gladden.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Question of Command at Franklin.

A NOTE FROM GENERAL STANLEY.

THERE appears in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August, 1887, an article by Colonel Henry Stone on Hood's campaign in Tennessee in general, and the battle of Franklin in particular, in which there are two errors to which I deem it proper to call attention.

On page 603 of the magazine Colonel Stone states: "Beyond Ruger, reaching from the ravine to the river below, was Kimball's division of the Fourth Corps,— all veterans,— consisting of three brigades, commanded by Generals William Grose and Walter C. Whitaker and Colonel Kirby. *All the troops in the works were ordered to report to General Cox, to whom was assigned the command of the defenses.*" The italics are mine.

Colonel Stone did not view these statements from the standpoint of an officer well informed as to the rights of command. Had he done so he would have seen that General Cox was in reality only the commander of a division of the Twenty-third (Schofield's) Corps, that for the time being he was in command of that corps, that "all the troops in the works" could not have been ordered to report to him without removing me from the command of the Fourth Corps, and that no one will claim that the latter idea was ever thought of by any one.

Colonel Stone personally knew very little about the matter he described, and perhaps is excusable to some extent, as he easily could have been led into making this misstatement by General Cox himself; for the latter, in the book written by him entitled "The March to the Sea: Franklin and Nashville," on page 86 complacently styles himself "commandant upon the line."

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
FRANKLIN, TENN., Nov. 30, 1864.

GENERAL KIMBALL: The Commanding General directs that you report with your command to Brigadier-General J. D. Cox for position on the line to-day. Very respectfully,

J. A. CAMPBELL,
Major and A. A. G.

This so-called order was as informal as a written order well could be, and was simply a direction to General Kimball as to where he could find information as to the place to which he had been assigned.

General Schofield, in a letter to me of September 5, 1887, says in reference to the order: "*My recollection is, and I infer the same from their language, that the orders had reference solely to the posting of the troops on the designated line.*"

If General Schofield had directed General Kimball to report with his command to one of General Schofield's aides-de-camp for position on the line, that

aide-de-camp could have asserted that he was "the commandant upon the line" with as much propriety as General Cox has now done.

The order, on its face, clearly indicates to a military person, even though he were ignorant of the facts, that the direction was given only for the temporary purpose therein stated.

An orderly or a guide might have been sent to show General Kimball where he was to go, but it is usual to transmit important orders by an officer, and General Cox was the one selected by General Schofield; and in order that there might be no mistake that it was by his order, General Schofield sent the memorandum order to General Kimball.

The Twenty-third (Schofield's) Corps consisted of Cox's and two brigades of Ruger's division, and was the first corps to arrive on the field, about daylight, and was followed in about three hours by the Fourth (Stanley's) Corps, composed of Kimball's, Wagner's, and Wood's divisions. General Kimball's division was the leading division of the Fourth Corps, and it was quite natural that General Schofield should direct General Cox — who had been on the ground since daylight — to show General Kimball his position in line, and having done this, his authority ceased; and this brief authority, little as it was, only lasted a few minutes, and had entirely ceased long before the battle was commenced, and could not warrant the statement that General Cox was "commandant upon the line" even for a minute.

So far as I know and believe, General Cox gave no orders to the Fourth Corps after showing General Kimball where he was to go. It would have made very little difference if he had attempted to assume the authority to give orders, as my division commanders, knowing he could not have had authority to give orders, would have paid no attention to them.

The following is a copy of a letter from General Schofield, which was written in reply to one I wrote to him concerning the misleading statement of Colonel Stone's:

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 5, 1887.

GENERAL D. S. STANLEY, Department of Texas, San Antonio, Texas.

DEAR GENERAL: Your letter of August 29 was received here September 3. From my best recollection and from examination of my records, I have no doubt General Cox quotes in the Appendix to his "Franklin and Nashville" the only orders given by me at Franklin which could be construed as placing any part of your corps, the Fourth, under his command. Those orders directed General Kimball, commanding your leading division, and Captain Bridges with four batteries of artillery, to report to General Cox "for position on the line."

Those orders were given in the morning, when you were understood to be with your rear-guard retarding the advance of the enemy, and hence not at the head of your column. My recollection is, and I infer the same from their language, that the orders had reference solely to the posting of the troops on the designated line, as they arrived at Franklin, under the direction of General Cox, who was the senior officer then present at that point. How those orders were construed by General Cox I do not know, though I observe that he refers to himself as "the commandant upon the line," by which I suppose he may mean simply the senior officer actually present there at the moment.

Of course it was not intended by me to deprive you at any time of the command of any portion of your corps which might be within reach of your orders. But you will doubtless recall the fact that the movement of the enemy which we had most reason to guard against was not a direct attack in front at Franklin, but one to strike our flank and rear by crossing the Harpeth above that point, and it was necessary to be prepared for either or both of those attacks. Hence it could not have been known in the morning, when those orders were issued, whether you would be in the afternoon on the line south of Franklin with Cox, or on the north side of the river and several miles from Franklin with Wilson, resisting Hood's attempt to cross the river; nor what portion of your corps would, in the latter case, be with you, and what portion would have to remain with Cox. Therefore the orders given relative to the temporary posting of your troops in the morning could have had nothing to do with the question of your command of them in any battle which did occur, or might have occurred, in the afternoon. The latter question would have been determined in either case by the 122d Article of War, which is applicable to all such cases.

As the enemy chose the direct attack in front at Franklin, you of course remained in command, except perhaps for a moment, of all your troops engaged in resisting that attack, while I assumed *immediate* command, during the battle, of Wood's division of your corps, which had been stationed on the north bank of the river in readiness to support Wilson, and hence was beyond the reach of your orders while you were engaged in the battle on the south side of the river.

I observe that Cox says, "The commandants of the two corps [you and he] met on the turnpike just as Opdycke and his men were rushing to the front." Assuming this to be exact, there must have been a moment of time before that meeting when Cox had the authority, and it was his duty, to order your reserve brigade [Opdycke's] into action; not by reason of any order I had given, but under the authority and duty imposed upon him by the 122d Article of War.

In respect to your being with me on the north side of the river before the battle, I say most emphatically that was your proper place. The usual preparations for battle on the south side of the river had long since been made. The vital question remaining was to meet in line any attempt of the enemy in force to cross the river above. The moment such attempt was known it would have been your duty to lead Wood's division, followed by Kimball's and in turn by such other troops as I should judge necessary and expedient, as rapidly as possible to the support of Wilson. To do this without delay it was necessary for you to be where you were. And as soon as it became known that Hood had decided to make the attack in front, you rode to that point as rapidly as possible. What more could a corps commander do?

Thoughtless critics seem to assume that all the corps commanders of an army ought to be together at the point where the enemy chooses to make an attack. But I do not think any intelligent reader of military history will question the propriety of your conduct at Franklin.

It has not seemed to me that General Cox intended to do you any injustice. Yet he evidently wrote his account of the events which actually happened without giving so much thought, as you must necessarily have done, to those other probable events which did not happen, and in which, if they had, you would have been called upon to act by far the most important part. All the soldiers of an army can't act the same part in the same battle, nor any soldier the same part in any two consecutive battles.

That Cox happened to form the curtain of the main line at Franklin was because you had done the most vital service all the previous day and night. You acted nobly the part assigned you, so did also Cox. The honor gained was enough for both. I hope there will be no difference between you.

Inclosed you will find an extract from a letter on this subject written by me to General Cox from Rome, Italy, December 5, 1881.

Yours very truly,

[Signed] J. M. SCHOFIELD.

Again, Colonel Stone states in his article in THE CENTURY, on page 605, "Meantime, General Schofield had retired to the fort, on a high bluff on the other side of the river, some two miles away, by the road, and had taken General Stanley with him."

This statement is erroneous. The facts are that General Schofield's headquarters were not over three-quarters of a mile from the nearest point of our main line.

Before it was certainly known that there was to be an attack, I was with him and went to the front as soon as the firing commenced. When it began General Schofield, who was not far away, came forward to Fort Granger on the bluff, within a quarter of a mile of the nearest line, where he could see the whole field, which was the proper place for him to be.

The following letter from General Kimball fully corroborates the foregoing, as does also my report of the battle which will be published in a future volume of the War Records:

OGDEN, UTAH, May 22, 1888.

GENERAL D. S. STANLEY, U. S. Army, San Antonio, Texas.

DEAR GENERAL: I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, with the "printed correspondence." Referring to the battle at Franklin, Tennessee, on the 30th day of November, 1864, I

have to say that I did not receive any order or other command from General Cox on that day or during the battle, excepting the direction given me as to the position my division was to occupy in the line of battle. I was directed in orders from General Schofield, commanding the army, to "report to General Cox for position on the line to-day." My division was in the lead of our corps from Spring Hill, and the first to arrive at Franklin inside the line already formed by the troops of General Cox's command (Cox's and Ruger's divisions, Twenty-third Corps). While awaiting your arrival with the other divisions of your command, and your orders as to our positions in line of battle, General Cox requested me to form on his right; but not knowing what might be your orders in relation to positions to be occupied by your divisions I was somewhat slow in complying with his request, but soon afterwards, and before your arrival, I received the orders from General Schofield above alluded to. Complying, I immediately formed my division on the line indicated by General Cox, my left forming his right near the locust grove and west of Carter's house, my line extending westward until my right rested near the river below the town, and in this position you found me upon your arrival; and when I informed you of General Cox's request and of General Schofield's order, and my action in the matter, you approved, and directed me to remain in line as formed and to hold it, which I did during the battle and until our withdrawal after midnight by order of General Schofield.

I then understood that General Schofield had command of and directed the movements of our forces from Pulaski to and during the battle at Franklin, and thence to Nashville, and that you had command of the Fourth Corps, and Cox of the troops composing the Twenty-third Corps. I received no orders from General Cox other than the direction as to my position in line heretofore mentioned; after that, none. I did not know that he was, or that he assumed to be, in command of our forces in line during that battle. I *know* that he did not command nor give me *any* directions during that battle. I had no orders from any officer until I received the order from General Schofield directing the withdrawal from Franklin and the retirement to Brentwood and Nashville. . . .

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

[Signed] NATHAN KIMBALL.

D. S. Stanley,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

REPLY BY GENERAL COX.

I HAVE hitherto believed that General Stanley and myself were in entire accord as to the facts of the battle of Franklin. The reasons are as follows: In August, 1881, when I was preparing to write the volume in the Scribner war series of histories entitled "The March to the Sea: Franklin and Nashville," General Stanley opened a correspondence with me, kindly offering to assist me by the loan of papers, etc. In a letter dated Cincinnati, 24th of August, 1881, thankfully accepting the offer, I took the opportunity to compare our recollections of the principal facts. I wrote:

Let me state a few consecutive points within my own memory and ask you to compare it with yours, premising that I have not yet begun the systematic review of the documents in my possession.

1. Two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps were present and acting under my command, Ruger's on the right of the Columbia Pike and my own (Reilly commanding) on the left.

2. Schofield had only intended to cover the crossing of trains, and had not meant to fight south of the Harpeth. He had therefore ordered me to send my own artillery and wagons over the river early, and had arranged that Major Goodspeed, your chief of artillery, should detail some batteries as your troops came in, and they reported to me.

3. After putting my own command in position, I reported to General Schofield that my troops were not sufficient to reach the river on the right, and that flank was consequently exposed. Kimball's division reported to me and was assigned that place.

4. I received a written dispatch from General Schofield saying that two brigades of Wagner's were out as rear-guard, and one (Opdycke's) would report within the lines to act as my reserve; that Wagner was ordered to bring the other two brigades in whenever Hood showed a purpose of serious attack. I showed this note to Wagner and found he had such orders.

5. When Hood formed and advanced, Wagner did not order in the two brigades, but ordered them to fight. One of my staff, still living, heard him send the order from the Carter house. In his excitement he had forgotten his orders apparently, and did not change, though reminded of them.

6. Being at the left of the line on the parapet, watching the enemy's advance, I was amazed to see Wagner's two brigades open fire. They were quickly run over by the enemy and came back in confusion.

7. I immediately sent an aide to Opdycke to warn him to be ready to advance in case of a break at the center, and to order the commandants of brigades, etc., to withhold their fire till Wagner's men should get in. The two aides who were with me are both dead, one being killed while performing part of the above duty. Opdycke afterward told me that he got no order and acted on his own judgment, and I have accepted that as the fact.

8. I almost immediately followed my order and rode to the pike. There I met Opdycke advancing, and met you also. We all went forward together. When Opdycke reached the parapet you and I were trying to rally the fugitives immediately in rear of the line. While thus employed you were wounded, and your horse was also hit. You asked me to look at the hurt, and I urged you to go and have surgical attention to it. I dismounted Captain Tracy, one of my aides, and gave you my horse, which he was riding. To say anything *here* of the impression your conduct made on me would violate the old maxim about "praise to face," etc.

9. Opdycke and the artillery continued to act under my orders till we left the lines at midnight. Orders to the rest of Wagner's division and to Kimball went from your headquarters, you continuing in command of the Fourth Corps till we got back to Nashville, notwithstanding your hurt.

As I have already said, I have not yet begun the collation of documents; but I have taken advantage of your kind letter to give the above outline, and to ask for any illustration, correction, or addition which may occur to you, so that I may give careful attention to any point on which my memory should differ from yours.

To this General Stanley replied from Fort Clark, Texas, under date of October 17, 1881, saying, among other things:

The nine points submitted in your letter are, to the best of my memory, exactly correct. I think it may be true that Opdycke did not receive your order. When I arrived at the left of his brigade the men were just getting to their feet, as they had been lying down, I presume to avoid the enemy's bullets.

This outline, thus explicitly agreed upon, is that which I followed in the volume referred to. The use of the designation "commandant upon the line" means, of course, as the context shows, the line south of the Harpeth River, upon which Hood made his principal attack. I may say, with the utmost sincerity, that my personal relation to that line is so clearly shown in the "nine points" that I did not regard the use of the designation as making any claim, but only as a periphrase to avoid repetition of the author's own name in a narrative written in the third person. I should be quite content to have the reader substitnte the proper name for the phrase.

I should be eqnally indifferent to the conclusion that the command I exercised was by virtue of an Article of War instead of by the orders of General Schofield, if it were not that, both from clear memory and many circumstances, I have always felt personally sure that my mode of statement was the true one. The order to the batteries to supply the place of mine, already sent over the river, was identical in form to that to General Kimball. If it put these under my command, it had the same effect in the other case. It has been one of the liveliest surprises of my life to learn that anybody took a different view of the matter.

General Stanley came to the center of the Twenty-third Corps line, on the Columbia Turnpike, when Wagner's two brigades of the Fourth Corps came through it in their retreat. In rallying those brigades he was wounded, and went back to his quarters north of the river. With the exception of those few minutes, there is complete agreement that I was the senior officer on that line from daylight in the morning till midnight, and the agreed "nine points" show whether this was merely nominal.

The same "points" had settled the fact that I sent no orders to Kimball's division during the actual engagement; but it may be proper now to add that no one else did, the original directions to hold the re-

curved extension of our right proving to be all that were necessary.

If any statement of mine could fairly be interpreted to derogate from the full personal command of General Schofield over the whole army, I should indeed feel that it needed correction. In the volume referred to I said, what I have always repeated, that his position in the fort north of the river was almost the only one from which he could survey and guide the whole field. My duty was simply to perform faithfully the part assigned me. The fortune of war brought it about that Hood attacked the Twenty-third Corps line, instead of turning it, as would have been wiser strategy for him. In the latter event no doubt General Stanley would have been in the critical place, and mine would have been comparatively insignificant. It is also true that General Schofield *could* have ordered me to report to General Stanley as my senior, as he ordered portions of the Fourth Corps to report to me; but *he did not*, and I have tried to narrate history as it was, not as it might have been.

CINCINNATI, O. *J. D. Cox.*

REPLY BY COLONEL STONE.

I SHALL make no other reply to General Stanley's criticism than to quote from the official reports.

General Schofield, whose report is dated December 31, 1864, says:

> General J. D. Cox deserves a very large share of credit for the brilliant victory at Franklin. The troops were placed in position and intrenched under his immediate direction, and *the greater portion of the line engaged was under his command during the battle.*

Of the sixty-two regiments in "the line engaged" only twenty-four belonged to the Twenty-third Corps that day. The rest were of the Fourth Corps, of which General Stanley was commander.

General Kimball, a division commander in the Fourth Corps, whose report is dated December 5, says that he sent a regiment to report to General Ruger *at the request of General Cox*. This shows that he then recognized General Cox as in command.

General Opdycke, commanding a brigade of the Fourth Corps, states in his report that about 4 P. M. General Cox sent him a request to have his brigade ready, and adds, "I got no other orders till after the battle."

General Ruger, commanding a division in the Twenty-third Corps, states in his report that he was ordered to report to General Cox.

General Wagner, of the Fourth Corps, makes no mention of reporting to any one after reaching his final position.

These are all the commanders of all the troops engaged, except General Cox's own division.

On the 2d of December, General Cox made a full and detailed report, in which he says:

> About noon [of November 30] General Kimball, commanding the first division, Fourth Corps, *reported to me by order of the commanding general.* . . . About 1 o'clock, General Wagner, commanding second division of the Fourth Corps, *reported to me his division* . . . and informed me that he was under orders to keep out two brigades until the enemy should make advance in line in force, when he was to retire, skirmishing, and become a reserve to the line established by me. . . . Captain Bridges (Fourth Corps artillery) *was ordered by the commanding general to report to me with three batteries.* . . . About 2 o'clock the enemy . . . came into full view. . . . The fact was reported to the commanding general, as well as the disposition of our own troops as they were, and his orders received in reference to holding the position.

In a subsequent report, covering the same ground, under date of January 10, 1865, General Cox says:

> At 2 o'clock . . . General Wagner *presented orders to report to me.* . . . At 3 o'clock . . . the order was reiterated to General Wagner to withdraw his brigade. . . . He was at that time in person near the Carter house, my headquarters.

I leave these quotations to speak for themselves. Nothing was further from my intention than to do even a seeming injustice to General Stanley — one of the most gallant, capable, and experienced soldiers in the army. The value of his services during the retreat from Pulaski to Nashville is inestimable. His conduct that day, and all days, was that of a brave, resolute, able commander.

As to the distance between the fort to which General Schofield retired and the battle-ground, I may add that from careful measurement on the maps, from personal observation within a few years, and from the estimates of residents of Franklin, I see no reason to doubt the correctness of my statement that it was "some two miles, by the road." Of course, in an air line it is much less.

Henry Stone.

BOSTON.

The Canal at Island No. 10.

IN THE CENTURY for September, 1888, is published a communication relating to the claims for the credit for the construction of the Island No. 10 Canal; and as the details of that work were wholly planned and executed under the direct supervision of Captain Tweeddale and myself, of Bissell's Engineers, it may not be inappropriate to make some historical corrections as to the claims for credit of the initiation of the enterprise. It is probably as difficult to designate the original project of the scheme as it would be now to ascertain who first proposed a canal at the Isthmus of Darien; but certainly De Lesseps designed the Panama Canal. General Hamilton or Mr. Banvard may have first suggested the possibility of the cut-off, but certainly Colonel Bissell was the first to explore the route and to put it in practical operation. The method and practical operations of performing the difficult part of the work, viz., cutting off great forest trees six feet below the surface of the water, was designed and executed by Captain Tweeddale and myself. It is impossible to conjecture how Mr. Banvard can substantiate a claim to any part of the work, for at the time he mentions, August 20, 1861, both ends of the canal were many miles within the rebel lines, which at that time were formed at Columbus, Ky., on the Mississippi River, and therefore the New Madrid Canal at that time would have been of about as much use to the Federal forces as a railroad up the side of Lookout Mountain.

M. Randolph,
Late Captain Co. A, Bissell's Engineers.

NEW YORK.

READING THE CENTURY for August and September, 1885, and September, 1888, I have been amused at the strife for honors with regard to the canal above New Madrid, cutting off Island No. 10. Honors must be scarce when two men, neither of whom is entitled to

this one, claim it. I suppose THE CENTURY is desirous of correct history, although this brilliant achievement is of humble origin.

The circumstances are these: Captain J. A. Mower, 1st U. S. Infantry, afterwards General, took from a raft floating down the river a refugee from Island No. 10 named Morrison, who claimed to have formerly run a saw-mill at the mouth of the creek just above New Madrid. *He* suggested to Captain Mower that a canal could be cut. Captain Mower sent him as a prisoner to me (as I commanded the 1st U. S. Infantry) *with this information.* I sent him to the nearest headquarters (which happened to be General Hamilton's), *en route to General Pope.*

Morrison, the saw-mill man, suggested the canal. Captain Mower, 1st U. S. Infantry, accepted the idea. General Pope ordered it, and Colonel Bissell executed it. There are officers of the regular army still living, besides myself, who remember the circumstances.

George A. Williams,
Maj. and Bvt. Lt.-Col., U. S. Army.

NEWBURG, N. Y.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Imperfections of American Law Procedure.

NO one is more deeply interested in having a prompt, rapid, effective, and respected system of legal procedure than the man who never goes to law and who would hardly know the crier of a court from the judge. He is interested in having it well known that the state has provided a ready and efficient remedy for those acts which provoke lawsuits, for the known existence of such a remedy is a strongly deterrent force upon men who are disposed to commit such acts. No one can say how large is the percentage of men who are so wavering on the brink of such acts that the efficiency of the state's judicial machinery is just the check necessary to prevent them from acting and thus to keep them out of the state's legal statistics; but the fact is plain that the force, large or small, works in favor of the great mass of voters, who never go to law.

That part of the remedy which constitutes law procedure has not been in this country quite so satisfactory to laymen as to lawyers. The latter may easily find fault with the ignorant complaints of the former, may call for bills of particulars, and may make strikingly favorable comparisons of the American with other systems. They forget that such comparisons, when partial in the smallest degree, may omit just the point in which our system is imperfect. Of course it cannot but be an enormous improvement on the primitive American process, in which the summons and complaint were supplied by the tomahawk, while judgment was enforced by the scalping-knife, with leg-bail or a tribal warfare as a court of last resort. Nor is promptness alone the touchstone of the highest comparative worth. The Russian political prisoner would thank the god of freedom who should give him American law procedure instead of that system of childishness, cruelty, intentional or unintentional, and unrestrained power which, we are now coming to learn, has borne intolerable sway all these years at St. Petersburg. The American system, again, is so permeated with democratic characteristics that our people would find a German or a French system an intolerable substitute: while the English system has too many survivals of the very expensive methods of the past to stand as our ideal in all points.

One thing should be remembered, however, as it is just the point in which the American system is most apt to break down: if the English system does compel the parties litigant to pay roundly for summary justice, it seems to give them what they pay for. If the English law reviews are to be trusted, it is possible for an English plaintiff to hurry a rich and influential defendant through their whole system of courts and out at the court of last resort with a rapidity likely to take away the breath of an American lawyer or judge. We find a cause tried in January, and the course of appeals over by the middle of February, so that one number of a review contains all the steps of the case. Lawyers who show a disposition to make impudence take the place of law meet summary suppression. Wire-drawn objections to the impaneling of a jury, or to the use of the word "through" in an indictment, and the like, which with us tend to the delay or perversion of justice and the newspaper glorification and advertisement of the "great lawyers" who have invented them, really seem, during the past fifteen years, to have become exceedingly unpopular in English courts, and to be persistently wiped out as merely the worst enemies of substantial justice. It may be necessary for the English suitor to be backed by a popular subscription in order to meet the unconscionable expenses of his suit; but, at all events, he and his opponent and the general public know that substantial justice is a matter of only a few weeks.

American courts have given sound law without unconscionable expense, and with entire fearlessness; but it cannot be said that rapidity is a common characteristic of the forty or more systems of courts kept up by our Federal, State, and Territorial governments. The most venerable of them all is peculiarly distinguished by the fact that its docket is so congested that when it gets a case it is equivalent to a postponement of justice for three years. This high example has not been neglected elsewhere: we have courts or systems that are dilatory and others that are prompt; but he who does not prefer the latter can generally keep away from them. The knave who wishes to pose as an honest citizen can often fortify his position by a suit for damages, knowing that a careful selection of his forum and a diligent use of its opportunities for delay will enable him to put off inquiry until the public shall have forgotten the matter. The criminal's lawyer has a stronger confidence in the American court's weakness for "fine points" than he has in the eternal rules of law or evidence. The rich defendant who wishes to resist the establishment of a point against him can in like manner use our system of appeals, carrying his opponent through all the courts of a State, permitting him just to see daylight in the court of last resort, and then

dropping him again to the lower court to begin the struggle over again, until the process reminds one of landing a trout. How can the unlearned public, which has no interest in law except as a means of preventing litigation, be content with systems which yearly, monthly, daily, issue in such results as these?

But, it is objected, the law is as good as a people want it to be. Perhaps so, if the way to remedy defects by ballot is evident to the people. When both disease and remedy are beyond the horizon of the people, what can be expected but a growing sense of the "hell it is in suing long to bide," varied by an occasional impatient and hopeless popular effort to remedy evils which are rather felt than known? The whole plea is another example of that common political fallacy which expects from our ballot the results of a pure democracy, ignoring the fact that its only work is to choose representative legislative bodies. Give us something like the Australian system of voting, so that the resulting legislature will represent the state's business interests, and not a series of "deals," "dickers," "trades," and bargains, and such a legislative body will not take long to ascertain the seat of the evil far better than the individual voter or all the voters could do. It may be that we need more codification, or less codification, or no codification. It may be that the vanity of our lawyers and judges has built up a complicated system of appeals, unsuited for young States, and that these communities would be better off with nearly summary courts, one appeal from each, and a second appeal only when the court of last resort should itself take the suit up. It may be that changes in law procedure can be devised that shall give us less law and more equity, less nosing after "fine points" and more anxiety to get work done. It may be that much of the trouble has come from the criminal laxness of incompetent legislatures, which have permitted themselves to be used by certain self-seeking lawyers for the passage of special acts, of service to them in special cases, so that these lawyers have been continually making the law too hard for even the judges to understand. It may be that a somewhat longer and securer tenure would so increase the independence of the judges that they would put a summary quietus upon the political or too influential lawyers of their courts, their "fine points," and the delays of justice which grow therefrom. It may well be asked, Which body will be so apt to recognize the evil and the remedy — a legislature which merely stands for and misrepresents popular feeling and ignorance, like our legislatures as they have been since compression of population began to develop anti-popular interests, or a body which represents the democratic ballot and does its will, like the legislative bodies which the Australian plan of voting gives us? Like so many other problems, this one in its ultimate analysis becomes another phase of ballot reform.

Lynch Law as an Argument for Law Reform.

THE preceding article on the need of some reform in law procedure which should make the attainment of justice more speedy had regard only to a class of cases as to which popular dissatisfaction must of necessity be vague. When such a case, after having been beaten about from post to pillar on one technicality after another, at last makes a hole in the judicial waters and disappears, the fact is apt to provoke criticism, and even an exaggerated indignation. But the only practical result is a certain percentage of increase in the stock denunciations of the law: that it is only for rich men, that any rogue who will pay for enough law may suspend or escape his punishment, or that the meshes of the law's nets catch only the little fish. Even when the failure of justice arouses any general attention, the consequent indignation expires in words; it never unites any considerable number of citizens in common action.

All this is more apt to be the case in the more closely settled districts of the country, where the population has begun to settle down into distinct social classes, each with its own interests. The banker's honest anger flames up for the moment as he reads the methods by which sewing-women are swindled by some of their employers; but the orbits of the banker and the sewing-woman are very unlikely ever to approach each other again. The exploits of the "jerry-builder," of the "real-estate fraud," of that army of persons who in every thickly settled community contrive to make a living out of their ability to sail several points nearer to the wind of the law than their neighbors, possess rather a curious than a personal interest for most readers, who never expect to come into personal contact with them. The case is different, however, with thinly settled or agricultural districts, all the interests and feelings of which are homogeneons, so that what happens to one person is very far from being beyond the possibility of happening to any of his neighbors. Interest takes a keener edge, and, if it be sufficiently tempered with indignation, may bind together the mass of the people in common action and become a strong social or political force. There can be no doubt, for example, that usury laws maintain their place in agricultural districts for the reason that the selling out of one's farm by an usurious creditor suggests a danger to which every farm in the district is more or less distantly liable. The economist may show that the usury law, if it has any effect, raises the rate of interest, but the agricultural voter will have it. But the frontier Territory, where money is wanted and the raw material of farmers is abundant, has no usury laws.

Even in our agricultural States there are great corporations whose busy work is steadily decreasing the cost of transportation, to the benefit of the whole community. It is not hard to show the folly of legislation the intention or effect of which is to cripple such corporations more or less. One might as well hamstring his own horse. But the farmer who is summoned to his fourth or fifth trial of a case against a corporation just as he finds that his personal treasury is exhausted, and his neighbors who know of the case and sympathize with him, have a new readiness to vote for any candidate for the legislature who shows a disposition to make things unpleasant for the corporations. With it goes a parallel disposition of juries to give heavier verdicts against the corporations, which in its turn provokes the courts into granting new trials because of excessive damages and thus intensifying the process. But in tracing the process back, is it fair to stop, as is commonly done, with the tyranny of the corporations or the stupidity of the people? Was there not a more direct force, back of either, in the original error, by which an agricultural commonwealth, of simple life and needs, was burdened with a judicial system too

complicated in its nature and workings to afford the people the plain, substantial justice they needed?

In such matters, affecting merely material interests, slowness of justice tempts the people, who know little of the theory of judicial machinery, to transfer the remedy from the operation of natural laws to the doubtful wisdom of the legislature. Is it wonderful that the same slowness, when it invades the field of criminal law, should tempt the people to take the remedy into their own hands? It is not so many centuries since man consented to give up his right of private vengeance to governmental agencies; still fewer since petty communities surrendered their control of criminal law to the newer and more ambitious courts above them. A Saxon hue and cry, haling a fugitive criminal before the hundred for punishment, would be a picturesque historical spectacle, while the Indiana or Mississippi lynching mob is a subject for reprobation only. Yet the latter may be only a reversion to an ancestral type, caused by the practical break-down of the more civilized and artificial type which has succeeded it. In that case the responsibility for the reversion should be upon men who took no part in it, upon lawyers and judges who might have made the criminal courts so simple and speedy that the popular feeling would have been only one of implicit confidence in them. The Cincinnati riots of 1884,[1] with the burning of the court-house and the partial destruction of the records, were of course to be condemned, but the condemnation ought not to stop there. The failure of criminal justice, the quiet repose of twenty untried murderers in the jail, and the evolution of a class of "criminal lawyers," whose perfect flower was the royal type of "jury fixers," were antecedent circumstances sufficient to show that a heavy responsibility belonged to the public men who had permitted criminal law to break down.

Such considerations apply still more to cases of lynch law in the South and West which are provoked by cases of a certain kind. These offenses appeal with such force to universal apprehension that it almost seems as if, in agricultural districts at least, there should be a class of unusually summary courts to try them. The house-father's desire is that punishment should be certain, terrible, and sudden, in order to sharpen its effect on the unknown percentage of men who may be on the point of committing the like. The intrusion of the smallest doubt of the adequacy of the ordinary legal machinery has consequences out of all proportion to its magnitude, and the mob makes sure of the criminal while it has him within reach. In such cases let us not spare our condemnation, but let us not place it upon any asserted savagery of the people of the state. It belongs in large part to the dilettanteism of the state's educated legal class, the members of which, content with their judicial system as it stands, make no sufficient effort to see to it that their system fits the people, which is the first principle of law reform.

[1] See THE CENTURY for April, 1888, p. 944; and June, 1884, p. 303.

A Centennial Historical Exhibition.

ONE of the most interesting and important features of next April's Centennial Celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States will be the exhibition, to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House in the city of New York.

As the generous coöperation of those who are in possession of the pictures and relics to be exhibited at that time is absolutely necessary for the success of the enterprise, the sub-committee in special charge of the exhibition have issued a circular of information and appeal. It appears that this exhibition is to be limited in scope to portraits and relics "relating to Washington, his Cabinet, members of the First Congress, members of the Constitutional Convention, and others connected with the inauguration of Washington, together with pictures of scenes and localities pertaining to the period." In the circular issued names are given of those whose part in the inauguration, direct or indirect, it is desired to commemorate. Those who wish for a copy of this circular and any further information on the subject may communicate with Mr. William A. Coffin, who has been appointed by the special committee as manager of the exhibition, and who may be addressed at the headquarters of the Centennial Committee, No. 280 Broadway, New York City.

French Masters and American Art Students.

THE "Open Letters" on Gérôme are by American artists who have profited by that master's instruction and advice. All but one of them were pupils in L'École des Beaux-Arts, in accordance with that liberal and wise system of the French which shows no discrimination against foreign art and artists, but extends the free hospitality of its national school, its historic galleries, and its yearly exhibitions alike to native and foreigner. With more time for notifying them of the opportunity, these "Open Letters" could have been greatly increased in number from the ranks of American artists who have proved the ability and devotion of their distinguished teacher by their own later accomplishment.

It is a blot upon American civilization that, instead of emulating the generous method of France, we put a penalty of thirty per cent. of its cost upon every foreign work of modern art brought to America by any private individual, including the works of those very teachers who have freely done so much for the advancement of art in the New World.

OPEN LETTERS.

American Artists on Gérôme.

I BELIEVE Gérôme's strength lies in portraying the grand, the dramatic, and the strongly individual; in perfection of drawing and complete harmony and unity of design. I know of no modern master who has covered such a wide range of feeling, and of none who has brought the art of composition to such perfection; and although his sense of color is the least delicate of his qualities, yet it is remarkable how frequently he produces a canvas fine in this respect — such as "The

Snake Charmer," "The Moorish Ruth," and others. His method of painting is simple, and good men who have followed it sincerely have become the best colorists — such as Dagnan-Bouveret, Bargue, and Abbott H. Thayer. His strong love of character is, I believe, the key to his choice of subjects, which are most frequently of semi-barbaric people, in whom individuality is more strongly pronounced than among the civilized. Notable exceptions are such men as Napoleon and Molière, whom Gérôme loves to portray. Almost every quality he has aimed at he has mastered. His limitations are only felt in his color and, I dare say, in his sculpture. The latter, though marvelous in the understanding of the figure and in the perfection and beauty of line, suffers from that very love of character and the picturesque which is so charming in his painting.

As a teacher he is very dignified and apparently cold, but really most kind and soft-hearted, giving his foreign pupils every attention. In his teaching he avoids anything like recipes for painting; he constantly points out truths of nature and teaches that art can be attained only through increased perception and not by processes. But he pleads constantly with his pupils to understand that although absolute fidelity to nature must be ever in mind, yet if they do not at last make imitation serve expression they will end as they began — only children.

There are people who pass by Gérôme because he is not a "colorist," or because he does not paint *lovable faces*, or something which they would do if they could paint. But these people do not see over him; they have not yet seen him.

I believe he is one of the greatest masters, not of modern times, but of all times, and that he will be venerated more and more as we grow up to him.

George de Forest Brush.

AS AN artist, in his most famous pictures Gérôme belongs to those who tell a story. But he says his say with such breadth and directness, and with such a powerful conception of his setting and his action, that what with a lesser man would be an anecdote becomes with him a *drama*, or at least a profound satire.

"Ave Cæsar," "Pollice Verso," "The Death of Cæsar," "Napoleon before the Sphinx," are small canvases rendering large subjects in a very large way. If they could have handled the brush, Juvenal might have painted "The Two Augurs," and Voltaire have done "Le Père Joseph." My master in Paris, M. Bonnât, one day advised me to show to Gérôme a Roman subject just begun, as to a *passé maître* in all things relating to classical antiquity, adding, "There is no better master anywhere, and *il est bien bon garçon*" (he is a capital fellow). Gérôme permitted me to bring pictures as often as I wished, and he was always more than kind in giving time and attention to young men, talking by the half-hour with enthusiasm of classical antiquity, saying, "Surround yourself with everything that you can,— casts, photographs, terra-cottas, vase paintings,— and look at them constantly with all your might." His large house and atelier, on the corner of the Rue de Bruxelles and the outer Boulevard, were full of interesting and curious things, brought back from Italy and Egypt, and every morning the master himself might be seen riding a handsome horse along the Boulevard, followed by two great hounds, and looking more like a cavalry officer than a painter.

E. H. Blashfield.

THE rank and the qualities of Gérôme as an artist are so well known that I need say nothing of them, but perhaps I may be able to say something of him as a teacher which will be worth the saying.

I think there is a general impression that he is very rigid in his methods of instruction and that his pupils become, almost of necessity, his imitators. As a pupil of his during three years, and one who owes him much, I feel that this impression should be corrected. During all the time I was working in L'École des Beaux-Arts under his instruction I saw but two pupils whose work showed any decided imitation of Gérôme's own methods of painting, and I never saw any attempt on the part of the master to change the methods of his other pupils. Gérôme has a method of setting his palette which differs somewhat from that employed by most artists; a method which could, I think, only be employed by an artist exclusively devoted to form and comparatively indifferent to quality of color. When I began to paint for the first time under his instruction he recommended this method to me. I had already acquired other methods and did not change them, and he never again recurred to the matter. His criticism was always of results, and never, after that first time, of methods. I once heard him say to a pupil: "When you draw, form is the important thing; but in painting the first thing to look for is the *general impression* of color." Surely Manet could say no more. Gérôme is, in my idea, a master of line and of composition, but a poor *painter*. As a teacher I do not believe he has any superiors, and his criticism is always based on essentials, and seldom touches matters of method. His insistance upon sound drawing is eminently healthy, and no pupil can be other than benefited by it.

Kenyon Cox.

WITHOUT sympathy or love for Gérôme's art, I have always esteemed it highly. I think him a marked figure in contemporary art; as clear an individuality as history affords. Fearless in his compositions, his precision and close adherence to all that can be learned or known have never tamed the strongly personal view in which his work is always conceived.

I was drawn to Gérôme as a teacher from having seen a photograph of his "Eastern Butcher" standing by the door of his shop. This absolute reality in the drawing of the human body I could find in no other master.

I found him large and catholic in his instruction, as direct and exact in his criticisms as the click to the lock of a gun. Oblivious to methods, seeking to develop each pupil's peculiarities and temperament, he frowned upon any attempt to follow in his ways unless he thought it entirely within the sympathies of the pupil. He insisted upon absolute portraiture in the drawing of the figure, and was as quick to notice any deviation from the general color or complexion of the

model as in the form. We English and Americans used to think at times that he might have been a *painter*, even a colorist, had he started on that road. The French, and other foreigners than ourselves, however, always accepted fully his draughtsmanlike methods.

In criticism of compositions and pictures he brought to bear his wide knowledge and large experience in the intricacies of physical laws. With me he generally made suggestions which would add to the picturesqueness of my compositions, his criticisms always coming from his intellect rather than from his heart; although with some of his pupils I believe his sympathies were fully aroused.

Wyatt Eaton.

FIVE months in the atelier of Gérôme is so short a time that I have never presumed to call myself his pupil, but under the influence of so strong a nature it is possible to receive in that brief period a distinct and abiding impression of the man. His personal presence, alert, erect, and keen, is that of a soldier, and amid his colleagues of L'École des Beaux-Arts, clad in their uniform of dark-green embroidered with silver palms, he appears a veteran surrounded by conscripts. His art is tinctured with the like qualities, and against the invading armies of modern realism he has stood — valiant soldier — firmly at his post. And in the future, when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff, it can hardly be questioned that the typical reality which he has upheld will prevail against the accidental reality of the protemporary *modernistes*. One of these last — Georges Rochegrosse — exhibited at a late Salon a "Death of Cæsar" where the assassins clambered over one another in their effort to reach the prostrate emperor, as beggars scramble for a penny pitched in the midst of them. Such a representation, however possible or probable, can never supplant the dignified and simple tragedy portrayed by Gérôme any more than the Venus of Milo, with her typical beauty garnered from a thousand perfections, can be supplanted by a cast from nature.

Will H. Low.

IN 1867 together with two other Americans, Mr. Aikens and Mr. Harry Moore, I enjoyed the benefit of Gérôme's instruction. We were, I believe, the first American students that entered Gérôme's atelier, which has since become so popular with Americans.

Gérôme's method of instruction was purely academical, in the sense in which that word is usually understood, as leaving no room for the individuality of the student to assert itself, and few were able to resist the dominating influence of his own strongly pronounced individuality, quietly but irresistibly exerted. Of the three painting-ateliers in L'École des Beaux-Arts, Gérôme's students were the only ones that had the *cachet* of their master. On the other hand, as to conduct it was the most riotous atelier in the school, and was frequently closed for weeks at a time by the Administration in punishment for a disorder which became insufferable, and which seemed like a rebound from the constraint the students felt in the master's presence. This rebound spent itself in hazing, singing, smashing easels, and other exhilarating exercises when that presence was withdrawn. However, in spite of this, a great deal of good work was done there, for when a chorus of "*assez*" rang through the room it was a foolish fellow who dared to interrupt the silence which followed.

As an artist, Gérôme is not easily classified; and although he has had a numerous following, he retains his preëminence in his own domain.

John H. Niemeyer.

IN 1875 Gérôme was probably most impressive in his strong individuality. With gracefully sloping shoulders, delicate form, fine in line, neat and elegant in dress, his face seemed fatigued and listless — pale, with skin of satin texture, seeming to have been painted by his own hand. In action, before his pupil's easel, the eye under the compressed brow became searching and bright, the other remaining listless under its high arch.

Quick of vision and unmerciful in judgment, he dominated, by a singular magnetism, the student who gladly submitted to his terrible "ce n'est pas ça" and who scarcely felt elated with the seldom heard "pas mal" — such confidence he inspired in his sincerity in holding before us the same high standard of excellence towards which he also struggled.

This *personality* was so strong in Gérôme that his presence was sufficient to drive myself and others into hiding and relieve him of the trouble of judging us. It elevated us, in the moment, beyond our capacity; our errors glared in our work, we saw with his eyes, said to ourselves the unsympathetic "more simple," "it is not that," *judged ourselves*, only to return to our weakness on his departure.

S. W. Van Schaick.

THE thought of Gérôme arouses first of all, in an artist's heart, the sentiment of truth-worship. Whatever the degree of his appetite for his paintings, they must forever magnetize each fellow-artist by their stamp of a great nature's austere fidelity, and their purity in those respects which were plainly his aim destines them to last among a very few to represent his epoch hereafter.

As a man he is so imposing that it may be dangerous to speak. When he came into the school-room his presence hushed the crowd, even to the roughest communist element, so that you could always have heard a pin drop, save for his own serious voice — an homage emphasized by their different treatment of many other dignitaries.

One of my innermost longings will always be to get his approval of my work.

A. H. Thayer.

IT is with great pleasure that I subscribe my most profound respect and admiration for Gérôme. I shall always consider it my good fortune to have had his counsel and advice — just, severe, and appreciative. Differing greatly in the phase of art which I follow, yet I cannot but esteem him as one of the masters and most distinguished men of his age.

J. Alden Weir.

Machine Guns.

WE desire to correct some statements which occur in the article by Lieutenant William R. Hamilton in the October number of THE CENTURY.

The Gatling gun was invented by Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling (not Robert). Referring to the comparisons and statements on pp. 888 and 890, relating to the feed, firing, and disabling of guns, it is well to state that the Gatling has been fired at the maximum rate till 63,600 shots have been discharged, a greater number than has been fired from any other machine gun continuously, and this with the old method of feeding. With the new feed (Bruce), by which cartridges are fed direct from the paper boxes in which packed, the maximum rate of fire can be kept up without cessation. There is no "spring to press the cartridges into the hopper" of the Gatling in any of the feeds used, or that ever were used; therefore no additional strength is needed at the crank. Of the two methods of feeding used by the Gatling, the positive and the Bruce, or guideway, neither has "springs," as stated, and either can be used on the same gun, and both are perfect in their action. The Gatling is certain in its fire, and if one of its barrels is disabled the lock — all of which are interchangeable — can be withdrawn, and the other barrels fired continuously. Damage to one or more locks or barrels will not, therefore, stop the working of the gun. Such a thing as an explosion of cartridges in the feed, or an accident from such causes to the man working the Gatling, is impossible. As before stated, the Gatling has fired 63,600 cartridges without being stopped to wipe out or clean the barrels, and the gun worked satisfactorily. At the same official trial *10,000 rounds* were fired at the *greatest rapidity attainable* by having extra men to relieve each other at the crank, and no heating to injure or prevent the working of the gun was appreciable; and at the armory in Hartford 10,000 or more shots have been often fired without cessation. It is not necessary to have a water-tank in attendance to cool the Gatling.

Relative to accuracy of fire (p. 891) we will state that the construction of the Gatling is such, the barrels being parallel with each other and parallel with the axis of revolution, that each barrel, when direct fire is made, points to the same place; *i. e.*, at short range every shot at the most rapid rate of firing can be discharged into a hole the size of a dollar. When the gun is traversed laterally a plank can be cut from end to end by the bullets as by a saw. No more accurate firing can be done by machine guns than by the Gatling. At the armory it is not considered an unusual thing to fire a single shot into the center of the target, and then insert a musket-cartridge shell in the hole, and drive it in by the ball of the next shot. The improved Gatling is as accurate as a rifle.

We believe the official trials made and the war record of the Gatling show that it has, in the way of rapid firing, elevation, and depression, accuracy and continuity of fire, positive and certain action, advantages which make it a complete machine gun for all service afloat or ashore.

The Gatling Gun Company,
By Fredk. W. Prince, Secretary.

HARTFORD, CONN.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Coming from the Fields.



1ST VOICE. Sister Mary, deir ain' no sun ov'r yonder!
MARY. An' de hoop'will * soon be erbout.
Sister Mandy, deir ain' no work back yonder!

Refrain. An' de hoop'will soon be erbout.
De mule done turn an' er-warkin' en es track!

* Whippoorwill.

MANDY. An' de hoecake 'll soon be erbout.
Deir 's water en de trough an' fodder en de rack!
Refrain. An' de hoecake 'll soon be erbout.

Chorus. Jes look ov'r yonder, what I see?
De angeuls beck'n me ter come.
Jes look ov'r yonder, what I see?
De ange-uls er-leadin' me home.

2D VOICE. Sister Tempy, de moon 's comin' up ov'r yonder!
An' de fiddl' soon be erbout.
Sister Liza, deir ain' no work up yonder!
An' de fiddl' soon be erbout.
De time mos' heah fer ter heel an' toe!
Ole Morris 'll soon be erbout.
Er-pattin' wid es foot an' er-scrapin' wid de bow!
Ole Morris 'll soon be erbout.
Chorus.

3D VOICE. Br'er Alec', dem taters er-growin' up yonder!
An' de 'possum 'll soon be erbout. (Oomh!)
Br'er Peter, de houn' dog er-waitin' up yonder!
An' de 'possum 'll soon be erbout.
De coon track wet on de top er de log!
An' de nigger 'll soon be erbout.
Deir 's possum in de tree w'en you heah dat dog!
An' de nigger 'll soon be erbout.
Chorus.

WAG *(from in rear)*. Sister Ca'line, yer ridin' mighty high up yonder!
WAG *(in front)*. An' Willis 'll soon be erbout. (Yes! Oomh!)
Sister Ca'line, yer lookin' mighty putty up yonder!
An' Willis 'll soon be erbout.

(In front.) You, Bill, why 'n't yo' git down an' opun dis heah gate? Boy, ef I hit yer wid dese heah lines, you t'ink lightnin' struck yer! Let dat mule go 'long, I tell yer; he know de way ter de trough. Hole de gate opun. Git up, Scott!

— Deir 's grease en de pot an' de hoecake done!
An' de fat meat soon be erbout.
An' I 'm mighty glad dis day's work 's done!
An' de fat meat soon be erbout.
Chorus.

1ST VOICE. Sister Tilly, de cows in de lane out yonder!
An' de milk-pail soon be erbout.
Sister Tilly, de calfs es er-callin' out yonder!
An' de milk-pail soon be erbout.
I 'm er-goin' ter hang dis bridle on de rack!
An' er loos' mule soon be erbout.

LOOS' MULE. Hong-g-g-kee! Hong-g-g-kee, honk!— honk! — erhonk — erhonk! — erhonk! —

Go 'long, Br'er Mule, an' waller on yo' back!
An' er loos' mule soon be erbout.
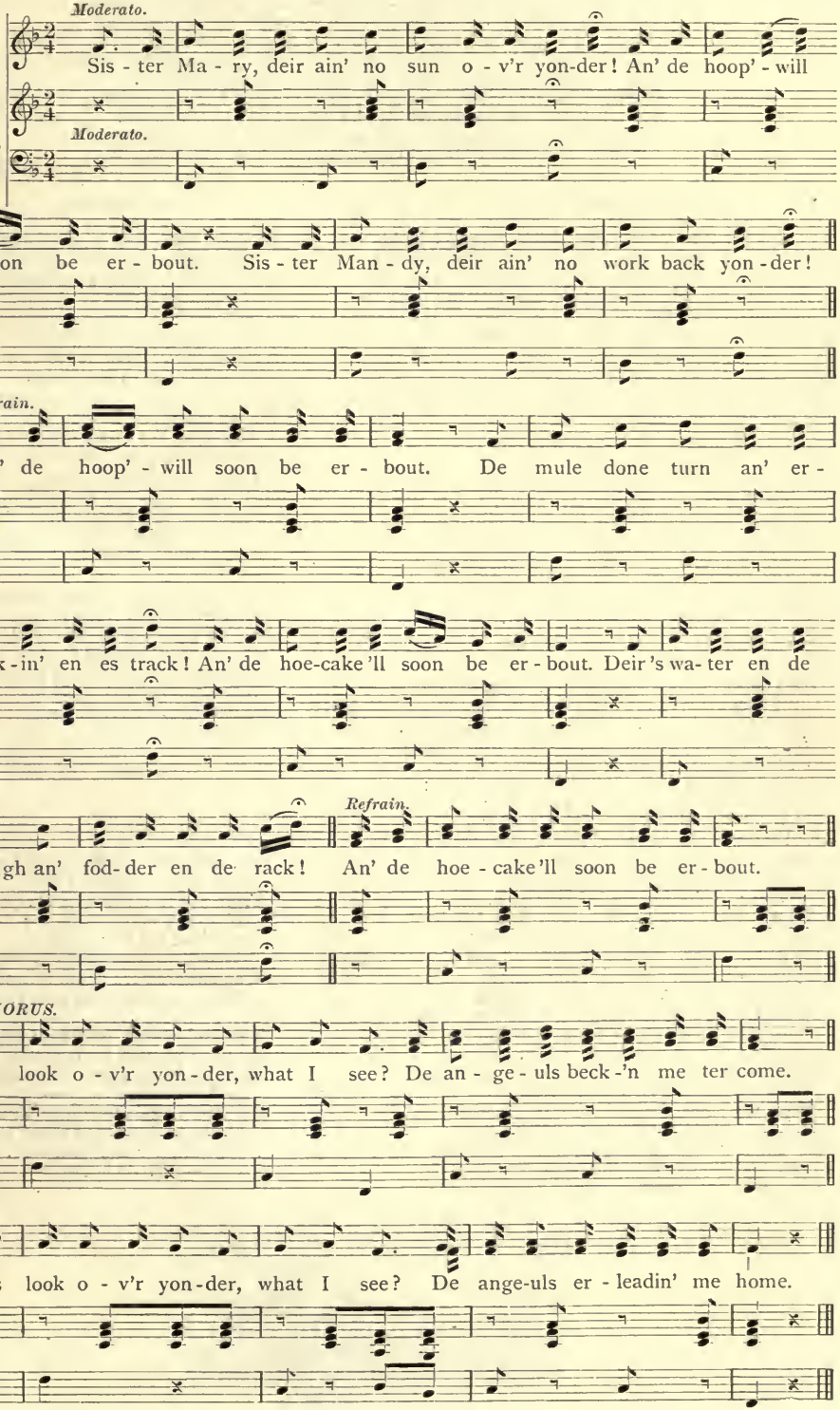
WHOA, SCOTT!!! Mule, ef dem heels had er hit me I 'd er bust yo' wide opun wid er rock! Dern er fool, anyhow!

H. S. Edwards.



COMING FROM THE FIELDS.

H. S. EDWARDS. A. L. WOOD.



A Natural Conclusion, After the Wet Spell.

SHE 'D read my book and praised its worth, and I was just conversing —
Of subjects new there 's such a dearth — on weather and rehearsing
The charms of May: "a tricksy wench" I called her, I remember
(Some dainty phrase I fashioned, too, for August and September).
I said the months were "artist-souled"; I thought that rather fetching —
The summer using pigments bold, the winter simply etching.
Her eyes flashed bright a moment and she smiled her admiration;
Then, looking very sweet and bland, she made this observation:
"I fear I 'm not the soul you dreamed — I 'm infinitely duller;
I thought of late they 'd really seemed to work in water-color."

Julie M. Lippmann.

The Devil's Balloon.

[The Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., lying sleepless in his berth on board ship, once amused himself by weaving into the story of the Deluge all the rhymes of the word "ark" that he could summon up. One night, in a period of insomnia, I tried the same experiment — though in a lighter and more secular vein — on the word "balloon," and before I fell asleep got through several of the rhymes here given. Afterwards I tried how many more rhymes to the word could be mustered, and the result was the following nonsense-sketch.— *C. P. C.*]

A WIZARD once went up in a balloon,
And with him took his wicked old baboon.
And as he sailed unto himself did croon
A mocking parody on "Bonnie Doon."
'T was on the one and twentieth night in June,
Above him shone the splendid summer moon,
Nearly as bright as though 't were afternoon —
The difference twixt a white and octoroon,
With here and there a shadow of quadroon
(This simile seems not inopportune).

The wizard chanted now a mystic rune
More like an incantation than a tune.
Then faster onward swept this strange balloon
Until they reached the Brockenberg. Here soon
They spied their king. His face was like a prune,
Withered and blue; his feet had crimson shoon;
His cloak was scarlet lined with dark maroon,
And edged with fiery gold and bright galloon;
His eyes resembled those of a raccoon;
He spoke a language not unlike Walloon,
And leered and swaggered like a macaroon
Who saunters up and down some gay saloon,
A wild and lawless carnival buffoon,
Yet fierce as any bloody bold dragoon.
His purse was filled with many a gold doubloon,
And in his hand he bore a large harpoon.
He had a tail and horns. It were a boon
To have with one a very lengthy spoon,
If dining with him. (Let us not impugn
The old proverb.) Then, as though he were Haroun
Himself, he beckoned to the weird balloon,
Which about midnight took him in. And soon,
Speeding o'er wave and rock and sandy dune,
The Devil raised a terrible typhoon,
Enough to make the soul and senses swoon,
And laughed along the air, as when a loon
Laughs o'er some dark and pestilent lagoon.
Then sped they to the land of the Tycoon,
Where they all lit, and danced a rigadoon!

Two Valentines.

LOVE, at your door young Cupid stands
And knocks for you to come:
The frost is in his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire
His lips shall loosen as with wine
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, nor need of more
Had I to know. I knew
His path lay straight unto your door —
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeed," I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see"
And on his lips I set a kiss,
A Valentine from me!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

YE, who love, the young and true,
Youth is fittest time to woo,
Trifle not as worldlings do,
If that ye need not tarry;
Linger not till love is dead,
Take not worldly pride instead,
Woo and wed ere youth is sped,
Woo your mate and marry.

Ye who love not, wed not: nay,
Each, as his own heart may say,
Each, as he may trace his way,
As his life may carry —
Perhaps a love above may wait,
Perhaps on earth will linger late,
Wait, wait, nor mar your fate:
Wait — ah! do not marry.

L. R. R.



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THE GRAND LAMA OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL.

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THE GRAND LAMA OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL.



BURIAT TYPE.

THE latter part of our stay in the city of Irkutsk (Eer-kootsk′) was devoted mainly to preparations for the journey that we were about to make through the little-known territory of the Trans-Baikal (By-kal′). We anticipated that this would be a very hard experience. The region that we purposed to explore was wilder and lonelier than any part of Siberia we had seen except the Altai (Al-tie′): the convict mines, which we wished to inspect, were scattered over a rough, mountainous country thousands of square miles in extent, lying between the head-waters of the Amur (Am-moor′) and the frontier of Mongolia; most of these mines were off the regular post roads, and were not laid down on the maps; we anticipated great difficulty in obtaining permission to visit them, and still greater difficulty in actually reaching them; and finally, we were about to plunge into this wilderness of the Trans-Baikal at the beginning of a semi-arctic winter, when storms and bitter cold would be added to the hardships with which we were already familiar. Owing to the fact that the territory of the Trans-Baikal had shortly before been detached from the governor-generalship of Eastern Siberia and annexed to the governor-generalship of the Amur, we could not get in Irkutsk any assurance that permission to visit the mines would be granted us. In reply to my questions upon this subject Count Ignatief (Ig-nat′-yef) and Acting-Governor Petroff merely said, "The Trans-Baikal is out of our jurisdiction; for permission to visit the mines you will have to apply to Governor-General Korff or to Governor Barabash."

As both of the officials last named were at that time in Khabarofka, on the lower Amur, nearly 1500 miles beyond the mines and 2000 miles from Irkutsk, the prospect of getting their permission did not seem to be very bright. We determined, however, to go ahead without permission, trusting to be saved, by luck and our own wits, from any serious trouble. Instead of proceeding directly to the mines, we decided to make a détour to the southward from Verkhni Udinsk (Verkh′-nee Oo′-dinsk), for the purpose of visiting Kiakhta (Kee-akh′-ta), the Mongolian frontier-town of Maimachin (My-match′-in), and the great Buddhist lamasery of Goose Lake. We were tired of prisons and the exile system; we had had misery enough for a while; and it seemed to me that we should be in better condition to bear the strain of the mines if we could turn our thoughts temporarily into other channels and travel a little, as boys say, "for fun." I was anxious, moreover, to see something of that corrupted form of the Buddhistic religion called Lamaism, which prevails so extensively in the Trans-Baikal, and which is there localized and embodied in the peculiar monastic temples known to the Russians as "datsans," or lamaseries. The lamasery of Goose Lake had been described to us in Irkutsk as one of the most interesting and important of these temples, for the reason that it was the residence of the Khambá Lamá, or Grand Lama of Eastern Siberia. It was distant only thirty versts from the village of Selenginsk, through which we must necessarily pass on our way to Kiakhta: we could visit it without much trouble, and we decided, therefore, to make it our first objective point.

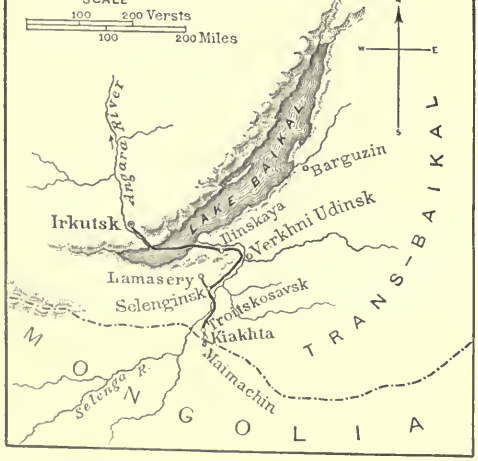
There are two routes by which it is possible to go from Irkutsk into the Trans-Baikal. The first and most direct of them follows the river Angara for about forty miles to its source in Lake Baikal, and then crosses that lake to the village of Boyarskaya. The second and longer route leads to Boyarskaya by a pictur-

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esque "cornice road," carried with much engineering skill entirely around the southern end of the lake, high above the water, on the slopes and cliffs of the circumjacent mountains. The "round-the-lake" route, on account of the beauty of its scenery, would probably have been our choice had it been open to us; but recent floods had swept away a number of bridges near the south-western extremity of the lake, and thus for the time had put a stop to all through travel. There remained nothing for us to do, therefore, but to cross the lake by steamer.

In view of the near approach of winter, we decided to leave our heavy tarantas in Irkutsk for sale, and to travel, until snow should fall, in the ordinary wheel vehicles of the country, transferring our baggage from one conveyance to another at every post station. This course of procedure is known in Siberia as traveling "na perekladneekh," or "on transfers," and a more wretched, exasperating, body-bruising, and heart-breaking system of transportation does not anywhere exist. If we could have anticipated one-tenth part of the misery that we were to endure as a result of traveling "on transfers" in the Trans-Baikal, we should never have made the fatal mistake of leaving our roomy and comparatively comfortable tarantas in Irkutsk.

Thursday afternoon, September 24, we ordered horses, stowed away our baggage in the small, springless vehicle that was sent to us from the post station, seated ourselves insecurely on the uneven surface made by furs, satchels, bread-bags, tea-boxes, felt boots, and the photographic apparatus, bade good-bye to Lieutenant Scheutze, Mr. Bukofski, and Zhan, who had assembled in the court-yard to see us off, and finally, with a measured jangling of two or three discordant bells from the wooden arch over the thill-horse's back, rode out of the city and up the right bank of the Angara, on our way to Lake Baikal, the lamasery of Gusinnoi Ozera (Goo-seen'-noi O'-zer-a), Kiakhta, and the convict mines.



FROM IRKUTSK TO SELENGINSK.

The weather was warm and sunshiny; there was a faint, soft autumnal haze in the air; and the foliage of the deciduous trees, although touched with color by the frost, had not yet fallen. Flowers still lingered here and there in sheltered places, and occasionally a yellow butterfly zigzagged lazily across the road ahead of us. The farmer's grain had everywhere been harvested, the last hay had been stacked, and in the court-yards of many of the village houses we noticed quantities of tobacco or hemp plant spread out in the sunshine to dry.

About half way between Irkutsk and the first post station we met a man driving a team of four horses harnessed to a vehicle that looked like a menagerie-wagon, or a closed wild-beast cage. I asked our driver what it was, and he replied that he presumed it was the Siberian tiger that was to be brought to Irkutsk for exhibition from some place on the Amur. A living tiger captured in Siberia seemed to us a novelty worthy of attention; and directing our driver to stop and wait for us, we ran back and asked the tiger's keeper if he would not open the cage and let us see the animal. He good-humoredly consented, and as we pressed eagerly up to the side of the wagon he took down the wide, thin boards that masked the iron grating. We heard a hoarse, angry snarl, and then before we had time to step back a huge, tawny beast striped with black threw himself against the frail bars with such tremendous violence and ferocity that the wagon fairly rocked on its wheels, and we thought for a single breathless instant that he was coming through like a three-hundred-pound missile from a catapult. The grating of half-inch iron, however, was stronger and more firmly secured than it seemed to be; and although it was bent a little by the shock, it did not give way. The keeper seized a long, heavy iron bar and belabored the tiger with it through the grating until he finally lay down in one corner of the cage, snarling sullenly and fiercely like an enraged cat. I could not learn from the keeper the weight nor the dimensions of this tiger, but he seemed to me to be a splendid beast, quite as large as any specimen I had ever seen. He had been captured by some Russian peasants in the valley of the Amur — one of the very few places on the globe where the tropical tiger meets the arctic reindeer.

The distance from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal is only forty miles; and as the road along the Angara was smooth and in good condition, we made rapid progress. The farther we went

to the eastward, the higher and more picturesque became the banks of the river. On the last station they assumed an almost mountainous character, and along one side of the deep gorge formed by them the narrow, sinuous road was carried at a height of fifty or sixty feet above the water in an artificial cutting, bordered for miles at a time by a substantial guard-rail.

At it grew dark a cold, dense fog began to drift down the gorge from the lake; now hiding everything from sight except a short stretch of road hung apparently in misty mid-air, and then opening in great ragged rents, or gaps, through which loomed the dim but exaggerated outlines of the dark, craggy heights on the opposite shore. The surface of Lake Baikal is more than 400 feet higher than the city of Irkutsk, and the river Angara, through which the lake discharges into the Arctic Ocean, falls that 400 feet in a distance of 40 miles, making a current that is everywhere extremely swift, and that runs in some places at the rate of 12 or 15 miles an hour. Steamers ply back and forth between the city and the lake, but they are six or eight hours in struggling up stream, while they come down in about two. At the outlet, where the current is swiftest, the river never entirely freezes over, and it does not close opposite Irkutsk until some time in January, although the thermometer frequently goes to forty degrees below zero in December. The Angara is in all respects a peculiar and original river. Instead of coming into existence as a brook, it is born a mile wide with a current like a mill-race. Although its water, even in the hottest midsummer weather, is icy cold, it is the very last river in Siberia to freeze. It chills the adventurous bather to the bone in August, and then in the coldest weather of December steams as if it were boiling. Finally, it overflows its banks, not in the spring, when other rivers overflow theirs, but in early winter, when all other streams are locked in ice.

VILLAGE OF LISTVINICHNAYA.



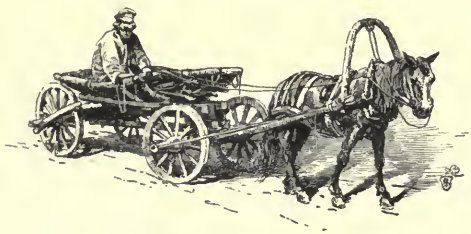


LAKE BAIKAL AND STEAMER-LANDING AT LISTVINICHNAYA.

We reached the coast of Lake Baikal, at the village of Listvinichnaya (Leest'-vin-itch-na-ya), about 9 o'clock Thursday evening. A raw, chilly wind, laden with moisture, was blowing off the water, and the cell-like room to which we were shown in the small log hotel opposite the steamer-landing was so cold that as soon as possible we went to bed in our caps, boots, and heavy sheepskin overcoats. The words "went to bed" are, of course, to be understood figuratively. As a matter of fact, we simply lay down on the floor. We did not see a civilized bed in the Trans-Baikal, and I slept in all my clothing more than three-fourths of the time from the 1st of October to the 20th of March.

The steamer did not sail Friday until noon, and we therefore had ample time to study and sketch the lake port of Listvinichnaya. It was a small village of perhaps a hundred insignificant log houses, scattered thinly along a single street, which extended for a mile or two up and down the lake between a range of high wooded hills and the water. The only harbor

that the place could boast was a small semi-inclosure made by a low breakwater, within which a side-wheel steamer called the *Platon* was lying quietly at anchor. The blue water of the lake was hardly more than rippled by a gentle north-easterly breeze, and far away beyond it could be seen a long line of snow-



AN EAST-SIBERIAN TELEGA.

covered mountains in the Trans-Baikal. I was a little surprised to find the lake so narrow. Although it has a length of nearly 400 miles, its width at Listvinichnaya is only 20 miles, and its average width not much more than 30. The opposite coast can therefore be seen from the steamer-landing with great distinctness; and as it is very high and mountainous, it can be traced by the eye for a distance of 60 or 70 miles.

Mr. Frost spent the greater part of Friday morning in making sketches of the village and the lake, while I returned to the hotel, after a short walk along the shore, and devoted myself to letter-writing. About half-past ten Frost came in and reported that the steamer *Buriat* (Boor-yat'), with the mails from Irkutsk, was in sight, that the *Platon* had made fast to the wharf, and that it was time to go on board. We walked down to the landing, engaged the only first-class stateroom on the steamer, had our baggage transferred to it, and then waited an hour and a half for the mails from the *Buriat*. They came on board at last; and the *Platon*, backing slowly out of the encircling arm of the breakwater, started up the lake.

Our fellow-passengers did not number more than twenty or thirty, and most of them seemed to be traveling third-class on deck. The only persons who interested me were three or four Chinese traders, in their characteristic national dress, who spoke funny "pigeon Russian," and who were on their way to Kiakhta with about a thousand pounds of medicinal deer-horns. The horns of the "maral," or Siberian stag (*Cervus elaphas*), when "in the velvet" are believed by the Chinese to have peculiar medicinal properties, and are very highly prized. Traders go in search of them to the remotest recesses of the Altai, and frequently offer as much as two hundred rubles for a single pair of large antlers. We met an enterprising Russian peasant near the Katunski Alps, in the wildest part of the Altai, who had succeeded in catching and domesticating about a dozen stags, and who derived from the sale of their horns to the Chinese a never-failing income of more than twelve hundred rubles a year. Good antlers "in the velvet" will sell readily for four dollars a pound in any part of Siberia, and by the time the dried and pulverized horn reaches the consumer in the interior of the Flowery Kingdom it must be worth at least its weight in silver. The antlers belonging to the Chinese traders on our steamer were wrapped and tied up in cloths with the greatest possible care, and were valued, I presume, at not less than five or six thousand dollars.

The eastern coast of the lake, as we steamed slowly northward, became lower, less mountainous, and less picturesque, and before dark the high, snow-covered peaks that we had seen from Listvinichnaya vanished in the distance behind us. We arrived off Boyarskaya about 6 o'clock in the evening, but to our great disappointment were unable to land. A strong breeze was blowing down the lake, it was very dark, and the sea was so high that the captain could not get alongside the unsheltered wharf. He made three unsuccessful attempts, and then ran out into the lake and anchored. We spent a very uncomfortable night on narrow benches in our prison cell of a stateroom, while the small steamer rolled and plunged on the heavy sea, and we were more than glad when morning finally dawned and the *Platon* ran up to her wharf. But we did not know what the Trans-Baikal had in store for us. In less than forty-eight hours we should have been glad to get back on board that same steamer, and should have regarded our prison-cell stateroom as the lap of luxury.

We went ashore, of course, without breakfast; the weather was damp and chilly, with a piercing north-easterly wind; the wretched village of Boyarskaya contained no hotel; the post station was cold, dirty, and full of travelers lying asleep on benches or on the mud-incrusted plank floor; there were no horses to carry us away from the place; and the outlook was discouraging generally. We were in a blue chill from hunger and cold before we could even find shelter. We succeeded at last in hiring "free" horses from a young peasant on the wharf; and after drinking tea and eating a little bread in his log cabin, we piled our baggage up in the shallow box of a small, springless telega, climbed up on top of it, and set out for Selenginsk.

On a bad, rough road an East-Siberian telega of the type shown in the illustration on this page will simply jolt a man's soul out in

less than twenty-four hours. Before we had traveled sixty miles in the Trans-Baikal I was so exhausted that I could hardly sit upright; my head and spine ached so violently, and had become so sensitive to shock, that every jolt was as painful as a blow from a club; I had tried to save my head by supporting my body on my bent arms until my arms no longer had any strength; and when we reached the post station of Ilinskaya, at half-past ten o'clock Saturday night, I felt worse than at any time since crossing the Urals. After drinking tea and eating a little bread, which was all that we could get, we immediately went to bed, Frost lying on the floor near the oven, while I took a wooden bench beside the window. After a long struggle with parasitic vermin, I finally sank into a doze. I was almost immediately awakened by the arrival of an under-officer traveling on a Government padorozhnaya. Candles were lighted; the officer paced back and forth in our room, talking loudly with the station-master about the condition of the roads; and sleep, of course, was out of the question. In half an hour he went on with fresh horses, the lights were again put out, and we composed ourselves for slumber. In twenty minutes the post arrived from Irkutsk. The transferring of twelve telega-loads of mail-bags from one set of vehicles to another, and the changing of about thirty horses, caused a general hubbub which lasted another hour. Every time the door was opened there was a rush of cold air into the overheated room, and we alternated between a state of fever and a state of chill. About half-past one o'clock in the morning the post finally got away, with much shouting and jangling of bells, the lights were put out, and the station again quieted down. We had hardly closed our eyes when the door was thrown wide open, and somebody stalked in shouting lustily in the dark for the station-master. This party of travelers proved to be a man, his wife, and a small baby with the croup. The woman improvised a bed for the infant on two chairs, and then she and her husband proceeded to drink tea. The hissing of the samovar, the rattling of dishes, the loud conversation, and the croupy coughing of the child, kept us awake until about 4 o'clock, when this party also went on and the lights were once more extinguished. All the bed-bugs in the house had by this time ascertained my situation, and in order to escape them I went and lay down on the floor beside Frost. In the brief interval of quiet that followed I almost succeeded in getting to sleep, but at half-past four there was another rush of cold air from the door, and in came two corpulent merchants from the lower Amur on their way



SELENGA RIVER AND VALLEY.

to Irkutsk. They ordered the samovar, drank tea, smoked cigarettes, and discussed methods of gold mining until half-past five, when, as there were no horses, they began to consider the question of taking a nap. They had just decided that they would lie down for a while when the jangling of horse-bells in the court-yard announced another arrival, and in came a white-bearded old man with a shot-gun. Where he was going I don't know; but when he ordered the samovar and began an animated conversation with the two merchants about grist-mills I said to Frost, with a groan, "It 's no use. I have n't had a wink of sleep, I 've been tormented by bed-bugs, I 've taken cold from the incessant opening of that confounded door and have a sharp pain through one lung, and I am going to get up and drink tea." It was then broad daylight. The white-bearded old man with the shot-gun invited us to take tea with him, and said he had seen us on the steamer. We talked about the newly discovered Mongolian gold placer known as the "Chinese California," which was then attracting the attention of the Siberian public, and under the stimulating influence of social intercourse and hot tea I began to feel a little less miserable and dejected.



KHYNOOYEF MOONKOO AND HIS CHILDREN.

About half-past ten o'clock Sunday morning we finally obtained horses, put our baggage into another rough, shallow telega, and resumed our journey. The night had been cold, and a white frost lay on the grass just outside the village; but as the sun rose higher and



higher the air lost its chill, and at noon we were riding without our overcoats. About ten versts from Ilinskaya the road turned more to the southward and ran up the left bank of the Selenga River, through the picturesque valley shown in the illustration on page 647. The bold bluff on the right was a solid mass of canary-colored birches, with here and there a dull-red poplar; the higher and more remote mountains on the left, although not softened by foliage, were

> . . . bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
> And tinted and shadowed by pencils of air;

while in the foreground, between the bluff and the mountains, lay the broad, tranquil river, like a Highland lake, reflecting in its clear depths the clumps of colored trees on its banks and the soft rounded outlines of its wooded islands. The valley of the Selenga between Ilinskaya and Verkhni Udinsk seemed to me to be warmer and more fertile than any part of the Trans-Baikal that we had yet seen. The air was filled all the afternoon with a sweet autumnal fragrance like that of ripe pippins; the hillsides were still sprinkled with flowers, among which I noticed asters, forget-me-nots, and the beautiful lemon-yellow alpine poppy; the low meadows adjoining the river were dotted with haystacks and were neatly fenced; and the log houses and barns of the Buriat farmers, scattered here and there throughout the valley, gave to the landscape a familiar and home-like aspect.

If we had felt well, and had had a comfortable vehicle, we should have enjoyed this part of our journey very much; but as the result of sleeplessness, insufficient food, and constant jolting, we had little capacity left for the enjoyment of anything. We passed the town of Verkhni Udinsk at a distance of two or three miles late Sunday afternoon, and reached Mukhinskoe, the next station on the Kiakhta road, about 7 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Frost seemed to be comparatively fresh and strong; but I was feeling very badly, with a pain through one lung, a violent headache, great prostration, and a pulse so weak as to be hardly perceptible at the wrist. I did not feel able to endure another jolt nor to ride another yard; and although we had made only thirty-three miles that day, we decided to stop for the night. Since landing in the Trans-Baikal we had had nothing to eat except bread, but at Mukhinskoe (Moo'-khin-skoi) the station-master's wife gave us a good supper of meat, potatoes, and eggs. This, together with a few hours of troubled sleep which the fleas and bed-bugs permitted us to get near morning, so revived our strength that on Monday we rode seventy miles, and just before midnight reached the village of Selenginsk, near which was situated the lamasery of Goose Lake.

On the rough plank floor of the cold and dirty post-station house in Selenginsk we passed another wretched night. I was by this time in such a state of physical exhaustion that in spite of bed-bugs and of the noise made by the arrival and departure of travelers I lost consciousness in a sort of stupor for two or three hours. When I awoke, however, at daybreak I found one eye closed and my face generally so disfigured by bed-bug bites that I was ashamed to call upon the authorities or even to show myself in the street. Cold applications finally reduced the inflammation, and about 10 o'clock I set out in search of the Buriat chief of police, Khy-noo'-yef Moon-koo', who had been recommended to us as a good Russian and Buriat interpreter, and a man well acquainted with the lamasery that we desired to visit. I found Khynooyef at the office of the district ispravnik, where he was apparently getting his orders for the day from the ispravnik's secretary. He proved to be a tall, athletic, heavily built Buriat, about sixty years of age, with a round head, closely cut iron-gray hair, a thick bristly mustache, small, half-closed Mongol eyes, and a strong, swarthy, hard-featured, and rather brutal face. He was dressed in a long, loose Buriat gown of some coarse grayish material, girt about the waist with a sash, and turned back and faced at the wrists with silk. His head was partly covered with a queer Mongol felt hat, shaped like a deep pie-dish, and worn with a sort of devil-may-care tilt to one side. The portrait of him on page 648 is from a photograph, and would give a very good idea of the man if the face were a little harder, sterner, and more brutal.

I introduced myself to the ispravnik's secretary, exhibited my open letters, and stated my business.

"This is Khynooyef Moonkoo," said the secretary, indicating the Buriat officer; "he can go to the lamasery with you if he likes."

As I looked more closely at the hard-featured, bullet-headed chief of police, it became apparent to me that he had been drinking; but he had, nevertheless, the full possession of his naturally bright faculties, and the severe judicial gravity of his demeanor as he coolly defrauded me out of six or eight rubles in making the necessary arrangements for horses

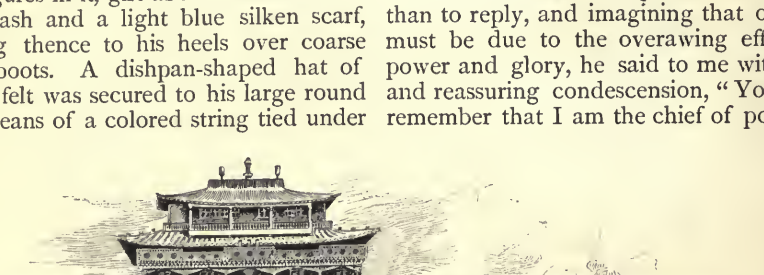


excited my sincere admiration. For his services as interpreter and for the use of three horses I paid him seventeen rubles, which was more than the amount of his monthly salary. The money, however, was well invested, since he furnished us that day with much more than seventeen rubles' worth of entertainment.

About an hour after my return to the post station, Khynooyef, in a peculiar, clumsy gig called a sideika (see-day'-i-ka), drove into the court-yard. He was transfigured and glorified almost beyond recognition. He had on a long, loose, ultramarine blue silk gown with circular watered figures in it, girt about the waist with a scarlet sash and a light blue silken scarf, and falling thence to his heels over coarse cow-hide boots. A dishpan-shaped hat of bright red felt was secured to his large round head by means of a colored string tied under his chin, and from this red hat dangled two long narrow streamers of sky-blue silk ribbon. He had taken six or eight more drinks, and was evidently in the best of spirits. The judicial gravity of his demeanor had given place to a grotesque, middle-age friskiness, and he looked like an intoxicated Tartar prize-fighter masquerading in the gala dress of some color-loving peasant girl. I had never seen such an extraordinary chief of police in my life, and could not help wondering what sort of reception would be given by his Serene Highness the Grand Lama to such an interpreter.

In a few moments the ragged young Buriat whom Khynooyef had engaged to take us to the lamasery made his appearance with three shaggy Buriat horses and a rickety old pavoska not half big enough to hold us. I asked Khynooyef if we should carry provisions with us, and he replied that we need not; that we should be fed at the lamasery. "But," he added, with a grin and a leer of assumed cunning, "if you have any insanity drops [soomashedshe kaple], don't fail to take them along; insanity drops are always useful."

When we had put into the pavoska our blankets, sheep-skin overcoats, the bread-bag, and my largest liquor flask, Frost and I took seats at the rear end of the vehicle with our legs stretched out on the bottom, and Khynooyef, who weighed at least two hundred pounds, sat on our feet. Not one of us was comfortable; but Frost and I had ceased to expect comfort in an East-Siberian vehicle, while Khynooyef had been so cheered and inebriated by the events of the morning, and was in such an *exalté* mental condition that mere physical discomfort had no influence upon him whatever. He talked incessantly; but noticing after a time that we were disposed to listen rather than to reply, and imagining that our silence must be due to the overawing effect of his power and glory, he said to me with friendly and reassuring condescension, "You need n't remember that I am the chief of police; you can treat me and talk to me just as if I were a private individual."



THE LAMASERY.

I thanked him for this generous attempt to put us at our ease in his august presence, and he rattled on with all sorts of nonsense to show us how gracefully he could drop the mantle of a dread and mighty chief of police and condescend to men of low degree.

About five versts from the town we stopped for a moment to change positions, and Khynooyef suggested that this would be a good time to try the "insanity drops." I gave him my flask, and after he had poured a little of the raw vodka into the palm of his hand and thrown it to the four cardinal points of the compass as a libation to his gods, he drank two cupfuls, wiped his wet, bristly mustache on the tail of his ultramarine blue silk gown, and remarked with cool impudence, "Prostaya kabachnaya!" ["Common gin-mill stuff!"] I could n't remember the Russian equivalent for the English proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth, but I suggested to Khynooyef that it was n't necessary to poison himself with a second cupful after he had discovered that it was nothing but "common gin-mill stuff." I

noticed that poor as the stuff might be he did not waste any more of it on his north-south-east-and-west gods. The raw, fiery spirit had less effect upon him than I anticipated, but it noticeably increased the range of his self-assertion and self-manifestation. He nearly frightened the life out of our wretched driver by the fierceness with which he shouted "Yabo! Yabo!" ["Faster! faster!"] and when the poor driver could not make his horses go any faster, Khynooyef sprung upon him, apparently in a towering rage, seized him by the throat, shook him, choked him, and then leaving him half dead from fright turned to us with a bland, self-satisfied smile on his hard, weather-beaten old face, as if to say, "That 's the way I do it! You see what terror I inspire!" He looked hard at every Buriat we passed, as if he suspected him of being a thief, shouted in a commanding, tyrannical voice at most of them, greeted the Chinese with a loud "How!" to show his familiarity with foreign languages and customs, and finally, meeting a picturesquely dressed and rather pretty Buriat woman riding into town astride on horseback, he made her dismount and tie her horse to a tree in order that he might kiss her. The woman seemed to be half embarrassed and half amused by this remarkable performance; but Khynooyef, removing his red dish-pan hat with its long blue streamers, kissed her with "ornamental earnestness" and with a grotesque imitation of stately courtesy, and then, allowing her to climb back into her saddle without the least assistance, he turned to us with a comical air of triumph and smiling self-conceit which seemed to say, "There, what do you think of that? That 's the kind of man I am! *You* can't make a pretty woman get off her horse just to kiss you." He seemed to think that we were regarding all his actions and achievements with envious admiration, and as he became more and more elated with a consciousness of appearing to advantage, his calls for "insanity drops" became more and more frequent. I began to fear at last that before we should reach the lamasery he would render himself absolutely incapable of any service requiring judgment and tact, and that as soon as the Grand Lama should discover his condition he would order him to be ducked in the lake. But I little knew the Selenginsk chief of police.

The road that we followed from Selenginsk to the lamasery ran in a north-westerly direction up a barren, stony valley between two ranges of low brownish hills, and the scenery along it seemed to me to be monotonous and uninteresting. I did not notice anything worthy of attention until we reached the crest of a high divide about twenty versts from Selenginsk and looked down into the valley of Goose Lake. There, between us and a range of dark blue mountains in the north-west, lay a narrow sheet of tranquil water, bounded on the left by a grassy steppe, and extending to the right as far as a projecting shoulder of the ridge would allow us to trace it. The shores of this lake were low and bare, the grass of the valley had turned yellow from frost or drought, there were no trees to be seen except on the higher slopes of the distant mountains, and the whole region had an appearance of sterility and desolation that suggested one of the steppes of the upper Irtish. On the other side of the lake, and near its western extremity, we could just make out from our distant point of view a large white building surrounded by a good-sized Buriat village of scattered log houses. It was the lamasery of Gusinnoi Ozera.



A WEALTHY BURIAT AND HIS WIFE.

At sight of the sacred building, Khynooyef, who was partly intoxicated at 10 o'clock in the morning and who had been taking "insanity drops" at short intervals ever since, became perceptibly more sober and serious; and when, half an hour later, we forded a deep stream near the western end of the lake, he alighted from the pavoska and asked us to wait while he took a cold bath. In about five minutes he reappeared perfectly sober, and resuming the severe judicial gravity of demeanor that characterized him as a Russian official, he proceeded to warn us that it would be necessary to treat the Grand Lama with profound respect. He seemed to be afraid that we, as Christians and foreigners, would look upon Khambá Lamá as a mere idolatrous barbarian, and would fail to treat him with proper defer-



LAMAS AND THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ence and courtesy. I told him that we were accustomed to meet ecclesiastical authorities of the highest rank, and that we knew perfectly well how to behave towards them. Feeling reassured upon this point, Khynooyef proceeded to consider the probable attitude of the Grand Lama towards us and the statements that should be made to that high dignity concerning us.

"How are you magnified?" he asked me suddenly, after a short reflective pause. He might as well have asked me, "How are you electrified?" or, "How are you galvanized?" so far as the conveyance of any definite idea to my mind was concerned. I made no reply.

"What are you called in addition to your name?" he repeated, varying the form of his question. "What is your chin [rank]?"

"We have no chin in our country," said Mr. Frost; "we are simply private American citizens."

"Then you are not nobles?"

"No."

"You have no titles?"

"Not a title."

"You are not in the service of your Government?"

"No."

"Then for what purpose are you traveling in Siberia?"

"Merely for our own amusement."

"Then you must be rich?"

"No; we are not rich."

Khynooyef was disappointed. He could not get any glory out of introducing to the Grand Lama two insignificant foreigners who had neither rank, title, nor position, who were confessedly poor, and who were not even traveling in the service of their Government.

"Well," he said, after a few moments' consideration, "when the Grand Lama asks you who you are and what your business is in

Siberia, you may say to him whatever you like; but I shall translate that you are high chinovniks — deputies, if not embassadors — sent out by the Government of the great American — what did you say it was, republic? — of the great American republic, to make a survey of Siberia and a report upon it; and that it is not impossible that your Government may conclude to buy the country from our Gossoodar."

"All right," I said, laughing. "I don't care how you translate what I say to the Grand Lama; only don't expect me to help you out if you get into trouble."

Khynooyef's face assumed again for a moment the expression of drunken cunning, self-conceit, and "friskiness" that it had worn earlier in the day, and it was evident that the mischievous-schoolboy half of the man looked forward with delight to the prospect of being able to play off two insignificant foreign travelers upon the Grand Lama for "high chinovniks" and "deputies, if not embassadors, of the great American republic."

As we drove into the little village of brown log houses that surrounded the lamasery, Khynooyef became preternaturally grave, removed his blue-streamered red hat, and assumed an air of subdued, almost apprehensive, reverence. One might have supposed this behavior to be an expression of his profound respect for the sacred character of the place; but in reality it was nothing more than a necessary prelude to the little comedy that he purposed to play. He desired to show even the monks whom we passed in the street that he, the great Selenginsk chief of police, did not presume to smile, to speak, or to wear his hat in the majestic presence of the two Lord High Commissioners from the great American republic.

We drove directly to the house of the Grand Lama, in front of which we were met and received by four or five shaven-headed Buddhist acolytes in long brown gowns girt about the waist with dark sashes Khynooyef, still bareheaded, sprung out of the pavoska, assisted me to alight with the most exaggerated manifestations of respect, and supported me up the steps as carefully and reverently as if an accidental stumble on my part would be little short of a great national calamity. Every motion that he made seemed to say to the Buriat monks and acolytes, "This man with the bed-bug bitten face, rumpled shirt, and short-tailed jacket does n't look very imposing, but he 's a high chinovnik in disguise. You see how I have to behave towards him? It would be as much as my life is worth to put on my hat until he deigns to order it."





The house of the Grand Lama was a plain but rather large one-story log building, the main part of which was divided in halves by a central hall. We were shown into an icy-cold reception room, furnished with an India-shawl pattern carpet of Siberian manufacture, a low couch covered with blue rep-silk, and a few heavy Russian tables and chairs. On the walls hung roller pictures of various holy temples in Mongolia and Thibet, life-size portraits by native artists of eminent Buddhist lamas and saints, coarse colored lithographs of Alexander II. and Alexander III., and a small card photograph of the Emperor William of Germany.

Khynooyef presently came in and seated himself quietly on a chair near the door like a recently corrected schoolboy. There was not a trace nor a suggestion in his demeanor of the half-intoxicated, frisky, self-conceited Tartar prize-fighter who had made the Buriat woman get off her horse to kiss him. His eyes looked heavy and dull and showed the effects of the "insanity drops," but his manner and his self-control were perfect. He did not venture to address a word to us unless he was spoken to, and even then his voice was low and deferential. Once in a while, when none of the brown-gowned acolytes were in the room, his assumed mask of reverential seriousness would suddenly break up into a grin of cunning and drollery, and making a significant gesture with his hand to his mouth he would wink at me, as if to say, "I 'm only pretending to be stupid. I wish I had some insanity drops."

All the acolytes and servants in the place spoke, when they spoke at all, in low whispers, as if there were a dead body in the house, or as if the Grand Lama were asleep and it would be a terrible thing if he should be accidentally awakened. The room into which we were at first shown was so damp and cellar-like that we were soon in a shiver. Noticing that we were cold, Khynooyef respectfully suggested that we go into the room on the other side of the hall, which had a southern exposure and had been warmed a little by the sun. This was a plainer, barer apartment, with unpainted woodwork and furniture; but it was much more cheerful and comfortable than the regular reception-room.

We waited for the Grand Lama at least half an hour. At the expiration of that time Khynooyef, who had been making a reconnais-

sance, came rushing back, saying, "Eed-yot!" ["He 's coming!"] In a moment the door opened, and as we rose hastily to our feet the Grand Lama entered. He wore a striking and gorgeous costume, consisting of a superb long gown of orange silk shot with gold thread, bordered with purple velvet, and turned back and faced at the wrists with ultramarine-blue satin so as to make wide cuffs. Over this beautiful yellow gown was thrown a splendid red silk scarf a yard wide and five yards long, hanging in soft folds from the left shoulder and gathered up about the waist. On his head he wore a high, pointed, brimless hat of orange felt, the extended sides of which fell down over his shoulders like the ends of a Russian "bashlyk" and were lined with heavy gold-thread embroidery. From a cord about his waist hung a large, flat, violet-velvet bag, which had a curiously wrought bronze stopper and which looked like a cloth bottle. Every part of the costume was made of the finest material, and the general effect of the yellow gown and hat, the dark-blue facings, the red scarf, and the violet bag was extremely brilliant and striking. The wearer of this rich ecclesiastical dress was a Buriat about sixty years of age, of middle height and erect figure, with a beardless, somewhat wrinkled, but strong and kindly face. He represented the northern Mongol rather than the Chinese type, and seemed to be a man of some education and knowledge of the world. He greeted us easily and without embarrassment, and when we had all taken seats he listened with an impassive countenance to the ingenious but highly colored story into which Khynooyef translated my modest account of ourselves, our plans, and our object in coming to the lamasery. Whether he believed it all or not I have no means of knowing; but from the subsequent course of events, and from statements made to me in Selenginsk after our return from Kiakhta, I am inclined to believe that Khynooyef's diplomacy — not to give it a harsher name — was crowned with success. The bright-witted interpreter certainly played his part to perfection, and he even had the cool assurance to make me say to the Grand Lama that Governor Petroff in Irkutsk had particularly recommended him (Khynooyef) to me as a valuable and trustworthy man, and that it was at the request of the Governor that he came with us to the lamasery. The modest, deprecatory way in which he twisted into this form my innocent statement that Governor Petroff had sent a telegram about us to the authorities in the Trans-Baikal should have entitled the wily chief of police of Selenginsk to a high place among the great histrionic artists.



SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT AND SHRINE OF THE BURKHAN.

After we had drunk tea, which was served from a samovar in Russian style, I asked Khambá Lamá whether we should be permitted to inspect the temple. He replied that as soon as he had heard — through Khynooyef, of course — that such distinguished guests had come to call upon him he had given orders for a short thanksgiving service in the temple in order that we might see it. He regretted that he could not participate in this service himself, on account of recent illness; but Khynooyef would go with us and see that we were provided with seats. We then saluted each other with profound bows, the Grand Lama withdrew to his

own apartment, and Khynooyef, Mr. Frost, and I set out for the temple.

An East-Siberian lamasery is always, strictly speaking, a monastic establishment. It is situated in some lonely place, as far away as possible from any village or settlement, and consists generally of a temple, or place of worship, and from 50 to 150 log houses for the accommodation of the lamas, students, and acolytes, and for the temporary shelter of pilgrims, who come to the lamasery in great numbers on certain festival occasions. At the time of our visit three-fourths of the houses in the Goose Lake lamasery seemed to be empty. The "datsan," or temple proper, stood in the middle of a large grassy inclosure formed by a high board fence. In plan it was nearly square, while in front elevation it resembled somewhat a three-story pyramid. It seemed to be made of brick covered with white stucco, and there was a great deal of minute ornamentation in red and black along the cornices and over the portico. A good idea of its general outline may be obtained from the small sketch on page 650, which was made from a photograph.

Upon entering this building from the portico on the first floor we found ourselves in a spacious but rather dimly lighted hall, the dimensions of which I estimated at 80 feet by 65. Large round columns draped with scarlet cloth supported the ceiling; the walls were almost entirely hidden by pictures of holy places, portraits of saints, and bright festooned draperies; while colored banners, streamers, and beautiful oriental lanterns hung everywhere in great profusion. The temple was so crowded with peculiar details that one could not reduce his observations to anything like order, nor remember half of the things that the eye noted; but the general effect of the whole was very striking, even to a person familiar with the interiors of Greek and Roman Catholic cathedrals. The impression made upon my mind by the decorations was that of great richness and beauty, both in color and in form. Across the end of the temple opposite the door ran a richly carved lattice-work screen, or partition, in front of which, equidistant one from another, were three large chairs or thrones. These thrones were covered with old gold silk, were piled high with yellow cushions, and were intended for the Grand Lama, the Sheretui (Sher-et-too'-ee), or chief lama of the datsan, and his assistant. The throne of the Grand Lama was vacant, but the other two were occupied when we entered the temple. In front of these thrones, in two parallel lines, face to face, sat seventeen lamas with crossed legs on long, high divans covered with cushions and yellow felt. Opposite each one, in the aisle formed by the divans, stood a small red table on which lay two or three musical instruments. The lamas were all dressed alike in orange silk gowns, red silk scarfs, and yellow helmet-shaped hats faced with red. On each side of the door as we entered was an enormous drum,— almost as large as a hogshead,— and the two lamas nearest us were provided with iron trumpets at least eight feet long and ten inches in diameter at the larger end. Both drums and trumpets were supported on wooden frames. Chairs were placed for us in the central aisle between the two lines of lamas, and we took our seats.

The scene at the beginning of the service was far more strange and impressive than I had expected it to be. The partial gloom of the temple, the high yellow thrones of the presiding dignitaries, the richness and profusion of the decorations, the colossal drums, the gigantic trumpets, the somber crowd of students and acolytes in black gowns at one end of the room, and the two brilliant lines of orange and crimson lamas at the other, made up a picture the strange barbaric splendor of which surpassed anything of the kind that I had ever witnessed. For a moment after we took our seats there was perfect stillness. Then the Sheretui shook a little globular rattle, and in response to the signal there burst forth a tremendous musical uproar, made by the clashing of cymbals, the deep-toned boom of the immense drums, the jangling of bells, the moaning of conch shells, the tooting of horns, the liquid tinkle of triangles, and the hoarse bellowing of the great iron trumpets. It was not melody, it was not music; it was simply a tremendous instrumental uproar. It continued for about a minute, and then, as it suddenly ceased, the seventeen lamas began a peculiar, wild, rapid chant, in a deep, low monotone. The voices were exactly in accord, the time was perfect, and the end of every line or stanza was marked by the clashing of cymbals and the booming of the colossal drums. This chanting continued for three or four minutes, and then it was interrupted by another orchestral charivari which would have leveled the walls of Jericho without any supernatural intervention. I had never heard such an infernal tumult of sound. Chanting, interrupted at intervals by the helter-skelter playing of twenty or thirty different instruments, made up the "thanksgiving" temple service, which lasted about fifteen minutes. It was interesting, but it was quite long enough.

Mr. Frost and I then walked around the temple, accompanied by the Sheretui and Khynooyef. Behind the lattice-work screen there were three colossal idols in the conventional sitting posture of the Buddhists, and in



THE DANCE OF THE BURKHANS.

front of each of them were lighted tapers of butter, porcelain bowls of rice, wheat, and millet, artificial paper flowers, fragrant burning pastilles, and bronze bowls of consecrated water. Against the walls, all around this part of the temple, were book-cases with glass doors in which were thousands of the small figures known to the Christian world as "idols," and called by the Buriats "burkhans" [boor-khans']. I could not ascertain the reason for keeping so great a number of these figures in the lamasery, nor could I ascertain what purpose they served. They presented an almost infinite variety of types and faces; many of them were obviously symbolical, and all seemed to be representative in some way either of canonized mortals or of supernatural spirits, powers, or agencies. According to the information furnished me by Khynooyef, these "burkhans," or idols, occupy in the lamaistic system of religious belief the same place that images or pictures of saints fill in the Russian system.

From the appearance, however, of many of the idols in the lamasery collection, I concluded that a "burkhan" might represent an evil as well as a beneficent spiritual power. The word "burkhan" has long been used all over Mongolia in the general sense of a sacred or supernatural being.[1] Dr. Erman believes that "the Mongolian burkhan is identical with the Indian Buddha."[2] The "burkhans" in the lamasery of Goose Lake were crowded together on the shelves of the cases as closely as possible, and apparently no attempt had been made to arrange them in any kind of order. They varied in height from two inches to a foot, and were made generally of brass, bronze, or stone. In one corner of the "kumirnia" (koo-meern'-ya), or idol-room, stood a prayer-wheel, consisting of a large cylinder mounted on a vertical axis and supposed to be filled with written prayers or devotional formulas. I did not see it used, but in the Ononski lamasery, which we visited a few weeks later, we found an enormous prayer-wheel which had a building to itself and which was in constant use.

From the idol-room we went into the upper stories of the temple, where there were more "burkhans," as well as a large collection of curious Mongolian and Thibetan books. If we had not been told that the objects last named were books, we never should have recognized them. They were rectangular sheets of thin Chinese paper twelve or fourteen inches in length by about four in width, pressed together between two thin strips of wood or pasteboard, and bound round with flat silken cords or strips of bright colored cloth. They looked a little like large, well-filled bill-files tied with ribbons or crimson braid. The leaves were printed only on one side, and the characters were arranged in vertical columns. In a few of the volumes that I examined an attempt apparently had been made to illuminate, with red and yellow ink or paint, the initial characters and the beginnings of chapters, but the work had been coarsely and clumsily done.

From the principal temple of the lamasery we were taken to a chapel or smaller building in the same inclosure to see the great image of Maidera (My'-der-ra), one of the most highly venerated "burkhans" in the lamaistic pantheon. It proved to be a colossal human figure in a sitting posture, skillfully carved out of wood and richly overlaid with colors and gold. I estimated its height at thirty-five feet. It stood in the center of a rather narrow but high domed chapel, hung round with banners, streamers, and lanterns, and really was a very imposing object. Tapers and incense were burning upon an altar covered with silken drapery which stood directly in front of the great idol, and upon the same altar were offerings in the shape of flowers made out of hardened butter or wax, and a large number of bronze or porcelain bowls filled with millet, rice, wheat, oil, honey, or consecrated water. Some of these bowls were open so that their contents could be seen, while others were covered with napkins of red, blue, or yellow silk. Here, as in the great temple, the partial gloom was lighted up by the brilliant coloring of the decorations and draperies, and by the splendid orange and crimson dresses of the attendant lamas.

From the chapel of Maidera we were conducted to a third building in another part of the same inclosure, where we found ourselves in the presence of the sacred white elephant. I had always associated the white elephant with Siam, and was not a little surprised to find a very good imitation of that animal in an East-Siberian lamasery. The elephant of Goose Lake had been skillfully carved by some Buriat or Mongol lama out of hard wood, and had then been painted white, equipped with suitable trappings, and mounted on four low wheels. The sculptured elephant was somewhat smaller than the living animal, and his tusks had been set at an angle that would have surprised a naturalist; but in view of the fact that the native artist probably never had seen an elephant, the resemblance of the copy to the original was fairly close. The white elephant is harnessed, as shown in the illustration on page 654, to a large four-wheel wagon, on which stands a beautiful and delicately carved shrine, made in imitation of a two-story temple. On the occasion of the great annual festival of the lamaists in July a small image of one of the high gods is put into this shrine, and then the elephant and the wagon are drawn in triumphal procession around the lamasery to the music of drums, trumpets, conch shells, cymbals, and gongs, and with an escort of perhaps three hundred brilliantly costumed lamas.

While we were examining the white elephant, Khynooyef came to me and said that Khambá Lamá, in view of the fact that we were the first foreigners who had ever visited the lamasery, had ordered an exhibition to be given for us of the sacred "dance of the burkhans." I strongly suspected that we were indebted for all these favors to Khynooyef's unrivaled skill as a translator of truth into

[1] See "Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China," by M. Huc, Vol. I., pp. 120, 121. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1852.

[2] "Travels in Siberia," by Adolph Erman, Vol. II., p. 309. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1848.

Dr. Erman visited the lamasery of Goose Lake in 1828, and so far as I know he is the only foreigner who saw it previous to our visit.

fiction; but if we had been introduced to the Grand Lama as "deputies, if not embassadors, from the great American republic," it was in no sense our fault, and there was no reason why we should not accept the courtesies offered us.

When we returned to the great temple we found that everything was in readiness for the dance. It was to take place out-of-doors on the grass in front of the datsan, where seats had already been prepared for the musicians and for the Sheretui and his assistant. The big drums and the eight-foot iron trumpets were brought out, the presiding lamas seated themselves cross-legged on piles of flat yellow cushions in their chairs, and we took the positions assigned to us. At the sounding of a small rattle twelve or fifteen of the strangest, wildest looking figures I had ever seen rushed out into the open space in front of the temple, and to the crashing, booming accompaniment of cymbals and big iron trumpets began a slow, rhythmical, leaping dance. Four or five of the dancers had on enormous black helmet masks representing grinning Mongolian demons, and from their heads radiated slender rods to which were affixed small colored flags. Two figures had human skulls or death's heads on their shoulders, one man's body had the head and antlers of a maral, or Siberian stag, and another was surmounted by the head and horns of a bull. Three or four dancers, who represented good spirits and defenders of the faith, and who were without masks, wore on their heads broad-brimmed hats with a heart-shaped superstructure of gold open-work, and were armed with naked daggers. It seemed to be their province to drive the black-masked demons and the skull-headed figures out of the field. The dresses worn by all the dancers were of extraordinary richness and beauty, and were so complicated and full of detail that at least a page of THE CENTURY would be needed for a complete and accurate description of a single one of them. The materials of the costumes were crimson, scarlet, blue, and orange silk, old gold brocade, violet velvet, satin of various colors, bright colored cords, tassels, and fringes, wheel-shaped silver brooches supporting festooned strings of white beads, and gold and silver ornaments in infinite variety, which shone and flashed in the sunlight as the figures pirouetted and leaped hither and thither, keeping time to the measured clashing of cymbals and booming of the great drums. The performance lasted about fifteen minutes, and the last figures to retire were the burkhans with the golden lattice-work hats and the naked daggers. It seemed to me evident that this sacred "dance of the burkhans" was a species of religious pantomime or mystery play; but I could not get through Khynooyef any intelligible explanation of its significance.

When we returned to the house of the Grand Lama we found ready a very good and well-cooked dinner, with fruit cordial and madeira to cheer the "embassadors," and plenty of vodka to inebriate Khynooyef. After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who had never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man.

"You have been in many countries," he said to me through the interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West; what is your opinion with regard to the shape of the earth?"

"I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball."

"I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our old Thibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately; and if they can tell beforehand when the sun and the moon are to be darkened, they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?"

"I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; "but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it."

This statement seemed to give the Grand Lama a sort of mental shock.

"How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'? How do you know that you have been around it?"

"I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and traveled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set before my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find anywhere an end nor an edge; and at last, when I had traveled more than thirty thousand versts, I found myself again in my own country and returned to my home from a direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?"

"It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause of a moment. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?"

"My country is farther from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet; and if we could go directly through the earth, that would be the shortest way to reach it."

"Are your countrymen walking around there heads downward under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama with evident interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually impassive face.

"Yes," I replied; "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here."

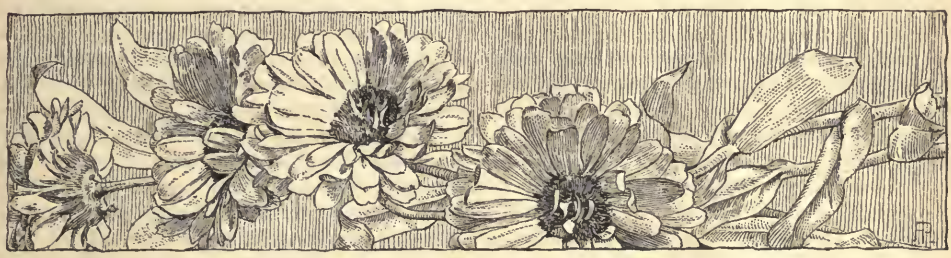
The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, he had heard of British India and of England,— probably through Thibet,— and he had a vague idea of the extent and situation of the Pacific Ocean; but of the Atlantic and of the continent that lies between the two great oceans he knew nothing.

After a long talk, in the course of which we discussed the sphericity of the earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth of that doctrine, and said, with a sigh, "It is not in accordance with the teachings of our books; but the Russians must be right."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Dr. Erman, the only foreigner who had seen the lamasery of Goose Lake previous to our visit, had an almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit and ours, but the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East-Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveler from the western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after exchanging photographs with the Grand Lama, thanking him for his courtesy and hospitality, and bidding him a regretful good-bye, we were lifted carefully into our old pavoska by the anxious, respectful, and bare-headed Khynooyef in the presence of a crowd of black-robed acolytes and students, and began our journey back to Selenginsk.

George Kennan.



SIBERIA.

THE night-wind drives across the leaden skies,
And fans the brooding earth with icy wings;
Against the coast loud-booming billows flings,
And soughs through forest-deeps with moaning sighs.
Above the gorge, where snow, deep fallen, lies,
A softness lending e'en to savage things—
Above the gelid source of mountain springs,
A solitary eagle, circling, flies.
O pathless woods, O isolating sea,
O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,
O grievous distances, imagine ye,
Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold?
Free, in a dungeon,— as yon falcon free,—
It soars beyond your ken its loved ones to enfold!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE RIVAL SOULS.

By the author of "De Valley an' de Shadder," "Two Runaways," etc.



I DO not like demonstrative men: I have suffered too much at their hands. One reason why John Wharton is a favorite of mine is his even disposition, rather inclined to stiffness than otherwise. I do not believe that his spirits, taking 60 as their normal state, have risen in twenty years to 70 or fallen to 50, although I have seen him drink two quarts of wine at a sitting and lose five thousand dollars on the stumble of a horse leading down the home-stretch. My surprise may therefore be imagined when, on entering his handsome bachelor apartments looking southward where the last blue hills run out to a point and bid farewell to the Ocmulgee as it spreads over the lowlands towards the ocean, I found him with his feet in the window, despondent.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said lightly. He looked at me curiously for a moment, then his glance went out the window to the hills again.

"I am glad you have come," he said presently with his usual abruptness. "I am going to test your friendship with a manuscript." He lifted a document from the window as he spoke and began to unroll it. "You see," he said, "the habit of rolling manuscript is an old one, for this is in the handwriting of my grandfather. To-day, while searching among some of his effects for a land plot I need, this thing turned up, and I foolishly went into it awhile ago, and once in could only get out by going through."

"Interesting?"

He straightened up in his chair and full of suppressed emotion looked at me, but seemed to change his mind, and simply handed the manuscript to me.

"Will you read it? If it tires you too much, I will relieve you." As I read he sat with his feet in the window, his eyes far off in thought, but every few moments the idea of some line would attract him and he would turn in inquiry towards me. The document, in his grandfather's handwriting, read as follows:

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A THEOSOPHIST.

I HAD been visiting a country place in the early spring and returned home after a week's absence to find upon my desk an accumulation of mail. As was my custom, after such absences, I took the oldest of the local papers, which were always kept for me, and prepared to acquaint myself with the events that had recently taken place in the world, or, to use a familiar phrase, to "read up." The first item that caught my eye shocked me inexpressibly. It was embraced in headlines, and read as follows:

THROUGH THE HEAD!
JOHN RAYMOND BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS!
HE IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE, SITTING IN AN ARM-CHAIR,
HIS HAND CLINCHING THE FATAL WEAPON.

Following this, to the extent of two columns, were the usual sickening details—action of the coroner's jury, testimony of friends, life sketch, and speculations as to the cause for the act. I say that I was inexpressibly shocked. Not only did the unexpectedness, the suddenness, of the intelligence overwhelm me, but the deceased was a warm friend and a constant visitor at my house, which he, a widower of many years' standing, seemed to find congenial. He was to the world simply a thorough, undemonstrative man of business, unusually successful, possessed of great wealth, gentle in his bearing to all, but apparently cold, and decidedly reserved. The coroner's jury, I noted, could find no cause for his act, and so took refuge in the familiar verdict, "temporary insanity." The deceased, evidently just previous to firing the fatal shot, had folded a note in his own handwriting addressed to the coroner, in which he simply stated his resolution to shoot himself, and briefly added that the cause was one in which the public had no interest.

After running through the papers, which, oppressed as I was by the fearful tragedy, I found of little interest, I turned to my letters, among which was one large packet addressed to me in a familiar business hand and carefully sealed. Upon breaking the seal I found a closely written manuscript and a letter.

JOHN RAYMOND'S LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR: Your surprise at hearing the announcement of my death can scarcely be greater than upon opening this package. Just why I send it to you I hardly know, unless it is that it contains matter that may be of some future service when all the trouble that pre-

cedes the delivery shall have been forgotten, and I with it. Perhaps I hesitate to destroy something that has caused me so much thought that it seems a part of my better self, of which it is in truth the systematic history, the history of a being whose existence has never been suspected; perhaps I am restrained by the idea that in some way it may be of value to the world; at any rate, I have been unable to commit it to the flames, and I intrust it to you, imposing only two conditions—you are not to link me with the subject-matter in any way by name, if you use it, and you are carefully to read this long communication. The latter you probably find the more burdensome.

I do not remember the time when I was not a theosophist. Looking back over my life and the record I have kept, I am convinced that I was such long before I knew it. The peculiar belief was inherent with me; it was a consciousness; and to me the fact is one of the strongest arguments upon which my now firm and abiding faith in the re-incarnation of spirits is based.

I was without difficulty taught by religious parents the doctrine of eternal life and readily accepted it; but I believed more. When less than fifteen years of age I affirmed, with an earnestness that provoked smiles, that I had lived on this earth before. But when asked why I was thus convinced, my chaotic mind could frame only this answer: "Because I feel it." I much shocked my orthodox parents by declaring that I had no belief in an eternal surging hell-fire and eternal punishment. The idea was to me utterly impossible, and I abhorred it. This too grew from an intuition; it was the fragment of an habiliment not shaken off by my soul when I came from another into this being. There are many such habiliments clinging to minds about me, but they are not conscious of them. Superstition is almost universal, and is, after all, but the impression of a past life without consciousness.

It took me a long time to settle down to a creed well defined; a boy's mind is speculative often, but seldom conclusive. I had few books, and books on this subject were then almost inaccessible; but perhaps it was better thus. I am all the more satisfied that I did not imbibe any writer's ideas; that the truth existed in me from the first. After a while I began to weigh my consciousness with precision and deliberation, and to form conclusions. From the tendency of my mind, the peculiar bent of my fancies, and the repellent force of certain ideas that I sought to accept, I began to assume that I had at some time existed in an Eastern country, and when the suggestion reached me it was joyfully accepted as an explanation of the direction of my faith. I had been a Buddhist in that former life, and a fairly good one, I infer; because nearly all that I have sought in this life has come to me, and because my natural gravitation has been towards good. I have won the love of my friends and have been more than commonly blessed in the struggle for wealth and public esteem. Men have wondered at the success: it was based on a knowledge that my natural gravitation was towards good. I have never placed faith in any man to whom I have not first been felt drawn, and I have never lost a dollar through any man's dishonesty. If my gravitation had been towards evil, and I realized it, I would have trusted only the men who seemed to repel me. I make these statements to illustrate my idea: if I had not been fairly good in the former life, I would have been disciplined more severely in this, just as men about you, good men too, are disciplined by misfortune, failure, disaster, and despair every day. I came into this life on a higher plane than I occupied before. God only knows if I have advanced since. I am sick at times with the thought that my next stage of living will be haunted with stronger memories of this, for the soul learns as it grows older, as does the brain. I have such dreams now, memories, vague, unformed, mere ineffaced impressions, if you will, but memories. My yearning for a better life, for heaven, I firmly believe are the unbroken tendrils of the soul clinging to its lost estate, stretched to shadowy filaments, but unbroken. Why should I be born with a yearning for something that I have never known, nor yet can imagine? No; the strengthened soul has its memories, as well as the strengthened brain; but the soul is instinctive, the brain, never.

Many young men speculate thus, but few reduce their speculations to writing. It was to record for review in my old age the soul action of an average man that I began the diary of my life which is inclosed. You will find long intervals between the entries, but the diary is not of the brain. The periods of the soul vary, and have nothing to do with time. In it I have painted a secret soul history, the record of an inner man, a being that no one knows, or ever has known, well; for, while we are fond of using our powers, speech and action utterly fail to portray the inner dweller who peers out through the eyes of a mortal. The face is a mask; the lips cannot betray him; the hand and pen and daily action all fail. If the words of this diary were read aloud in a circle of my friends they would be astounded; yet I have lived in daily communication with some for forty years. They have not known me, and I have not known them. They will never know me. Great God! will anybody ever know me?

Small wonder then that in this world we come and go as strangers. Small wonder if we meet as strangers in the next. What matter? You may ask the question, but it matters greatly. Sir, to me utter annihilation were a better doctrine than that our best efforts to learn a loved one in this life so well that in some coming cycle we might meet in consciousness and memory were in vain. Shall I remember? I have touched against some people here whom I have met before, but it was as the blind and dumb jostling one another in the corridor of an asylum. I go out with but one fear shrouding my faith — the soul's power of memory may not have been developed during my fifty-seven years of life, and I am about to shorten a conscious memory for the dumb instinct of a blind soul.

Sir, I leave with you my record. The time will come when you will read it with new lights before you. Abide by the injunctions placed upon you, and until we meet again,— as meet we shall, perhaps sooner than you dream, if not in this, yet in some further cycle, to look back with memories grown clear, the child's strengthened into man's,— farewell!

Your obedient servant,

JOHN RAYMOND.

When I laid aside the last sheet of this letter my hand trembled with suppressed excitement. The author had prophesied well in the beginning. My surprise at reading the announcement of his death was exceeded by that which attended the reading of his communication. "Mad," I exclaimed; "absolutely mad!" I glanced through the diary; its perusal would occupy hours, and so with its introduction I laid it aside for some more convenient season. But I could not dispose of it so easily. It rose to my mind between the lines of my letters as I opened them; it weighed upon me; it refused to be disposed of in such a manner. Once I thought of turning the whole matter over to the author's relatives, to vindicate the jury's verdict, but a moment's reflection convinced me that I should wait until I had been through the whole matter. Finally, the fascination of the subject was such that I pushed aside everything else impatiently, took the document from its resting-place, and prepared to enter upon my task. I noticed the first pages bore date of twenty-five years before, and the last was the day of the suicide. As he had said, there were many long intervals between the dates. Four years in one place were missing, and they corresponded with the years of the war. If he kept a record in these years it was probably lost or worn out in camp, for he had followed the fortunes of his State. When I had finished I was doubtful of his insanity, and I am still doubtful. The persistence of his idea through so many years, his logic, the continuity of his thought, his method, and his business life, all denied the idea of insanity. He acted upon convictions, the soundness of which was not a test, and is not a subject for discussion here. I at once abandoned all idea of surrendering his secret; but after these years, disguising the facts somewhat, I have availed myself of his permission to use them. From the manuscript I have taken here and there a few chapters, and they outline his life. The introduction already noted enables me to begin with an entry made in his twenty-sixth year.

FROM JOHN RAYMOND'S DIARY.

I AM convinced that Anna and I have known each other before our first meeting here. We came together as old friends in a strange land. Marriage was as natural a sequence as the constant companionship of two such friends; and I have reasoned it out at last that love is but the happiness of meeting some one to whom clings a flavor, a half memory, of a former life — some one who is and has been a part of that life, all good parts of which are drawn to each other as the needle to a magnet. I know that Anna came to me thus, but I have only the unconscious memory that a babe has for its mother; I cannot fathom the mystery further. I am content that God has re-united us and bound us again with a sacred tie. She is to me a gift of God, a smile and a pledge.

. . . . . .

That I love my wife, that the love which sprung from a former association grows and deepens with association, I know. Day after day I find new depths for it; day after day room for its breadth and growth opens up. Sometimes I fear for myself; I seem to have staked all my happiness upon this friend; the past, the present, the future are wrapped up in her; I have no need for anything else. Perhaps it is sinful, but I think at times that if I could be guaranteed forever this life as I live it now, the suns might rise and set through all eternity and never a prayer would ascend from me for a better condition. If it be sinful, I cannot help it; the happiness came to me as a free gift, and I am honest. And yet, if such glories may shine about an earthly stage so far removed from the soul's true goal, what must be the ecstasy of its final rest?

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A faint cloud has entered upon my peaceful sky, and its shadow is upon me. I know that my wife is as pure-hearted as mortals may be, but this is a school for discipline, and sometimes I tremble for her. She came to me beautiful, and loving the beautiful. I have studied her

face as it bent above a gem; the cold stone mined by a slave, cut by a slave, and sold by a thief—a mere crystal from the hills—has a wonderful fascination for her. She flushes to see in her glass the scintillations in her hair; her eyes rival its brightness. Vanity! My heart beats fast; this is to be her discipline. From here and there, from the ball-room, from the friendly visitors, from the press, flattery is poured upon her. Even the eyes of silent men speak it; she sees, she hears, she is pleased. And the care she gives her dress, the perfect matching of her colors, the touch of her hand upon her hair as she lingers at the glass, the art in her smiles and glance, are so many daggers in my heart. Is she adding another cycle to her homeward journey? Is she exchanging the ecstasy of God's final blessings for the flash of baubles and the vain praise of fools, giving literally years for moments? How the thought burns and tears me! And extravagant—oh, how she does waste money! And I—am I journeying evenly with her? The thought that I am not, that I am yielding to no temptation, but giving justice to all, and living on in full consciousness of my condition, appalls instead of comforting. To-night I have walked the streets the many bitter hours which my wife whirled away in the ball-room, crushed, agonized, and dying under the suggestion that when the dawn of another cycle is upon us I shall have left behind the sweet companion of my living here, that there will be no congenial ties to link us if we meet again.

Last night another soul entered this life, and to me is given the care of it. What a thought! Whence it came, from what conditions, what is to be its discipline, who can tell me? None. I must wait and see. No use to study the round brown eyes; no use to press cheek to cheek; no use to lie with unclosed lids and plan for the future. As the germ of a life is there, so is the sum of an experience. But God sent him to me for a purpose. If he has come to suffer for sins left behind, mine the hand to chastise and discipline. With my will must his, if to evil inclined, collide, and mine must turn him upward again. We are instruments to do God's will, and I will do it so far as my wisdom guides me true. But if this poor soul has suffered, if he has laid down burdens and is to enjoy here the reward of his labors and expand under the sunshine of God's smile and grow fit for grander days and brighter hours, to learn sweeter melodies than he had known, and develop a capacity to grasp and dwell upon the true and beautiful — dear one, this arm shall be around him and life itself be yielded up but that his way be sweet with the homage of unthorned flowers.

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Another cloud has darkened my skies. All is not well with the boy. He is now fifteen months old, and his tendency is becoming apparent. I greatly fear that I have on my hands the worst uncle my wife possessed, who died only a few days before the charge was given us. He was a turfman and a ready gambler, a drinker to excess, and though generally called a good fellow when alive was a man of the most depraved habits, whatever may have been his instincts. In his present form he is utterly intractable and gives his mother much trouble. He does not look like a baby when he gets into his moods, but seems to be older than I am. Sometimes he looks at me in such a peculiar way that I am half inclined to think that he vaguely remembers me and is developing an antipathy. Yet again the instincts of a baby overwhelm him, and he is loving and affectionate. But such a temper I am sure no mortal ever possessed, except that self-same uncle of my wife's. Yesterday he indulged in it, and I undertook to discipline him. The will of a child must be broken early or never at all, and the thought that this one might go out of life to even severer discipline nerved me for the contest. With a handful of peach switches I began the struggle which I know is to last for years. It tore my heart to hear his cries, and I could only keep to my task by whispering to him: "That is for your curse upon me, Uncle Tom! That is for the money you borrowed and bet away! That is for the time you came here drunk and broke the chandelier with the cat!" And so on. I cherish no animosity towards the dead, but I had to deceive myself to resist the cries of the youngster. The discipline was interrupted by my wife, who rushed in and tore the child from me. Great Heavens! She, my wife, my best beloved, denounced me hysterically as a brute and fiend, and—yes, struck me! My soul will carry the scar of that blow to the gates of heaven itself!

. . . . . .

My anguish over the worldly tendency of my wife has deepened until it has swallowed up my happiness. I am now only a miserable man suffering from unexpiated sin committed in a bygone life. I might have expected it; my presence here was promise of it, but in the fullness of my joy the thought had escaped me. This, then, is to be my discipline; the golden fruit is to turn to ashes in my grasp, the honey into gall upon my lips. And, yet, there is comfort in the thought that I am beyond the punishment of most men; I can only be touched in the heart. When this is done I shall soar to brighter days and be happy again. Shall I? Again the haunting dread! My wife, the blest companion, is still joined to her idols, and she has developed a touch of her uncle

Tom's temper. Vanity and anger — to what depths will they sink her? And still that frightful extravagance! Shall I go forward leaving her to the lonely struggle? Again I walk the street, and my heart sends out prayer after prayer, not for myself,— I feel the rod, I know the cause, I obey,— but for her. "What if to-night," I say, "life for one or for both should end? Should we meet again soul to soul or journey on alone?" The doubt crushed me. I am not a Pharisee; but I have thought deeper, and know that if the morrow found us both with eyes forever closed we should not meet well at the next awakening. An idea seizes upon me. In the desperation of the hour I cry: "I will not forsake you; I will sin as you sin; I will tarry as you tarry. Better a thousand ages of trial than one of heaven without you." Full of this anguish, I look about me. The lights of a saloon twinkle out into the darkness, and there I go. I stand up before the bar, and with many curious eyes upon me take three drinks of liquor. They are my first and do their work well. I go home idiotically drunk and raise almost a riot in that sacred retreat. I dance in the hall, swear at the bell-boy, and finally fall asleep in my clothes, leaving a tearful wife watching over the moral wreck I have accomplished. The morrow's awakening is as from a nightmare. Remorse at first oppresses me, but under the stimulus of reasoning it soon wears off. I become a changed man, but no longer sin so publicly. The watch I place upon my wife is incessant, and for every worldly thought her action expresses I do something sinful. The boy grows in violence and disobedience, until one day his mother voluntarily hands him over to me, and I begin a course of discipline with him that finally produces good results. I make a better being of her uncle Tom than he has been in two life cycles, and perhaps more.

Another life is in my keeping, and one glance into the placid blue eyes satisfies me that a beloved sister has joined us in our journey onward. Hers had been a sad life. Pain and anguish wore it out at last, but not the patience and the angelical resignation through which she always smiled upon us from her little bed. One day she had closed her eyes, smiled sweetly, and whispering, "I am going now, mother; kiss me good-night," passed into the mystery. I took the babe in my arms, and knew that no rod was needed there. This was to be her holiday from suffering, and the world was to be brighter and better for her coming and would weep for sorrow when she passed on. Oh! happy times have we had, little Lil and I, as she lay against my heart, our souls touching in silent thankfulness; and the smile of her eyes was as balm upon my hot and troubled spirit. Yet those same eyes awoke within me a new thought to sting. "Here is one who will precede us all," I said to myself, "leaving us far behind. She will not linger. Tom's redemption is, I think, assured, and it is likely that he will not be far off in the next cycle, and wife and I, we will keep close together; but this one, this blue-eyed soul, will have to stand for many a year expectant at the gates of Paradise before the family circle is complete again." Sadly I gave her back into the nurse's arms and went forth into the night. My wife had been querulous all the evening, and so when a beggar asked me for help I kicked him. I felt sorry for the boy; but then I was seeking an opportunity to sin and he happened along. The frightened look in his eyes pained me, and I tossed him a dollar. "He may be a relative, anyhow," I said to myself, hoping the gift had not undone the sin I had committed.

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When I look back over the long years of my deliberate self-injury I feel that I have kept pretty close to my wife. The idea that I had thus followed her grew to be a grim pleasure at last. I felt a peculiar satisfaction in the self-sacrifice I had practiced, a moral pride in yielding up cycles of time from Paradise for the woman I loved, and in assuming cycles of trial and pain and weariness to keep with her. I resolutely kept down the thought that even if we met again it might be as strangers. I know that our souls have learned memory; they cannot forget. We shall meet again, and perhaps then we will press forward faster. Tom is a fine fellow, meeting his many life trials firmly, bearing his many disappointments manfully, and working out his salvation with a resolution beautiful to contemplate. And Lil is the angel she promised to become, the sunlight of our home, and the beloved of all who come within its circle. But in Anna, my best beloved, Heaven help me! I see no change. She will not listen to my counsel, but calls me a theorist and points out my own sins. She has often half playfully declared that if she recognized me in the next world it would be through my love for money, as she thought that was strong enough to live always. And once she said that I must have been a Parsee merchant I loved money so. How can I tell her the purpose of my sins? She would not believe me if I did. And she is so wasteful of wealth.

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It has come at last. Yesterday I closed the eyes of my dear wife and left my last kiss upon the beautiful face smiling up from the coffin. What peace shone there, what faith, what resignation! Sin left no mark upon the brow, the

thought came to me in my anguish. To-day they buried her. Such a concourse of people was never before seen in a dwelling-house in this city, it is said. Rich and poor, old and young, white and black, all came and cried above her, and the flowers they left covered the coffin. A hundred have blessed her name to me and told of help and kindness from the dead: this one's sick child she had nursed; to this one she gave weekly assistance year after year; this one she taught; this one she rescued from a life of sin and gave her hope again; this one she saved from the poor-house. How many such! These blessings for her they poured on me until I was buried under bitter memories as she under the roses.

As I sit here in the closing twilight a great truth has opened before me. I have delayed my Paradise for a woman's company by whose side I could barely have kept in her triumphant advance had I given my best years and a pure and humble heart to the service of my fellow-men. What were her dissipations? The simple overflow of a joyous and human heart. What were her vanities? Childish delight in forms of beauty. What was her extravagance? Christian charity. What were her foibles and sometimes anger? Great Heaven, what are my own! I ask myself in anguish. And then with tearful eyes I go into her room and gaze upon the flowers that cover her vacant bed and strew the floor. Gone! Aye, she gone before; I lagging behind. There is not the mere space of a grave between us, but a vast stretch of life and time and endeavor. God help me!

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(*The last entry.*) Twenty years have passed since I bade farewell to my beloved, and they have been years of discipline to me. I have secretly carried on the work she laid down. Secretly, for it costs a man too much to be known as generous. No appeal for help has been made to me in vain; no human being has suffered, in my knowledge, while I had the power to relieve. I can look every living man in the face and say with truth, "I have not wronged you in word, thought, or deed." To-day I go forth into another life to carry on the struggle. I care not to reason with myself over the means. If I lengthen the time of my next life by entering unbidden upon it, I shorten this; and I shall be with her, soul to soul. Three years after she died I sat one day in the house of a poor woman whom I had befriended, when a little girl came and leaned her cheek against my knee and looked into my eyes. I felt a strange power drawing me towards her. She lay like a doll in my arms when I lifted her, and with her cheek against mine my old happiness came back. As I sat there a great mystery was unfolded about me and peace dawned over my soul. We had met again; the little soul but half remembered. Still, the unerring instinct was there, and would grow with knowledge, I knew. Henceforth my joy was in this household. I made it mine and planned to lavish wealth upon it, for had not my dear one earned an exemption from want, and was not I an instrument of Heaven? I intended to bless her pathway, and God knows she has blessed mine for all these twenty years. The babe grew to girlhood, then to womanhood, and then to wifehood. This last change filled me with anguish and sorrow, but I do not despair. The woman I loved lay at rest in the grave; the soul I loved had its mission: so I reasoned.

Last night the young wife came to me in my dreams. I saw her as distinctly as I see these lines, and the woman of my early manhood seemed blended in her form. The familiar eyes looked out upon me, oh! so tenderly, and she held out her arms. I cried aloud, and started forth, but reason held me back; she was a wife. Still she held out her arms and smiled upon me, and like a thought impinging upon a human brain came her words, "As a babe." White with agitation, but tremulous with joy, I sprung towards her. She vanished, and I found myself gasping in the darkness of my own room.

To-night my affairs are in order, and I go forth into the next cycle of my life. When men gather here to wonder at this strange taking off I shall sleep, a child upon its mother's breast, but soul to soul with my beloved. Almost my last business act was to make a will in her favor, my children having been already provided for, and all my vast wealth is hers — not in fee-simple, for I have thought it best to rely upon the survival of my business instinct, and so have made her its custodian until her first child comes of age, when all shall be his. I know that my beloved will not suffer if I come into my own again, and I do not wish to devote to money-making the years that I may give to her companionship.

[To this the writer had added, as if on second thought, these words, for my eye only:] Sir, you have my story. Do not take any advantage of me. J. R.

This, as stated, was the last entry in the diary, of which I have given only enough to show the tendency of the man's belief and moral purpose. So fascinated was I with the matter that I could not rid myself of it, but sat and pondered long upon it. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to talk with some one, and was just about to go up the street when a messenger brought me a telegram from my wife's mother

in Augusta, which read as follows: "Your son is born. All is well."

I rushed to the depot and caught a train just starting for Augusta. All young fathers know how I passed the hours of that journey and with what feverish impatience I saw the lagging mile-posts file by; but the end came at last, and I held my wife, the mother of my child, in my arms. Her eyes burned with a dangerous excitement, and she smiled through the tears that soon filled them. "Have you heard?" she said eagerly.

"Heard what?"

"Oh! you have not." Her hand trembled with excitement as she drew from under her pillow a letter and passed it quickly to me. The familiar writing attracted my whole attention at once. It was from the author of the diary, short and affectionate, and informed her that the writer had willed all his property to her first child, and made her his trustee until the child came of age. She did not notice my sudden start nor the gasp that I gave.

"William," she said, "we must name him Raymond." I could not reply, and my hand shook as I turned down the coverlet and gazed into the placid little face there. As I am truthful, the infant looked up at me with his grave brown eyes, and his features suddenly twitched themselves into the most quizzical look that I ever saw on a human countenance. Then he broke forth with a lusty wail. My wife pushed me away.

"Now you have frightened him," she whispered, "glaring at him that way." Mastering my emotion, I said, forcing a poor smile:

"So, then, this is my rival. Well, I won't take any advantage of him."

But from the moment my son Raymond looked into my eyes there began in me a struggle. I did not love him then; I never did; I do not now. It was just as impossible for love to have existed between us as for the sun to shine at night. Foolish, heartless, as this may seem, it is true, and I admit it all the more willingly because I had nothing to do with it. The diary and its prompt vindication converted me instantly to the strange creed of the dead man. The more I read it, the more I pondered upon the matter, the firmer became my conviction that John Raymond had reappeared as my son and would some day win the soul of my wife from me. There were times when the thought filled me with rage and I could not contemplate the boy calmly. I could not rid myself of the remembrance that he had thrust himself into a happy family for the purpose of supplanting me in my wife's affections. He was never a companion of mine, and I rarely held him in my arms.

This antipathy was evidently mutual. Frequently at the mere sight of me Raymond would fly into a passion, and my touch was like a torment to him. This state of affairs could not long escape the attention of my wife. She reasoned with me in vain. Nothing could heal the breach between the boy and me. Reason made him odious to me; instinct, perhaps a dim memory, drew him away from me. As may be believed, she grieved always over the unfortunate state of affairs; and perhaps it was natural that gradually she should side with the infant, for he was the weaker and her flesh and blood. After a while I awoke to the maddening conviction that not only the babe but my wife also was estranged from me, perhaps beyond redemption, and I saw with agony that the very end that I most dreaded was being accomplished. The soul of my rival was triumphing over mine. So far as love was concerned, I was already a defeated and lonely man, while the babe was ever pressed to his mother's heart. But I did not yield without a final struggle. In an evil moment, half crazed at her reproaches, I one day revealed the contents of Raymond's diary and laid bare my soul before her. She was touched and startled, and for some weeks I mistook tenderness for a reawakened loss; but she fell again to brooding over the babe, and to her morbidness was now added the fearful revelation I had made. Whether she believed as I did, I do not know. She made a final effort to rid me of my distrust of the boy, and then one day she lay down and died.

All the little sunlight I possessed passed away with my wife; all the old love came back with crushing force. For her sake I made a great effort to take the boy to my heart and forget the injury I had suffered, but in vain. The thing was utterly impossible. On the contrary, a positive hatred of him awoke in me. To me he was not my child, nor hers, but John Raymond. And yet I never took any advantage of him, and he fell to the care of a relative who came to live with me.

Several years passed in this way, and I never withdrew my secret watch of the boy. At last he developed a most extraordinary affection for a little girl, the daughter of a near neighbor. I took her one day upon my knee and studied the depths of her beautiful eyes. She smiled and prattled to me artlessly, and I felt a strange thrill go through my heart. Tears came into my eyes when I pressed her closer to my bosom, but I was not suffered to keep her long; Raymond called her; she slid down from my lap and bounded away. But I did not give up. I made the care of the child my life's work. Mona, they called her. I lavished gifts of dress and jewelry and sweetmeats upon her. Her delighted parents never suspected

the reason. And so years rolled by, and men commented upon my wild devotion to the girl and coldness towards my own boy. But alas! he shared the gifts I bestowed upon her, and her delight was confided to him.

Why detail the sufferings I endured through all those years, my hopes and fears and disappointments? In the moment of my greatest joy, when the child, a woman almost, came to me, and putting her arms around my neck asked me to let her love me always, in that moment the final blow was descending. An hour later Raymond told me that he was going to marry her. My rage and stormings must have been fearful. I am told that they were, but they were also useless. Threats, disinheritance, reproaches, were all in vain. It was the moment of his triumph, and he had entered into the fortune which he provided for himself long ago. He married her, and I prepared for the end, for my last hope was gone. But during this year, the year of their happiness, a wild revenge has suggested itself to me. It shall be soul against soul, I say, an eye for an eye. As he has robbed me, so will I rob him. As he has made me a lonely man, so will I make him. And perhaps,—oh, sweet the thought!—perhaps in this new cycle I shall win her back again and hold her forever. The hour cometh. I have made my will, leaving my fortune to the first son of my son's wife, and the wail of a new-born infant in this house will be preceded by the crash of a pistol-shot. If I win, joy be mine; if I lose, I shall at least have escaped this torture. I reduce this brief of John Raymond's life and mine to writing, and place it in a drawer of my desk, inserting a clause in my will that the drawer shall be opened by my legatee only, and then on his twenty-first birthday. In this way I shall come into my fortune again, and be possessed of the information that will enable me to carry on the conflict. John Raymond made his great mistake when he armed me with his diary and gave me his secret.

ALLEN WHARTON.

John Wharton was walking the room when I reached the abrupt conclusion of the manuscript. There was a most terrific scowl upon his face, and his manner betrayed the most intense excitement. The mood was something so new for him that I resolutely repressed the smile which I felt coming. As he did not seem inclined to break the silence, I said carelessly:

"Well, what of it?" Then he turned on me.

"What of it!" he thundered. "What of it! Well, that *is* decidedly cool! Don't you see the conclusion? If my grandfather has told the truth, I am — why, confound me, I am my grandfather himself!" He gave a short, hysterical laugh. "And I am left to infer that my mother, my grandmother — yes, and my wife, has eloped with my father, who was also my son, and that he was a penurious, scheming villain! Oh, you fired a center shot when you told me that I did not seem myself awhile since."

The situation was too fine to destroy. I humored him:

"But you beat Raymond at last, old fellow; you got his money." He stared at me a moment, and then a grim smile lighted up his face.

"By George, you are right! But ha! an idea strikes me. My father, this self-same Raymond, speaking now as John Wharton, left a large sum to a Hindoostanee mission —" He stopped in front of me, and his voice sank to a stage whisper: "I see it all. Raymond has carried her back to India; he expects to turn up in the mission and trust to his indestructible business capacity to get the best of that fund."

The matter was going too far.

"John Wharton," I said, quietly and sternly, "you are crazy."

"You are right, or very nearly so; I will be to-morrow. I have met no young woman to whom I have felt drawn. She is gone; I am without grandmother, mother, daughter, or wife —"

"This manuscript," I continued coldly, not noticing his excitement, "was written as a story by your grandfather. He sent it to a publisher, and it was returned. Don't you see the paragraph marks in different ink on the margins, the corrections, the queries — all in a different hand? Why, it is deuced bad copy, rolled and returned!"

This was a shower-bath to him. He took the manuscript from my hands, and I noticed the clouds were lifting from his face.

"You really think so? You know my father and mother were drowned together, and my grandfather is supposed to have killed himself —"

"That does n't make any difference. Your grandfather tried to write a romance. The editor thought he was seeking to air a creed just becoming known in America, and did not finish reading it. Had he done so he might have let the matter in as a satire. Trust me to know a returned manuscript when I see it."

Wharton put on his hat. His face had assumed its wonted calmness, and a smile was upon his lips.

When I left him he had regained his wonted spirits and could laugh at his recent alarm. I firmly believed my theory was the correct one, and as I walked the street I repeatedly assured myself of its reasonableness. And yet when well out of sight of Wharton and opposite the court-house I stopped, hesitated, laughed at my own weakness, crossed the street, and entered the ordinary's office. I had just possessed

myself of "Folio D," and found the will of Allen Wharton there, when John Wharton entered the room. His face flushed, and I felt mine burn with guilty shame. He came close to me, and asked quietly:

"Is the clause there?"

Harry Stillwell Edwards.



THE LAST LETTER.

LONG years within its sepulcher
Of faintly scented cedar
Has lain this letter dear to her
Who was its constant reader;
The postmark on the envelope
Sufficed the date to give her,
And told the birth of patient hope
That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure-box,
Tears in her eyes' soft fringes,
She came with key, and turned the locks,
And on its brazen hinges
Swung back the quaintly figured lid
And raised a sandal cover,
Disclosing, under trinkets hid,
This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child,
Her hand awhile caressed it
Ere to the lips that sadly smiled
Time and again she pressed it;
Then drew the small inclosure out
And smoothed the wrinkled paper,
Lest any line should leave a doubt
Or any word escape her.

Still held the olden charm its place
Amid the tender phrases—
Time seemed unwilling to efface
The love-pervaded praises;
And though a thousand lovers might
Have matched them all for passion,
A poet were inspired to write
In their unstudied fashion.

From "Darling" slowly, word by word,
She read the tear-stained treasure:
The mists by which her eyes were blurred
Grew out of pain and pleasure;
But when she reached that cherished name,
And saw the last leave-taking,
The mist a storm of grief became,
Her very heart was breaking!

I put it back,— this old-time note,
Which seems like sorrow's leaven,—
For she who read, and he who wrote,
Please God, are now in heaven.
If lovers of to-day could win
Such love as won this letter,
The world about us would begin
To gladden and grow better.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



GADDO GADDI (1259?–1332?).

NOTHING more curiously illustrates the common source of the Florentine and Sienese schools than the perpetual confusion arising in the attribution of the works of the early masters of either and the uncertainty of the early writers as to the affiliation of one or another painter with Siena or Florence. As to Gaddo Gaddi there is, however, no room for doubt, for his personal relation with Giotto and Cimabue was so well known in early times that it is impossible to separate them from him. Vasari, with all his inaccuracies, gives us the greater part of the knowledge we possess of early Italian art, and it is impossible not to give weight to his testimony until we find it overthrown by something more authentic. This we get occasionally in the documents which have been brought to the knowledge of the world by that modern critical research into this history which has been excited by the growing sense of the importance of the beginnings of art for the better comprehension of its final results; but there still remain many things for which we have only Vasari's authority and as to which we are now never likely to have any more competent. And the tendency to dispute the statements of the historian, so natural under the circumstances, has been carried by both Milanesi and Cavalcaselle to a point which becomes contentious. Thus when Milanesi, in speaking of Gaddo Gaddi, undertakes to deny his authorship of the lunette over the door of Santa Maria del Fiore *because* it shows a combination of the style of the Byzantines with that of Cimabue, we are driven to say that his objection is an absolutely futile one, because this is the character by which Vasari declares Gaddo's works to be distinguished. Cavalcaselle is more reasonable, and admits the probability of the correctness of the attribution.

Gaddo lived under circumstances most favorable to the development of his genius, for he was an inhabitant of Florence, where art was familiar to all and was always greatly encouraged, and he was moreover the intimate friend of Cimabue — with whom he was wont to converse often of the difficulties and intricacies of art — and of Giotto and Andrea Taffi.

Vasari has it that Andrea Taffi was his master in the art of mosaic, and that Gaddo worked under him in the baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence, executing the Prophets under the windows afterwards quite independently, and thereby getting for himself much fame. Milanesi and Cavalcaselle think it improbable that Taffi should have been his master, as the two men were almost of the same age. Neither do they attribute the Prophets to Gaddo.

But here again the hypercritic betrays himself; for when we consider the state of art education in Italy at that time, and that what Taffi had to teach Gaddo was mainly the technical processes of mosaic work, the equality of age is no objection to the relation of master and pupil having existed between them. As to the Prophets, there is no evidence in favor of attributing them to any other man, so that we may leave them to Gaddo with as much confidence as any other work, always remembering that the influence of a new mind on an artist who was not a novice in art, in its general manifestations would inevitably produce a modification in the manner of working and conception,— or what is generally called a change of style,— and there is nothing in the mosaic work alluded to which makes it even improbable that Gaddo did it. That the style of the work differed from that of the subsequent work known to be his is no more a reason for contradicting the tradition, unless the style indicated another and a recognizable hand.

By 1308 Gaddo's reputation was such that he was summoned to Rome to finish some mosaics begun by Fra Jacobus Torriti; but these, as well as some others that he executed in the Church of St. Peter, are lost. All that remains of the work that he did during his visit is on the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore. Here remain still his four subjects from the history of the basilica, which Vasari praises as being finer in style and less Byzantine than any of his former works. These mosaics are:

First. The Virgin with angels appearing to St. Liberius, pope, and,

Second. Simultaneously to the patrician John, who is commanded to build a church where he will find snow the next day — it being then August.

Third. John telling his vision to the pope. He is kneeling before the pope, with three attendants kneeling behind him and a fourth holding the horses. A bishop kneels beside the pope.

Fourth. Pope Liberius drawing the plan of the basilica on the snow, surrounded by the

patrician, the people, and the clergy, while the Virgin and Child appear in the sky and surrounded by angels, the miraculous snow falling down from them to form the ground on which the plan is being drawn.

These mosaics resemble those of the baptistery of Florence and the frescos in the vault of the upper church at Assisi, as well as some of those in the lower church from the history of St. Francis, with which they harmonize in the accessories and architecture. They seem to be by the same hand, resembling these in composition, in the types of head and figure, and in their style, which is a transition from that of Cimabue to that of Giotto. There are the same coarse and monotonous outlines, heavy and conventional drapery, and clumsy extremities, and the same absence of intermediate tints in both the mosaics, where it is to be expected, and in the frescos, where it is not.[1] Cavalcaselle remarks that some of the heads are the same.

Vasari notes that Gaddo was a painter as well as a mosaicist, and it is probable that he was with his friend Giotto at Assisi. Vasari apparently knew nothing of these pictures at Assisi; but he mentions a panel at Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome, now lost, and says that he painted many such for Tuscany.

At Pisa, in the cathedral, is a mosaic of Gaddo's, damaged and repaired, with the Madonna rising to heaven and Christ waiting to receive her, having ready for her a splendid throne. It is in the artist's latest style.

Vasari says that, having returned to Florence, Gaddo rested from his labors, and made some mosaics of egg-shell — marvels of diligence and patience. In the Uffizi gallery at Florence there is one of these, a half-length figure of our Lord, his right hand on his breast, his left holding a book open and with a Greek inscription. The background is gilt.

Gaddo died at the age of seventy-three, and was buried in Santa Croce by his son Taddeo, the only one of all his children who became a painter. Vicino da Pisa was a worthy pupil of Gaddo. He executed some mosaics in the cathedral of his town.

According to Vasari, Taddeo painted portraits of his father and of Taffi in the chapel of the Baroncelli at Santa Croce, Florence. Vasari points out two figures preceding the players in the fresco representing the Marriage of the Virgin, of which one resembles the portrait of Taffi given by Vasari with his biography; but the other figure bears no likeness to the woodcut of Gaddo in the same book. There is a figure in the other fresco, on the right side, with a long beard and flowing hair, which is much more like Vasari's portrait of Gaddo; but the old man standing near him could hardly be Taffi, though the figure is somewhat of the same type as the one in the first fresco.

[1] The principal variations which the mosaics at Santa Maria Maggiore show from the Byzantine are in the greater freedom of design and originality of conception, for the execution is much less masterly than in some works of the earlier school. But the general treatment is the same — strong outlines with masses of color, unbroken by subdivisions of detail, and with very little recognition of light and shade; characters all of the best school of decorative mosaic. The mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore have been much maltreated, and in the *barocco* alterations of the church by the architect Fuga (1743) portions have been covered up and additions of subordinate figures have been made at some intermediate time. The invention shown is, as must be expected, far inferior to that of Giotto; but it is distinctly apart from the Byzantines. The colors used are the usual and limited range of the earlier school, of dull tints except the blue; and the general effect is quiet, with no indication of the perception of the capacities of color as shown by later schools.

TADDEO GADDI (1300–1366).

AMONG the many pupils whom Giotto collected around himself, his favorite, and the one who did his teaching the most credit, was his godchild, Taddeo Gaddi. We do not know at what age Taddeo began to work independently — it was probably when Giotto left Florence for the south of Italy. In 1338 the chapel of the Baroncelli in Santa Croce was completed, but we do not know how soon Taddeo was called to paint its walls. This was his first independent work, so far as we know. The subjects he painted here are nine.

In the lunette to the right of the entrance is Joachim being driven from the temple. The action is animated, but slightly exaggerated, as is often the case with this master.

In the four compartments underneath the lunette are:

1. The Meeting of Anna and Joachim.
2. The Birth of the Madonna.
3. The Madonna on the Steps of the Temple.
4. The Marriage of the Virgin.

On the other wall are:

1. The Annunciation.
2. The Meeting of Mary and Elisabeth.
3. The Angel announcing the Birth of Christ.
4. The Adoration. The Virgin, seated on the ground, is toying with the Infant; Joseph sits apart meditating.

In imitation niches are the figures of Joseph holding the flowering rod and of David holding the head of Goliath — both well preserved. The dome is divided into two compartments, in which, within circles, are the half-figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Strength, and Humility. These are among the best figures executed by any pupil of Giotto.

Besides these frescos in the Baroncelli Chapel, Taddeo painted many others in the refectory and the sacristy of the same Church of Santa Croce. On one partition (since destroyed) he executed portraits of Giotto, Dante, and himself, of which those heads now in the Bargello at Florence are possibly copies.

The frescos he painted in the Cloister of Santo Spirito, mentioned by Vasari, and a panel with predella which he executed for the high altar of S. Stefano del Ponte Vecchio, have disappeared. A panel painted for Or San Michele, now in the Belle Arti, is one of the finest of his surviving works.

He was called to Pisa, where he decorated with frescos the Church of San Francesco, and Vasari notes especially the expression and vivacity of the figures. In the dome he introduced a portrait of himself, inscribed with his name and the date 1342, but this part of the decoration has perished. Until quite lately all these frescos were whitewashed.

Vasari makes Gaddi the architect of the Ponte Vecchio (built by Fra Giovanni da Campo), of the Ponte Santa Trinità, of the Loggia of Or San Michele, and of the upper part of Giotto's tower. Milanesi and Cavalcaselle deny all these statements, the former on the ground that no man was allowed to practice an art unless he were enrolled in the guild of that art,— and as we have no evidence that Taddeo was registered as an architect, they take it as proved that he was not,— except he were specially elected by public decree to carry on a work for the Commune, as we find by documentary evidence to have been the case with Giotto.

Here again it is as well, so far as the Campanile is concerned, to take Vasari as the better guide, the subject being one which, by its publicity, would be more likely to be held firmly by tradition in the popular mind. The mere want of documentary evidence in this case is of minor significance, as Taddeo's master had carried on the work, and the continuance of it by the pupil would be so natural a proceeding that it would hardly call for the special measure of formality which was required for Giotto himself; and the superintendence of the execution of the master's plans by the pupil might easily be accepted as the carrying out of a contract by a deputy. We should expect strong evidence to establish the fact that another than Taddeo was appointed to the work, and the lack of documentary evidence tells in favor of him until it is shown by such evidence that there was another architect put in his place, a substitution which could hardly have been made without some record remaining of it. The intrinsic probabilities in favor of Vasari's statement are so great that I feel it to be hardly disputable. A work of so great importance could hardly have been given to an unknown man or to an architect who would allow his name to be suppressed. Of all the improbabilities the most improbable is that the architect should not be known.

Taddeo, being in Florence, painted in the Mercanzia an allegory of Truth tearing out the tongue of Falsehood. This has perished. He was then called to Arezzo, where, assisted by Giovanni da Milano, he painted many frescos, among which Vasari chiefly admires a crucifixion in which a great variety of expression is introduced. Most of his work in Arezzo has disappeared; a St. John the Baptist, much injured, in the bishop's palace, is still to be seen.

Returning to Florence he painted many pictures, which were sent all over the country, and by which he gained so much as to lay the foundations of the fortune of his family and cause it to be ennobled. As coadjutor of Simone Memmi he was intrusted with half of the decoration of the chapter of Santa Maria Novella,[1] and they seem to have worked in perfect harmony; which is not so strange a matter perhaps as it may appear to our modern ideas of artist life, for it seems that then it was rather the ambition of an artist to be known as a good workman and orthodox in his painting than to rank above his fellows. The ideal of greatness was more like that of modern craftsmen than that of our schools of art. Of the walls of the chapter one was given to Taddeo, with the ceiling. The latter he divided into four compartments, in which he painted the Resurrection, Christ saving Peter from drowning, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. On the western wall are St. Thomas Aquinas, and the fourteen sciences, each with an appropriate figure underneath. Prophets and saints are seated on each side of St. Thomas, and the four cardinal and the three theological virtues are represented above.[2]

1 The Cappella degli Spagnuoli, formerly the chapter-house, was begun in 1320.— EDITOR.

2 Cavalcaselle considers that these frescos were possibly designed and inspired by Taddeo but executed by a pupil; but the probability is that the greater part of the work done by artists in those days after they had attained the degree of master was, in the actual painting, done by the pupils. This was the invariable practice in the religious schools.

In this same church Taddeo painted a St. Jerome, and under it his son Agnolo built a sepulcher covered with a marble slab bearing the arms of the family, and in this Taddeo was buried. Vasari states that Taddeo Gaddi died of a terrible fever in 1350, but there are documents extant which prove him to have bought land in 1352 and again in 1365. In 1360 he is one of the council assembled to deliberate on the façade of Santa Maria del Fiore, but in 1366 his wife's name appears as "she who was the wife of Taddeo Gaddi," so that we must conclude that he died in 1365–66. He made Jacopo di Casentino guardian of his two sons, Agnolo and Giovanni, and made them pupils of Giovanni da Milano. Vasari says that Taddeo followed the method of his master Giotto but did not improve on it in any respect, except that his color was more vivid and fresh. As it is even to-day difficult to distinguish between the works of Giottesques, it is evident that the immediate followers of Giotto, of whom Taddeo was the chief, must have adhered to his system very closely. In fact, so much of the manner was prescription that the opportunities of escaping into an individual style were very limited, and the subjection of the art to the uses of the Church was anything but favorable to the development of artistic individuality. The pictures were wanted as stimulants to devotion, and the primary requisite was that the sacred story should be told with pathos and with a force which would penetrate the common and unartistic mind. The artistic development came by process of nature and normal growth because the Church could not control it.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

"MUSIC."

FLORENCE, March 1, 1888.—"Music," by Taddeo Gaddi,—or rather attributed to him, since it cannot be definitely ascertained to be by his hand,—is found in the Cappella degli Spagnuoli of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. It is one of a series of figures contained in the large fresco of the allegorical representation of the Wisdom of the Church, which adorns the left wall of the chapel as seen from the entrance. The architecture is perfectly simple: the roof is groined, supported by two intersecting pointed arches. The spaces between the ribs and the four walls beneath them are covered with frescos, the series in its movement of thought beginning on the altar wall, ascending to the space above it, and then circulating round the chapel; the subject depicted within each of the four remaining compartments of the roof symbolizing the more extended composition that expands on the wall below it. Of these the four on the roof and the whole left-hand wall are ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi, the remaining ones to Simone Memmi. The whole forms a most imposing monument of early art. The fresco on the left-hand wall, as well as that on the right, measures 36 feet long, and nearly as many feet high. The figures are life size or perhaps larger. Elevated above on a lofty throne sits St. Thomas Aquinas in state, displaying an open book, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Wherefore I prayed and understanding was given me; I called upon God and the spirit of Wisdom came to me; I preferred her before scepters and thrones." Three figures, said to be the heretics Arius, Sabellius, and Averrhoës, sit at his feet. He is attended on the right and left by saints of the Old and the New Testament. The four Cardinal and the three Theological Virtues float gracefully above him — beautiful female figures, each known by her appropriate emblem. Seated below in decorative stalls are the seven Profane and the seven Theological Sciences in the form of beautiful maidens, each with her most distinguished votary attendant at her feet. The seven Profane Sciences begin at the right hand as you face the fresco, the seven Theological at the left, and the two thus meet in the center below St. Thomas. Briefly enumerating them, I will begin with the Profane Sciences:

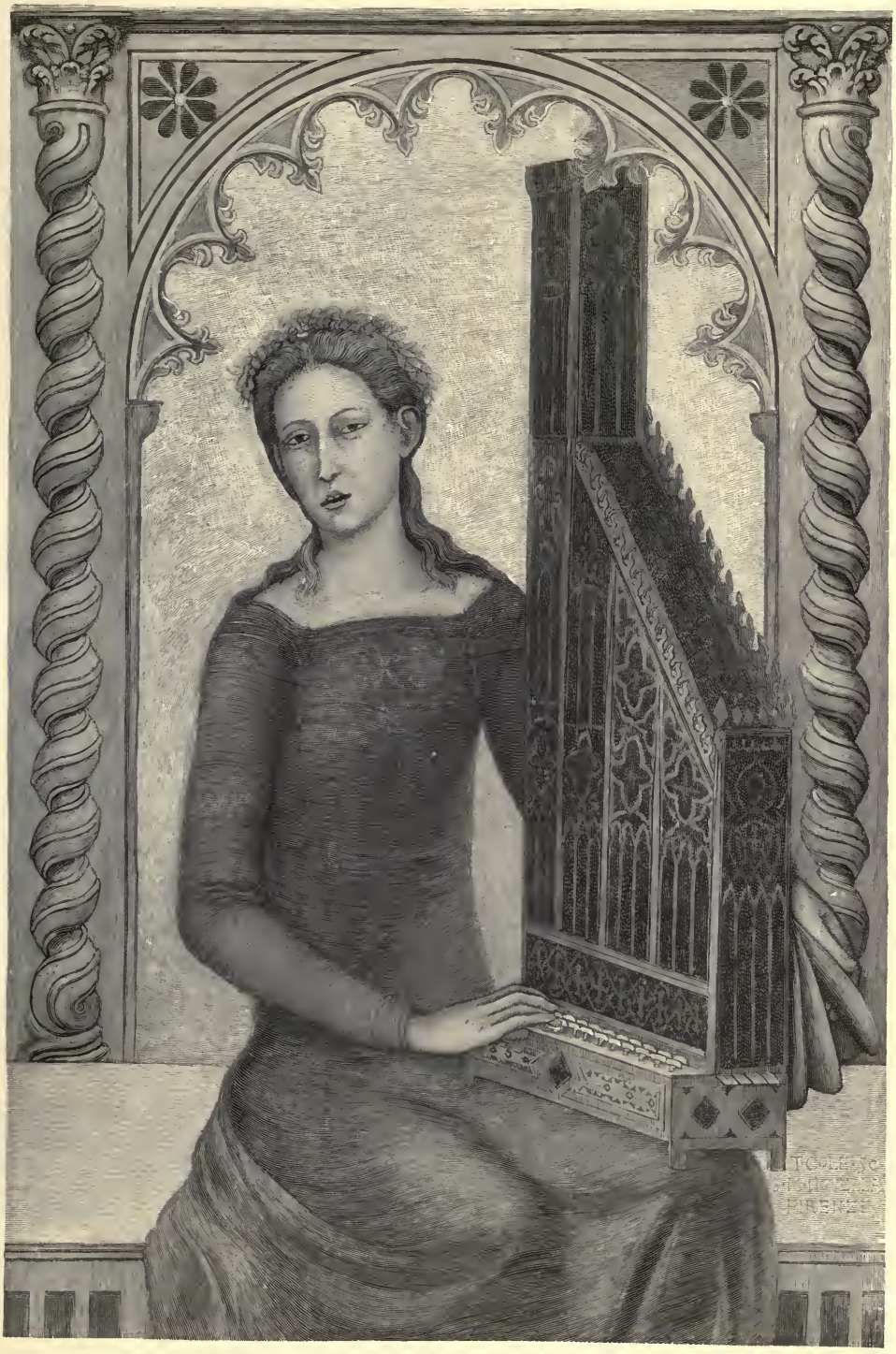
I. Grammar; below her, Priscian.
II. Rhetoric or Eloquence; below her, Cicero.
III. Logic; below her, Aristotle.
IV. Music; below her, Tubal Cain.
V. Astronomy; below her, Zoroaster.
VI. Geometry; below her, Euclid.
VII. Arithmetic; below her, Pythagoras.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCIENCES.

I. Civil Law; below her, the Emperor Justinian.
II. Canon Law; below her, Pope Clement V. (said to be).
III. Practical Theology; below her, Peter Lombard.
IV. Speculative Theology; below her, Dionysius the Areopagite.
V. Dogmatic Theology; below her, Boethius.
VI. Mystic Theology; below her, St. John Damascenus.
VII. Polemic or Scholastic Theology; below her, St. Augustine.

The "Music" is the fourth in the series of Profane Sciences. The ornamental stall in which she is seated is similar in design to all the others. The backgrounds to all these figures have been scraped off, leaving a soapy light color. The figures are generally light and delicate in color. The drapery of the "Music" is a delicate green; the organ brownish and carefully drawn; the reddish flesh tints are refined and harmonious. The hand upon the keys is mentioned by Ruskin as one of the loveliest things he ever saw done in painting. The maiden is singing as she plays, and the gentle inclination of her body gives a feeling of movement quite natural and in harmony with the subject. Underneath her is seated Tubal Cain with a hammer in each hand: he is striking an anvil, and his head is turned slightly and bent forward in the attitude of listening to the combination of sounds produced.

T. Cole.



"MUSIC."

(REPUTED TO BE BY TADDEO GADDI. IN THE SPANISH CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)



A SUPPLICANT WEARING THE ANTIQUE HOODED CLOAK OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

A STUDY worthy of the devotion of a lifetime would be a comparison of the myths and religions, the races and customs, the antiquities and arts of islands like Japan, Borneo, Ceylon, and Ireland on the one hand with the like among the men of the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, Hindu-Kush, and Himalayas on the other. As the flora and fauna of such outlying tracts have been compared with great profit to science, the ocean of atmosphere having preserved certain things, traits, and races just as the ocean of water, so it is plain that the time has come to compare the human development.

Japan has many historical points similar to Ireland besides the obvious geographical likeness. Both lie off the great double continent of Asia and Europe defended by the ocean from ordinary attacks. Both appear to have supported in the far past the rudest human races, who perhaps were forcibly dispossessed by Mongoloid tribes of hunters. Both seem to have had early invasions from the north and south, Ireland from Spain and North Britain, Japan from the Philippines and Corea. As we get down to historical times the southern invasions are best remembered in each island. Irish families of ancient renown still point to Spain and Greece for the origin of their stock, while the Japanese look southward rather than to Corea for their beginnings. The parallel is so close that it even includes a possible Aryan leaven in the Japanese mixture, corresponding to the Keltic Aryans who occupied and held Ireland again and again during the pagan epoch.

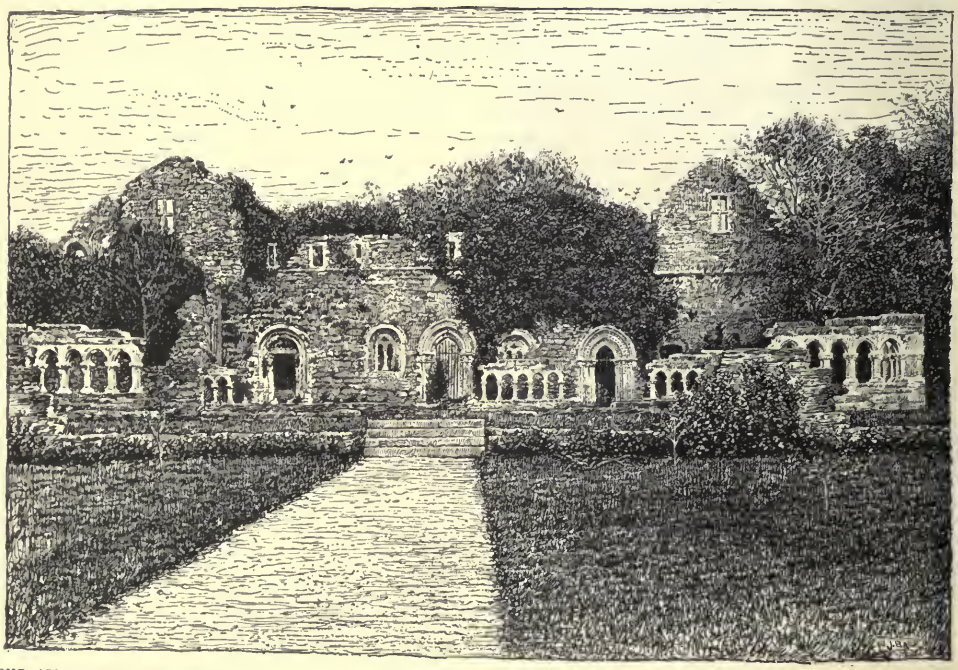
Christianity made itself felt in Ireland about the same time that Buddhism reached Japan. Both religions had a light task; both came by the easiest, most natural track — across the narrow northern straits. Japan had no single Buddhist evangelist to compare with St. Patrick; but here we must remember the difference between the practical and aggressive character of Europeans and the essentially contemplative and ideal minds of Orientals. Many details which cannot be noted here will be found singularly to agree if one should compare Buddhism in Japan with Christianity in Ireland, a similarity extending to monasteries and their effect on education and the fine arts, the abuse of religious privileges and the good wrought by religion. In a short article many other things appear more important to note.

In Ireland as in Japan the larger waves of conquest which have run across Asia and Europe, sometimes extending the whole width of those continents, sometimes only local in their course, have altered the population less profoundly than those of the mainland. The greater number were exhausted before reaching Ireland, dying out in Great Britain as the Saxon wave before the defense of the Welsh. The Roman conquests never passed the channel between Britain and Ireland. The Norman occupation of England was a century old before the Norman-Welsh gained a foothold in Ireland and summoned their king to confirm them in their possessions. Since their advent have been built such beautiful edifices as the

woodcuts here present — Cong Abbey, now in ruins; Muckross Abbey, of whose cloisters a gigantic yew occupies the entire space; the two towers, Keltic and Norman, which remain at Swords; and St. Doulough's Church, which is for the most part Norman. Consequently, although in some instances meager old forms of belief, old legends, old customs, old styles of architecture and weapons have there survived the encroachments of change, when the storm does come in such an island it is not so fierce as on the mainland. Somewhere a handful shelter themselves for the time and emerge with legends, words, and habits of thought that have disappeared from the rest of the world.

Religions are not exempt from this law. To understand the Irish problem of to-day it is necessary to study the religious waves which have affected Ireland. For at the root of the trouble between the majority and the minority of voters in Ireland, the majority demanding home rule, and the minority, say fifteen per cent. of the population, denouncing it,—between Ireland as a whole and the dominant majority of Great Britain,—lies the religious question like the toad of the fairy tale under the ailing tree. The problem is far from simple; indeed, most writers betray despair of explaining it at all, and according to the prejudices of the writer many have recourse to arguments that will not bear an instant's examination, such as inherent defects in the people of one island or the other. Of course religion is not the only factor, but its importance is so overwhelming that until it is regarded dispassionately and from the historical point of view the others may be safely neglected. Neither side in the controversy is fair to the other; neither can afford to admit the truth; for some of the finest and most sacred hopes and aspirations are involved on both sides, and admission of fault entails in both cases a criticism of much that is best and most beautiful in modern civilization.

Druidism was of stronger vitality in Gaul and Great Britain than in Ireland. The Keltic peoples who brought Druidism with them in embryo and, when they became to a fair degree civilized and well-to-do, evolved it into an elaborate and bloody ceremonial, into a religion of philosophy for the wise, of secrecy and fear for the unlearned, did not crush the aboriginal tribes of Europe equally in all places. The unlikelihood will be recognized that large armies were needed to overrun the British islands. Especially Ireland, a barren, woody, wet land, inhabited by a Mongoloid race of hunters and fishermen, offered small temptations, and could be easily occupied by tribes not only more warlike but better provided for a pastoral and agricultural life. Hence the weakness of Druidism in Ireland compared with Britain, where we may confidently suppose the earliest inhabitants to have made more resistance and forced the Kelts into a stronger



CONG ABBEY, COUNTY MAYO, BURIAL PLACE OF THE LAST KING OF IRELAND. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

tribal and religious development. Yet the existence of Druidism in Ireland is certain. Too many curious legends, too many names of places and men, attest it. But it found no resistance in Ireland worthy of the name, and may, in a certain sense, be said to have stagnated there. The Shamanistic superstitions of the original inhabitants lived on and exist yet obscurely in the people, notwithstanding the advent of at least three forms of Christianity, in addition to, we may fairly say subversive of, the Keltic Pantheism of the Druids.

Before Druidism disappeared, before the Roman armies left Britain, it is certain that Christianity had already reached Ireland. Even the Druid or the bard,—and indeed the same man was apt to be both,—who considered himself a pagan, must have been affected by the principles underlying the simple, pure form of Christianity that went through civilized Europe on the commercial routes during the first centuries and penetrated the barbarian nations as well as the Romans of the West and the East. Even then Druidism was undermined, but held its own because of rank and caste. In the underfolk, composed of conquered tribes of a Mongoloid stock, Keltic early settlers subjected by later swarms, tribes and septs overthrown in the constant wars and partly enslaved, together with other slaves robbed or bought from Britain, Gaul, Scandinavia, and Spain, the superstitions cultivated must have been too crude to make any opposition to Christianity. Then it was a religion for the oppressed, and seemed to bring heaven to earth when compared with Druidism as that religion showed itself to the lowly. We hardly need the obscure hints that exist concerning early Christians in Gaul and the British Islands, because a religion like this, confined at first to merchants and unimportant folk, must have reached the West by way of the Greek colonies, of which Marseilles was the type. Christianity must have existed in timid protest against Druidism, making converts among the people, and leaving that haughty philosophy, the natural ally and comrade of the clan system, to the great persons. Even at Rome, says the Rev. Mr. Tozer in a recent work, the church was at first Eastern in character, being mainly composed of Greeks or Greek-speaking Jews. "Up to the middle of the third century all the literature of the church was in Greek." The Church of Rome, as we know it, did not exist at all. Only when it became divested of its Oriental character and took on a form suited to the Western peoples did the Catholic Church find the strength to become a propaganda. By ceasing to be orthodox, by becoming in fact a Western sect, it was able to accomplish the wonderful things which stand to its account in history.



CLOISTERS OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

It is an old error to count St. Patrick among

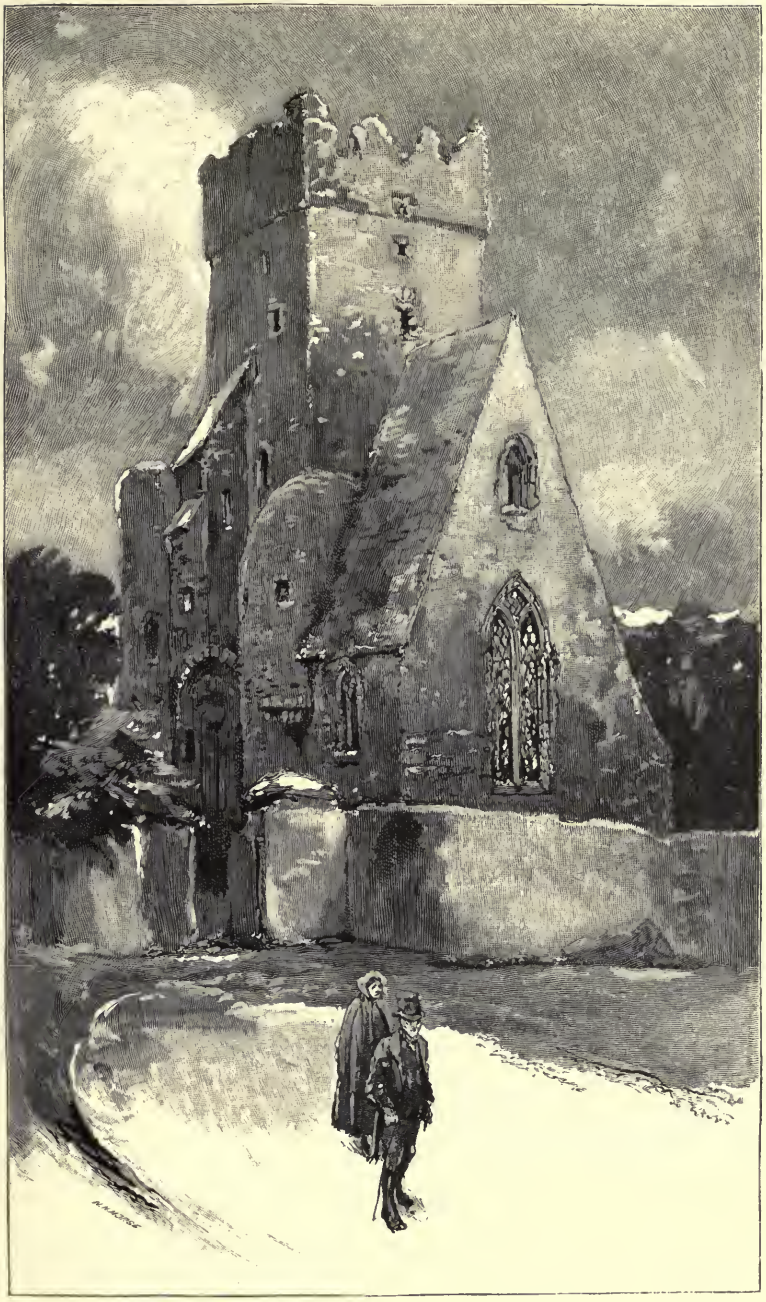


SQUARE NORMAN AND ROUND TOWER, SWORDS ABBEY.

The Age of Christ, 430. The second year of Laogairé. It is in this year that the first Celestinus, the pope, sent Bishop Paladius to Erin to spread the faith among the Erinites, and he took land in the Laigin district, twelve men with him. Nathi, son of Garrco, refused to admit him; but, however, he baptized a few persons in Ireland, and three wooden churches were erected by him, namely: Cell-Fhini, Teach-na-Romain, and Domnach-Arta. To Cell-Fhini he left his books and a shrine, with the relics of Paul and Peter, and many martyrs besides. He left these four in these churches: Augustinus, Benedictus, Sylvester, and Solonius. Paladius, on his returning back to Rome, as he did not receive respect in Ireland, contracted a disease in the country of the Cruitnigh (the Picts of the present Scotland) and died thereof.

It has been suggested that Patrick never existed, and that his legend was founded on these meager achievements of Paladius; but the hypothesis has too many documentary, historical, and legendary evidences against it. There was every reason for the want of success of a bishop coming from Rome where orthodoxy had been discarded for a more enterprising and ambitious form of Christianity. Paladius must have found the upper classes free-thinkers, addicted to Druidical and other heathen vices, to human sacrifices and the black art, to polygamy certainly, and more than probably to occasional acts of cannibalism, such as drinking human blood and tearing the human heart with the teeth. Such things have often co-existed with a high grade of civilization. That Paladius was permitted to build churches shows two important things — one, that the upper classes were contemptuous of the new religion, the other, that Christians were present in Ireland. But they must have been humble folk and of the orthodox Eastern sect. The record of Paladius and his mission reported by the Four Masters has internal evidence of genuineness in its trait of moderation. The churches are wooden. We know that architecture in Ireland was late in affecting stone as a material; but if this record had been forged after the twelfth century, national vanity would surely have made out the material to be stone.

The success of St. Patrick where Rome had the emissaries, missionaries, or nuncios from the see of St. Peter. His conversion of Ireland was an independent act, which may be compared with similar independent conversions of the Bulgarians and other nations to the orthodox or Eastern Church by St. Cyril and St. Methodius four hundred years later. The terms of his confession of faith and his letter to a Welsh brigand who carried off his converts into slavery, two authentic documents, forbid any other view. Rome was indeed in the field to convert Ireland, but failed because the situation was not understood. A few years before the arrival of St. Patrick (A. D. 430) the then pope, Celestinus I., sent Bishop Paladius. Though there is no record of harm done to him by the pagans, but, on the contrary, he was permitted to build churches and leave pastors, yet his reception was so chilling that he left. He never reached Rome, death overtaking him in Pictland, what is now Scotland, North Britain having received that appellation since his day when overrun and conquered by a Keltic return wave out of Scotia or Ireland. Listen to the Annals of the Four Masters:



ST. DOULOUGH'S CHURCH (MOSTLY NORMAN).

failed could hardly have been palatable. The hatred and contempt felt by the Italian ecclesiastics come out in St. Jerome's reference to Celestius the Pelagian as an eater of Irish porridge, *Scoticis pultibus prægravatus* ("gorged with his Irish mush") and by other remarks in the polemics of the day. Two years later another missionary, not accredited from Rome,— an Irish-Scot by residence if not a Scot by birth, a student in Gaul, and a man who distinctly denied that he was learned,— arrived in Ireland and did that which Paladius could not do; so that to-day the Irish Catholics in all parts of the world turn out in procession once a year to honor his memory.

How came it that Patricius succeeded where



ABBEY DORNEY. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Paladius failed? Primarily because he had nothing to do with Rome or Italy. This preserved him from the active jealousy of the upper classes, the kings, chiefs, and Druids, who had good reason to perceive that Rome, having retired her armies from Britain, was now trying to extend her sway by religion. It also conciliated the Christians scattered along the borders of the island, who must have resented the pretensions of the Roman bishops with as much vigor as did the orthodox of the East. But there was another reason for Patrick's success. He addressed himself to the temporal and intellectual leaders, the chiefs, Druids, and "Filés," or poets, because he was a man of genius and saw that only in that way could a community existing on the clan system be converted. Probably he spoke Gaelic from his cradle; very likely he spoke Latin also, for he was born at a station of Roman troops on the west coast of Britain and took a Latin name in place of Succat. From Succat and from Potitus, the name of his father, it is difficult to argue the nationality of his family. We know that Gaulish legions were stationed in Britain and that Syrians and Greeks were also domiciled there, the name "Roman" covering a medley of nations in the fourth century. St. Patrick did only what the bishops of Rome had done in order to succeed—adapted his methods to the nature of the people and the polity that ruled. But he brought ideas that belonged to Alexandria or Byzantium rather than to Rome, and that were soon to rouse hatred and suspicion in that center of Western Christianity. The purer, more subtle, and imaginative religion of the East was in conflict with the crude worldliness of Rome, and it so happened that the remoteness of Ireland kept off for some centuries after St. Patrick a form of Christianity perhaps at bottom better suited to the Irish character than the orthodox. The southern Irish did not accept the Roman Easter until A. D. 633. It was not till A. D. 716 that northern Ireland and the great training school for missionary monks on the island of Iona gave in, while Wales held out until A. D. 768.

The most vivid and complete view of the native ecclesiastics prior to the English settlements in Ireland is that left by a shrewd Norman-Welsh prelate who accompanied the conquerors—the famous Giraldus de Barry Cambrensis. He pitched at once upon a grand distinction between the Irish custom of electing high prelates and that in Europe, namely, that they were chosen from the monasteries among men who had become famous for austerity. This was an Eastern trait remaining in Ireland in the twelfth century. Giraldus scores the monks for ignorance of their duty, yet says:

> It is wonderful, however, that, as the prelates have always been thus slothful in their duties and negligent of the welfare of their people, so many of them have been reputed holy men while on earth and are so devoutly reverenced and worshiped as saints.[1]

He tried to discover the reason for the absence of martyrs among the Irish saints, a fact which very naturally surprised him, but all he got was this sharp thrust from Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel:

> It is true that, although our nation may seem barbarous, uncivilized, and cruel, they have always shown great honor and reverence to their ecclesiastics and never on any occasion raised their hands against God's saints. But there is now come into our land a people who know how to make martyrs and have frequently done it. Henceforth Ireland will have its martyrs as well as other countries.

We have seen why Ireland had no early martyrs, first, because an extremely pure and simple Christianity leavened the people; and

[1] T. Forester's translation.

secondly, because with St. Patrick came a form essentially Oriental, which suited the upper classes and found no organization to resist it. Election of prelates from the monasteries arose in the same way, as well as the sin that seemed so frightful to Cambrensis, that of marrying a deceased brother's wife according to the teaching of the Old Testament. The Irish cross, which is so picturesque and distinguished a form, owes its existence without doubt to the Eastern origin of Irish Christianity, though an ultimate analysis must separate the cross proper into the Christian emblem and the wheel into the pagan. We may regard this cross as a pious effort to conciliate the pagans and Greek Christians. It has a certain superficial resemblance to the Greek cross, which would help in the harmless deception. A fine example of a comparatively late variety is shown in the sketch.

A pagan tradition of a strongly marked character connected with fire-worship lingered in the protection of the Church until an English king reigned who had not religion enough in him to be even a pagan — Henry VIII. This was the famous fire of St. Brigit, which was not allowed to go out, but was kept alight by nineteen nuns who watched alternately. The twentieth night St. Brigit herself kept the fire going with her own spirit hands. The number twenty represents the division of the old heathen year. There are many other indications of the survival of pagan and of Oriental Christian ideas in Ireland, some too coarse to mention, others not sufficiently important for this article.

But a word or two more concerning Patrick.

The three forbidden bloods
Patrick preached therein;
Yoke-oxen and slaying of milch-cows,
Also, by him, the burning of the first-born.

The verses, taken from an old Gaelic poem, attribute to St. Patrick the defense of a farmer against the wild clansman and hunter. It represents him as the patron of the herdsman also, thus softening the manners of the people at large; finally it shows that he struck at the horrible perversion of Druidism, that which must have kept it alive while it had health, but made its extinction sudden when once assailed. We know of too many similar practices among the Phœnicians, early Jews, Mexicans, and other peoples to be surprised any longer at a ritual in Northern Europe which has been denied existence in vain. When we recall how recent are the latest instances of burning human beings at the stake on the plea of religion, and when we survey the record of the various peoples and religions in this respect, it will be difficult to make of the Druids those harmless philosophers merely which many able writers seek to prove them.

Giraldus Cambrensis did not say in the



CROSS AT ROSSTREVOR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE)

twelfth century that Patrick was sent by Rome, and perhaps that fixes approximately the date after which it was thought necessary to give him the Italian stamp of approval. The Four Masters, who reflect many of the pious fictions invented up to the sixteenth century, were undoubtedly in good faith when they accredited him as well as unsuccessful Paladius to the same pope. Their entry concerning his death is full of round numbers. Thus his age is 122 years, his apostolate 60; he ordained 700 bishops and 300 priests. The record of St.

Patrick breathes the acknowledgments of a nation for that genius and those self-abnegating labors which substituted for a hidden religion of cruelty and terror a faith of love and peace open to all men, engaging the upper classes in a course which might hold their subjects and dependents by affection instead of by



STAIR LEADING TO ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.

fear. We may believe that St. Ibar told Patrick "that the Irish never acknowledged the supremacy of a foreigner," but Patrick must have convinced him very speedily that he was as good an Irishman as any.

We can now understand better, perhaps, the obstinacy of the Irish priesthood in their attitude towards Rome before and after the entrance of true feudalism under Henry II. of England. Consider that the old histories ascribed an Oriental, frequently a Greek, origin to mythical heroes and leaders of bands of settlers in Ireland. As Gaul had Greek letters when Cæsar conquered it, so that alphabet came early to Ireland. Easter was Oriental, not Roman; the tonsure of priests was Eastern in shape, not Latin; the liturgy came from Alexandria, the headquarters of the Oriental Christians; Wednesday fasts and infant communion were Greek, not Roman. Village bishops existed in Ireland long after they were discontinued in Italy, and down to the twelfth century priests had wives and concubines. A bishopric might pass from father to son, and did so pass on many occasions, as various annals show. Nor could it well have been otherwise. Giraldus would have been less scandalized at the Irish priesthood had he known how natural was the survival of old forms of Christianity in such a place, had he known the history of his own Church of Britain. Papal letters and papal nuncios inveighed against habits that seemed to the popes who sent them deadly in their sinfulness. The religious structure conforms to the political. When Rome became secondary to Byzantium things were conducted according to Byzantine ideas, and when the Western Empire rose again its church proceeded to forget or to ignore what had been done by earlier popes. Politics gradually made the popes temporal sovereigns, and the discipline of the Church had to be increased in severity. Celibacy made the priesthood an army of unmarried men, without the entanglements of home, devoted solely to the interests of the pope. Far off in the ocean, on an island to themselves, yet numerous enough to have an intellectual life of some vitality, is it surprising that the Irish priesthood had little sympathy with the political designs of the papacy until the Reformation changed the whole situation? Ireland was of old in bad odor with the popes. Henry II. could have had full powers to do what he would with her, no matter who the pope was. The Isle of the Saints reeked with heresy. Prelates dared to consecrate each other without the correct twelfth-century forms as Rome made them. Doubtless they dared to assert an earlier origin than any Italian bishopric, and, what was unpardonable, to prove it. Ireland had to be brought into the fold.

To this ancient and well-grounded coldness of the Irish priesthood towards Rome we may fairly ascribe the small interest they took in excommunications launched by the papal see. On his second visit to Ireland, in 1210, King John was an excommunicated monarch, whose churches in England and Wales had been closed. Yet he found no difficulty in securing Irish allies against the barons in rebellion. It was not forty years after the so-called conquest by Strongbow. Norman destruction of shrines brought out little condemnation. Giraldus bears testimony to the



PROTESTANT CHURCH OF ARMAGH, ON THE SITE OF A CHURCH FOUNDED BY ST. PATRICK.

high morality of the Irish priesthood at the end of the twelfth century, but accuses the prelates of ignorance of their duty as officers of the Church, owing to their education as monks, and charges the lower priesthood with drunkenness. It is a singular witness to the permanence of traits in the island for six hundred years that the virtue noted by Giraldus in the priesthood, morality, should be still their grand virtue to-day, and that the vice, indulgence in drink, should be still the vice that causes the most trouble to the organization. It may be said in palliation that some stimulant is almost a necessity in so damp a climate as that of the British Islands.

The Norman barons had many traits which pleased the native Irish. Their valor and calculated magnificence took the Keltic imagination captive: we know that heads of great families soon became more Irish than the natives, and they boldly withstood the encroachments of foreign priests. At Kilkenny — a picturesque bit of which may be seen in Mr. J. W. Alexander's sketch — one of the Le Poers braved the excommunication of Bishop de Ledrede, a prelate who wished to make capital out of a charge of witchcraft brought by the elder children of a very rich woman, Dame le Kyteler, against their mother. The latter favored a younger child. Le Poer denounced the bishop as a coarse London friar, and when the latter forced his way into the court of justice over which Le Poer presided he bade him stand at the bar. "Begone with your decretals to your church, and preach them there!" exclaimed Le Poer, when the bishop tried to read the decretals issued by the papacy against heretics. Before the parliament at Dublin he said: "If any interloper from England should wander hither with bulls or privileges alleged to have been obtained in the Roman court, we are not bound to obey until they have been certified to us under our king's seal." Le Poer knew the feeling of Irish as well as Normans against the interference of ecclesiastics who took their orders from Rome. He saved Dame le Kyteler from the stake, but the ferocious bishop succeeded in torturing accusations from members of her household, and burned some of them alive. This was in 1324. When Philippe le Bel seized the property of the Templars and tortured and burned the knights, Edward II. of England did the same at his demand. In Ireland, however, the persecution was languid, and there were no burnings. The same king procured an excommunication from Rome against the Nationalists of his day who fought with



ROCK OF CASHEL, MUNSTER.



CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Robert Bruce of Scotland against the Anglo-Norman forces of the Pale. The Irish were Christian after their own way, and neither expected nor received consideration from Rome. In 1395 Richard II. found it impossible to conquer the Irish, and undertook to conciliate the four great chiefs of the period, O'Neil, O'Connor, MacMurragh, and O'Brien. He accomplished at once by kindness what his well-appointed forces could not do. There was a connection by marriage between Edward the Confessor and an Irish king of Munster. "Laying aside the hostile banners of England, quartered with leopards and fleurs-de-lis, he substituted flags bearing a golden cross on an azure ground surrounded by five silver birds, said to have been the arms of his patron saint, Edward the Confessor." What interests us in this connection, however, is the fact that in the indentures given by Richard to his pacified Irish vassals a clause was inserted stipulating that in case of penalties for non-performance said fines should go to the papacy. Papal agents were then in Ireland under Richard's protection. Thus the Roman Church was still struggling for a foothold in Ireland in the fourteenth century. Its legates received compliments and reverence instead of money and political sway.

But if up to the Reformation the Irish were lukewarm Romanists it might be supposed that the suppression of the monasteries would have caused great disorder and hatred of England. There appears to be little reason for such an idea. Politics dragged the religious question into the battle of factions later, and each slaughter envenomed the hatred of the sects. With peculiar fatuousness the ruling powers fancied it cheaper to crush than to conciliate. If

they foresaw that the easy-going Catholics of Ireland who took the pope by no means too seriously would inevitably become ardent Romanists under Protestant attacks, they imagined it possible to destroy them before they could do any harm. The result has been three centuries of barbarous treatment and the alienation of the Irish consequent thereon. It is in this period that the Irish have become tools of the politicians of the Vatican. In one small sketch Mr. Alexander has taken Cashel, the greatest ruin of the Catholic period; in another Armagh, with its Protestant church taking the place of an earlier Catholic structure; a larger cut shows Cormac's Chapel, a part of the ruins on Cashel rock which belongs to the age before the Normans. These are typical spots round which the wars of faction envenomed by religion have raged. For three centuries Ireland was held by a settled garrison of Protestants whose titles to property always bore the suspicion of force and fraud, by a very large floating garrison of soldiers, and by various laws enacted to prevent Catholics from holding places of responsibility and trust. The shameful period gave at last to Ireland her quota of martyrs. The foolish struggle hurt British commerce and injured British statecraft, weakened her power in Europe, and gave opening for a thousand schemes and crimes. Very naturally it has stamped the diplomacy of Englishmen with the mark of failure. It has caused the British Government to curry favor with the Vatican in order to bring pressure on the Irish nation through the papal hierarchy, and thus enable it to force on the Irish the system of government it prefers. To such ignominious methods those politicians have to descend who adhere to the old brutal forms of government by violence.

In the game of diplomacy which the papacy will play, notwithstanding the objections of the Italian nation, little Ireland has always suffered the fate of those who have small offerings to make. A pawn on the chess-board, she is sacrificed at any moment in order to win a bigger piece. To-day that Great Britain is largely democratic and the papacy confined to the precincts of the Vatican, the same old game is going on; Ireland is being "sold out." The old lines show themselves with a difference. On the one side is the people, with their faithful shepherds, the priests; on the other, the papacy, with the prelates obedient to a foreign court. The difference wrought by three centuries of Protestant folly is in favor of the papacy. Not only are the prelates under fair control, but the memory of past wrongs lingers in the people just where it can be reached by unscrupulous agitators. In England and in Protestant Ireland politicians can always appeal to bigotry and defeat measures for the nation which any colony could have for the asking. This is the disheartening part of the situation. Now, as before, the Irish nation lies between the millstones of papal and Protestant tyranny, and at the slightest effort to make a healthy movement one or the other gives it a grind.

The politicians of Great Britain and the interested upper classes of both islands are not in themselves heroic figures; they do not fire the Keltic imagination; they are identified with all that is opposed to progress in a national sense. With aspirations to count for something in the world, and with no prospect of so doing under the present system, their discontent is at least natural. People who are touched by Irish aspirations in neither their pockets nor their pride may even find such impulses admirable. A weak people stagnates. A strong race reacts against circumstances improper to its development, and will not be kept down. To the coarse arguments of bayonets it replies with agitation in favorable times, and at unlucky moments, when the mad-heads cannot be controlled, with explosives, the bullet, and the knife.

What has Christianity done for Ireland? Softened the manners of the people, placed woman on a higher moral sphere though narrowing the field of her activity, and rooted out many dreadful and disgusting habits and rites of paganism. It brought letters and learning, so that for three centuries Ireland was the resort of students and the asylum of learned men. It introduced the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. What have Catholicism and Protestantism together done for Ireland? Confounded all plans for a sensible settlement of difficulties, confused all minds with side issues, introduced the fear of outside interference, roused panics, and caused perpetual irritation. As a return to Christianity is not to be expected on the part of either Catholics or Protestants, the only alternative is the elimination of the clergyman from Irish politics. Only in that way can Catholics and Protestants work together in Ireland without stirring up the musty squabbles of the past.

Charles de Kay.

THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—V.

AS the stage-road climbs eastward out of a certain river-valley there is a bit of wild, broken country at the meeting of two roads which gives the keynote to that biblical suggestion in the scenery of the far West that often impresses the traveler with an historic familiarity. The lower road follows the river, leading to neighboring ranches on its shore; the upper, and less traveled, skirts the base of the hills and leads — anywhere one chooses to fancy: to the fastnesses, it might be, of the five kings of the Amorites.

It is a sad, strange, yet inviting region, suggestive of primitive occupation; and indeed, for many years, it may be said to have been the inheritance of the children of Reuben and Gad. It is "a place for cattle." Whether it was their weary choice to remain here, like their prototypes of Israel, content and unambitious for the fulfillment of the promise, and whether there were subsequent wars with the heathen, we were not curious to discover; it is a place one passes by but remembers afterwards. No doubt the first occupants had their struggles, of one sort or another, before they came into possession, with their wives and little ones and their "very great multitude of cattle," and built them sheepfolds and fenced cities.

We had been reading to the children one evening the story of the conquest of Canaan and had got as far as the battle of Beth-horon, when, in one of those sudden flashes of association by which memory aids the mental vision, we saw that bit of broken country, that lonely road pursuing its way into the hills: the place and the story were one. So looked the pass that goeth up to Beth-horon; so, between sunset and moonrise, looked the valley of Ajalon. Those dark hills to the eastward were the outgoings of the mountain of Ephraim, where Joshua was buried, and Eleazar, in the hill that pertained to Phineas his son.

The presence and company of an unknown landscape wherein one has set up no landmarks, a landscape that has no history set forth in guide-books, that has no haunting place in one's reading, restores us to the attitude of a child towards its first surroundings. Children are too wise to ask questions and so disturb the dream with which they people the places it suits the convenience of their elders they should dwell in. Much is lost by insisting upon contemporary evidence, especially in a land poor in tradition but rich in suggestion, of a vague, large, melancholy sort.

If we ask who is this dark-faced rider hurrying bands of shock-haired ponies down from the hills, we are told it is Packer Nelson, or his brother John, from the horse-ranch up the river. When we go deeper than the fact and enter into the hopes and hardships and scant rewards of a patient, much-enduring people, we are scarcely the happier, but we may be better satisfied with ourselves; for it is a cheap sort of indulgence, dressing real people up in rags of fancy and trite symbolism.

We know that the cowboy is as genuine, and probably as historic, an outgrowth of the western border of the Platte as was the wily Gibeonite of the eastern borders of the Jordan. We accept him; we know he is as interesting in reality as an Amorite or a Hivite chieftain. But we would like to keep our play-names for this solemn, Old World landscape. This hither shore of the river, rich in grass, broken by hills into shelter from the winds, is our land of Gilead; those hills to the eastward, with their strange copper-colored lights at sunset, are the lonely hills of sepulture; the Promised Land lies just beyond the river's twilight gleam, where the mesa steps down by treads ten miles long to the dim, color-washed line of the plain.

* * *





DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE EDICT OF FREEDOM.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

IN his preliminary proclamation of September 22 President Lincoln had announced his intention to urge once more upon Congress his policy of compensated abolishment. Accordingly his annual message of December 1, 1862, was in great part devoted to a discussion of this question. "Without slavery," he premised, "the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery it could not continue." His argument presented anew, with broad prophetic forecast, the folly of disunion, the brilliant destiny of the Republic as a single nation, the safety of building with wise statesmanship upon its coming population and wealth. He stated that by the law of increase shown in the census tables the country might expect to number over two hundred millions of people in less than a century.

> And we will reach this too [he continued] if we do not ourselves relinquish the chance, by the folly and evils of disunion, or by long and exhausting war springing from the only great element of national discord among us. While it cannot be foreseen exactly how much one huge example of secession, breeding lesser ones indefinitely, would retard population, civilization, and prosperity, no one can doubt that the extent of it would be very great and injurious. The proposed emancipation would shorten the war, perpetuate peace, insure this increase of population, and proportionately the wealth of the country. With these we should pay all the emancipation would cost, together with our other debt, easier than we should pay our other debt without it.

He therefore recommended that Congress should propose to the legislatures of the several States a constitutional amendment, consisting of three articles, namely: one providing compensation in bonds for every State which should abolish slavery before the year 1900; another securing freedom to all slaves who during the rebellion had enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of war—also providing compensation to loyal owners; the third authorizing Congress to provide for colonization.

> The plan [continued the message] consisting of these articles is recommended, not but that a restoration of the national authority would be accepted without its adoption. Nor will the war, nor proceedings under the proclamation of September 22, 1862, be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan. Its timely adoption, I doubt not, would bring restoration, and thereby stay both. And, notwithstanding this plan, the recommendation that Congress provide by law for compensating any State which may adopt emancipation before this plan shall have been acted upon is hereby earnestly renewed. Such would be only an advance part of the plan, and the same arguments apply to both. This plan is recommended as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union. . . . The plan is proposed as permanent constitutional law. It cannot become such without the concurrence of, first, two-thirds of Congress, and, afterwards, three-fourths of the States. The requisite three-fourths of the States will necessarily include seven of the slave States. Their concurrence, if obtained, will give assurance of their severally adopting emancipation at no very distant day upon the new constitutional terms. This assurance would end the struggle now and save the Union forever. . . . We can succeed only by concert. It is not, "Can any of us imagine better?" but, "Can we all do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthral ourselves, and then we shall save our country.
>
> Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this Administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance, or insignificance, can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power, and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.[2]

No immediate action followed this patriotic appeal. No indications of reviving unionism were manifested in the distinctively rebel States. No popular expression of a willingness to abandon slavery and accept compensation came from the loyal border-slave States, ex-

[2] Annual Message, December 1, 1862.

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FAC-SIMILE (FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHORS) OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, SHOWN TO THE CABINET IN JULY, 1862. (SEE "THE CENTURY" FOR DECEMBER, 1888, P. 292.)

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes" Approved July 17. 1862, and which act, and the joint Resolution explanatory thereof, are hereunto published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to, and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection, of any and all States which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual ~~adoption~~ abolishment of slavery within such State or States— that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to be maintain, the constitutional relation between the general government, and each, and all the States, wherein that relation

is now suspended, or disturbed; and that, for this object, the war, as it has been, will be, prosecuted. And, as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or states, wherein the Constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to, and maintained, shall then, thenceforward, and forever, be free.

Emancipation Proclamation as first sketched and shown to the Cabinet on July 1862.

INDORSEMENT ON THE DOCUMENT GIVEN ABOVE.

cept, perhaps, in a qualified way from Missouri, where the emancipation sentiment was steadily progressing, though with somewhat convulsive action owing to the quarrel which divided the unionists of that State. Thus the month of December wore away and the day approached when it became necessary for the President to execute the announcement of emancipation made in his preliminary proclamation of September 22. That he was ready at the appointed time is shown by an entry in the diary of Secretary Welles:

> At the meeting to-day [December 30, 1862], the President read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation, invited criticism, and finally directed that copies should be furnished to each. It is a good and well prepared paper, but I suggested that a part of the sentence marked in pencil be omitted. Chase advised that fractional parts of States ought not to be exempted. In this I think he is right, and so stated. Practically there would be difficulty in freeing parts of States and not freeing others—a clashing between central and local authorities.[1]

[1] Unpublished MS.

It will be remembered that when the President proposed emancipation on the 22d of July and again when he announced emancipation on the 22d of September he informed his Cabinet that he had decided the main matter for himself and that he asked their advice only upon subordinate points. In now taking up the subject for the third and final review there was neither doubt nor hesitation in regard to the central policy and act about to be consummated. But there were several important minor questions upon which, as before, he wished the advice of his Cabinet, and it was to present these in concise form for discussion that he wrote his draft and furnished each of them a copy on the 30th of December, as Mr. Welles relates. This draft, omitting its mere routine phraseology and quotations from the former proclamation, continued as follows:

> Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my intention so to do, publicly proclaimed for one hundred days as aforesaid, order and designate as the States and parts of States in which the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the follow-

By the President of the
United States of America
A Proclamation

I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States, and each of the states, and the people thereof, in which states that relation is, or may be suspended, or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave-states, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states, and may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate, or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African with their consent descent upon this continent, or elsewhere, with the necessary Means & Aid of the Government will be continued.

And I Giving the

That on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the executive govern-
including the military and naval authority thereof
ment of the United States, will, ~~during the con-~~
~~tinuance in office of the present incumbent~~, re-
and maintain the freedom of
cognize, such persons, ~~or any of them~~, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state, or the people thereof shall, on that day be, in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the

qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to make an additional Article of War" Approved March 13. 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following.

> *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.* That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States and shall be obeyed and observed as such:
>
> Article —. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.
>
> SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled An Act to suppress Insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," Approved July 17. 1862, and which sections are in the words and figure following.

> SEC 9. *And be it further enacted*. That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on [or] being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.
>
> SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*. That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion nor in any way given aid and comfort therein: and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and orders all persons engaged in the Military and Naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act, and sections above recited.

And the executive will, in due time ~~at the next Session of Congress~~ recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation between the United States, and their respective states, and people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States including the loss of slaves.

In witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

L. S.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty second day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty two, and sixty two, and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty seventh.

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President

William H. Seward,

Secretary of State

INDORSEMENT.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 4, 1864. MY DEAR MRS. BARNES: I have the pleasure of sending you, with the President's permission, the original draft of his September proclamation. The body of it is in his own handwriting, the pencilled additions in the hand of the Secretary of State, and the final beginning and ending in the hand of the chief clerk. Yours very sincerely, F. W. SEWARD.

MRS. EMILY W. BARNES, ALBANY, N. Y.

By the President of the United States of America:

A Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate

as the States and parts of States wherein the peoples thereof respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South-Carolina, North-Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth-city, York, Princess, Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk & Portsmouth; and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and hencefoward shall be free; and that the Executive government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

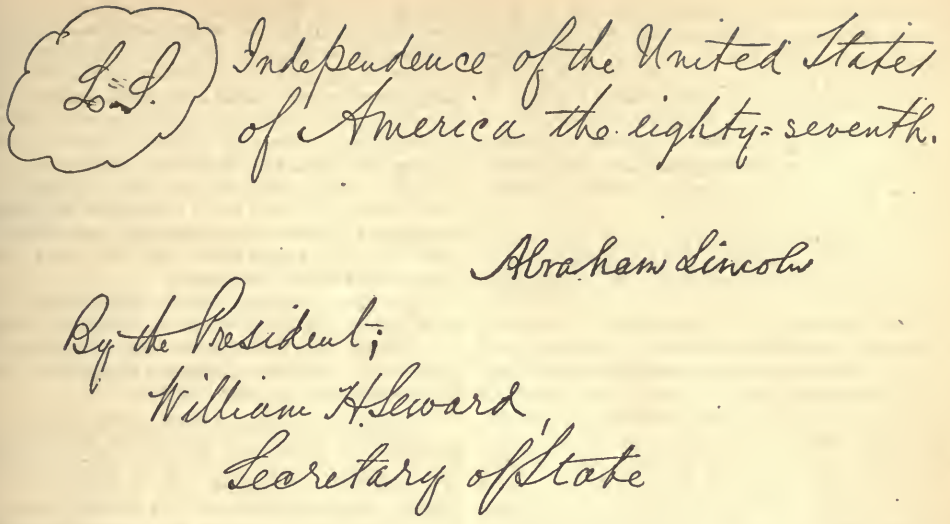
And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the



ing, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the Parishes of

Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order, and declare, that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward forever shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons, and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom. And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder, tumult, and violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages.

And I further declare, and make known, that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison and defend forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.[1]

It will be seen that this draft presented for discussion, in addition to mere verbal criticism, the question of defining the fractional portions of Virginia and Louisiana under Federal control and the yet more important policy, now for the first time announced by the President, of his intention to incorporate a portion of the newly liberated slaves into the armies of the Union.

Mr. Welles's diary for Wednesday, December 31, 1862, thus continues:

We had an early and special Cabinet meeting—convened at 10 A. M. The subject was the proclamation of to-morrow to emancipate the slaves in the rebel States. Seward proposed two amendments. One included mine, and one enjoining upon, instead of appealing to, those emancipated to forbear from tumult. Blair had, like Seward and myself, proposed the omission of a part of a sentence and made other suggestions which I thought improvements. Chase made some good criticisms and proposed a felicitous closing sentence. The President took the suggestions, written in order, and said he would complete the document.[1]

From the manuscript letters and memoranda we glean more fully the modifications of the amendments proposed by the several members of the Cabinet. The changes suggested in Mr. Seward's note were all verbal, and were three in number. *First:* Following the declaration that "the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons," he proposed to omit the further words which had been used in the September proclamation, "and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom." Mr. Welles had suggested the same change. *Secondly:* The next sentence, which read, "And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc., Mr. Seward proposed should read, "And I hereby command and require the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc. *Thirdly:* The phrase, "and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages," he proposed should read, "and I do recommend to them in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for just and reasonable wages."[1]

The criticisms submitted by Mr. Chase were quite long and full, and since they suggested the most distinctive divergence from the President's plan, namely, that of making no exceptions of fractional portions of States, except the forty-eight counties of West Virginia, his letter needs to be quoted in full:

[1] Unpublished MS.

In accordance with your verbal direction of yesterday I most respectfully submit the following observations in respect to the draft of a proclamation designating the States and parts of States within which the proclamation of September 22, 1862, is to take effect according to the terms thereof.

I. It seems to me wisest to make no exceptions of parts of States from the operation of the proclamation other than the forty-eight counties of West Virginia. My reasons are these:.

1. Such exceptions will impair, in the public estimation, the moral effect of the proclamation, and invite censure which it would be well, if possible, to avoid.

2. Such exceptions must necessarily be confined to some few parishes and counties in Louisiana and Virginia, and can have no practically useful effect. Through the operation of various acts of Congress the slaves of disloyal masters in those parts are already enfranchised, and the slaves of loyal masters are practically so. Some of the latter have already commenced paying wages to their laborers, formerly slaves; and it is to be feared that if, by exceptions, slavery is practically reëstablished in favor of some masters, while abolished by law and by the necessary effect of military occupation as to others, very serious inconveniences may arise.

3. No intimation of exceptions of this kind is given in the September proclamation, nor does it appear that any intimations otherwise given have been taken into account by those who have participated in recent elections, or that any exceptions of their particular localities are desired by them.

II. I think it would be expedient to omit from the proposed proclamation the declaration that the Executive Government of the United States will do no act to repress the enfranchised in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. This clause in the September proclamation has been widely quoted as an incitement to servile insurrection. In lieu of it, and for the purpose of shaming these misrepresentations, I think it would be well to insert some such clause as this: "not encouraging or countenancing, however, any disorderly or licentious conduct." If this alteration is made, the appeal to the enslaved may, properly enough, be omitted. It does not appear to be necessary, and may furnish a topic to the evil-disposed for censure and ridicule.

III. I think it absolutely certain that the rebellion can in no way be so certainly, speedily, and economically suppressed as by the organized military force of the loyal population of the insurgent regions, of whatever complexion. In no way can irregular violence and servile insurrection be so surely prevented as by the regular organization and regular military employment of those who might otherwise probably resort to such courses. Such organization is now in successful progress, and the concurrent testimony of all connected with the colored regiments in Louisiana and South Carolina is that they are brave, orderly, and efficient. General Butler declares that without his colored regiments he could not have attempted his recent important movements in the Lafourche region; and General Saxton bears equally explicit testimony to the good credit and efficiency of the colored troops recently sent on an expedition along the coast of Georgia. Considering these facts, it seems to me that it would be best to omit from the proclamation all reference to military employment of the enfranchised population, leaving it to the natural course of things already well begun; or to state distinctly that, in order to secure the suppression of the rebellion without servile insurrection or licentious marauding, such numbers of the population declared free as may be found convenient will be employed in the military and naval service of the United States.

Finally, I respectfully suggest, on an occasion of such interest, there can be no imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before men and before God; and that some such close as follows will be proper:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."[1]

It is not remembered whether Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, was present at the Cabinet meeting, but he appears to have left no written memorandum of his suggestions, if he offered any. Stanton was preëminently a man of action, and the probability is that he agreed to the President's draft without amendment. The Cabinet also lacked one member of being complete. Mr. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, had lately been transferred to the vacant bench of the United States District Court of Indiana, and his successor, Mr. Usher, was not appointed until about a week after the date of which we write.

The unpublished memorandum of Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, proposed a condensation of several of the paragraphs in the President's draft as follows:

I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And, in order that they may render all the aid they are willing to give to this object and to the support of the Government, authority will be given to receive them into the service whenever they can be usefully employed, and they may be armed to garrison forts, to defend positions and stations, and to man vessels. And I appeal to them to show themselves worthy of freedom by fidelity and diligence in the employments which may be given to them, by the observance of order, and by abstaining from all violence not required by duty or for self-defense. It is due to them to say that the conduct of large numbers of these people since the war began justifies confidence in their fidelity and humanity generally.[1]

The unpublished memorandum of Attorney-General Bates is also quite full, and combats the recommendation of Secretary Chase concerning fractions of States.

I respectfully suggest [he wrote] that: 1. The President issue the proclamation "by virtue of the power in him vested as Commander-in-Chief of

[1] MS.

the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion," etc., "and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion."—Date, January, 1863. 2. It is done in accordance with the first proclamation of September 22, 1862. 3. It distinguishes between States and parts of States, and designates those States and parts of States "in which the people thereof, respectively, are this day (January 1, 1863) in rebellion against the United States."

These three propositions being true, I think they ought to be followed out, without excess or diminution, by action, not by the declaration of a principle nor the establishment of a law for the future guidance of others. It is a war measure by the President, —a matter of fact,—not a law by the legislature. And as to what is proposed to be done in the future the least said the better. Better leave yourself free to act in the emergencies as they arise, with as few embarrassing committals as possible. Whether a particular State or part of a State is or is not in actual rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863, is a simple matter of fact which the President in the first proclamation has promised to declare in the record. Of course it must be truly declared. It is no longer open to be determined as a matter of policy or prudence independently of the fact. And this applies with particular force to Virginia. The eastern shore of Virginia and the region round about Norfolk are now (December 31, 1862) more free from actual rebellion than are several of the forty-eight counties spoken of as West Virginia. If the latter be exempt from the proclamation, so also ought the former. And so in all the States that are considered in parts. The last paragraph of the draft I consider wholly useless, and probably injurious—being a needless pledge of future action, which may be quite as well done without as with the pledge.

In rewriting the proclamation for signature Mr. Lincoln in substance followed the suggestions made by the several members of the Cabinet as to mere verbal improvements; but in regard to the two important changes which had been proposed he adhered rigidly to his own draft. He could not consent to the view urged by Secretary Chase, that to omit the exemption of fractional parts of States would have no practical bearing. In his view this would touch the whole underlying theory and legal validity of his act and change its essential character. The second proposition favored by several members of the Cabinet, to omit any declaration of intention to enlist the freedmen in military service, while it was not so vital, yet partook of the same general effect as tending to weaken and discredit his main central act of authority.

Mr. Lincoln took the various manuscript notes and memoranda which his Cabinet advisers brought him on the 31st of December, and during that afternoon and the following morning with his own hand carefully rewrote the entire body of the draft of the proclamation. The blanks left to designate fractional parts of States he filled according to latest official advices of military limits;[1] and in the closing paragraph suggested by Chase he added, after the words "warranted by the Constitution," his own important qualifying correction, "upon military necessity."

It is a custom in the Executive Mansion to hold on New Year's Day an official and public reception, beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, which keeps the President at his post in the Blue Room until 2 in the afternoon. The hour for this reception came before Mr. Lincoln had entirely finished revising the engrossed copy of the proclamation, and he was compelled to hurry away from his office to friendly handshaking and festal greeting with the rapidly arriving official and diplomatic guests. The rigid laws of etiquette held him to this duty for the space of three hours. Had actual necessity required it he could of course have left such mere social occupation at any moment; but the President saw no occasion for precipitancy. On the other hand, he probably deemed it wise that the completion of this momentous executive act should be attended by every circumstance of deliberation. Vast as were its consequences, the act itself was only the simplest and briefest formality. It could in no wise be made sensational or dramatic. Those characteristics attached, if at all, only to the long past decisions and announcements of July 22 and September 22 of the previous year. Those dates had witnessed the mental conflict and the moral victory. No ceremony was attempted or made of this final official signing. The afternoon was well advanced when Mr. Lincoln went back from his New Year's greetings, with his right hand so fatigued that it was an effort to hold the pen. There was no special convocation of the Cabinet or of prominent officials. Those who were in the house came to the executive office merely from the personal impulse of curiosity joined to momentary convenience. His signature was attached to one of the greatest and most beneficent military decrees of history in the presence of less than a dozen persons; after which it was carried to the Department of State to be attested by the great seal and deposited among the official archives.

Since several eminent lawyers have publicly questioned the legal validity of Mr. Lincoln's

[1] The fractional parts of States excepted in the proclamation were as follows: In Louisiana, the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans; in Virginia, the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Edict of Freedom,—as his final Emancipation Proclamation may be properly styled,—it is worth while to gather, if possible, Mr. Lincoln's own conception and explanation of the constitutional and legal bearings of his act. There is little difficulty in arriving at this. His language, embodied in a number of letters and documents, contains such a distinct and logical exposition of the whole process of his thought and action, from the somewhat extreme conservatism of his first inaugural to his great edict of January 1, 1863, and the subsequent policy of its practical enforcement, that we need but arrange them in their obvious sequence.

The proper beginning is to be found in his letter of April 4, 1864, to A. G. Hodges, Esq., of Frankfort, Kentucky. In this he says:

I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter.

The question of legal and constitutional validity he discusses briefly, but conclusively, in his letter of August 26, 1863, to James C. Conkling, of Springfield, Illinois. In this, addressing himself to his critics, he says:

You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that, by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies the world over destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it; and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy.

Admitting the general principle of international law, of the right of a belligerent to appropriate or destroy enemies' property, there came next the question of how his military decree of enfranchisement was practically to be applied.

This point, though not fully discussed, is sufficiently indicated in several extracts. In the draft of a letter to Charles D. Robinson he wrote, August 17, 1864:

The way these measures were to help the cause was not by magic or miracles, but by inducing the colored people to come bodily over from the rebel side to ours.[1]

And in his letter to James C. Conkling of August 26, 1863, he says:

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

The actual tangible military result which he declares was his constitutional and legal warrant for his edict of military emancipation is set forth in the following extracts. Whether we judge it by the narrow technical rules of applied jurisprudence, or by the broader principles of the legal philosophy of Christian nations, it forms equally his complete vindication. In the draft of a letter to Isaac M. Schermerhorn he wrote, September 12, 1864:

Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty

[1] Unpublished MS.

or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horse-power and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it.[1]

And in the one already quoted, to Robinson, August 17, 1864:

Drive back to the support of the rebellion the physical force which the colored people now give and promise us, and neither the present nor any coming Administration can save the Union. Take from us and give to the enemy the hundred and thirty, forty, or fifty thousand colored persons now serving as soldiers, seamen, and laborers and we cannot longer maintain the contest.

So also in an interview with John T. Mills he said:

But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion. Freedom has given 200,000 men, raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy. . . . Let my enemies prove to the contrary that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.

We might stop here and assume that President Lincoln's argument is complete. But he was by nature so singularly frank and conscientious, and by mental constitution so unavoidably logical, that he could not, if he had desired, do things or even seem to do them by indirection or subterfuge. This, the most weighty of his responsibilities and the most difficult of his trials, he could not permit to rest upon doubt or misconstruction. In addition to what we have already quoted he has left us a naked and final restatement of the main question, with the unequivocal answer of his motive and conviction. It has been shown above how Mr. Chase, in the discussions of the final phraseology of the January proclamation, urged him to omit his former exemptions of certain fractional parts of insurrectionary States. Despite the President's adverse decision, Mr. Chase continued from time to time to urge this measure during the year 1863. To these requests the President finally replied as follows on the 2d of September:

Knowing your great anxiety that the Emancipation Proclamation shall now be applied to certain parts of Virginia and Louisiana which were exempted from it last January, I state briefly what appear to me to be difficulties in the way of such a step. The original proclamation has no constitutional or legal justification, except as a military measure. The exemptions were made because the military necessity did not apply to the exempted localities. Nor does that necessity apply to them now any more than it did then. If I take the step must I not do so without the argument of military necessity, and so without any argument except the one that I think the measure politically expedient and morally right? Would I not thus give up all footing upon Constitution or law? Would I not thus be in the boundless field of absolutism? Could this pass unnoticed or unresisted? Could it fail to be perceived, that without any further stretch I might do the same in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and even change any law in any State?[1]

In these extracts we have the President's outline explanation of the legal validity of the proclamation. Like all his reasoning, it is simple and strong, resting its authority on the powers of war and its justification upon military necessity. As to the minor subtleties of interpretation or comment which it might provoke from lawyers or judges after the war should be ended, we may infer that he had his opinions, but that they did not enter into his motives of action. On subsequent occasions, while continuing to declare his belief that the proclamation was valid in law, he nevertheless frankly admitted that what the courts might ultimately decide was beyond his knowledge as well as beyond his control.

For the moment he was dealing with two mighty forces of national destiny, civil war and public opinion; forces which paid little heed to theories of public, constitutional, or international law where they contravened their will and power. In fact it was the impotence of legislative machinery, and the insufficiency of legal dicta to govern or terminate the conflicts of public opinion on this identical question of slavery, which brought on civil strife. In the South slavery had taken up arms to assert its nationality and perpetuity; in the North freedom had risen first in mere defensive resistance, then the varying fortunes of war had rendered the combat implacable and mortal. It was not from the moldering volumes of ancient precedents, but from the issues of the present wager of battle, that future judges of courts would draw their doctrines to interpret to posterity whether the Edict of Freedom was void or valid.

When in the preceding July the crisis of the McClellan campaign had come upon the President he had written his well-considered resolve: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me." Grand as was the historical act of signing his decree of liberation, it was but an incident in the grander contest he was commissioned and resolved to maintain. That was an issue, not alone of the bondage of a race, but of the life of a nation, a principle of government, a question of primary human right.

Was this act, this step, this incident in the

[1] Unpublished MS.

contest, wise or unwise? Would it bring success or failure? Would it fill the army, weaken the enemy, inspirit the country, unite public opinion? These, we may assume, and not a lawyer's criticisms of phrase or text, dictum or precedent, were the queries which filled his mind when he wrote his name at the bottom of the famous document. If the rebellion should triumph, establishing a government founded on slavery as its corner-stone, manifestly his proclamation would be but waste paper, though every court in Christendom outside the Confederate States should assert its official authority. If, on the other hand, the Union arms were victorious, every step of that victory would become clothed with the mantle of law. But if, in addition, it should turn out that the Union arms had been rendered victorious through the help of the negro soldiers, called to the field by the promise of freedom contained in the proclamation, then the decree and its promise might rest secure in the certainty of legal execution and fulfillment. To restore the Union by the help of black soldiers under pledge of liberty, and then, for the Union, under whatever legal doctrine or construction, to attempt to reënslave them, would be a wrong at which morality would revolt. "You cannot," said Mr. Lincoln in one of his early speeches, "repeal human nature."

The problem of statesmanship therefore was not one of theory, but of practice. Fame is due Mr. Lincoln, not alone because he decreed emancipation, but because events so shaped themselves under his guidance as to render the conception practical and the decree successful. Among the agencies he employed none proved more admirable or more powerful than this two-edged sword of the final proclamation, blending sentiment with force, leaguing liberty with Union, filling the voting armies at home and the fighting armies in the field. In the light of history we can see that by this edict Mr. Lincoln gave slavery its vital thrust, its mortal wound. It was the word of decision, the judgment without appeal, the sentence of doom.

But for the execution of the sentence, for the accomplishment of this result, he had yet many weary months to hope and to wait. Of its slow and tantalizing fruition, of the gradual dawning of that full day of promise, we cannot get a better description than that in his own words in his annual message to Congress nearly a year after the proclamation was signed:

> When Congress assembled a year ago the war had already lasted nearly twenty months, and there had been many conflicts on both land and sea, with varying results. The rebellion had been pressed back into reduced limits; yet the tone of public feeling and opinion, at home and abroad, was not satisfactory. With other signs, the popular elections, then just past, indicated uneasiness among ourselves; while amid much that was cold and menacing the kindest words coming from Europe were uttered in accents of pity that we were too blind to surrender a hopeless cause. Our commerce was suffering greatly by a few armed vessels built upon and furnished from foreign shores, and we were threatened with such additions from the same quarter as would sweep our trade from the sea and raise our blockade. We had failed to elicit from European governments anything hopeful upon this subject. The preliminary emancipation proclamation, issued in September, was running its assigned period to the beginning of the new year. A month later the final proclamation came, including the announcement that colored men of suitable condition would be received into the war service. The policy of emancipation and of employing black soldiers gave to the future a new aspect, about which hope and fear and doubt contended in uncertain conflict. According to our political system, as a matter of civil administration the General Government had no lawful power to effect emancipation in any State, and for a long time it had been hoped that the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it as a military measure. It was all the while deemed possible that the necessity for it might come, and that if it should the crisis of the contest would then be presented. It came, and, as was anticipated, it was followed by dark and doubtful days. Eleven months having now passed we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed still further back, and by the complete opening of the Mississippi the country dominated by the rebellion is divided into distinct parts, with no practical communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each, owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the rebellion, now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of those States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation, Maryland and Missouri, neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new Territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits.
>
> Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks; thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection or tendency to violence or cruelty has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks. These measures have been much discussed in foreign countries, and contemporary with such discussion the tone of public sentiment there is much improved. At home the same measures have been fully discussed, supported, criticised, and denounced, and the annual elections following are highly encouraging to those whose official duty it is to bear the country through this great trial. Thus we have the new reckoning. The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past.[1]

[1] Annual Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.

DURING the past six years the attention of mariners has been called to the value of oil for stilling waves by the publicity given to the experiments made by Mr. John Shields in Great Britain and by the published reports in the monthly "Pilot Charts" issued by Commander J. R. Bartlett, United States Navy, Chief of the United States Hydrographic Office, Navy Department.

Lack of faith in its efficiency has been the chief obstacle to its universal adoption. Many accounts of the use of oil, together with descriptions of appliances for facilitating its distribution on the stormy seas, have been published in different countries, and every effort to disseminate information will deserve the lasting gratitude of all mariners. Ocular demonstration seems to be necessary to convince unbelievers that the simple use of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas is always advantageous, and often absolutely necessary for those in peril on the sea.

I purpose to consider the subject under two general heads, viz., "What is known of the use of oil to still the waves" and "What remains to be ascertained and done to make the use of oil universal."

In the first place this use of oil is clearly susceptible of scientific proof, and a brief notice of the nature of waves will assist in making it evident.

Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, United States Navy, in a paper before the Franklin Institute states:

> Dr. Benjamin Franklin made many experiments and left his views on record regarding the great utility of oil for this purpose, and gave a scientific explanation of the manner in which the oil acted. The molecules of water move with freedom and the friction of air in motion produces undulations. These increase in size proportionately to the depth of water, the distance they can proceed to leeward, the strength of the wind and the time it acts. The limit of height is about forty feet. A heavy swell is often the precursor of a storm. It may be perfectly calm when this swell reaches a vessel; it is simply a long, high undulation, started by the storm and traversing the ocean in advance of it. Off the coast of California tremendous swells are experienced, made by westerly winds across the immense stretch of the Pacific Ocean. These swells are as high as most storm waves, but can be safely ridden in an open boat. If a sudden gale spring up, like the "northers" in the Gulf of Mexico, these harmless swells become raging seas.

The friction of the wind, rapidly moving upon the exposed slope of the swell, produces little irregularities on the surface. These wavelets are then driven up the rear slope of the swell to its summit, while the forward slope has more and more protection from the wind and becomes steeper and steeper by its inertia. A sand dune within the trade-wind regions is a storm wave in permanent form—a long windward slope and an abrupt leeward face.

As the wind continues to blow, the crest of the storm wave constantly sharpens, and finally the crest is thrown over down in front with a force proportionate to its height and speed. When this storm wave meets a ship, she cannot rise up its abrupt front, but checks the progress of the base of the wave, the crest of which is thrown up and falls on the ship with tremendous violence, filling her deck and sweeping away men, boats, and everything movable. The storm wave is perhaps no higher than the heavy swell and chiefly differs in shape.

Oil changes the storm wave into the heavy swell. Its specific gravity causes it to float on the surface; it spreads rapidly and forms a film like an extremely thin rubber blanket over the water. Its viscosity and lubricant nature are such that the friction of the wind is insufficient to tear the film and send individual wavelets to the crest, and while the force of the wind may increase the speed of the wave in mass, it is as a heavy swell and not in shape of a storm wave. The effect is purely a mechanical change in the shape of the wave, and there is no evidence of any chemical action by the oil on the water.

This explanation is generally accepted as the true theory and needs no argument to support it.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.

THE use of oil in calming troubled waters was evidently known to the ancients, as Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny refer to it. The divers in the Mediterranean still use it as described by Pliny—"taking oil in their mouths and ejecting a little at a time to quiet the surface and permit rays of light to reach them." Fishermen who spear fish pour oil on the water to calm it and enable them clearly to see the fish. Scotch and Norwegian fishermen have known this use of oil for centuries, and in crossing a bar or in landing through surf they press the livers of the fish until the oil exudes and then throw them ahead of their boats. Lisbon fishermen carry oil to use in crossing the bar of the Tagus in rough weather.

Whalers have used oil and blubber in severe storms for the last two centuries; they usually hang large pieces of blubber on each quarter when running before a heavy sea, to prevent

water coming on board. Besides these, recent experience has given definite knowledge concerning the quantity and kind of oil, methods of distribution, and circumstances when most efficacious.

The captains of vessels have been induced to report their experience with the use of oil to the United States Hydrographic Office, and out of 225 of these reports the kind of oil used is mentioned in 155 cases, viz.: Linseed oil, 48; fish oil, 31; lard oil, 12; pine oil, 10; crude petroleum, 9; colza oil, 8; sperm oil, 6; varnish, 5; linseed oil with petroleum, 5; paraffine, 3; fish oil with petroleum, 3; neat's-foot oil, 2; olive oil, 2; cocoanut oil, 1; tea oil, 1; and refined petroleum, 9.

In all these cases the oil proved to be efficient except the refined petroleum, which is reported to have been efficacious twice but of no benefit whatever in seven other cases. The thick and heavy oils are the best, and mineral oils are not so efficient. In cold weather, when soft oils are liable to thicken, it is advisable to mix with mineral oils.

The quantity of oil necessary is about two quarts per hour, according to the reports received. Vice-Admiral Cloué of the French navy states that the amount of oil used is mentioned in 30 reports out of 200 which he has examined: 17 vessels expended 1.61 quarts per hour when running before the storm, 11 used 2.37 quarts when lying to, and 2 life-boats used 2.42 quarts per hour. This is an average of two quarts of oil per hour.

The thickness of this film of oil may be readily calculated. A vessel running before the wind at 10 knots' speed has used two quarts of oil per hour, and the oil covered a surface 30 feet wide and 10 sea miles long. The volume of two quarts of oil is about 122 cubic inches, which, divided by the number of square inches to be oiled,— 10 miles long and 30 feet wide, or 25,920,000 square inches,— gives .0000047 of an inch as the thickness of the film of oil. This figure is inconceivable, but represents the actual dimension of the blanket of oil on the sea.

The manner in which oil has been successfully used to still the waves varies. Canvas bags filled with oakum saturated with oil and having small holes punctured with sail-needles were used on 101 occasions, when these bags were simply towed by the vessels. In twenty-five cases the oil was allowed to drip from water-closet pipes, the bowls of which were filled with oakum. In three vessels the oil was simply poured down through the deck scuppers. In three vessels it was dropped overboard slowly, while running before the wind. Cans of paint oil, uncorked and inverted, were used on two occasions, and on five attempts to land in boats through surf, uncorked bottles full of oil were thrown into the breakers with some benefit. The reports of the successful use of oil are much more numerous, but these enumerated are the only ones published which distinctly describe the means used to apply the oil.

The captain of the steamer *Wandrahm* reports that on a voyage from New York to Antwerp, 18th to 22d January, 1885, between 45° N. 53° W. and 47° N. 30° W., he encountered a gale veering from S. E. to S. and W., which culminated in a hurricane from N. W. for fourteen hours. During the last thirty-six hours a frightful sea was raised, which began to break over the stern, although the vessel was making eleven knots before the wind. At intervals of four hours it was observed that the water aft became remarkably smooth as if covered by some oily substance. On looking over the side some oily water was seen discharged by the bilge-pumps, which were working in the hold, where five hundred barrels of lubricating oil were stowed. There was then no doubt that this cargo was slightly leaking. The effect on the breaking seas was wonderful, and this accidental demonstration convinced all of the efficacy of oil to still the waves. The bilge-pumps were kept at work, and the frightful sea became a harmless swell where the oil was applied.

In about five hundred reports examined oil has been applied by dripping from bags, cans, pipes, and chutes in all parts of the ship, but in the majority of cases the best results were obtained by having the oil-distributer forward.

Among the recent reports to the Hydrographic Office oil has been successfully used to still the waves by 82 steamers, 21 ships, 28 barks, 6 barkentines, 11 brigs, and 20 schooners; and while all of these used it with great benefit, the captains of 28 state that without the use of the oil their vessels would have been lost.

There are many authentic reports of the use of oil by boats to facilitate the rescue of the passengers and crews of wrecks, in some of which it would have been impossible for the boats to get near the wreck without the use of oil.

Captain Amlot of the steamer *Barrowmore* reports that on the 24th January, 1885, in 51° N. and 21° W., he went to rescue the crew of the sinking ship *Kirkwood*. The sea was very heavy, but around the wreck it was quite smooth. He then saw that the crew of the *Kirkwood* had broken out the cargo of canned salmon and were pouring the oil on the sea from the cans. The oiled sea enabled his boat to go to the wreck and take off the crew of twenty-six men.

The captain of the ship *Martha Cobb*, loaded with petroleum, fell in with a sinking vessel during a heavy gale in the North Atlantic in December, 1886. The signal made stated the

vessel was sinking and that all her boats had been stove. The *Martha Cobb* had lost her large boats, her bulwarks washed out, and decks swept in the same storm; the only boat left was a small sixteen-foot dingey, which could not possibly live in the sea that was then running. The captain says he was puzzled and lay by for some hours hoping that the gale would moderate; but as there was no appearance of better weather and night coming on, he decided to make an attempt to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel. The *Martha Cobb* had a cargo of petroleum, some of which leaked, and the captain had noticed that the sea in the wake of the ship was much smoother when the pumps were worked.

He signaled to the other vessel to haul by the wind while he luffed to get to windward, and at the same time started the pumps; but the ship drifted faster than the oil, and while the oil made the sea comparatively smooth to windward, it did not cover the sea to leeward. He then ran down across the other vessel's stern, hauled up close under her lee, and started the pumps again; at the same time also he emptied a five-gallon can of fish oil down the scuppers. The effect was magical. In twenty minutes the sea between and around the vessels was broken down. The long heavy swell remained, but the combers and breaking seas were all gone. The little dingey with three men had no difficulty in pulling to windward, and the crew were saved. The boat was deeply loaded and did not ship any water, although the sea was breaking fiercely outside of the "charmed" space in which the vessels lay on oiled seas.

In June, 1885, the British ship *Slivemore* took fire and had to be abandoned when eight hundred miles north-east of the Seychelle Islands, Indian Ocean. The people took to the boats and made for Seychelle Islands. The third day after leaving the vessel a cyclone came up, and no one believed that the boats would live through it. Before they left the ship the boats had been supplied with oil for just such an emergency. Each boat got out a drag made of spars and oars lashed together, for what is known as a sea-anchor. Oakum saturated with paraffine was stuffed in long stockings hung over the bows of the boats. Before the oil was used the boats had been several times nearly filled with water and the occupants had to bail for their lives; but when oil was applied no further trouble was experienced. An oil-slick formed around the boats, which rode in perfect safety on tremendous swells which took the place of the previously breaking seas. Little if any water came over the sides of the boats, and the occupants could lie down and sleep. The boats eventually reached the islands, but every soul would have perished except for the forethought of Captain Conby, the captain of the *Slivemore*.

Mr. John Shields of England has demonstrated the value of the application of oil to quiet the waves at harbor entrances, by a long series of careful experiments at his own expense. Indeed he, more than any one else, is entitled to the credit of bringing into prominence this most valuable aid to navigation.

Many years ago Mr. Shields had noticed the effect of a few drops of oil spilled on a pond, after which he experimented on a brook in the bottom of which he laid pipes containing oil, in order to study the effect when calm and when troubled. He then experimented at Peterhead, and by simply throwing uncorked bottles of oil overboard from a tug he produced an oily swell at the harbor entrance, where the seas had been rolling in with tremendous violence, making it impossible for vessels to enter. This success encouraged him to devise a permanent apparatus to oil the seas at the dangerous parts of the harbor entrance. A model of his apparatus was exhibited at the great International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883, for which he received a medal. This apparatus consists of pipes with valves laid on the bottom and connected with a shore station containing oil-tanks and force-pump. The apparatus used at Aberdeen consists of a lead pipe 460 feet long laid on the bottom across the harbor mouth just inside of the bar. At one end, and at intervals of seventy feet, there are conical brass valves resting on flat iron sole-plates to be retained in vertical position twelve inches above the pipe, in order to prevent the mud from choking the valves. The other end of the pipe connects with an iron pipe leading from the station on shore where the tanks and pumps are placed.

The London Board of Trade had this apparatus tested during one of the most violent storms experienced in that stormy vicinity on December 3, 4, and 5, 1882. At 10 A. M., December 4, the sea both inside and outside of the harbor was a seething mass of broken water, and the waves made a clear break over the southern breakwater. The lighthouse at the end of this breakwater is eighty feet high, and it was almost covered by the spray.

The pumps were started, and after a few strokes smooth spots were seen, which soon formed a large mass of oiled surface, with smooth swell, while all around the sea broke furiously. The pumps were worked for three hours, and they expended 175 gallons of oil of different kinds: 70 gallons of seal oil, 40 of mineral oil, and 65 of colza.

The tide carried the oiled mass around the breakwater and out to sea, so that the mid-channel was smooth only when the pumps

were working. The next day the wind changed and blew into the harbor; this gave a more favorable set to the currents and better effect by having the oiled surface coincident with the course of the ship-channel. The official report to the London Board of Trade by its agent highly indorsed all that Mr. Shields claimed for his apparatus.

At Peterhead in January, 1883, the pipe was twelve hundred feet long across the harbor entrance, and there was some trouble in keeping the pipe anchored on the bottom. During a violent gale when the signal was made, "Too dangerous to enter," the oil was started, and its effect was wonderful: an oiled lane with smooth rollers stretched along the surface and permitted a tug with a vessel in tow to enter, and several vessels went out, which they would not have been able to do without the use of oil.

At Folkestone, England, Mr. Shields's apparatus consisted of three casks of oil with hand-pumps, connected with two lead pipes 1¼ inches in diameter extending along the bottom to a distance of 2950 feet; vertical sections of pipe fitted with valves and mud-caps were soldered at intervals of 100 feet along the main pipes. During a heavy gale the oil was forced by the pumps, each worked by one man, and in a very short time a broad glossy strip of water formed in the channel in which the life-boat, though tossed by the rollers, which no longer broke, rode in safety without taking in a drop of water. Outside of this strip the seas broke heavily. One hundred and nineteen gallons of oil were used in this experiment, most of which remained in the pipe for future use, and only a few gallons served to oil the sea.

Mr. Gordon, an associate of Mr. Shields, has invented a shell, filled with oil, to be fired from a mortar and arranged by a fuse to explode on striking the water and free its contents to oil the sea. This was also successfully used at Folkestone.

The British Government refused to conduct a series of experiments to test the inventions of Messrs. Shields and Gordon. In the House of Lords, Lord Sudeley observed that a great quantity of oil would have to be used, considerable expense incurred in laying pipes outside the proposed harbor of refuge and keeping them in repair, and that the various currents might often carry away the oil film before it could be utilized.

There are a number of reports from harbor masters and ship captains who have advantageously used oil to permit safe landing by boats through the surf on the beach, but the effect of the oil is not so decided as when used in deep water.

In order to illustrate the circumstances under which oil has been used advantageously, a few reports of captains of vessels will be of interest.

Oil Used by Steamers Running Before Gales.

Captain Henderson of the steamer *Napier*, from Baltimore to Cork, encountered a hurricane 26th January, 1885, in 37° N. 50° W. The wind was from the north-west, with a tremendous sea. One sea, larger than the others, pooped the ship, carried away companion, etc., and flooded the deck fore and aft. He intended to "heave the ship to" (lie head to the wind), but happening to think of the effect of oil, he took two canvas bags, punched holes in them with sail-needles, and put two gallons of oil in each. He then towed the bags in the water by lanyards from the fore-rigging. In this position they were swept on board by the sea. He then hung the bags twelve feet on each side of the stem just awash, in which position they served admirably. The oil kept the sea smooth to a width of twenty feet on each side, while it spread out like a fan astern. Huge breaking seas approached from astern to within sixty or seventy feet of the vessel, when, meeting the oil, they subsided, and the vessel felt only a heavy swell. He ran this way for three days and nights and not a drop of water came on board. He used lamp oil, and when that supply ran short used paint oil with equally good effect. He expended about three quarts an hour.

He left Baltimore in company with seven other steamers, two of which foundered and the others were three or more days longer in arriving, as they "hove to," while the oil allowed him to run in safety. He says that he believes the use of the oil saved his vessel from foundering, for in such a tremendous sea it is a question whether in bringing her up by the wind, or subsequently, had he succeeded, she would not have been boarded by the sea and sunk.

Captain E. E. Thomas of the steamer *Chillingham* reports that in March, 1883, when going from Philadelphia to Queenstown, he encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. For forty-eight hours he ran before the gale, shipped very heavy seas, and had the decks continually full of water fore and aft. He filled two bags with oil and hung them from the rings of the anchors on each side. The effect was noticed in a few moments: no seas broke in the wake of the ship, while outside of her wake they were breaking in every direction. Before the oil was used none of the crew dared go aft to heave the log, for fear of being washed overboard. After using the oil no heavy seas were shipped. He put about a quart of colza oil in each bag every four hours.

Mr. Kenneth Doyle, master of the Furness Line steamer *Stockholm City*, reports:

On 28th November, 1885, I left Boston for London, deep with general cargo, and cattle and sheep on the upper deck. At 8:30 P. M., December 4, we were caught in a heavy storm from W. N. W., barometer 29.20. The first hour of the storm no canvas could stand it. In latitude 44° 38′ N., and longitude 48° 28′ W., ship running under bare poles, the sea was then so high and dangerous I resolved to try the use of oil, having had it brought to my notice by information on the United States monthly pilot charts. I got two gunny-bags and a good wad of oakum wrung out in paint oil and hung over each quarter, just dipping in the water; also one over the scuppers in the midships. At 10 P. M. I got the lower topsail set, and continued to run until noon next day. By the racing of the engines my engineer reported to me that he could not run much longer, as the packing of the gland of the high-pressure engine was all worn out. I then got two more [bags] farther forward, with a hand in each water-closet forward, dropping oil through. By this means she kept steady on her course, engines stopped and sailing six knots, while the engineer did his work comfortably. I landed the whole of my cattle alive at Deptford, and never broke any of the cattle-pens.

As the immediate result of Captain Doyle's experience the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company issued instructions for all "cattle-boats" from New York and other ports to carry oil and oil-bags for use in violent storms.

There are thirty-two similar reports of the use of oil by steamers running before the wind, and in every case the effect was highly beneficial, while many were undoubtedly saved from foundering by its use.

Oil Used by Steamers Hove To.

In violent storms it often happens that steamers cannot make any headway against the wind and seas, and it becomes necessary to lie to and steam slowly, just sufficient to keep steerage-way. A high sea will cause a steamer to pitch deeply, and while her stern is out of water the propeller will race violently, and if continued break down the strongest engines. The breaking seas come on board with tremendous violence unless the speed is reduced to allow the ship to ride gently up over the seas she encounters, and storm-sails are used to assist with this object.

The following reports show the advantage of using oil in this case:

Captain Tregarthen, steamer *Marmanheuse*, reports that off Hatteras on 2d March, 1886, he encountered a hurricane from north-west. A tremendous sea was running and seas came on board and did great damage. The vessel was lying to but very unsteady, and would not steer though steaming slowly. He could not keep her head to the sea. He then had the bowls of the water-closets filled with oakum, over which paint oil was poured to drip through. He also filled a bag with oakum saturated with oil and towed it by a line from the weather cat-head, so that the bag drifted ten to twenty feet to windward of the ship. The oil acted at once. The vessel rode easily, he had no more difficulty in keeping her head to the sea, and no water came on board, as the sea was without combers for thirty yards to windward of the ship when the oil had spread. He could have lowered a boat with safety. He says:

I feel no hesitancy in stating that with proper use of oil I will be willing to encounter the hardest gale that ever blew, and intend on the first occasion to stop the engines, place several bags to windward, and let the vessel drift, feeling sure that she will be as safe and comfortable as possible.

Captain McKnight of the Atlas Company's steamer *Claribel* reports using oil when hove to in a gale in the Gulf Stream, 29th April, 1886. The ship had been laboring much during the night when hove to, and large quantities of water came on board. He poured three and a half gallons of mineral sperm oil (the only kind he had) into a bag stuffed with oakum, which he stabbed in eight places with a small pen-knife, and then threw it overboard with a line attached. The effect was magical; in a minute a film of oil appeared to spread out, and as the steamer forged ahead the belt of oil extended along the weather side in the waist, where much water had been coming on board. Very little water was shipped after the oil was used; but if he had had fish oil the effect would have been better, though the mineral oil was beneficial.

Captain Bakkar of the steamer *W. A. Scholten* (since lost in collision) reports:

March 6, 1887, had a very heavy gale from N. N. E. to N. N. W. blowing in squalls of hurricane force. Could not keep the vessel to the wind: a tremendous sea running caused the steamer to fall off and bring the sea abeam. Having lost sails, etc., was compelled to heave to. At midnight, while lying to, shipped a very large sea which carried away starboard life-boat and nearly washed the officers and helmsman off the bridge. Stationed hands at the forward and after water-closets, filled the bowls with oakum, and poured on oil. Had the engineer to use oil copiously, which oil was pumped overboard from the bilges. Was hove to for 20 hours and used linseed oil continuously for 22 hours, expending in all about 22 gallons. No seas broke on board after commencing to use oil.

There are twenty-two similar reports, and the efficacy of the use of oil when lying to has been thoroughly demonstrated.

Oil Used when Steaming Head to Sea.

THE majority of those who have used oil claim that it can be of no use in this case, because if applied the steamer will steam ahead out of the oiled surface and derive no benefit from its use. In over four hundred reports I can only find two which claim success, while there are many which report failure.

Mr. T. A. Creagan, master mariner, of Glasgow, wrote on 1st March, 1882, as follows:

Some months ago I encountered a very heavy gale when crossing the Bay of Biscay, during which several steamers were lost. My ship was steaming head to sea, and making very little progress; and the sea, which was from the south-west, was breaking on board abaft the bridge, occasionally with great violence. I had two canvas bags made of conical shape, having the pointed ends punctured with small holes. A quart of common lamp oil was put in each bag, the mouths of which were then tightly tied up to prevent the oil escaping. The bags were then hung one over each bow with sufficient line to let them tow without jumping. After the oil commenced to flow through the punctured holes freely scarcely a sea came on board; each wave as it reached the oil ceased to curl, and, undulated, passed the ship without a break.

Captain McLean of the English steamer *Concordia* (date not given) reports:

On the passage from Glasgow to Halifax had very heavy weather from the westward, attended with very high, confused seas, which swept the decks and did considerable damage. Placed two oil-bags, filled with linseed oil, over the bows. The effect was very satisfactory; but as the ship was running into the sea, the bags were thrown back on deck, which greatly affected the result. Again, the linseed oil thickened rapidly (the weather was quite cold) and would not spread as rapidly as desired. But under these disadvantages the effect was very remarkable, as no sea of any consequence boarded the ship while the oil was being used. Had the ship been going slow, the oil would have had more effect; but she was running at a speed of ten knots.

Steamer Hove To and Riding to Patent Drag.

ON 10th October, 1886, Captain Krogsgard of the steamer *Lucy P. Miller* encountered the tropical cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico. The steamer must have been quite close to the center of the cyclone. The log states:

At 2 A. M. slowed to half speed and hauled up head to sea. At 4 A. M. stopped engines, hove to, and put out patent drag. Vessel dry and easy. The sea was one mass of foam and spray, and the vessel with the shifting of her cargo was thrown on her beam-ends. Immediately rigged out five corn-sacks (filled with oakum saturated with oil) from weather bow to amidships, the sacks having holes cut in them for the oil to drip through. This gave the greatest relief imaginable, the ship ceasing to take on seas and riding easier. At 10:30 A. M. concluded to run to south-east but found drag torn to pieces and rudder-head twisted off. Made and put out new drag (a lot of spars lashed together) and bored hole through stern to rudder-stock, through and to which secured two iron windlass brakes to serve as a tiller, and then lay to again.

The captain says his vessel would have foundered but for the oil.

There are several other reports in which oil was used by having a bag of oil attached to the drag, which necessarily caused the ship to have the full benefit of the oiled surface.

Oil Used by Steamers Entering Harbor.

THERE are a number of reports of the use of oil by steamers entering port, one of which will serve for all.

Captain Beecher of the steamer *East Anglian* arrived off the entrance to the Tyne when an easterly gale was at its worst, on the 11th of December, 1882. Great danger attended any vessel crossing the bar. He resolved to try the effect of oil, and stationed a man on each bow, each man having a two-gallon bottle of oil. The oil was slowly poured on the broken water, which became comparatively smooth, and the vessel passed into the harbor with little difficulty. Lard oil was used.

The use of oil by sailing vessels has been as successful as by steamers, and there are an equal number of authentic official reports of its use under different circumstances — running before the sea, lying to, and sailing with the wind abeam. The experience is similar to that of the steamers, and only one report, of its use when sailing with the wind abeam, need be quoted.

Captain Smith of the British bark *Wallace* reports:

21st September, 1886, while standing to the southward in the Gulf Stream had a gale from W. N. W., wind and sea abeam. Vessel making nine knots good. As the sea increased, the combers, striking the vessel on the weather side, would shoot high in the air, and then coming on board filled the decks with water. The captain had never tried the use of oil and did not believe in its efficacy, but wishing to take advantage of the favoring gale and at the same time not to endanger the vessel, he determined to try the experiment. A canvas bag filled with oil (in the proportion of one quart of paint oil to two quarts of paraffine) was placed in the bowl of the weather closet forward, through which the oil dripped from the pipe into the sea. By the time the oil reached the main channels, where most of the water had come on board, it had spread and formed an oil-slick thirty feet to windward. The result was as satisfactory as it was unexpected. The breaking combers on reaching the "slick" were reduced to harmless swells, over which the vessel rose without, as before, taking volumes of water on board. The gale continued for twenty-four hours,

during which by a continuous use of oil (expending three quarts every four hours) the *Wallace* was enabled to keep her course, and at no time was the speed reduced below eight knots. And though the sea continued high, the oil prevented the combers from breaking on board.

A number of regular lines of vessels have oil on board for this use. Mr. J. H. Barker, an oil merchant of New York, has a definite contract with the National Line of steamers to supply oil for this purpose. Ten vessels, including all the cattle-steamers, have been provided with the necessary appliances to use oil on occasion. The company's requisition calls for fish oil, but the recent experiments proved that it thickened too rapidly when in contact with water at the general low winter temperature.

To obviate this tendency Mr. Barker has mixed a mineral oil of low test with fish oil of comparatively high test. The mixture is an oil which coagulates at a much lower temperature than ordinary fish oil and is claimed to be equally efficient. Mineral oil has stood the test as a lubricant for railroads in cold weather, and when mixed with a proper proportion of fish oil will be very useful for sea purposes. During the mild and warm months fish oil only is used. The method adopted by this line is by means of punctured canvas bags filled with oakum.

FROM a careful examination of these reports the following facts must be conceded to have been established beyond dispute, and we therefore know:

1. That oil is efficacious in lessening the dangerous effect of heavy seas.
2. That it converts breaking seas into harmless swells.
3. That vegetable or animal oils are the best for this purpose.
4. That mineral oil is not suitable, especially if refined, though it may be used to advantage if no other is available.
5. That in cold weather it is advisable to mix mineral oil with soft animal or vegetable oils liable to thicken.
6. That the expenditure of two quarts of oil per hour has sufficed to prevent damage to ships and boats which without the oil would have probably foundered.
7. That the oil spreads rapidly in a thin film over the sea immediately after it is applied.
8. That a lavish expenditure of oil is not any more effective than the necessary quantity, which is about two quarts per hour for vessels and boats.
9. That the most effective manner of applying the oil is to facilitate its spreading to windward.
10. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil from the forward part of vessels.
11. That oil-bags and pipes dripping oil from oakum have been efficient.
12. That it is always advantageous for steamers and sailing vessels when running before the wind or lying to.
13. That it permits boats to be lowered in heavy seas which would otherwise swamp them.
14. That wrecks have been boarded and lives saved by using oil to still the waves to allow the transit of deeply laden open boats from wreck to rescuing vessel.
15. That permanent plants, like that devised by Mr. Shields, have proved to be efficient at harbor entrances wherein vessels have entered, when without the oil they could not have done so.
16. That at harbor entrances the currents are liable to carry away the film of oil from the exact channel intended to be covered, before it is utilized by vessels.
17. That the best results are obtained in deep water. Oil may be applied with advantage on the surf, but its effect is much less than in deep water.
18. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil at many different points of the surface to be quieted. This is done by dripping slowly from a moving vessel, or by permanent plants all along the channels of harbor entrances.

WHAT REMAINS TO BE ASCERTAINED AND DONE TO MAKE THE USE OF OIL UNIVERSAL.

THE kind and quantity of oil necessary to change breaking seas into comparatively harmless swells being known, there still remains much to be learned in regard to the circumstances when, where, and how to apply it most efficiently.

Since excessive use of oil does not give any advantage, economical oil-distributers should be used, even though the manner of using pipes and oil-bags, as described in the reports of captains of vessels, is efficient and not very wasteful.

The expense of any new appliance is the first question; and even when the efficacy of the use of oil was admitted, we see that the English House of Lords refused to go to the expense of conducting experiments with the view to adopting it for making harbors of refuge.

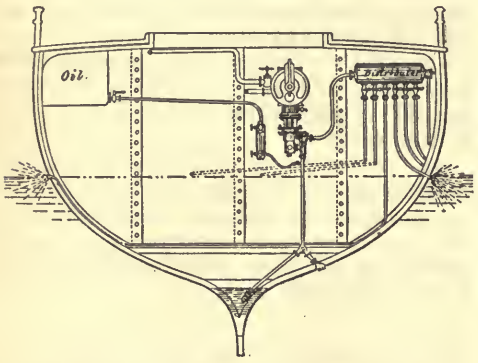
For a distributer on board ship it would be difficult to devise apparatus which would not be more expensive in first cost than the amount saved by the little excess of oil wasted by using oil-bags or the water-closet pipes, as described in the reports of captains.

The success obtained by the use of these improvised oil-distributers may, however, have a tendency to cause many to neglect preparatory measures, and in emergency it may be impracticable to use even such simple makeshifts, for want of oil, materials, or time to fit them for this purpose.

Special appliances must be supplied for this definite purpose; such outfits should come under the same head as axes, hose, and extinguishers supplied for use only in case of fire. Every vessel should have oil apparatus and oil for use only to still the waves.

A number of oil-distributers have been invented which claim to satisfy all the conditions of efficiency, economy, and special adaptation for stilling the dangerous seas.

The sketch illustrates a French system invented by M. Gaston Menier. This consists of



GASTON MENIER'S OIL-DISTRIBUTING APPARATUS.

a pump which sends a constant stream of water through a series of pipes, which discharge outboard at the water-line. The sketch shows six pipes, three to discharge at the water-line on each side.

These six pipes connect with a distributer which has a pipe to the pump, and a pipe leads from the pump to the bilge-well, or a water-tank in the bottom of the vessel, and has a branch to a tank of oil. This branch pipe has a valve and a glass gauge to regulate the expenditure of the oil.

When the pump works water is drawn up from the bilge-well or water-tank, and oil is also drawn from the oil-tank. The oil goes with the water to the distributer and outlets of the six pipes at the water-line. The water serves as a vehicle to convey the oil to be applied on the seas.

The oil-tanks, pipes, and distributer are the only items chargeable to the expense of this apparatus, as it is contemplated to use the bilge-pumps, and every ship must have a bilge-pump.

This apparatus fulfills all the conditions of an economical, efficient, and special plant for applying the oil at the exact place where and time when it is needed.

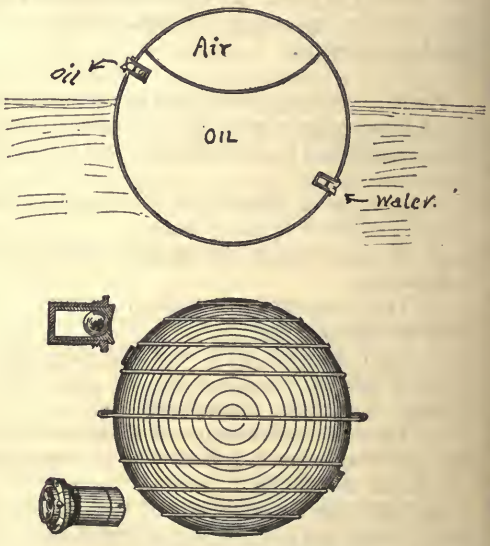
The economy in expenditure of oil will more than pay for the first cost, and as it is specially designed for applying oil, it will be always available for that purpose.

There is no account of its use or adoption in any vessel, and its efficiency lacks the demonstration of actual experience; but its simplicity commends it, and doubtless this system or some modification of it will come into extensive use.

Many of the reports of captains of vessels suggest permanent pipes for oil-distributers, and this plan will probably be received with favor for steamers and large vessels. It is evidently not suitable for small craft, open boats, etc.

A tank of oil in water-closets with pipe and drip-faucet to drop into the bowl and out of the pipe below the surface may be used advantageously, but there may be some difficulty in regulating an economical expenditure of oil by this simple means.

Captain Townsend of the United States Signal Office has invented a simple and efficient oil-distributer.



TOWNSEND'S OIL-DISTRIBUTER.

This consists of a hollow metal globe ten inches in diameter, with a capacity of about one and a half gallons of oil. It has an air chamber separated by a partition, to keep it afloat in a certain position, and there are two valves. When filled with oil the upper valve is adjusted to allow oil to flow out at any desired rate, while the lower valve admits water.

When placed in the sea it floats with the upper valve a little above the surface, and

water will enter to displace the oil from the graduated upper valve. The specific gravity of oil will keep it in the upper part of the distributer, and the motion of the globe on the breaking waves or swell will insure the ejection of the oil through the graduated valve in any quantity.

This is inexpensive, light, portable, and may be used from any part of the ship by tow-line overboard. It may be placed in the bowl of a water-closet and serve as an oil-tank with graduated valve. As it is buoyant it may be anchored at harbor entrances or in the vicinity of wrecks to permit the landing or transferring of the shipwrecked. This principle may be used in any shape of the distributer, for projectiles or buoys. It would be better than Gordon's shell, which explodes and discharges its entire contents of oil at one spot, whereas a Townsend oil-projectile could be fired from a gun and float on the surface where oil is needed, with a continuous flow of oil for a period of time.

These two forms of oil-distributers, or slight modifications of them, will answer all the conditions of simplicity, economy, efficiency, and special adaptation to oil the sea when and where desired.

To enter into a thorough consideration of all circumstances when the use of oil will be advantageous and how to apply it, it will be convenient to consider its use—

1. For ships, steamers, and large vessels.
2. For fishing-boats, life-boats, pilot-boats, etc.
3. For harbor entrances and channels.

1. FOR SHIPS, STEAMERS, AND LARGE VESSELS.

Oil is known to be efficacious when used by all kinds of vessels either running before the wind or lying to. But it remains to be seen if oil can be advantageously used under other circumstances.

There is conflicting evidence in the reports of the use of oil by steamers steaming head to the wind. Captain Sparks of the steamship *Assyrian Monarch* reports that he has tried oil when steaming head to the sea, but does not think it of any use, even when going very slowly. The two reports quoted cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence. In the report of Captain McLean of the steamer *Concordia* the advantage could not have been very great, because the oil-bags were thrown back on board when steaming at a speed of ten knots.

In order to have any benefit the seas would have to be oiled in advance of the steamer, and no distributer devised would oil the seas ahead of the ship, except, perhaps, oil-shells or projectiles fired from guns on board. Any such bombardment of the ocean is, however, manifestly absurd.

The fast steamers, especially the transatlantic liners, plow through the seas without waiting to ride the waves; and as the breaking storm-wave is not any higher than the oiled swell, one of these steamers would find about as much resistance from oiled swell as from the breaking seas, and therefore it would not be of any advantage, even if it were practicable, to apply oil on waves ahead of a steamer steaming against the sea.

When steaming with the wind free in a heavy breaking sea, a steamer may be exposed to great danger by taking seas on board over the weather side, and this may be prevented if oil is applied off the windward side of the vessel.

None of the methods described in the reports would be efficient for this purpose. Oil-bags towed alongside will be thrown back on board, as happened with the *Concordia*.

In 1869 the Harvey towing-torpedo created no little stir among the naval powers, all of which experimented more or less to produce an efficient towing-torpedo. The uncertainty of its action as a weapon became apparent, and its use has been discarded.

This experience, however, incidentally threw a great deal of light on the subject of towing-torpedoes, and the lessons taught may be utilized for towing oil-distributers.

The principle of the Townsend distributer may be applied to a towing-torpedo, from which the explosive charge and the diving appliances should be removed.

Such a towing oil-distributer with bridle, rudder, and double tow-lines would tow in a course parallel with a ship and from twenty to fifty feet to windward from outriggers or yard-arms. This application needs the test of practical experience, but I believe it to be desirable when steaming from eight to fifteen knots across breaking seas coming from four points forward to six points abaft the beam.

For sailing-vessels the oil apparatus will be the same as for steamers, and the circumstances when it may be used with advantage include when running, lying to, sailing with the wind abeam, and riding to a sea-anchor.

Its use when beating to windward has not been established to be efficacious. The spread of the oil on the water is one of its most remarkable characteristics, and perhaps experiments may solve some method like that of a towing Townsend oil-distributer, by which oil may be applied to windward of a vessel beating against breaking seas. The emergency requiring such a course will be rare, and needs no further consideration.

All vessels should carry from thirty to one

hundred gallons of animal or vegetable oil, depending upon the voyage. In cold weather about twenty gallons of mineral oil or a mixture of mineral and soft oils should also be carried.

2. FOR FISHING-BOATS, LIFE-BOATS, PILOT-BOATS, ETC.

THESE small craft could not be conveniently fitted with the system of pipes invented by M. Menier, but Townsend's distributer, or modifications of it, will answer every purpose in deep water.

In the surf on the beach or on a bar there are different conditions, and the effect of the oil is not so great as in deep water. The undulations roll in to the beach or the bar, often during a calm: they are harmless swells on the deep water to seaward, but when near the beach or the bar the swells increase in size and break with all the force of the storm wave.

The breaking seas in this case are not caused by the friction of the wind, but by the resistance of the shelving beach to the propagation of the undulating force of the wave.

This resistance causes an alteration in the shape of the undulation resulting in an increase of the wave in a vertical plane, because the horizontal progress is checked. This resistance increases as the wave approaches the beach: the forward slope of the wave becomes steeper and steeper until vertical. The undertow assists in carrying back the base of the forward slope, which is then inclined backwards and under the rear slope of the wave. The crest is then left unsupported, it falls over in breakers, and the undulation collapses on the beach. Oil on the surface cannot protect that portion in contact with the shelving bed of the sea; but if there is any wind the point where the swells break or become storm waves may be brought much nearer the shore, and in consequence permit boats to navigate much nearer. The use of oil will, however, be of some benefit in any case.

For fishing-boats all the circumstances of its advantageous use by sailing-vessels apply, and the oil will enable them to keep at sea longer and permit fishing, when without oil they would be obliged to go to port. Riding to a sea-anchor having a Townsend distributer attached will be a very desirable method.

For life-boats the use of oil is highly valuable. Oil will render approach to wrecks much easier and contribute to saving the lives of those on board. A number of oil-projectiles on the Townsend principle could be fired from the mortar of the life-saving station to dot the surface between the wreck and the shore at intervals. Each of these buoyant oil-projectiles will be the center of a sheet of oiled sea, and a number of them will form a safe lane between the wreck to near the few breakers close to the beach.

These oil-projectiles can be recovered after the storm subsides, though they will drift with the currents of the locality.

Dirigible torpedoes, or the Lay torpedo deprived of its fangs by substituting the Townsend oil-distributer for the magazine, might be utilized to make an oiled lane between the wreck and the shore — a good use for these torpedoes when the millennium comes.

For pilot-boats oil-distributers are valuable when boarding vessels in breaking seas. In this case the pilot-boat should stand to windward, apply oil, launch the small boat with the pilot and apply oil from the small boat in pulling to the ship. After the pilot is on board, the pilot-boat should run to leeward and pick up her small boat.

In cases where the pilots pull or sail off to a vessel outside in small boats which are brought back by the vessel, the special conditions of local features and the direction of the wind will determine how the oil should be used. The vessel taking the pilot should heave to, apply oil, and receive the pilot-boat in a comparatively smooth sea.

3. FOR HARBOR ENTRANCES AND CHANNELS.

THE value of oil at harbor entrances has been clearly established by Mr. John Shields, and his apparatus has proved to be efficacious; but it is objectionable on account of its expense for both the plant and the expenditure of oil.

The problem is to oil the surface merely at the time and place needed, for which I have devised a plan which will be economical, efficient, and always available.

This plan is to apply the principle of the Townsend oil-distributer to the can buoys which mark the harbor entrances or channels.

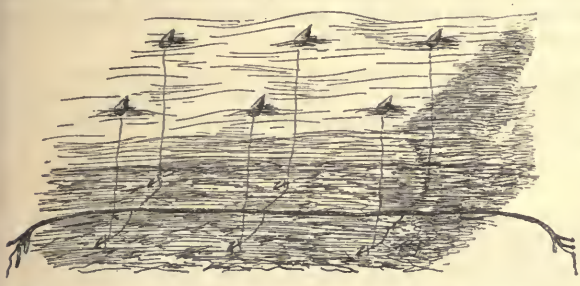
A cylindrical metal case is secured within a can buoy placed vertically and connected with a valve in the bottom to admit water. The top of the cylinder in the buoy is a little above the line of flotation of the buoy. The upper valve, from which the oil flows, has a pipe connecting with an orifice in the side of the buoy at the line of flotation.

The size of the oil-cylinder in the buoy will depend upon the size of the buoy in which it is placed. The quantity of oil will be such as to last for some time, as oil is only to be used when needed for a passing vessel.

The valves of the oil-cylinder are fitted with electric shutters connected with a submarine cable leading either to a lightship or ashore to a lighthouse. A number of these "oil-buoys"

marking the channel can be so fitted, and when a vessel desires to enter across the channel during a storm, the keeper of the lighthouse or the lightship merely presses the button which will cause the valves to open. Water will flow into the oil-cylinders in the buoys while oil is forced out, thereby oiling the channel just when needed. Oil will flow out as long as the electric circuit is kept closed, and as soon as the keeper allows the circuit to open, the valves will shut.

There are no difficulties connected with this arrangement. Torpedoes have electric connections, and the electrical features of this plan differ from those of an observation submarine mine merely in the substitution of an electric shutter for an electric fuse.



SKETCH OF ELECTRIC CONNECTIONS TO CHANNEL BUOYS FITTED AS OIL-DISTRIBUTERS AT HARBOR ENTRANCE.

The advantages of this distributer are that it will economically oil the sea at harbor entrances and in channels exactly when and where needed; that it can be applied to existing aids to navigation with but little expense; and that, in view of the proposed electric lighting of the buoys, it will be even less expensive, because the same cable can be used for the light and the oil-distributer, though with separate conductors. No labor, such as the pumping in Mr. Shields's system, will be necessary: the keeper in lighthouse or lightship can press the button while attending to his regular duties.

When empty, the buoys can be refilled with oil through a special filling-hole after the water is pumped out by the lighthouse tender. The appearance of the sea will indicate when the oil has all been ejected, and in the course of time experience will demonstrate the quantity of oil actually necessary for efficient use to still the waves.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

In view of our present knowledge of the efficacy of the use of oil to still the waves the following recommendations should be urged to all concerned, viz.:

1. That all vessels and boats be supplied with animal or vegetable oil (or a mixture of these with mineral oil for cold weather), which shall be kept constantly available for use on the seas upon occasion.

2. That special oil-distributers of the following description be supplied, to be used exclusively for applying oil on seas upon occasion:

a. A number of oil-distributers on the Townsend principle for vessels and boats.

b. Permanent oil-apparatus with either pipes similar to the Menier system, or oil-tanks with valve and pipes connected with water-closet pipes in vessels.

c. Or at least specially constructed canvas oil-bags filled with oakum, punched, and conveniently at hand, hanging by the side of tanks of oil, so as to be always ready to be filled with oil and used on breaking seas upon occasion. Lanyards should be attached to the bags. Oil-bags and oil to be used exclusively for this purpose.

3. That the state prescribe penalties in cases of marine casualties where evidence may establish that the disaster might have been avoided by the judicious use of oil; and that the regulations requiring passenger steamers to carry life-preservers, life-rafts, etc. be amended by including oil and oil-apparatus for use on seas.

4. That marine insurance companies encourage the use of oil on seas by allowing a discount on the rate of insurance, or other equivalent measures, in favor of vessels supplied with oil and oil-apparatus.

5. That life-saving stations be supplied with oil and oil-distributers, especially projectiles on the Townsend principle with guns or mortars, by which to make a safe lane of oiled sea between wrecks and the shore.

6. That dangerous harbor entrances and channels be marked by can buoys fitted as oil-distributers with electrical appliance which will enable the economical application of oil on breaking seas at the time when and the place where needed.

CONCLUSION.

The efficacy of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas, and the means and circumstances for applying it, have been considered in regard to all the requirements of commerce; but the most important thing to be done is to make mariners use it.

Lack of faith in its power has been the chief obstacle, notwithstanding the fact that one trial convinces the most skeptical. Unimpeachable testimony as to the efficiency of the use of oil must be extensively circulated to convert those who do not believe in it.

The marine insurance companies are directly the most interested parties, for it is evident that the use of oil lessens their risks.

They should be willing either to defray all the expense of providing oil and oil-distributers or to reduce the rate of insurance to vessels which have them.

The boards of trade and chambers of commerce are interested as representatives of those who own the vessels and their cargoes. They certainly ought to be willing to take such simple measures to save their own property from destruction.

The state should lend its aid and prescribe penalties for those who may be responsible for the neglect of the use of oil in cases where such use would have prevented disaster. The duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. There is no question of this duty in precautions against epidemics, and it is equally clear in this case. No vessel should be allowed to leave port without oil and oil-distributers for use to still the waves upon occasion.

There is no doubt of the efficiency of oil for this purpose, and that government which neglects to provide for the safety of its subjects in such a case as this fails to meet its obligations.

Those who go to sea as passengers have a blind confidence that all precautions are taken for their safe transit, and they should use their influence to have such a simple measure adopted.

The effect of oil is indeed magical, and its value has only recently been brought to light prominently, but it is in keeping with the scientific progress of the age. This progress of science, properly so called, reminds us of the Divine power of the Perfect Man, whom the wind and seas obeyed at the command, "Peace, be still!"

NOTE.—In preparing this article the author has availed himself of pamphlets and articles by the following: Commander J. R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; Lieutenants G. L. Dyer, E. B. Underwood, and A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Cloué, French Navy; Mr. John Shields; "Le Yacht, le Journal de la Marine"; "The Manufacturer and Builder."

W. H. Beehler.



DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

I' BE'N down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,
Where Congerss meets and passes on the pensions ort to be
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence the war
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all — and yit how proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes turned in and tuck and made
Me stay with him while I was there; and longer 'at I staid
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes to kind o' git away,
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see, I 'd got the idy — and I guess most folks agrees —
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes what they please:
A man worth *stacks* o' money, and a Congerssman and all,
And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'an Masonic Hall.

Now mind, I 'm not a-faultin' Fluke — he made his money square.
We both was Forty-niners, and both busted gittin' there;
I weakened and onwindlessed, and he stuck and staid and made
His millions: don't know what *I 'm* worth untel my pension 's paid.

But I was goin' to tell you — er a ruther goin' to try
To tell you how he 's livin' now: gas burnin', mighty nigh
In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,
Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They 's people there from all the world — jes ever' kind 'at lives,
Injuns and all! and Senaters, and Ripresentatives;
And girls, you know, jes dressed in gauze and roses, I declare,
And even old men shamblin' round and waltzin' with 'em there!

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other room
Jes chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and perfume;
And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes, made
Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.

And Fluke he coaxed and begged and plead with me to take a hand
And sashay in amongst 'em — crutch and all, you understand;
But when I said how tired I was, and made fer open air,
He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.

"My God!" says he, Fluke says to me, "I 'm tireder 'n *you:*
Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.
Set back a leetle furder in the shadder; that 'll do:
I 'm tireder 'n you, old man; I 'm tireder 'n you!

"You see that-air old dome," says he, "humped up ag'inst the sky;
It 's grand, first time you see it, but it *changes,* by and by,
And then it stays jes thataway — jes anchored high and dry
Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.

"Night 's purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be
When my first wife was livin'. You remember her?" says he.
I nodded like, and Fluke went on, "I wonder now ef *she*
Knows where I am — and what I am — and what I ust to be?

"*That band in there!* — I ust to think 'at music could n't wear
A feller out the way it does; but that *ain't* music there —
That 's jes a' *imitation,* and like ever'thing, I swear,
I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

"It 's all jes *artificial,* this 'ere high-priced life of ours.
The theory, it 's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours.
They 's no *home* left, ner *ties* o' home about it. By the powers,
The whole thing 's artificialer 'n artificial flowers!

"And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know
The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes to go
And set down by the kitchen stove — Lord! that 'u'd *rest* me so, —
Jes set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.

"Jes set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in,
'Peared like, to say the whole thing over to hisse'f ag'in;
Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer
Somepin er nother in the grass — I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I 'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still
A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pension bill,
I 've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich,
They 's nothin' much patheticker 'an jes a-bein' rich!

James Whitcomb Riley.

YORK CATHEDRAL.

THE likeness between the cathedrals of Lincoln and York is merely of a general kind and disappears when their features are examined; but added to the fact of their near neighborhood it suffices to bind them closely together in one's thought. Each is a vast three-towered but spireless church. Each stands in a town that was famous in the earliest times, and still seems large and living although outrivaled by those black hives of modern commerce which now fill the north of England. Each is the crowning feature in a hilly city and is distinctively a city church, only sparely provided with green surroundings. When we think of the cathedral at Lincoln or at York we think almost solely of an architectural effect; and this can be said of no other except St. Paul's in London.

I.

THE history of York as a cathedral town begins much further back than that of Lincoln. The Normans first set up an episcopal chair in the place which centuries before had been Lindum Colonia of the Romans; but in the year 314 Eboracum of the Romans sent a British bishop to take part in the councils of southern Christendom, and where there was a bishop there must have been, in some shape, a cathedral church. In the fifth century walls and worshipers were swept away by English immigration. But the first preacher who spoke of Christ to the pagan English of York bore an even higher title than bishop. With him — with the great apostle Paulinus in the early years of the seventh century — began that archiepiscopal line which still holds sway in the northern shires. It is true that the new chair was almost immediately overturned by the heathen, that Paulinus fled to far-off Rochester and never returned, and that for a century there was not again a fully accredited archbishop and sometimes not even a bishop at York. Yet the right of the town to its high ecclesiastical rank was never quite forgotten through all those stormy hundred years, and from the eighth century to the nineteenth the "Primate of England" has sat at York while the "Primate of all England" has sat at Canterbury. The terms are perplexing, and their origin sounds not a little childish in our modern ears.

When Pope Gregory sent Paulinus after Augustine to England, he meant that there should be an archbishop in the south and another in the north, and that each should have twelve dioceses under his rule. But no such orderly arrangement, no such equal division of authority, was ever effected. Rome gave the ecclesiastical impulse in England, but insular customs, wishes, and occurrences guided its development. The earliest bishoprics were laid out in the only practicable way — in accordance with tribal boundaries; and as these boundaries were lost to sight an existing chair was suppressed or shifted, or a new one was set up as local necessity or secular power decreed. And meanwhile there was bitter quarreling between the two archiepiscopal lines — the southern fighting for supremacy, and the northern for equal rights. In the synod of 1072 the Archbishop of York was declared by Rome to be his rival's subordinate, but about fifty years later Rome spoke again to pronounce them equals, and the unbrotherly struggle continued, waxing and waning but never ceasing, until in 1354 the pope discovered a recipe of conciliation. Canterbury's archbishop was to be called "Primate of all England," but York's was, nevertheless, to be called "Primate of England"; each was to carry his cross of office erect in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of all England, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas, a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds. "Thus," as caustic Fuller wrote, "when two children cry for the same apple, the indulgent father divides it between them, yet so that he gives the better part to the childe which is his darling."

To-day the Archbishop of York is simply the ruler of the few northern sees of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury the ruler of the many central and southern sees. Neither owes filial duty or can claim paternal rights, but Canterbury is a good deal the bigger brother of the two.[1]

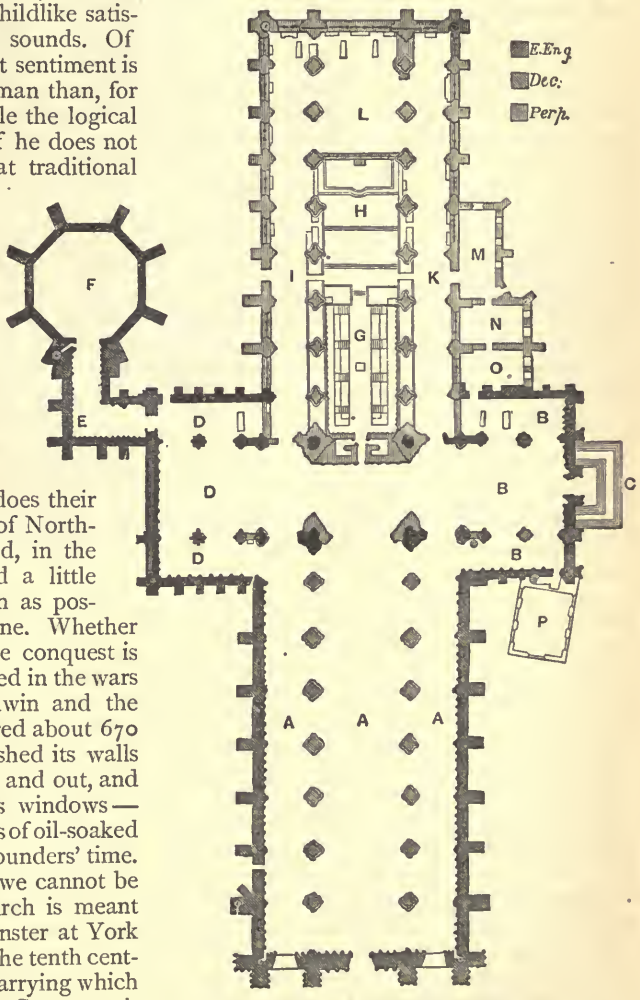
The most interesting part of the matter to a stranger's mind is that the verbal juggling of the Roman father should still be piously echoed although it is so many generations since any

[1] The province of the Archbishop of York now embraces the sees of York, Carlisle, Durham, Chester, Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Sodor and Man. The bishops of Scotland were nominally subordinate to him until an Archbishop of St. Andrews was created, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

English primate was a darling child of Rome. No fact more clearly illustrates that singular characteristic of the English people which has been called the wish, but is in truth the power, to eat yet have its cake. It is a people progressive in intellect, conservative at heart, which can keep the form of things while altering their essence, can desire and secure the new yet clothe the change with nominal reverence for the old. We cannot fancy any strife to-day between the two primates of England, any jealousy or envy, and neither a leaning towards Rome in their hearts nor a love of shams and fictions. Yet we cannot fancy them for a moment content to be deprived of those illogical titles, which, when we come down to facts, are but badges of Rome's quondam rule, relics of ancient quarrelings, tokens of a childlike satisfaction in the pomp of empty sounds. Of course such anomalies prove that sentiment is stronger in the average Englishman than, for example, in the Frenchman, while the logical imagination is much weaker. If he does not insist, like the Frenchman, that traditional symbols be abandoned when the things they symbolize are given up, it is both because he loves ancient words and forms for their mere antiquity and because he feels no need to identify them with ideas, beliefs, or facts.

II.

As the archbishops of York trace back to Paulinus, so too does their cathedral. When King Edwin of Northumbria was about to be baptized, in the year 625, he hastily constructed a little wooden church, which, as soon as possible, he replaced by one of stone. Whether or no this church stood until the conquest is uncertain. It was greatly damaged in the wars which caused the death of Edwin and the flight of Paulinus, and was repaired about 670 by Bishop Wilfrid, who whitewashed its walls till they were "like snow" inside and out, and for the first time put glass in its windows — boards pierced with holes or sheets of oil-soaked linen having filled them in its founders' time. Of these facts we are sure; but we cannot be sure whether the cathedral church is meant when it is said that a certain minster at York was burned and reconstructed in the tenth century. At all events, however, the harrying which revolted York received at the Conqueror's hand reduced its cathedral to ruin; and the first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilt it from the foundations up. Archbishop Roger, who ruled in the time of Henry II. from 1154 to 1181, again reconstructed crypt and choir in a newer Norman fashion.[1] In the Early-English period the transept was renewed and the lower portions of the central tower, and in the Decorated period the nave and the west-front with the lower stories of its towers. At the beginning of the Perpendicular period a presbytery and retro-choir were thrown out eastward of the Norman choir; and then this choir was pulled down and rebuilt in a later Perpendicular style, the central tower was wholly renewed and finished, and the upper



PLAN OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

A, Nave and Aisles; B, South Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; C, South Transept Entrance; D, North Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; E, Vestibule to Chapter-house; F, Chapter-house; G, Choir; H, Presbytery and High Altar; I, K, Aisles of Choir and Presbytery; L, Retro-Choir; M, Record-room; N, Vestry; O, Treasury; P, Record-room.

[1] Or it is possible that Thomas merely repaired and altered the pre-Norman choir when he built his new nave and transept, and that Roger first really reconstructed it.

stages of the western ones were added. Thus, although no great catastrophe again overtook the church after the Conqueror burned it, gradual renewal did as thorough a work as flame — once for all its parts and twice for some of them. If nothing remains to-day of the old English cathedral — the "Saxon" cathedral — except a few fragments of its crypt built into the Norman walls, nothing above the crypt remains of either the Norman church of Thomas or the later Norman choir of Roger. Everything we see above ground is of later date than the advent of the pointed arch; and the main effect of the building, moreover, is determined not by its earlier but by its later existing portions — not by the Lancet-pointed transept, but by the Decorated nave and the Perpendicular east limb, stretching away in a vast, light, elaborate, and unusually harmonious perspective. And even the crypt has been sadly mutilated. Its importance in the Norman scheme still shows; for it extends as far to the eastward as the Norman choir extended and branches out into transept arms, and the fragments of its vaulting indicate a height which must have raised the choir floor some eight feet above the level that it holds to-day. But when the choir was rebuilt this vaulting was removed, that the church floor might be made level throughout, and the deserted spaces below were filled with a solid mass of earth, which only of recent years has been excavated. Merely a small area beneath the high altar was reserved and reconstructed for purposes of prayer.

III.

York's west-front, like Lincoln's, looks out on a small paved square, but there is no other resemblance between them. In place of the illogical, unbeautiful, but imposing individuality of the Lincoln front, we have at York a logical and beautiful but somewhat unimpressive version of the French type of façade. Three rich portals admit into nave and aisles; the towers form integral parts of the front and a gable rises between them; much rich decoration is intelligently applied to accent constructional facts, and the main window is an example of flowing tracery which could not be improved upon did we hunt France through from end to end. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet if we look a little closely it has patent faults. Its features are well chosen and arranged, but are not well proportioned among themselves nor in quite true relationship to the interior of the church. The windows are too large for the size of the portals; the chief one is much too large for the nave it lights — a fact which appears more plainly when we stand inside the church; and a keener sense for the value of subordinate lines would have increased the apparent height of the towers by putting two or three ranges of small lights in place of each great transomed opening. Moreover, the scale of the whole work is so small that it lacks the dignity, the impressiveness, the superb power and "lift," which we find in its Gallic prototypes. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet it proves once more that Englishmen never quite succeeded where Frenchmen were most sure to triumph. Perhaps it was because the highest kind of architectural power was lacking; perhaps it was because the problem was really insolvable — because the long, low English type of church could not in the nature of things be fitted with a front dignified enough for the size of the building yet true to its proportions. But, whatever the explanation, there is not a large façade in England which thoroughly satisfies both eye and mind. Schemes of insular invention, as at Salisbury and Lincoln, are grandiose but illogical and awkward. The splendid paraphrase of French features at Peterborough is still more grandiose and very much more beautiful, but again illogical, mendacious. And the would-be faithful rendering of a French ideal which we find at York seems almost petty and pretty by reason of its smallness, and is not devoid of conspicuous faults. I think there is not a large façade in England which an architect of to-day would study as a model.

IV.

Again, it seems thoroughly characteristic of England that although at York the façade is more distinctly emphasized than elsewhere as the place of entrance to the church, it is nevertheless not thus commonly used. When one seeks the minster[1] from the center of the town the approach is through the picturesque long ancient street called the Stonegate, which debouches on a wide stretch of pavement opposite the south side, and leads naturally to the great doorway in the transept end. But the fact is not unfortunate; for, entering thus, we see first the earliest portions of the fabric, and, moreover, this diagonal view into nave and choir is finer than a straight view along their enormous length.

We see first the earliest portions of the church and, immediately before us as we cross the threshold, its most individual and famous feat-

[1] "Minster" is derived, of course, from the same source as "monastery," and in strictness means a church owned and served by monks. But it gradually came to be used for other churches of large size, and for ages York Cathedral has been more commonly called York Minster, although its chapter was a secular one.

ure — that splendid group of equal lancets which is called the "Five Sisters," rising in arrow-like outlines to a tremendous height and filled with the soft radiance of ancient glass. Its glass is the great and peculiar glory of York, but none of the scores of gorgeous windows in ster as they found it with regard to size. Each new construction meant enlargement, and when we compare a plan of the building of to-day with one of Thomas of Bayeux's church we find that breadth has greatly increased while length has actually doubled. When the pres-



THE WEST-FRONT.

which many colors contrast and sparkle are more beautiful than these, where a pale-green tone, like glacier ice, is but delicately diapered with inconspicuous patterns of a darker hue. The transepts were built just before 1250, and the glass in these lancets cannot be of much later date. Above them is another group of five, but graduated in height beneath the vaulting. Opposite, in the end of the south limb, is the door through which we entered with rich blank arcades on each hand; two groups of two lights each above; three windows, the central of two lights, above these again; and a great rose in the gable.

In the arches which stretch between the main alley of the transept and its aisles to right and left an odd irregularity in span appears.

It is not to be supposed that the many rebuildings which went on at York left the minent transept was built the Norman nave and choir were standing; and although their central alleys were as wide as those afterwards constructed, their aisles were extremely narrow. Therefore a narrow arch led from these aisles into each transept aisle, and the corresponding arch in the transept arcade was built of corresponding size, although the succeeding three, which completed this arcade, were given a much wider span. But when the nave came to be rebuilt with widened aisles each of these opened against the pier of the narrow arch in the transept: instead of standing parallel with the outer wall of the nave, this pier now stood midway of its aisle. It could not be moved and the arch it bore enlarged without some alteration of the arch beside it; but this alteration was promptly effected in the simplest way. The narrow arch and the one beside it were taken down and each was put



THE TRANSEPT AND CENTRAL TOWER FROM THE STONEGATE.

in the other's place. The same thing was done when, later on, the new choir was built; and all four smaller arches were then walled up, the better to support the new and massive tower. Thus to-day when we stand beneath the tower we see between the transept and each of its four aisles first a wide arch, then a narrow one walled up, and then again two wide ones, while in the triforium and clerestory above the original arrangement is preserved—first a narrow compartment and then three wider ones. (See the illustration on page 725.) Parallelism, unity, are of course injured by such a state of things. But greatly though the medieval architect loved these qualities, he could sacrifice them when occasion bade; and we are forced to say that his treatment of the problem at York was the right one. It was more important that the arrangement should be right on the floor, where convenience as well as beauty was in question, than that the transept design should be preserved intact. And would it have been worth while to rebuild this part of the transept up to the roof in the interests of unity, as such rebuilding would have meant vast expense and inconvenience, would have

secured symmetry at a sacrifice of the beauty of the upper stories, and would have killed that evidence of the "reason why" which now is so attractive in its naïve frankness?

In spite of the walling-up of the four narrow arches the vast weight of the Perpendicular tower had disastrous results. All the four great piers, we are told, "sank bodily into the ground to a depth of about eight inches"; and this means, of course, that they no longer stood quite straight, and that neighboring walls and arches were dislocated too. Repairs have done something to conceal the damage, but it is still almost alarmingly apparent.

There must have been clever engineers in medieval times, or such a work as the shifting of these eight arches could not have been successfully done. But in almost every church of size, as well as here at York, we see that skill by no means kept pace with ambition — that either accurate knowledge or a sensitive artistic conscience often must have lacked. The history of modern architecture, with all the sins and feeblenesses that it has to chronicle, shows us no such brilliant crimes against common sense, no such willful, daring attempts to achieve the impossible, no such disregard by one generation of the constructional intentions of another, as meet us on every page when we scan the records of medieval times. No disaster is more often noted in England than the falling of a central tower. When it fell it was either



THE "FIVE SISTERS" FROM THE SOUTH TRANSEPT ENTRANCE.



THE NAVE.

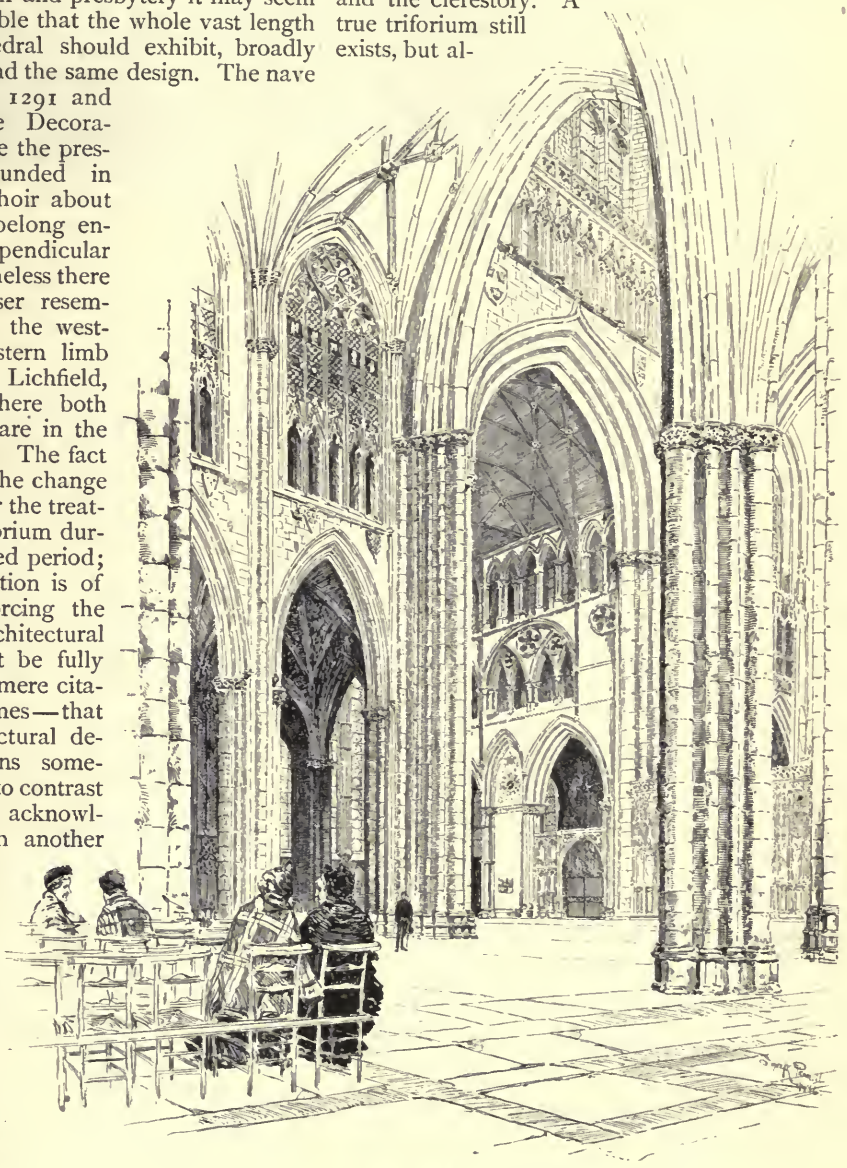
because it had not been properly supported in the first place or because it had been finished or rebuilt on a substructure originally meant to bear a much lesser load. When it did not fall there are very often such signs of trouble as show at York, or such propping beams and arches as have met us at Salisbury and Canterbury and will meet us again at Winchester and Wells. And do we not know the extraordinary rashness of Peterborough's builders, who, upon scarcely any foundation, made their columns of thick cores of rubbish encircled by the thinnest skin of cemented stones? No facts could bear clearer witness to a want of knowledge or a want of conscience — if, indeed, these two qualities can be dissevered when building is concerned. Yet how flatly their witness is denied in the once universally accepted dogmas of the Ruskin creed! Architectural conscience died, this creed declares, with the death of Gothic art. It would be truer to say that it was reborn with the birth of Renaissance ideals. We may grant the loftier aim, the more splendid genius, to Gothic building generations; but if conscience means in architecture, that nothing shall be attempted which cannot be carried out, and carried out to last,— that whatever is done shall be perfectly well done,— then its possession must be denied them. We may prefer the one temper of mind, the one outcome, or the other; but it is ignorance or special pleading to confuse

them in drawing up our verdict, and to say that where we see the greatest beauty there perforce must be the greatest virtue.

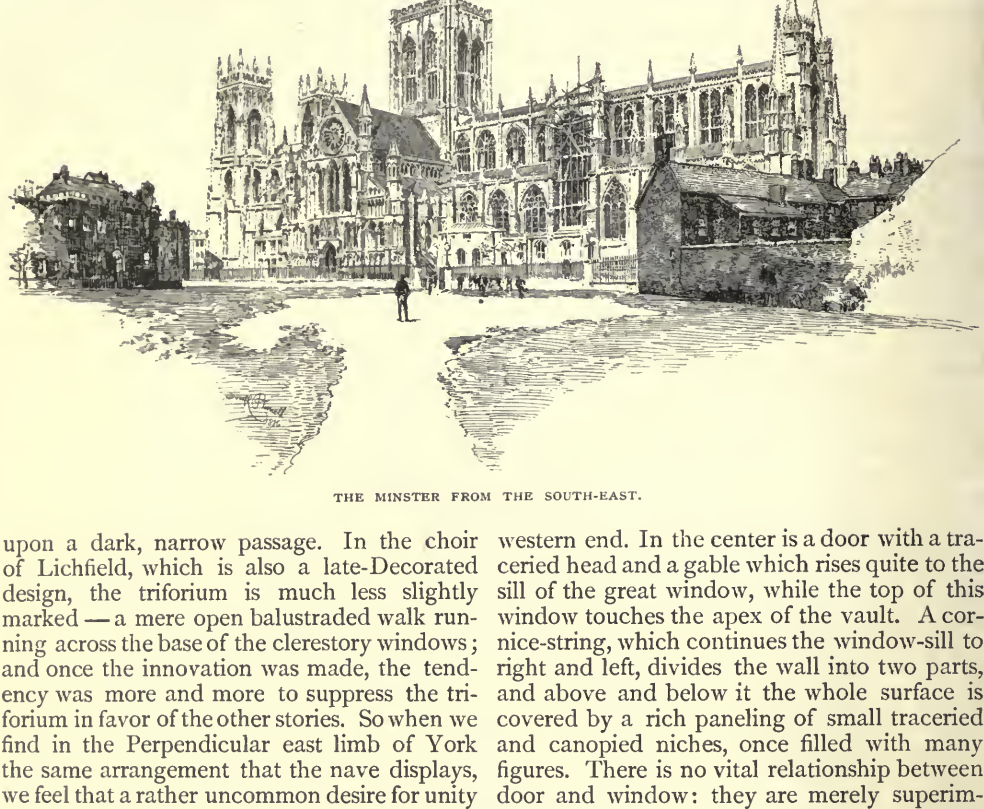
V.

REMEMBERING the widely separated dates of nave and choir and presbytery it may seem doubly remarkable that the whole vast length of York Cathedral should exhibit, broadly speaking, one and the same design. The nave was begun in 1291 and finished in the Decorated period, while the presbytery was founded in 1361 and the choir about 1380 and both belong entirely to the Perpendicular period. Nevertheless there is a much closer resemblance between the western and the eastern limb than there is at Lichfield, for example, where both nave and choir are in the Decorated style. The fact is explained by the change which came over the treatment of the triforium during the Decorated period; and the explanation is of interest as enforcing the truth that architectural character cannot be fully determined by a mere citation of typical names — that to study architectural development means something more than to contrast a work in one acknowledged style with another that exhibits a different style. There was never a decade when changes were not wrought, and sometimes a most important constructional change did not coincide with that alteration in style which in later periods chiefly meant new decorative devices and new patterns in the windows.

In Norman and in Early-English years the triforium was a lofty independent story equaling or surpassing the clerestory in importance. Such was still the case in the earlier part of the Decorated period, as when Lichfield's nave was built. But before the close of this period the triforium shrunk into a feature of distinctly minor importance. In the nave of York (as our illustration shows) the height from floor to roof is not divided, as before, into three great horizontal divisions, but into two — the pier-arcade and the clerestory. A true triforium still exists, but although conspicuous it is no longer constructionally independent — it is merely a reserved portion of the clerestory design. Above the heavy transoms which divide the windows the lights are glazed and look upon the outer air, while below them they are open as an arcade



THE TRANSEPT FROM THE NAVE.



THE MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

upon a dark, narrow passage. In the choir of Lichfield, which is also a late-Decorated design, the triforium is much less slightly marked — a mere open balustraded walk running across the base of the clerestory windows; and once the innovation was made, the tendency was more and more to suppress the triforium in favor of the other stories. So when we find in the Perpendicular east limb of York the same arrangement that the nave displays, we feel that a rather uncommon desire for unity must have swayed its builders; and, indeed, a recorded resolution of the archbishop and chapter, dated 1361, which declares that "every church should have its different parts consistently decorated," does not speak the general temper of medieval builders.[1]

The nave is plainly treated and somewhat thin and cold of aspect; but it is taller than any nave we have seen and a little broader too, and these facts give it unwonted dignity and grandeur. We rejoice in the absence of the almost tunnel-like narrowness which we have so often found, and rejoice, too, in that height of ninety feet, which, were we on continental soil, would seem all too low.

The least satisfactory part of the nave is the western end. In the center is a door with a traceried head and a gable which rises quite to the sill of the great window, while the top of this window touches the apex of the vault. A cornice-string, which continues the window-sill to right and left, divides the wall into two parts, and above and below it the whole surface is covered by a rich paneling of small traceried and canopied niches, once filled with many figures. There is no vital relationship between door and window: they are merely superimposed and hardly seem to belong to a single architectural conception. The strong horizontal line made by the cornice-string and accented by a difference in the design of the paneling above and below it as greatly detracts from unity as from verticality of effect. The window is much too large for the door, and its gracefully arched head does not harmonize with the obtuser arch formed above it by the end of the vaulted ceiling where it abuts against the wall.

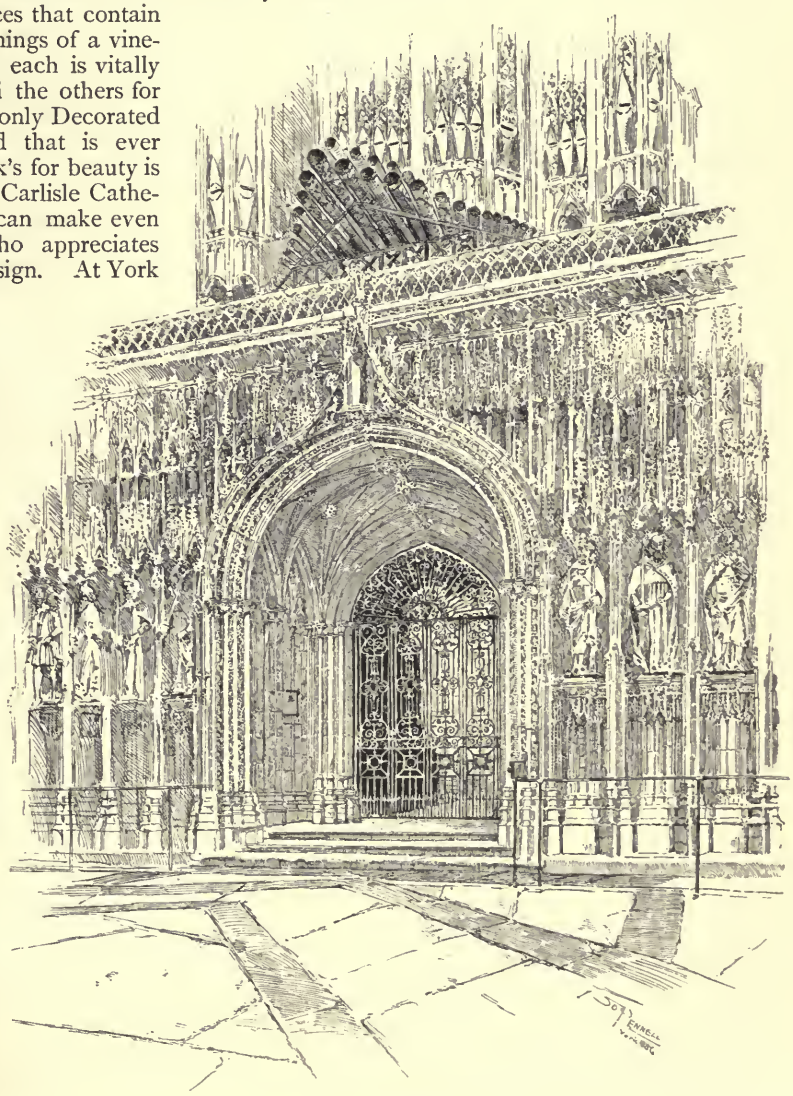
It is a pity indeed that so exquisite a window should thus have the air of not belonging in its place. It is by far the finest in all England, and there is none finer in the world. Built between 1317 and 1340 it marks the apogee of the Decorated style, when geometrical had

[1] As a rule, in early churches the passage back of the triforium arcade was as wide as the aisles, was roofed at the level of the clerestory string-course, and lighted by large windows in the external wall, so that an exterior view presents three ranges of windows almost equal in importance. And, as a rule, when the triforium came to be of less importance inside, it was backed by a dark passage over which the roof sloped away without windows, and an external view thus shows but two ranges of openings. But we cannot so depend upon rules as to be sure, from an exterior, what the interior design will be — a fact which proves that the development of medieval art, at least in England, was less "logical," more dependent upon personal or local preferences, than we often suppose it was. In the very early Lancet-Pointed choir at Ripon, for example, there are but two ranges of windows and the tall triforium opens on a dark passage; the same is the case in the Lancet-Pointed nave and the Decorated presbytery at Lincoln, and in the Decorated nave at Lichfield; while in the late-Decorated choir at Ely there are three ranges of magnificent traceried windows and the triforium passage is as open and light as in the earliest Norman churches. In the Decorated as in the Perpendicular work at York there are dark passages and two external stories only.

been developed into flowing traceries and had not yet stiffened into any approach to Perpendicular types. There is a suggestion in it of the flamboyant forms of France; but it is not really flamboyant—it is a most characteristic and flawless example of the later flowing style. Eight tall narrow lights are finished as eight little equal trefoiled arches; above these the delicate rising lines develop into four groups of two arches each, and again above into two groups of four arches each, while flowing lines then diverge to form a heart-shaped figure in the center of the window-head, supporting another of smaller size and supported on each hand by an egg-shaped figure. All the lines which form these figures and fill them with lace-like traceries are as beautifully adapted to the spaces that contain them as are the veinings of a vine-leaf to its lobe, and each is vitally dependent upon all the others for its own effect. The only Decorated window in England that is ever compared with York's for beauty is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral; and no one can make even this comparison who appreciates the essentials of design. At York the entire window is a unit in conception and effect, despite its multitude of parts; but at Carlisle the main mullions are so disposed that we seem to see, under the great arch of the head, two narrow windows placed side by side with a still narrower one between them. It is a beautiful window, but not so beautiful as the one at York, and by many degrees less excellent as a logical piece of design. Correctly speaking, the York window is a modern work, for it was entirely rebuilt some years ago; but the original was carefully copied stone by stone and its ancient glass reset. The windows in the aisles and clerestory of the nave show an admirable but constantly repeated geometrical design.

VI.

In the four huge piers which support the central tower the original Norman piers were kept as cores and covered with masonry to correspond with the new work in nave and choir. The powerful connecting arches are singularly graceful in shape, and between their tops and the great windows of the lantern runs a rich arcade. The vaulting of the lantern, 180 feet above the floor, is also very elaborate—a net-work of delicate lines like interwoven tendrils.



THE CHOIR-SCREEN.

The screen which shuts off the main alley of the choir is the most splendid that remains in England. It dates from the year 1500 and still preserves most of its sculptured figures, chief among them a series representing the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. Lower and less massive screens shut off the choir-aisles; and the east-limb thus protected is used for the service. The nave has been fitted up for occasional preaching, but most of the time is left desolate to memories of a banished faith and echoes of the sightseer's whispering voice. Within the screens the real majesty of the minster first bursts upon the sense. The design, which looks cold and somewhat uninteresting in the nave, looks superb and splendid here where rich work in paneling, tracery, and sculptured ornament abounds; and it is improved by the closer station of the piers and narrower form of the arches which they bear. This is much the longest east-limb in England, absorbing very nearly half the length of the church and measuring 223½ feet, while Lincoln's, which comes next in size, measures 158. Many elaborate tombs remain in the presbytery and the retro-choir.

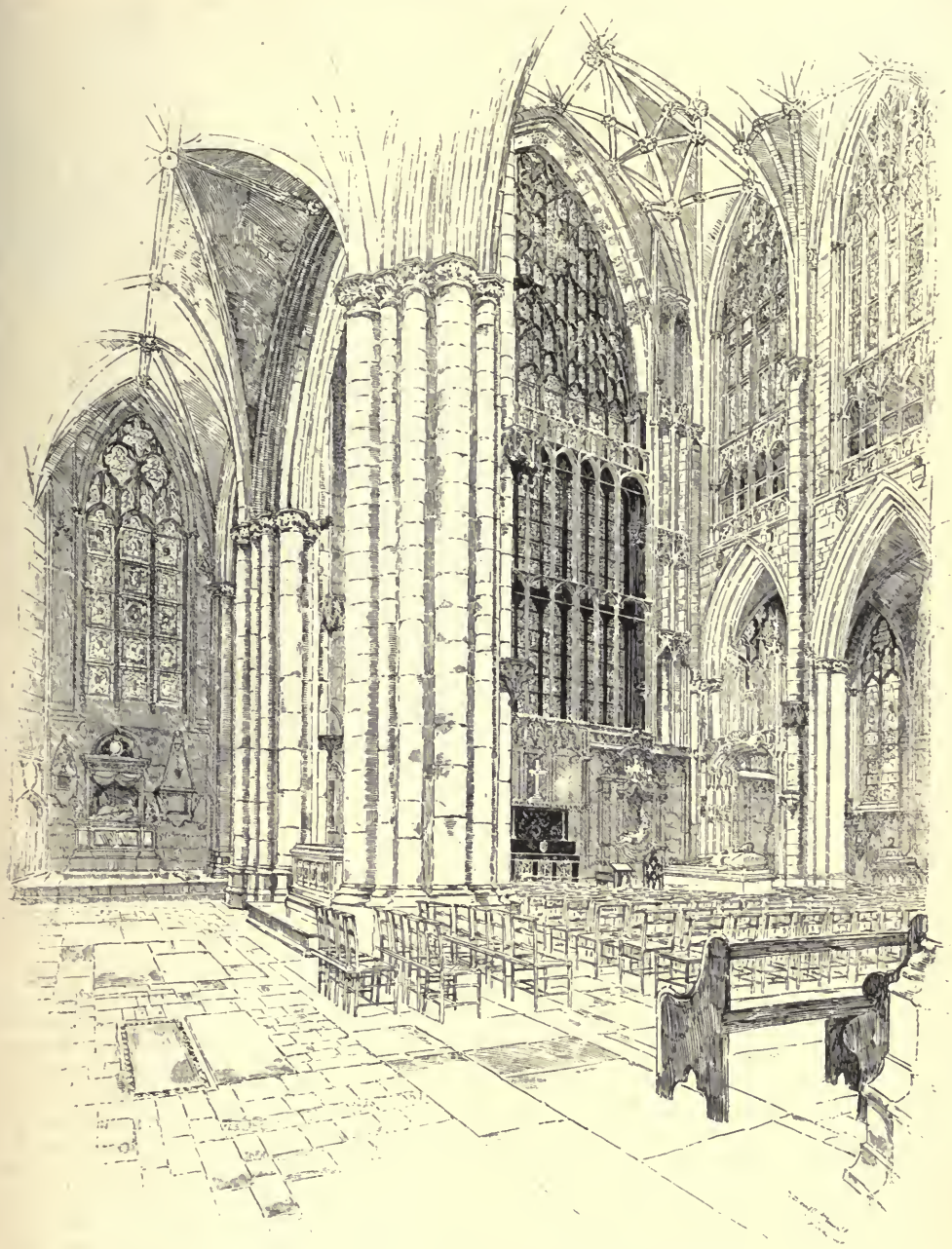
Between choir and presbytery the long succession of three superimposed stories is broken on each hand by the great arch, springing to the roof, which admits to the minor or eastern transept. Such a transept exists, as we have seen, in two or three other English churches, but its arrangement at York is unique. It is not an addition to the east-limb, but a transept built wholly within it — of one bay only to north and south, not projecting farther than the line of the aisle-walls, and thus not showing on a ground-plan. Yet it is almost as effective as though it were longer, for its tall arches give great dignity as well as variety to the vast perspective, and its ends are filled each by a single window rising from near the floor quite to the ceiling — fitting companions for the giant at the east end of the church.

With the exception of the corresponding window in Gloucester Cathedral this east window at York is the largest single opening in the world — seventy-three feet in height by thirty-three in breadth. By contrast with its far-off rival at the west end of the nave it well explains the difference between Perpendicular and Decorated Gothic, while the aisle window (likewise shown in the illustration on the opposite page) explains the transition from the one to the other. It may seem at first sight as though "perpendicular" was the wrong word to give to the newer style, since strong repeated lines cut windows and walls into horizontal sections. But this device gives rise to many superimposed successions of short perpendicular lines; and in the window-heads these so entirely control the design that the few curved and flowing lines which accompany them play a very minor part in its effect. In fact the term "Perpendicular" has been adopted to express not so much a greater effort after verticality in a general sense as a preference for ranges of short straight, upright lines, and is to be set against the term "flowing," which describes the last phase of the Decorated style.

The retro-choir at York was the Lady-Chapel, and the Virgin's altar stood immediately below the great east window. Retro-choir, presbytery, choir, and nave are covered and always have been covered with wooden ceilings in imitation of stone vaults, but their aisles, together with all portions of the great transept, are vaulted with stone. In 1829 the choir was set in flames by a maniac who had concealed himself overnight behind a tomb, and the roof was entirely destroyed, as well as the organ and carven stalls. In 1840 another fire, of accidental origin, consumed the roof of the nave and greatly injured the lantern; but everything was restored as nearly as possible — given the skill of that not very skillful time — to its original condition.

The chapter-house stands near the north arm of the greater transept and is entered through a fine vestibule. In date and style it corresponds with the main portions of the nave and is earlier than the west-front, belonging to the geometrical period of Decorated Gothic. Seven of its faces are filled with large windows of simple yet admirable design, beneath them running a row of seats covered with tall elaborate canopies. In the eighth face is the double arch of the doorway, then a pediment filled with paneling, and then blank traceries on the wall which match the seven windows. There is no central column, but the roof, borne in the eight angles on lovely clustered shafts, makes a clear sweep from wall to wall sixty-seven feet above the floor. With the exception of one church in Prague and one in Portugal and the lantern of Ely Cathedral, we have here the only Gothic dome in the world. But our admiration for both the English examples is lessened, alas! by the knowledge that their roofs — so strong yet light, so nervous yet delicate in effect — are of wood instead of stone.

This is perhaps the most famous chapter-house in England, and on its walls we read a painted Latin legend to the effect that as the rose stands among flowers, so this chapter-house stands among the chapter-houses of the world. Very likely many visitors think that the boast reads none too boastfully. Yet I fancy there will be some to agree with me in preferring certain earlier chapter-houses — especially the one at Lincoln. These beautiful windows



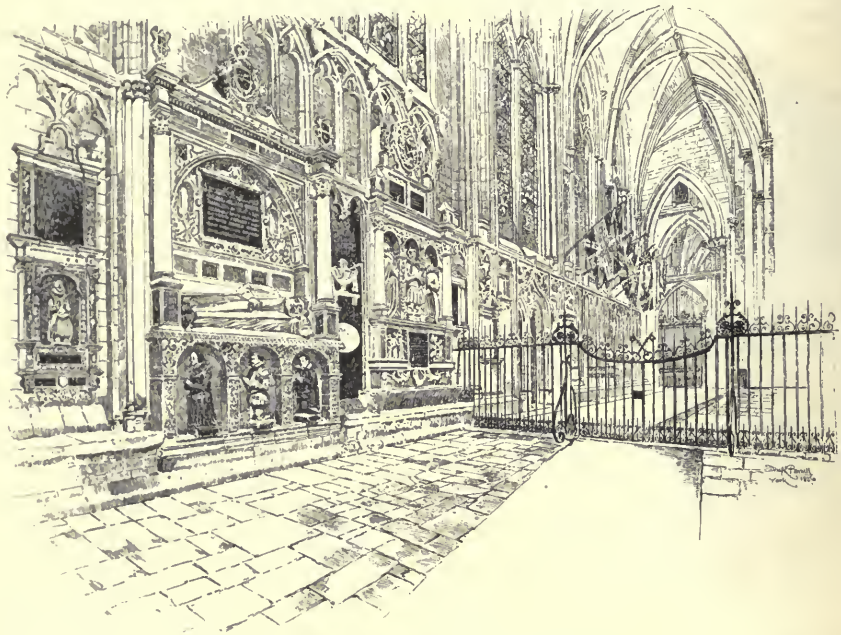
THE EAST-END FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE RETRO-CHOIR.

at York seem to absorb almost too much space, to make the effect almost too fragile and airy; and even the magnificence of an octagon sixty-three feet in diameter, with a clear floor and a flying roof, is less individual, less interesting, less beautiful, than one where rises "like a foamy sheaf of fountains" a central clustered column with its branching stream of ribs. The tendency of Gothic art was ever to accomplish things with less and less revelation of the way in which they were accomplished — to build to loftier and loftier heights with lighter and lighter walls, and more and more to concentrate the points of support. In the chapter-house at York we see the final outcome as regards this class of structures, but an outcome less entirely pleasing to mind or eye than one in which constructional devices are more

frankly shown. Yet it has one great advantage over all its rivals. Nowhere else do we find so beautiful or well-arranged a vestibule, bringing us out into the light, lovely room through a rich but dim and solemn passage-way, the effect of which is vastly increased by the sharp turn it takes.

VII.

PERHAPS nothing in all England makes so strong an impression on the tourist as the interior of York. But it would be difficult to overestimate the degree to which its singular effectiveness depends upon its riches of ancient glass. Architecturally considered there are other interiors more individual, more beautiful, even more imposing, and many others more interesting to the student's eye. But the great and general fault of English churches is that they have been entirely reduced to architectural bone and sinew — that they lack decorative warmth and glow, life and color, and the charm which lies in those myriad accessory things piously preserved elsewhere by the lingering faith of Rome. All the varied tools and trappings, altars, shrines, and symbolic trophies of the rich Catholic ritual have been banished; much of the furniture is gone; all the walls are bare of paint; scores of tombs and chantries have been shattered to bits, and thousands of sculptured ornaments and figures have fallen beneath the ax. A painful cleanness has replaced those time-stains which give "tone" to many continental churches even when no actual coloring exists, and a glare of white light or hideous cacophony of modern hues fills the enormous windows. Columns and walls and floors are as barren at York as elsewhere, and although many tombs remain, without its glass it would seem even colder and emptier than most of its sisters. But its glass, thrice fortunately, has been almost wholly preserved. Nowhere else in the island can we learn half so well as here what part translucent color was meant to play in a Gothic church.



TOMBS IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE FRESBYTERY.

Not all the windows show the old glass, nor is it always in the position it originally held; but the exceptions are few, and the most conspicuous results of modern manufacture fill the smaller lancets above the "Five Sisters" and those in the opposite end of the great transept. In one or two of the nave windows parts of the glass are even earlier than that in the "Five Sisters," dating from about 1200, and having been preserved, of course, from the earlier building; and elsewhere we can follow the development of the art through a period of four full centuries. The west window, glazed about 1350, is a gorgeous mosaic of ruddy and purple hues, shining, in the intricate stone pattern which shows black against the light, like a million amethysts and rubies set in ebony lace. The colossal multicolored eastern window and the two of similar fashion in the minor transept are vast and fair enough for the walls of the New Jerusalem, and so too the



THE MINSTER FROM THE STREET.

exquisite sea-green "Sisters"; while wherever we look in the delicately constructed eastern limb it seems not as though walls had been pierced for windows, but as though radiant translucent screens — fragile, yet vital and well equal to their task — had been used to build a church and were merely bound together with a net-work of solid stone. For the moment we feel that nothing in the world is so beautiful as glass and that no glass in the world could be more beautiful than this.

If, however, we know French glass of the best periods, we remember it, when the passage of first emotions leaves us cool enough to think, as being still more wonderful. In these pages it would be as impossible to discuss all the differences between French and English glass as to trace the variations that marked styles and centuries in England, or to describe the patterns before us, which, although blending at a distance into a Persian vagueness of design, are varied and admirable pictures when we see them somewhat closer. Only this may be said: blue is the most brilliant of all colors in a translucent state, the one which gives stained glass a quality most different from that of opaque pigments; blue is more prominently used in the best French glass than any other color, while in England it rarely dominates in a window, and is often almost altogether suppressed in favor of green and red and yellow and brownish hues. The general tone in English glass is often rather soft and thick — a little oleaginous, so to say, or treacle-like; less clear, crisp, sparkling, gemlike than ideally perfect glass should be. To my mind the very best English windows are apt to be those of the latest Gothic period, when the background of architectural motives is softly grayish in tone and throws out with exquisite effect the brilliant little figures which were then preferred to the large figures of earlier times. But it is not glass of this description which most fully shows the royal splendor that is within the compass of the art.

Yet though we may say that there is still finer glass in the world than all but the very best of that in York Cathedral, as a whole York's glass is quite fine enough to reveal the true power of medieval glaziers and the potency of their handiwork as an aid to architectural effect. Indeed, the lesson it teaches is that Gothic stained glass was much more than an adornment to architecture. Historically and æsthetically it was in so strict a sense an architectural factor that we cannot

really appreciate a Gothic church if we think of it as a mere skeleton of stone. During a long period glass itself was the cause and reason of architectural development. As the achievements and ambitions of the glazier grew, the architect modified his scheme to suit the new possibilities of beauty thus supplied him. Not because windows were bigger was more splendid glass produced; it is truer to say that because glass was growing more and more splendid were windows increased in size. Thus when the revolution was complete great deep-toned windows held so prominent a place in the architect's primary conception that to judge this conception apart from them is to judge not merely a naked but a mutilated thing. Of course as much is not true of Norman buildings. Here arches, piers, and walls are all-important; windows play a very restricted rôle: the paint which has flaked off from their stones is a greater loss than the glass which has perished from their openings. But as Gothic art developed, the openings soared and widened till to say *windows* meant almost to say *walls;* and when we see these walls in thin white glass instead of rich with the intense color which means vigor and solidity as well as loveliness, it is like seeing a "skeletonized" leaf instead of a leaf filled with its fresh green tissues. A Perpendicular church was actually meant to look as I have said it does look when its glass is present — like a vast translucent colored tabernacle merely ribbed and braced with a sterner substance. To remove its glass thus means a great deal more than to destroy decorative charm. It means to ruin even the architectural idea.

Nowhere at York are the windows more deeply splendid, more radiantly fair, than in the vestibule of the chapter-house and the wonderful room itself. If only their influence might be felt apart from the teasing drone of the verger's explanatory repetitions! Curry favor with him by patient listening at first and he may consent to leave you to beauty and silence while he takes his flock back into the church. But after a moment he will be with you once more, the flock a new one but the drone the same, and the self-satisfied gesture which accents the words, "Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum."

VIII.

THE story of the Archbishops of Canterbury means the story of their nation; but through the centuries when they were at their greatest their titular town lay quietly outside the scenes in which they figured. Not so with York. The focus of life in the north of England, its name comes constantly to the historian's lips, and countless famous Englishmen there did famous deeds.

If we credit legends we may believe that the city was already in existence when King David reigned in Israel, but its clear history as Eboracum begins with the Romans — with Agricola who subdued or founded it, with Severus the emperor who died there and Geta his son, Constantius Chlorus, and Constantine the Great. Then, after a century of darkness, comes the shadowy figure of Arthur the Briton keeping his Christmas at Eboracum, and after another century of conflict, Edwin the Englishman and his baptism by Paulinus. Four hundred and fifty years later comes William the Norman, the sword in one hand, the torch in the other; then Henry II., receiving homage from Malcolm of Scotland; King John, visiting the city sixteen times; Henry III., signing his alliance with one Scottish king and marrying his daughter to another; Edward I., holding a parliament; Edward II., fleeing from Bannockburn; Edward III., in 1327, marching against the Bruce, and the next year marrying Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral; Queen Philippa, in 1346, marching to that victory of Neville's Cross which the monks of Durham were to watch from their tower-top; and Richard II. in 1389. In 1461 Henry VI. went out from York to the battle of Towton, and his conqueror entered it to return again as Edward IV. for his coronation in 1464. When Edward died his brother Richard was at York, and though he went at once to London he came back to pompous ceremonials while his nephews were being murdered in the Tower. And Flodden Field sent its representative in 1513 — the slain body of James IV. of Scotland. York was distinguished in the Reformation as the center of the rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and saw the execution of its ringleader, Robert Aske, and also the execution of Northumberland, who led the Catholic revolt in the time of Elizabeth. In 1640 Charles I. summoned a council of peers at York, hither removed his court in 1642, and here welcomed his wife when she brought him supplies from France. In 1644 the city was invested by Fairfax, with Cromwell serving as a lieutenant in his army. Prince Rupert's arrival raised the siege, but after the battle of Marston Moor the city surrendered to the Parliament forces.[1] Thus the two bloodiest battles ever fought by Englishmen against Englishmen were fought within sight of York — Towton and Marston Moor; and up to the time of the Restoration no city save London knew more of the course

[1] Members of the Fairfax family were put in charge of York by the Parliamentary party, and to them the minster owes its preservation from the ruin which was worked elsewhere.

of national life. It has been the birthplace, too, of spirits conspicuous for good or evil — not, indeed, as once was claimed, of Constantine the Great, but of Alcuin, the mighty scholar and friend of Charlemagne; of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, "hero and martyr of England, . . . the valiant and devout who died by the sword at the bidding of Norman judges"; of Guy Fawkes; of Flaxman the sculptor, Etty the painter, and the astronomical Earl of Rosse; of George Hudson, king of the railway, and of a host of minor sapient Dryasdusts.



THE SKY-LINE OF YORK MINSTER FROM THE NORTH.

Then on the roll of York's archbishops what a famous company! — Paulinus; St. Chad, the great founder of Lichfield (who was not archbishop, yet for a while bishop at York); St. John of Beverley, rivaled in sanctity on this northern soil by St. Cuthbert of Durham only; Egbert, to whom the history of Bede was dedicated; Ealdred, the friend of Edward the Confessor and then of the rebel Tostig, and the primate who placed the crown on Harold's head, in the same year on William's, and two years later on Matilda's, and then died of a broken heart because of the ruin that the Conquest worked in Yorkshire — an expressive figure with which to close the line of the pre-Norman primates of the north.

The Norman line begins, as I have said, with Thomas of Bayeux, the rebuilder of the cathedral church. The third who followed him was Thurstan, conspicuous in the struggle of York against Canterbury and of the monastic against the secular clergy; conspicuous too as a leader in the wars against the Scot — mounting the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, St. Wilfred of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham on a cart and leading them to the great victory called the "Battle of the Standard." He died in 1140, having given up miter and sword to become a monk at Cluny, and was followed by William Fitzherbert, a descendant of the Conqueror, who was canonized as St. William of York. Just why this honor was accorded it is hard to understand. Truly, William saved hundreds of lives by a miracle when a bridge fell into the Ouse; but miracles were plenty in those days, and perhaps the wish of the mighty diocese of York and the "money and entreaties" of his friend Antony Bek, Prince Bishop of Durham, had more to do with his saintship than had personal merit. The cathedral of York was dedicated to St. Peter; but to share a patron with the Church at large and to have no private collection of bones for purposes of pomp and revenue — this in no degree contented a great twelfth-century "house." So William Fitzherbert was canonized; his body



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, "FIVE SISTERS," AND CENTRAL TOWER.

was fittingly enshrined, was translated to the new presbytery in later years, and, let us hope, faithfully did its part towards paying for its resting-place.

After the saint-to-be came Roger, whom Becket called all manner of names because he took the part of King Henry, and whom Becket's friends accused of complicity in his murder. Roger was certainly no saint, though doubtless no assassin; for he was the "York" whom the well-known anecdote describes as plumping himself down in "Canterbury's" lap when the southern primate had taken the seat at the papal legate's right hand in council at Westminster, and being thereupon beaten and trampled and hounded away to the cry, "Betrayer of St. Thomas, his blood is upon thy hands!" Yet he was a great scholar and a great builder, constructing, among many other things, the new choir of his cathedral. Roger was followed by Geoffrey Plantagenet, reputed the son of King Henry and Fair Rosamond. Then came De Grey, the friend of King John in his struggle with the people; and then — with lesser men between them — Greenfield in the reign of Edward I., Melton in the reign of Edward II., when York was for a time the real capital of England, and from 1352 to 1373 Thoresby, who built the presbytery of his church and accepted with thanks the title of "Primate of England." In 1398 Scroope, who is the *York* of Shakspere's Henry IV., was consecrated. In 1464 there came to the chair a Neville who played a prominent part in the Wars of the Roses, but is better remembered for a feast he gave, when 330 tuns of beer and 104 tuns of wine were drunk and everything in the world was eaten down to "four porpoises and eight

seals." And in 1514 came the most famous primate of all — Wolsey the cardinal, who at first held Durham's see with York's, and then, giving up Durham's, held Winchester's with York's, and after his disgrace came back to live near York and to die at Leicester.

IX.

In its ancient walls and gates and bridges, its many churches of many dates, its Norman castle and fifteenth-century guildhall, the exquisite ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the long low streets of gabled, timbered houses, and the splendid archiepiscopal palaces and lordly homes that dot the neighboring country, York clearly shows the tread of time from Roman days to ours, and the handiwork of all the races and generations that have made it famous. But there is no room here for a survey so extensive. Only a line or two can be given to the external aspect of its greatest structure.

From a distance York Cathedral has by no means the beauty of Lincoln. It stands well, but not so well as Lincoln, and its excessive length is not supported by adequate height in the outer roof or in the towers, while the fact that this length is equally divided between nave and choir increases the monotony of the sky-line. It is, of course, an immensely impressive sky-line; but to my eye it is the least beautiful that England shows in any of her great churches if Winchester and Peterborough be excepted.

Coming nearer we still find that Lincoln need not fear the contrast. The west doorways are very grand and very lovely, but elsewhere there is much less decoration than at Lincoln, and the simpler plan gives no such picturesque perspectives or rich effects of light and shade. Nor are the towers satisfactory in proportion or design. They are very big, yet sadly stumpy, and the total lack of finish to the central one is as distressing as the exaggerated battlements around the western pair. But the south transept-front is magnificent: one of the finest impressions we get in England is when we perceive it first through the long low vista of the Stonegate. And we find a very splendid group when we stand on the green to

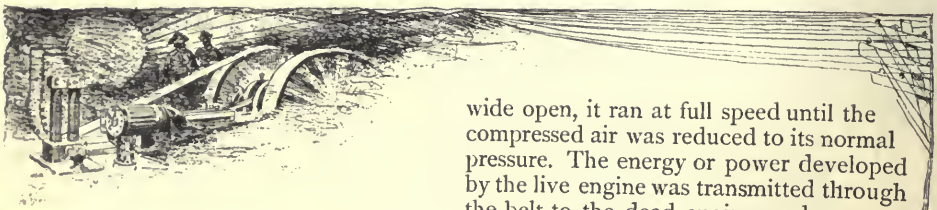


THE EAST-END AT NIGHT.

the north of the church — formerly the archbishop's garden, but now open and turfed around the relics of the shattered palace — and see the chapter-house, the "Five Sisters," and the central tower. Whatever may be thought of its interior, no chapter-house is so beautiful as this outside, with its well-designed buttresses and lofty roof and the great elbow of its vestibule. Nor could it be better supported than by the simple aspiring lines of the transept windows and the massive bulk of the tower behind them. Seen from the east the chapter-house forms part of another admirable composition, where it stands in contrast to the long reach of the two-storied choir broken by the vast height of the window in the minor transept. The east-front of the church is typically English and good of its kind, though not to be compared with those produced in earlier days when windows were smaller but more numerous. The immense fields of glass that later Gothic builders used are of course less happy in effect outside a church than inside.

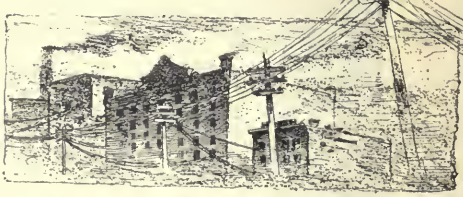
M. G. van Rensselaer.

SOMETHING ELECTRICITY IS DOING.

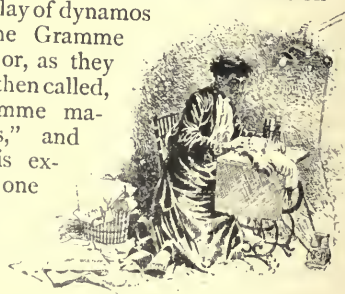


SEVERAL years ago, at one of the exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, there was a display of small steam engines, many of which were supplied with steam and were in motion. One exhibitor, who had a portable boiler with engine attached, did not use the steam supplied to the others, and his exhibit would have been "dead," or idle, had he not put a belt from a neighboring engine to his own. Most of the spectators did not notice this device, and imagined the engine was really at work on its own account. At the hour for closing the hall, when all the steam was shut off and the various engines came to rest, the belt to the "dead" engine was thrown off, and, to the amazement of those present, the idle engine instantly started off and ran at full speed for several minutes before it slowed down and stopped.

The dead engine at work was an example of what is called the "conversion or transmission of energy." The engine was connected with an air-tight boiler, and when set in motion by means of the belt it acted as a compressor and filled the boiler with air under pressure. When released, it became itself a prime mover or motor under the pressure of the air stored in the boiler. The throttle being wide open, it ran at full speed until the compressed air was reduced to its normal pressure. The energy or power developed by the live engine was transmitted through the belt to the dead engine, and a part of this energy was for the time stored in the air within the boiler. When the supply of energy was cut off, the stored energy in the boiler reappeared as mechanical power on the previously dead engine.



It is a curious fact that at the International Exhibition at Vienna, in 1873, a parallel phenomenon was observed. There was at the Vienna Exhibition a display of dynamos of the Gramme type, or, as they were then called, "Gramme machines," and in this exhibit one



of the machines had been connected with an engine and was at work, while a second machine, that stood near it, was at rest. Desiring to show both machines in motion, H. Hippolyte Fontaine, who was in charge of the Gramme display, conceived the idea of joining the two by some suitable conductor. As far as can be learned two dynamos had never been joined, and it was not known what would be the result. By using a long cable, borrowed from a neighboring exhibiter, he coupled the dynamos, and to his surprise the second or dead dynamo started off at full speed. Now it happened that the cable was a long one, and M. Fontaine's device practically demonstrated the conversion of energy and its transmission to a distance. The two dynamos stood side by side, yet, if the conductor had been stretched out in a straight line, they would have been two kilometers apart, and thus the energy transmitted from the engine to the first dynamo practically reappeared as mechanical power two kilometers distant.

Civilization and the safety of governments depend to-day on "motive power." Without cheap and abundant power it is doubtful if the people could be fed and clothed. We practically live on the steam engine and the economic use of its power; and the power we obtain from other prime movers, the turbine, the windmill, the gas engine, the dynamo, and the horse, is of the highest commercial and industrial importance. Of our prime movers or sources of power, the horse, while giving a high efficiency for the food he consumes, is the least valuable, because his power is comparatively small and is only useful for a few hours out of every twenty-four. Windmills, as they are now made in this country, give good results, but at best they are unreliable and of small power. The gas engine and its relative, the hot-air engine, give moderate powers and find a useful field of work in all our large cities. The turbine is efficient and cheap, and is very largely used wherever there is water-power. The steam engine is, so far, the best motor we have, because, while it is theoretically wasteful, it can be operated anywhere on land or sea. This problem of conversion and transmission of energy, therefore, is mainly based on the turbine and the steam engine. They convert the energy stored up by nature and make it available as useful motive power.

Every year it becomes more and more important that we shall be able to convey the power developed by these two prime movers to the work we wish performed. Hitherto we have carried the work to the motor. We can no longer do this at a profit, and the power must be conveyed to the work. The price of land in cities compels us to erect very tall buildings and to use power on every floor. The subdivision of labor and the specialization of manufactures make it more and more important that motive power be divided into very small fractions. We want single horse-powers and even one-tenth or one-eighth horse-powers with variable speeds, and under as complete control as gas or water. Moreover, there is a tendency to return to the old idea of small shops, with one or two artisans in each, for the production of those more or less artistic articles that demand both skill and power. Domestic life, particularly in cities, calls for motive power to run elevators, lift water, and to move sewing-machines and laundry machinery. A city apartment house can no longer be operated without power of some kind. This rapidly growing demand for small powers is evident in the great number of small steam, gas, and water motors now on the market. They are simply the result of the demand. Social science and humanity are deeply concerned in this matter, and, while they may not know it as yet, they should earnestly consider the subject if the evils of the factory system and tenement house labor are to be abated. The truest charity should consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the crowding and misery of our manufacturing centers by changing our system of transmitting energy as well as by trying to improve the factories and tenements. Instead of helping people in the factory, may it not be wiser to carry the motive power round which they are huddled to some other place with happier and more healthful surroundings?

These things are perhaps elementary, yet they are essential to a right understanding of the new method of converting energy now placed before our commercial and industrial communities. Two methods of distributing energy are already in use. One plan is to multiply small motors, to use one engine for one machine or for one very small group of machines. By this plan the stored energy of coal is transmitted through the streets (or gas-pipes) to each little motor. This method, while in general use, is too expensive. The more we multiply steam engines the higher the cost of the power. Twenty five-horse-power engines are proportionally far more costly to build and operate than one one-hundred-horse-power engine. The second method of distribution is by belts and shafting, which includes gearing. This system is necessarily limited in range. Power cannot be distributed by belts (as by cable) for more than two or three miles, and for moving machinery not over a few hundred feet, or more than the height of an ordinary factory. Shafting is limited to perhaps half a block. With both belts and shafts there must be heavy and massive construction to secure

the alignment of the shafting and to prevent waste of power through unnecessary motions, jarring, or shaking of the building or machinery. Both are also wasteful by reason of friction. Power can also be transmitted by means of water or air in pipes, but both hydraulic and pneumatic distribution are expensive and wasteful.

It is now thought that Fontaine's experiment at Vienna offers the key to the ultimate solution of this question. Previous to 1873 there had been, all through the earlier years of this century, many attempts to use electricity as a source of power. It had been known that electricity could be used to induce magnetism, and that magnetism could be converted into useful power. From the researches in this field had come many forms of electro-magnetic motors. By a rapid evolution from the crude to the perfect these motors advanced until they promised to be of real value, but they were hampered by one almost fatal defect—expense. As converters of energy they were dependent on a battery as a source of supply, and it was simply "not good business" to burn zinc at seven cents a pound when, with the steam engine, we could burn coal at one-fourth of a cent a pound. With the invention of the Gramme machine and the many forms of dynamos that immediately followed it the question assumed a wholly new phase.

The dynamo, stripped of its technical details, is a machine for transforming energy. It converts mechanical power into that phase or manifestation of energy which we call electricity. Mechanical power is cheap and the dynamo made electricity cheap. The moment electricity was reduced in cost the electric motor assumed a commercial value. It ceased to be a mere laboratory apparatus and became a practical machine for converting electrical energy back into mechanical power. It is not easy to comprehend the immense importance of this latest evolution of machines and all that it means when we say that we have now joined the steam engine, the dynamo, and the motor in one. It is as great an improvement as the invention of the steam engine itself. It is not necessary here to enter into the study of the electric motor as a machine. The point to consider is the position of the electric motor as a transformer of energy and its place in the arts, business, transportation, and manufactures.

Electric motors are now a regular trade product and can be bought, in a variety of styles and shapes, ready made, precisely as we may buy a steam engine or a turbine. They are made in a number of sizes, ranging from one-tenth of a horse-power upward. A motor of one-eighth horse-power weighs only fifteen pounds, and measures $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5 \times 3$ inches. It can be placed in any position, right side up, upside down, or affixed sidewise to a wall, and will deliver power from its pulley in any required direction. Larger motors occupy more space in proportion, but any motor, whatever its size, can be placed in any position where it rests firmly on its base. An electric motor will operate in any ordinary temperature and in any climate, provided it is kept dry. It is practically cold; that is, it gives out no injurious heat while at work. Even when running at very high speed it is safer, so far as mechanical injury is concerned, than any other form of machine or motor. Of its two chief points, the magnets and the armature, only the latter is subject to wear and tear, and this wear is confined to the bearings. The energy passing through the magnets appears, so far as our senses show us, to have no effect on the material of the magnets, and they remain practically unchanged through years of service. When not at work the motor is at complete rest, and all cost of maintenance ceases, except the interest and the slight cost of keeping such enduring metals as copper and iron from injury by rust or fire. Added to these advantages is the fact that the electric motor receives its supply of energy through a wire.

It is difficult at first to comprehend how much is meant by these simple statements. First we may observe the structure of buildings where power is used. In such buildings the walls and floors must be strong and stiff to resist the jarring and weight of heavy engines and to keep the shafting in line so that all points of bearing and strains shall be firm and not wasteful of power by unnecessary friction. With the electric motor, particularly if the power is subdivided among a number of small motors, lighter and cheaper buildings can be used. In place of one large engine in the basement, with belts and shafting to the upper floors, the engine may be in another building, perhaps a mile away, and the dynamo may transmit its energy through wires branching to every floor or to a hundred motors on one floor. With the electric motor it will be possible to erect, as we must, very tall buildings and have "power to let" on every floor. This will not only cheapen the cost of buildings, but enhance the value of real estate by making it possible to put many power-using tenants under one roof.

When the present system of manufactures began in the early part of this century the great mills and factories clustered round the water-powers. Holyoke, Lawrence, and Manchester grew up beside their turbines, and it was the waterfall that settled the value of real estate in our manufacturing towns. With the improvements in the steam engine and the locomotive there came a change to the commer-

cially more convenient cities. The manufactures left the small towns by the rivers and gathered in the cities, and to-day we find Philadelphia and New York are the great manufacturing centers. The factory must stand near its turbine or engine, whether that is the cheapest, the safest, and best place or not. It is safe to say that the electric motor will produce as great a change as ever was seen before, because it is now possible to erect the motive-power plant in one place and the manufacturing plant in an entirely separate one. Many interesting industrial and even social questions at once arise. The position of the engine may be low or wet, near a canal or a noisy railroad yard, in an unhealthy or a morally "infected district," alike injurious to the goods manufactured and to the workpeople who make them. Cheaper, drier, safer, and pleasanter sites may be only a few hundred feet away, and yet by our present system the factory hands, men, women, and little children, must huddle together in a physical or moral swamp in order to be near the motive power on which their work and wages depend. It is the same with the turbine. It must stand at the foot of its waterfall, and the factory must be built on massive and costly foundations immediately above it. Perhaps not a thousand yards away cheap, dry land is idle, simply because we have no mechanical means of transmitting power to such a distance. A wire may be laid anywhere, underground, over valleys and streets, and through walls, and the turbine may be left alone in its well and the engine remain by its coal-yard. The electric motor makes it possible to remove the factory far from its motive power at a material gain to all concerned.

This is not by any means a profitless speculation concerning the far future. It is simply a question of comparative values. The problem now being considered in all our industries is the cost of the conversion of energy. The cost of motive power at the engine or turbine is well known. Can that power be conveyed to other places at a profit? Will cheaper construction, cheaper, better, and more healthful land, and greater safety and convenience, pay for the necessary loss of power in conversion by means of motors? There are three conversions with the electric motor, and each entails a loss of power and thus of money. From reliable data it appears that there is a loss of about nine per cent. between the prime mover and the dynamo. That is, the dynamo receiving 100 horse-power from its prime mover delivers to the conductor only 91 horse-power; the conductor, a mile long, also entails a loss and delivers to the motor only 81 horse-power; the motor, one mile from the engine, entails a further loss, so that finally only 71 horse-power is delivered to the machinery. The great commercial and industrial problem before us is to settle how far this loss of power in conversion may be offset by cheaper buildings, cheaper land, and lower rents. There is every reason to think that in many places, notably in Boston and New York, the question has been settled in favor of the motor. It must also be observed that with our present system of mechanical conversion by belts and shafts there is a loss in transmission, and the question is, which is cheaper, the single loss of friction by mechanical transmission, or the three losses by the motor? There can be no doubt that for all distances beyond a very few hundred feet the motor is the cheaper. This, at least, seems to be settled: the motor is cheapest the moment the factors of construction, land values, sanitary safety, and security from flood and fire are taken as real parts of the problem. The cable road indeed conveys power for a mile or more by means of its traveling-belt, yet it is enormously wasteful. The larger part of the power must be consumed in moving the cable, and every turn at street corners involves a loss of power. With a wire there is, so far as can be detected, no loss whatever by bending the wire at a right angle. To all this we must add in favor of the motor complete escape from the heat, noise, dust and ashes, and danger from fire that must always accompany the steam-power plant. By far the larger part of the fire losses in manufactures of all kinds springs from fires started by the boilers. With the motor the factory may be removed to a safe distance from all danger. The boiler-house may burn, but the mill need no longer go with it.

To the student of social science the electric motor is full of suggestions for the future. If power can be subdivided and conveyed to a distance, why may not our present factory system of labor be ultimately completely changed? People are huddled together under one roof because belts and shafts are so pitiably short. If power may traverse a wire, why not take the power to the people's homes, or to smaller and more healthful shops in pleasanter places? To-day we find sewing-women crowded into a hot, stuffy room, close to the noise, smell, dust, and terrible heat of some little steam engine at one end of the room. The place must be on a low floor because of the weight of the engine and the cost of carrying coal upstairs. Let us see how the work may be done with motors. We may take the elevator in a wholesale clothing warehouse on Bleecker street and pass through the salesrooms to the top floor. The building is lofty and of light construction, and yet we find in the bright and pleasant attic above the house-tops a hundred girls, each using power. They are seated at long tables,

each one having a sewing-machine, and secured to the under side of the table is a small electric motor, one to each machine. The operator has only to touch a foot-pedal and the motor starts, giving about one-tenth of a horse-power, at very high speed. If the speed is too fast it can be regulated at will by the pressure of the foot on the treadle. There is no heat, no dust or ill-smelling oil, and only a slight humming sound, the sewing-machine itself making more noise than the motor. The room is sweet, clean, and light, and it is in every respect a healthful workroom. If we look out of the window we see two insulated wires passing under the sash down to the electric-light wires on the poles below. There are people who cry out against the overhead wires, and would pull them all down. Some day they will be buried underground. Meanwhile, is it not an immense gain for these working-girls to be placed in a quiet, sunny room, far from the maddening engine? In another shop on Broadway we may see a different arrangement. A two-horse-power motor takes its current from an electric-light wire in the street, and redistributes its power to shafting placed under the work-tables. Each operator with a touch of the foot throws her machine into gear, and takes her share of the two-horse-power.

In like manner it is possible to go to many places in all our cities and find motors of all sizes doing useful work in converting the energy flowing in the street wires into power for driving printing-presses, circular saws, elevators, pumps, ventilating-fans, and machinery of every kind. It is not so much a question as to what the motor will do as of the convenience of reaching an electric-light wire in the street. It is safe to say that to-day there is not a single building being put up for small manufacturing plants where "Power to let" is to be painted on the door that is not considering the question between engines and motors. One large building now going up in New York, and intended to be let out with power in small shops on every floor, has no provision whatever for shafts or belts. The engine and dynamos will be placed in the basement and wires laid in the walls to small motors placed on every floor. Moreover, there being an excess of steam power, the wires will also be laid to other buildings within a radius of half a mile in every direction. The saving in construction and insurance, and the gain in cleanliness, quiet, safety, and healthfulness in that neighborhood, will be difficult to measure in dollars and cents.

In mountainous districts, where it is difficult to transport steam engines and where water-power is often cheap and abundant, the electric motor appears to open a remarkable future to our mining interests. The introduction of motors at Big Bend on the Feather River, Butte County, California, may hint at this future by showing what has already been done. At this place turbines drive dynamos, supplying a current that travels through a circuit of eighteen miles, and at fourteen points alone the line motors are used to drive pumps and hoisting machinery, and by branch wires the power can be used a mile on either side of the main circuit. This is only one instance of what is being done and may be done for the transmission of energy in our mining districts.

One of the most curious things in the behavior of electricity is the fact that a current will flow from one conductor to another if they merely touch each other, and even if the point of contact is continually changing. Thus we may have a "rolling contact," as when a wheel rolls along a wire. This simple fact is the foundation of the entire system of electric railroads. The first experimental use of motors to move a car proved that it is possible to convey energy through a wire to a motor traveling on a track, and so conclusive were these first experiments that throughout the world attention was at once called to the subject of electric railroads. Several of the earlier plants are still in use, though they are, in point of mechanical construction, far inferior to those now being laid in this country. Once brought to a reasonably practical position, the electric railroad is accepted to-day almost instantly. A year ago there was opened the first long and difficult electric road, at Richmond, Virginia. To-day there are at least fifty roads in operation — perhaps the most remarkably rapid commercial application of a new system ever seen. Twenty-five years ago the people were not educated to such instant acceptance of a wholly new system of transmission of energy. Whether such roads will be cheaper than horse-power remains to be seen. The opinion seems to be, up to this time, that the motor, if not now, will ultimately be the cheaper. If for no other reason than the happy escape from horse-power, the electric car should be welcomed, and is welcomed, by the public as well as the stockholders. The housing of a thousand horses in one building in our cities is unsanitary in the extreme, and if for no other reason than the removal of such a mass of animal life from our city limits the electric car should be insisted upon as the better motor. Compassion alone would demand that any motor that will release us from the daily contact with the car-horse and his miseries should be welcomed.

Another feature of the electric motor is its adaptation to the accumulator, or secondary battery. This battery is now the subject of most earnest study. It practically stores en-

ergy and releases it through the motor to move a car or to drive machinery. It would seem as if the battery, like the motor, was destined to produce great changes in our system of power transmission, and already it is at work in our streets moving cars in silence and at good speed. How far it is to supersede the present plan of transmitting the power to the car by means of a wire placed under the track or hung over the car on poles remains to be seen. At present the larger part of the electric roads use a wire in some position near the track.

Within the past ten years there has been a remarkable increase in the number of electric-lighting stations, until they are now to be found in every town of any considerable size in the country. Every electric-light circuit may be also a source of power. Motors adapted to both the arc light and the incandescent light systems can be connected with one or other of these light circuits and draw power instead of light from its wires. Centers of distribution for power are therefore already widely established, and it is now perfectly easy and convenient to obtain power along the line of these light circuits.

Regarded as a machine the electric motor is remarkably efficient, considering the very few years, hardly months, in which it has been manufactured on a commercial scale. Of the half-dozen principal companies manufacturing motors all are of very recent origin, and all report a demand for motors in excess of the facilities for making them. At the same time the motor and its manufacture are practically in their infancy. Even within a few months most interesting and promising improvements are announced that will both increase their power and cheapen the cost of the power they supply.

The electric motor has but one source of danger, and that is the current supplied by the wire. This is no more than the danger from steam-pipes and boilers. Knowing the conditions and limits of safety with steam we use steam everywhere. In like manner, when we learn what are the factors of safety with electricity we shall use it with the same freedom as we use steam. The condition of safety with the motor is perfect insulation, and this is provided for in all motors, so that practically the new motor is as safe as any of the prime movers from which we derive energy for useful work.

Charles Barnard.

LOVE'S UNREST.

THOU lovest me. I am a woman, so
I loved thee whom I liked before I loved;
For love creates itself, and therefore love
Is God. . . . Come, lover mine, and sit you down;
There at my feet I 'll teach you how to love.

Take first my hand, as one who plucks a flower
To love it, not to crush it in his hold —
Oh, fie! Think you a tender flower could bear
So fierce a pressure, stupid that you are?
Poor flower! See, now, thou hast a rosier hue
Given to its petals. Nay, thou shalt not have
It more. . . . Where was I? How can I proceed
If thou hast not my hand? There, take it then,
But yet, forget not it is but a flower.

Now look at me. . . . Nay, turn thine eyes away —
I — do not like their gaze — I — I forgot
To say 't is better thou shouldst often look
Another way, that thou mayst scan thyself
To understand if truly thou dost love!
And to this end I 'll question thee. Dost think
Of me at morn and eve, and ever with
The self-same love, and love and naught but love?

Nay, turn away thine eyes! . . . And dost thou know
That love for me will ever be as now,
When I am old and wrinkled, weak perchance?
Say naught. If ever thou dost love no more,
My love will die as it had never been;
For my love hangs on thine as bee on flower,
Who, when the honey-cup is void, hums off
To gather more — or die — as it may be.

. . . . . .

Look back at me, O lover mine! and say,
"I love thee," o'er and o'er. My heart is full
Of saddened thoughts that I myself have wooed.
The bee not thus would turn his honeyed wine
To bitter,— nor will I! I do believe
Thou truly lovest me, as — I love thee.

L. M. S.

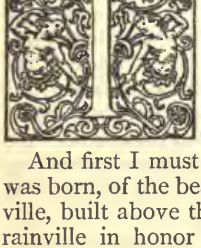
STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

THE HISTORY OF ALIX DE MORAINVILLE.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

Written in Louisiana this 22d of August, 1795, for my dear friends Suzanne and Françoise Bossier.



HAVE promised you the story of my life, my very dear and good friends with whom I have had so much pleasure on board the flat-boat which has brought us all to Attakapas. I now make good my promise.

And first I must speak of the place where I was born, of the beautiful Château de Morainville, built above the little village named Morainville in honor of its lords. This village, situated in Normandy on the margin of the sea, was peopled only and entirely by fishermen, who gained a livelihood openly by sardine-fishing, and secretly, it was said, by smuggling. The château was built on a cliff, which it completely occupied. This cliff was formed of several terraces that rose in a stair one above another. On the topmost one sat the château, like an eagle in its nest. It had four dentilated turrets, with great casements and immense galleries, that gave it the grandest possible aspect. On the second terrace you found yourself in the midst of delightful gardens adorned with statues and fountains after the fashion of the times. Then came the avenue, entirely overshaded with trees as old as Noah, and everywhere on the hill, forming the background of the picture, an immense park. How my Suzanne would have loved to hunt in that beautiful park full of deer, hare, and all sorts of feathered game!

And yet no one inhabited that beautiful domain. Its lord and mistress, the Count Gaston and Countess Aurélie, my father and mother, resided in Paris, and came to their château only during the hunting season, their sojourn never exceeding six weeks.

Already they had been five years married. The countess, a lady of honor to the young dauphine, Marie Antoinette, bore the well-merited reputation of being the most charming woman at the court of the king, Louis the Fifteenth. Count and countess, wealthy as they were and happy as they seemed to be, were not overmuch so, because of their desire for a son; for one thing, which is not seen in this country, you will not doubt, dear girls, exists in France and other countries of Europe: it is the eldest son, and never the daughter, who inherits the fortune and titles of the family. And in case there were no children, the titles and fortune of the Morainvilles would have to revert in one lump to the nephew of the count and son of his brother, to Abner de Morainville, who at that time was a mere babe of four years. This did not meet the wishes of M. and Mme. de Morainville, who wished to retain their property in their own house.

But great news comes to Morainville: the countess is with child. The steward of the château receives orders to celebrate the event with great rejoicings. In the avenue long tables are set covered with all sorts of inviting meats, the fiddlers are called, and the peasants dance, eat, and drink to the health of the future heir of the Morainvilles. A few months later my parents arrived bringing a great company with them; and there were feasts and balls and hunting-parties without end.

It was in the course of one of these hunts that my mother was thrown from her horse. She was hardly in her seventh month when I came into the world. She escaped death, but I was born as large as — a mouse! and with one shoulder much higher than the other.

I must have died had not the happy thought come to the woman-in-waiting to procure Catharine, the wife of the gardener, Guillaume Carpentier, to be my nurse; and it is to her care, to her rubbings, and above all to her good milk, that I owe the capability to amuse you, my dear girls and friends, with the account of my life — that life whose continuance I truly owe to my mother Catharine.

When my actual mother had recovered she returned to Paris; and as my nurse, who had four boys, could not follow her, it was decided that I should remain at the château and that my mother Catharine should stay there with me.

Her cottage was situated among the gardens. Her husband, father Guillaume, was the

head gardener, and his four sons were Joseph, aged six years; next Matthieu, who was four; then Jerome, two; and my foster-brother Bastien, a big lubber of three months.

My father and mother did not at all forget me. They sent me playthings of all sorts, sweetmeats, silken frocks adorned with embroideries and laces, and all sorts of presents for mother Catharine and her children. I was happy, very happy, for I was worshiped by all who surrounded me. Mother Catharine preferred me above her own children. Father Guillaume would go down upon his knees before me to get a smile [risette], and Joseph often tells me he swooned when they let him hold me in his arms. It was a happy time, I assure you; yes, very happy.

I was two years old when my parents returned, and as they had brought a great company with them the true mother instructed my nurse to take me back to her cottage and keep me there, that I might not be disturbed by noise. Mother Catharine has often said to me that my mother could not bear to look at my crippled shoulder, and that she called me a hunchback. But after all it was the truth, and my nurse-mother was wrong to lay that reproach upon my mother Aurélie.

Seven years passed. I had lived during that time the life of my foster-brothers, flitting everywhere with them over the flowery grass like the veritable lark that I was. Two or three times during that period my parents came to see me, but without company, quite alone. They brought me a lot of beautiful things; but really I was afraid of them, particularly of my mother, who was so beautiful and wore a grand air full of dignity and self-regard. She would kiss me, but in a way very different from mother Catharine's way — squarely on the forehead, a kiss that seemed made of ice.

One fine day she arrived at the cottage with a tall, slender lady who wore blue spectacles on a singularly long nose. She frightened me, especially when my mother told me that this was my governess, that I must return to the château with her and live there to learn a host of fine things of which even the names were to me unknown; for I had never seen a book except my picture books.

I uttered piercing cries; but my mother, without paying any attention to my screams, lifted me cleverly, planted two spanks behind, and passed me to the hands of Mme. Levicq — that was the name of my governess. The next day my mother left me and I repeated my disturbance, crying, stamping my feet, and calling to mother Catharine and Bastien. (To tell the truth, Jerome and Matthieu were two big lubbers [rougeots], very peevish and coarse-mannered, which I could not endure.) Madame put a book into my hands and wished to have me repeat after her; I threw the book at her head. Then, rightly enough, in despair she placed me where I could see the cottage in the midst of the garden and told me that when the lesson was ended I might go and see my mother Catharine and play with my brothers. I promptly consented, and that is how I learned to read.

This Mme. Levicq was most certainly a woman of good sense. She had a kind heart and much ability. She taught me nearly all I know — first of all, French; the harp, the guitar, drawing, embroidery; in short, I say again, all that I know.

I was fourteen years old when my mother came, and this time not alone. My cousin Abner was with her. My mother had me called into her chamber, closely examined my shoulder, loosed my hair, looked at my teeth, made me read, sing, play the harp, and when all this was ended smiled and said:

"You are beautiful, my daughter; you have profited by the training of your governess; the defect of your shoulder has not increased. I am satisfied — well satisfied; and I am going to tell you that I have brought the Viscomte Abner de Morainville because I have chosen him for your future husband. Go, join him in the avenue."

I was a little dismayed at first, but when I had seen my intended my dismay took flight — he was such a handsome fellow, dressed with so much taste, and wore his sword with so much grace and spirit. At the end of two days he loved me to distraction and I doted on him. I brought him to my nurse's cabin and told her all our plans of marriage and all my happiness, not observing the despair of poor Joseph, who had always worshiped me and who had not doubted he would have me to love. But who would have thought it — a laboring gardener lover of his lord's daughter? Ah, I would have laughed heartily then if I had known it!

On the evening before my departure — I had to leave with my mother this time — I went to say adieu to mother Catharine. She asked me if I loved Abner.

"Oh, yes, mother!" I replied, "I love him with all my soul"; and she said she was happy to hear it. Then I directed Joseph to go and request Monsieur the curé, in my name, to give him lessons in reading and writing, in order to be able to read the letters that I should write to my nurse-mother and to answer them. This order was carried out to the letter, and six months later Joseph was the correspondent of the family and read to them my letters. That was his whole happiness.

I had been quite content to leave for Paris:

first, because Abner went with me, and then because I hoped to see a little of all those beautiful things of which he had spoken to me with so much charm; but how was I disappointed! My mother kept me but one day at her house, and did not even allow Abner to come to see me. During that day I must, she said, collect my thoughts preparatory to entering the convent. For it was actually to the convent of the Ursulines, of which my father's sister was the superior, that she conducted me next day.

Think of it, dear girls! I was fourteen, but not bigger than a lass of ten, used to the open air and to the caresses of mother Catharine and my brothers. It seemed to me as if I were a poor little bird shut in a great dark cage.

My aunt, the abbess, Agnes de Morainville, took me to her room, gave me bonbons and pictures, told me stories, kissed and caressed me, but her black gown and her bonnet appalled me, and I cried with all my might:

"I want mother Catharine! I want Joseph! I want Bastien!"

My aunt, in despair, sent for three or four little pupils to amuse me; but this was labor lost, and I continued to utter the same outcries. At last, utterly spent, I fell asleep, and my aunt bore me to my little room and put me to bed, and then slowly withdrew, leaving the door ajar.

On the second floor of the convent there were large dormitories, where some hundreds of children slept; but on the first there were a number of small chambers, the sole furniture of each being a folding bed, a washstand, and a chair, and you had to pay its weight in gold for the privilege of occupying one of these cells, in order not to be mixed with the daughters of the bourgeoisie, of lawyers and merchants. My mother, who was very proud, had exacted absolutely that they give me one of these select cells.

Hardly had my aunt left me when I awoke, and fear joined itself to grief. Fancy it! I had never lain down in a room alone, and here I awoke in a corner of a room half lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling. You can guess I began again my writhings and cries. Thereupon appeared before me in the open door the most beautiful creature imaginable. I took her for a fairy, and fell to gazing at her with my eyes full of amazement and admiration. You have seen Madelaine, and you can judge of her beauty in her early youth. It was a fabulous beauty joined to a manner fair, regal, and good.

She took me in her arms, dried my tears, and at last, at the extremity of her resources, carried me to her bed; and when I awoke the next day I found myself still in the arms of Madelaine de Livilier. From that moment began between us that great and good friendship which was everything for me during the time that I passed in the convent. I should have died of loneliness and grief without Madelaine. I had neither brothers nor sisters; she was both these to me: she was older than I, and protected me while she loved me.

She was the niece of the rich Cardinal de Ségur, who had sent and brought her from Louisiana. This is why Madelaine had such large privileges at the convent. She told me she was engaged to the young Count Louis le Pelletrier de la Houssaye, and I, with some change of color, told her of Abner.

One day Madelaine's aunt, the Countess de Ségur, came to take her to spend the day at her palace. My dear friend besought her aunt with such graciousness that she obtained permission to take me with her, and for the first time I saw the Count Louis, Madelaine's *fiancé*. He was a very handsome young man, of majestic and distinguished air. He had hair and eyes as black as ink, red lips, and a fine mustache. He wore in his buttonhole the cross of the royal order of St. Louis, and on his shoulders the epaulettes of a major. He had lately come from San Domingo, where he had been fighting the insurgents at the head of his regiment. Yes, he was a handsome young man, a bold cavalier; and Madelaine idolized him. After that day I often accompanied my friend in her visits to the home of her aunt. Count Louis was always there to wait upon his betrothed, and Abner, apprised by him, came to join us. Ah! that was a happy time, very happy.

At the end of a year my dear Madelaine quitted the convent to be married. Ah, how I wept to see her go! I loved her so! I had neither brothers nor sisters, and Madelaine was my heart's own sister. I was very young, scarcely fifteen; yet, despite my extreme youth, Madelaine desired me to be her bridesmaid, and her aunt, the Countess de Ségur, and the Baroness de Chevigné, Count Louis's aunt, went together to find my mother and ask her to permit me to fill that office. My mother made many objections, saying that I was too young; but — between you and me — she could refuse nothing to ladies of such high station. She consented, therefore, and proceeded at once to order my costume at the dressmaker's.

It was a mass of white silk and lace with intermingled pearls. For the occasion my mother lent me her pearls, which were of great magnificence. But, finest of all, the queen, Marie Antoinette, saw me at the church of Notre Dame, whither all the court had gathered for the occasion,— for Count Louis de la Houssaye was a great favorite,— and now the queen

sent one of her lords to apprise my mother that she wished to see me, and commanded that I be presented at court — *grande rumeur!*

Mamma consented to let me remain the whole week out of the convent. Every day there was a grand dinner or breakfast and every evening a dance or a grand ball. Always it was Abner who accompanied me. I wrote of all my pleasures to my mother Catharine. Joseph read my letters to her, and, as he told me in later days, they gave him mortal pain. For the presentation my mother ordered a suit all of gold and velvet. Madelaine and I were presented the same day. The Countess de Ségur was my escort [marraine] and took me by the hand, while Mme. de Chevigné rendered the same office to Madelaine. Abner told me that day I was as pretty as an angel. If I was so to him, it was because he loved me. I knew, myself, I was too small, too pale, and ever so different from Madelaine. It was she you should have seen.

I went back to the convent, and during the year that I passed there I was lonely enough to have died. It was decided that I should be married immediately on leaving the convent, and my mother ordered for me the most beautiful wedding outfit imaginable. My father bought me jewels of every sort, and Abner did not spare of beautiful presents.

I had been about fifteen days out of the convent when terrible news caused me many tears. My dear Madelaine was about to leave me forever and return to America. The reason was this: there was much disorder in the colony of Louisiana, and the king deciding to send thither a man capable of restoring order, his choice fell upon Count Louis de la Houssaye, whose noble character he had recognized. Count Louis would have refused, for he had a great liking for France; but he had lately witnessed the atrocities committed by the negroes of San Domingo, and something — a presentiment — warned him that the Revolution was near at hand. He was glad to bear his dear wife far from the scenes of horror that were approaching with rapid strides.

Madelaine undoubtedly experienced pleasure in thinking that she was again going to see her parents and her native land, but she regretted to leave France, where she had found so much amusement and where I must remain behind her without hope of our ever seeing each other again. She wept, oh, so much!

She had bidden me good-bye and we had wept long, and her last evening, the eve of the day when she was to take the diligence for Havre, where the vessel awaited them, was to be passed in family group at the residence of the Baroness de Chevigné. Here were present, first the young couple; the Cardinal, the Count and Countess de Ségur; then Barthelemy de la Houssaye, brother of the Count, and the old Count de Maurepas, only a few months returned from exile and now at the pinnacle of royal favor. He had said when he came that he could stay but a few hours and had ordered his coach to await him below. He was the most lovable old man in the world. All at once Madelaine said:

"Ah! if I could see Alix once more — only once more!"

The old count without a word slipped away, entered his carriage, and had himself driven to the Morainville hotel, where there was that evening a grand ball. Tarrying in the antechamber, he had my mother called. She came with alacrity, and when she knew the object of the count's visit she sent me to get a great white burnoose, enveloped me in it, and putting my hand into the count's said to me:

"You have but to show yourself to secure the carriage." But the count promised to bring me back himself.

Oh, how glad my dear Madelaine was to see me! With what joy she kissed me! But she has recounted this little scene to you, as you, Françoise, have told me.

A month after the departure of the De la Houssayes my wedding was celebrated at Notre Dame. It was a grand occasion. The king was present with all the court. As my husband was in the king's service, the queen wished me to become one of her ladies of honor.

Directly after my marriage I had Bastien come to me. I made him my confidential servant. He rode behind my carriage, waited upon me at table, and, in short, was my man of all work.

I was married the 16th of March, 1789, at the age of sixteen. Already the rumbling murmurs of the Revolution were making themselves heard like distant thunder. On the 13th of July the Bastille was taken and the head of the governor De Launay [was] carried through the streets.[1] My mother was frightened and proposed to leave the country. She came to find me and implored me to go with her to England, and asked Abner to accompany us. My husband refused with indignation, declaring that his place was near his king.

"And mine near my husband," said I, throwing my arms around Abner's neck.

My father, like my husband, had refused positively to leave the king, and it was decided that mamma should go alone. She began by visiting the shops, and bought stuffs, ribbons, and laces. It was I who helped her pack

1 Alix makes a mistake here of one day. The Bastille fell on the 14th.—TRANSLATOR.

her trunks, which she sent in advance to Morainville. She did not dare go to get her diamonds, which were locked up in the Bank of France; that would excite suspicion, and she had to content herself with such jewelry as she had at her residence. She left in a coach with my father, saying as she embraced me that her absence would be brief, for it would be easy enough to crush the vile mob. She went down to Morainville, and there, thanks to the devotion of Guillaume Carpentier and of his sons, she was carried to England in a contrabandist vessel. As she was accustomed to luxury, she put into her trunks the plate of the château and also several valuable pictures. My father had given her sixty thousand francs and charged her to be economical.

Soon I found myself in the midst of terrible scenes that I have not the courage, my dear girls, to recount. The memory of them makes me even to-day tremble and turn pale. I will only tell you that one evening a furious populace entered our palace. I saw my husband dragged far from me by those wretches, and just as two of the monsters were about to seize me Bastien took me into his arms, and holding me tightly against his bosom leaped from a window and took to flight with all his speed.

Happy for us that it was night and that the monsters were busy pillaging the house. They did not pursue us at all, and my faithful Bastien took me to the home of his cousin Claudine Leroy. She was a worker in lace, whom, with my consent, he was to have married within the next fortnight. I had lost consciousness, but Claudine and Bastien cared for me so well that they brought me back to life, and I came to myself to learn that my father and my husband had been arrested and conveyed to the Conciergerie.

My despair was great, as you may well think. Claudine arranged a bed for me in a closet [cloisette] adjoining her chamber, and there I remained hidden, dying of fear and grief, as you may well suppose.

At the end of four days I heard some one come into Claudine's room, and then a deep male voice. My heart ceased to beat and I was about to faint away, when I recognized the voice of my faithful Joseph. I opened the door and threw myself upon his breast, crying over and over:

"O Joseph! dear Joseph!"

He pressed me to his bosom, giving me every sort of endearing name, and at length revealed to me the plan he had formed, to take me at once to Morainville under the name of Claudine Leroy. He went out with Claudine to obtain a passport. Thanks to God and good angels Claudine was small like me, had black hair and eyes like mine, and there was no trouble in arranging the passport. We took the diligence, and as I was clothed in peasant dress, a suit of Claudine's, I easily passed for her.

Joseph had the diligence stop beside the park gate, of which he had brought the key. He wished to avoid the village. We entered therefore by the park, and soon I was installed in the cottage of my adopted parents, and Joseph and his brothers said to every one that Claudine Leroy, appalled by the horrors being committed in Paris, had come for refuge to Morainville.

Then Joseph went back to Paris to try to save my father and my husband. Bastien had already got himself engaged as an assistant in the prison. But alas! all their efforts could effect nothing, and the only consolation that Joseph brought back to Morainville was that he had seen its lords on the fatal cart and had received my father's last smile. These frightful tidings failed to kill me; I lay a month between life and death, and Joseph, not to expose me to the recognition of the Morainville physician, went and brought one from Rouen. The good care of mother Catharine was the best medicine for me, and I was cured to weep over my fate and my cruel losses.

It was at this juncture that for the first time I suspected that Joseph loved me. His eyes followed me with a most touching expression; he paled and blushed when I spoke to him, and I divined the love which the poor fellow could not conceal. It gave me pain to see how he loved me, and increased my wish to join my mother in England. I knew she had need of me, and I had need of her.

Meanwhile a letter came to the address of father Guillaume. It was a contrabandist vessel that brought it and
of the first evening
other to the address
recognized the writing
set me to sobbing
all, my heart
I began *(Torn off and gone.)*
demanded of
my father of
saying that
country well
56
added that Abner and I must come also, and that it was nonsense to wish to remain faithful to a lost cause. She begged my father to go and draw her diamonds from the bank and to send them to her with at least a hundred thousand francs. Oh! how I wept after seeing

letter! Mother Catharine
to console me but
then to make. Then
and said to me, Will
to make you
(Torn off and gone.) England, Madame
Oh! yes, Joseph
would be so well pleased
poor fellow
the money of
family. I

From the way in which the cabin was built, one could see any one coming who had business there. But one day — God knows how it happened — a child of the village all at once entered the chamber where I was and knew me.

"Madame Alix!" he cried, took to his heels and went down the terrace pell-mell [quatre à quatre] to give the alarm. Ten minutes later Matthieu came at a full run and covered with sweat, to tell us that all the village was in commotion and that those people to whom I had always been so good were about to come and arrest me, to deliver me to the executioners. I ran to Joseph, beside myself with affright.

"Save me, Joseph! save me!" I cried.

"I will use all my efforts for that, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied.

At that moment Jerome appeared. He came to say that a representative of the people was at hand and that I was lost beyond a doubt.

"Not yet," responded Joseph. "I have foreseen this and have prepared everything to save you, Mme. la Viscomtesse, if you will but let me make myself well understood."

"Oh, all, all! Do *thou* understand, Joseph, I will do everything thou desirest."

"Then," he said, regarding me fixedly and halting at each word — "then it is necessary that you consent to take Joseph Carpentier for your spouse."

I thought I had [been] misunderstood and drew back haughtily.

"My son!" cried mother Catharine.

"Oh, you see," replied Joseph, "my mother herself accuses me, and you — you, madame, have no greater confidence in me. But that is nothing; I must save you at any price. We will go from here together; we will descend to the village; we will present ourselves at the mayoralty —"

In spite of myself I made a gesture.

"Let me speak, madame," he said. "We have not a moment to lose. Yes, we will present ourselves at the mayoralty, and there I will espouse you, not as Claudine Leroy, but as Alix de Morainville. Once my wife you have nothing to fear. Having become one of the people, the people will protect you. After the ceremony, madame, I will hand you the certificate of our marriage, and you will tear it up the moment we shall have touched the soil of England. Keep it precious till then; it is your only safeguard. Nothing prevents me from going to England to find employment, and necessarily my wife will go with me. Are you ready, madame?"

For my only response I put my hand in his; I was too deeply moved to speak. Mother Catharine threw both her arms about her son's neck and cried, "My noble child!" and we issued from the cottage guarded by Guillaume and his three other sons, armed to the teeth.

When the mayor heard the names and surnames of the wedding pair he turned to Joseph, saying:

"You are not lowering yourself, my boy."

At the door of the mayoralty we found ourselves face to face with an immense crowd. I trembled violently and pressed against Joseph. He, never losing his presence of mind [san perdre la carte], turned, saying:

"Allow me, my friends, to present to you my wife. The Viscomtesse de Morainville no longer exists; hurrah for the Citoyenne Carpentier." And the hurrahs and cries of triumph were enough to deafen one. Those who the moment before were ready to tear me into pieces now wanted to carry me in triumph. Arrived at the house, Joseph handed me our act of marriage.

"Keep it, madame," said he; "you can destroy it on your arrival in England."

At length one day, three weeks after our marriage, Joseph came to tell me that he had secured passage on a vessel, and that we must sail together under the name of Citoyen and Citoyenne Carpentier. I was truly sorry to leave my adopted parents and foster-brother, yet at the bottom of my heart I was rejoiced that I was going to find my mother.

But alas! when I arrived in London, at the address that she had given me, I found there only her old friend the Chevalier d'Ivoy, who told me that my mother was dead, and that what was left of her money, with her jewels and chests, was deposited in the Bank of England. I was more dead than alive; all these things paralyzed me. But my good Joseph took upon himself to do everything for me. He went and drew what had been deposited in the bank. Indeed of money there remained but twelve thousand francs; but there were plate, jewels, pictures, and many vanities in the form of gowns and every sort of attire.

Joseph rented a little house in a suburb of London, engaged an old Frenchwoman to attend me, and he, after all my husband, made himself my servant, my gardener, my factotum.

He ate in the kitchen with the maid, waited upon me at table, and slept in the garret on a pallet.

"Am I not very wicked?" said I to myself every day, especially when I saw his pallor and profound sadness. They had taught me in the convent that the ties of marriage were a sacred thing and that one could not break them, no matter how they might have been made; and when my patrician pride revolted at the thought of this union with the son of my nurse my heart pleaded
and pleaded
hard the cause
of poor J
Joseph. His
care, his
presence, be-
came more
and more
necessary. I knew not how to do anything myself, but made him my all in all, avoiding myself every shadow of care or trouble. I must say, moreover, that since he had married me I had a kind of fear of him and was afraid that I should hear him speak to me of love; but he scarcely thought of it, poor fellow: reverence closed his lips. Thus matters stood when one evening Joseph entered the room where I was reading, and standing upright before me, his hat in his hand, said to me that he had something to tell me. His expression was so unhappy that I felt the tears mount to my eyes.

(Evidently torn before Alix wrote on it, as no words are wanting in the text.)

(Opposite page of the same torn sheet. Alix has again written around the rent.)

"What is it, dear Joseph?" I asked; and when he could answer nothing on account of his emotion, I rose, crying:

"More bad news? What has happened to my nurse-mother? Speak, speak, Joseph!"

"Nothing, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied. "My mother and Bastien, I hope, are well. It is of myself I wish to speak."

Then my heart made a sad commotion in my bosom, for I thought he was about to speak of love. But not at all. He began again, in a low voice:

"I am going to America, madame."

I sprung towards him. "You go away? You go away?" I cried. "And me, Joseph?"

"You, madame?" said he. "You have money. The Revolution will soon be over, and you can return to your country. There you will find again your friends, your titles, your fortune."

"Stop!" I cried. "What shall I be in France? You well know my château, my palace, are pillaged and burned, my parents are dead."

"My mother and Bastien are in France," he responded.

"But thou—thou, Joseph; what can I do without thee? Why have you accustomed me to your tenderness, to your protection, and now come threatening to leave me? Hear me plainly. If you go I go with you."

He uttered a smothered cry and staggered like a drunken man.

"Alix—madame—"

"I have guessed your secret," continued I. "You seek to go because you love me—because you fear you may forget that respect which you fancy you owe me. But after all I am your wife, Joseph. I have the right to follow thee, and I am going with thee." And slowly I drew from my dressing-case the act of our marriage.

He looked at me, oh! in such a funny way, and—extended his arms. I threw myself into them, and for half an hour it was tears and kisses and words of love. For after all I loved Joseph, not as I had loved Abner, but altogether more profoundly.

The next day a Catholic priest blessed our marriage. A month later we left for Louisiana, where Joseph hoped to make a fortune for me. But alas! he was despairing of success, when he met Mr. Carlo, and—you know, dear girls, the rest.

ROLL again and slip into its ancient silken case the small, square manuscript sewed at the back with worsted of the pale tint known as "baby-blue." Blessed little word! Time justified the color. If you doubt it go to the Teche; ask any of the De la Houssayes—or count, yourself, the Carpentiers and Carpentiers. You will be more apt to quit because you are tired than because you have finished.

And while there ask, over on the Attakapas side, for any trace that any one may be able to give of Dorothea Müller. She too was from France: at least, not from Normandy or Paris, like Alix, but, like Françoise's young aunt with the white hair, a German of Alsace, from a village near Strasbourg; like her, an emigrant, and, like Françoise, a voyager with father and sister by flatboat from old New Orleans up the Mississippi, down the Atchafalaya, and into the land of Attakapas. You may ask, you may seek; but if you find the faintest trace you will have done what no one else has succeeded in doing. No, we shall never know her fate. Her sister's we can tell; and we shall now see how different from the stories of Alix and Françoise is that of poor Salome Müller, even in the same land and almost in the same times.

George W. Cable.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

TEN years ago the terms "amateur theatricals" and "private theatricals" were synonymous. Since then, while private theatricals have remained amateur, amateur theatricals have by no means always been private. Indeed, this form of amusement, one of the great charms of which should lie in the atmosphere of refinement pervading its environments, a charm which vanishes at the merest suggestion of publicity, has become almost as public as professional dramatic representations. The stage now forms more frequently than the drawing-room the frame for amateur theatricals. A change so at variance with all social precedent could not have been effected without protests from some quarters, and it is not surprising that a large conservative element looks upon it with undisguised disapproval. The amateurs who have become prominent since the first notable public amateur dramatic performance — the production of "A Wonderful Woman," at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in April, 1881 — have been criticised severely as seeking notoriety rather than the advancement of dramatic art, laughed at for their pretensions to rival professionals, and adjudged guilty of transgressing the proprieties of society in at all exposing themselves to criticism or ridicule. Fortunately we have nothing to do with this phase of the subject.

The present status and influence of the amateur stage are worthy of serious consideration. The evolution of this class of theatricals from a mere drawing-room entertainment, gotten up in a happy-go-lucky way for an evening's diversion, to a production carefully prepared in every detail, under professional supervision, engrossing all the spare time of those engaged in it and intended to be a permanent addition to the repertoire of a thoroughly organized club or company, forms an important chapter in the history of American society. The consequent *rapprochement* between society and a profession whose members were once socially ostracized is alone a phenomenon worth considering, and we shall find as we investigate the subject that it has other phases of great interest, which heretofore have been neglected for frippery gossip concerning the social standing of the amateurs or descriptions of their costumes, and for indiscriminate praise, which last has been responsible for much misdirected effort. The facts that for some years past the stage has been effecting through the medium of amateur theatricals a revolution in society, and that, *vice versâ*, society has through the same medium had a great influence upon the professional stage, have, with several other important aspects of the question, been overlooked. The subject can, however, be more readily discussed and understood after a brief reference to the status of amateur theatricals in New York, which in these matters has given the cue to the country at large.

I believe the first recorded performance of amateur theatricals was that of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by Bottom, Quince, and their associates, who played not only the title rôles but also the lion, the wall, and the moon. This scene in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" always "takes" with an audience. Shakspere's satire is as pointed to-day as when the comedy was first given. The public feels instinctively that behind even the well-organized amateur companies of the present there are others whose proceedings are of the Bottom-Quince order. But ten years ago one met Bottoms and Quinces among amateurs far more frequently than nowadays. Costume was then the prime factor in private theatricals, and all the dramatic proprieties had to yield to it. A performance some ten years ago of that delightful skit "A Morning Call" is a case in point. The hero is supposed to have ridden across country, and hence appears in his riding-boots, corduroys, and sack coat, letting in with him the freshness of the morning air and the buoyancy of the turf. In this instance, however, the young lady who was to play the heroine had just received an elaborate evening toilet from Paris. *Voilà!* the title of the comedietta is changed to "An Evening Call." The heroine wears her Paris gown, the hero his dress suit, the references to the morning canter are eliminated. "What harm? The situations remained the same!" True; but the dialogue lost the swing and dash of the original. Yet the change encountered neither opposition nor criticism. Indeed, I think the complacency of the audience was as much evidence of the crudeness of amateur theatricals in those days as was the actress's supreme indifference to everything but her Paris gown. Her toilet was the great dramatic effect of the performance. If some one with managerial authority had been in charge of the rehearsals this calm disregard of the spirit of the play would probably not have been permitted. The slipshod

manner in which plays were gotten up for drawing-room representation was due to such lack of directing force. There was no discrimination in the casting, costuming, and staging of plays. The division of the personnel of a theater into leading man, leading lady, walking gentleman, soubrette, first old woman, etc., was apparently unknown, and a man who made a success in a low comedy part would as likely as not be next pressed into service for a tragic rôle. In the matter of costume there was an artless indifference to the laws of harmony and contrast which would have been charming had its results been less melancholy. As for stage management there was none worthy the term. A change for the better began with the organization of the Amateur Dramatic Club in 1877, which went to work not only with an accomplished personnel, but with a method. Its chief successes were in "A Scrap of Paper," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "New Men and Old Acres." This club was never formally disbanded, but it did not survive the marriage and almost total withdrawal from amateur theatricals in 1883 of its leading lady, whose dramatic gifts are so apparent and whose technique is so finely developed that, did she not shrink from the publicity which connection with what I may call the professional amateur stage entails, she would easily be the leading lady of that. The Amateur Dramatic Club was organized on the plan of the well-known Mendelssohn Glee Club, with active and subscribing members, the former taking part in the performances, the latter defraying the expenses and in return receiving each a certain number of tickets. Thus the public could never gain admission to the performances of the club, the audiences being composed of members and their friends; and while the scope of amateur theatricals was being extended the idea of privacy was retained.

About 1880, while the Amateur Dramatic Club was still flourishing, a lady from the South, who has since gone on the professional stage, began to guide the destinies of amateur theatricals in New York. She was ambitious and enthusiastic. Her ambition prompted her to enlarge the boundaries within which amateurs could gain reputation for histrionic talent; and her enthusiasm being communicative, it caused a sudden burst of dramatic energy in society. The result was, about a year later,—April 26, 1881,—the performance at the Madison Square Theater to which I have already referred. Rehearsals for "A Wonderful Woman" began weeks beforehand, and were conducted under the stage management of a professional actress, at first in private houses and afterwards on the stage of the theater in which the performance took place. Some of the rôles were notably successful, and the whole play, owing to the thoroughness with which it had been rehearsed, went smoothly. It was a public performance, and its social and dramatic features were reported at length in the newspapers the next day. It started amateur theatricals on their career of publicity until in a short time the doings of the amateurs were as fully reported as those of professionals. And, indeed, after this performance any one attempting to make a success on the amateur stage was obliged so fully to devote his attention to studying and rehearsing that he might well be called a professional amateur. Take, for example, the leading actor on the non-professional stage. He has a repertoire of over ninety plays, and has acted one part, *Sang Froid*, in "Delicate Ground," nineteen times.

Until the winter of 1887, when she went on the professional stage, the lady of whom I have written was the central figure in amateur theatricals. She was virtually the manager of the most complete company of amateurs which has acted here. With a few changes of personnel it remained intact for five years, achieving its main successes in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" and "The Russian Honeymoon," plays it would act many times each season. This lady's methods were those of a professional manager. She had a list of all who acted with her, with their addresses and notes regarding the line of parts in which they were especially successful. In this book she also entered the names and addresses of the people, many in number, who applied for a chance to act with her. She made each applicant recite or act, and noted her opinion of the effort opposite the name. When, therefore, some member dropped out of her company or in any way disappointed her, she had a large number of people to choose from in filling the vacancy. Her company was organized according to the regular theatrical divisions of leading lady, etc., and with under-studies. For every performance given under her management a professional "coach" was engaged, and his word was law. The result was a discipline to which amateurs had never before been willing to submit. They had become quasi-public characters, they knew they were to play before large audiences, and they felt that failure would not be overlooked as in the case of strictly private theatricals. Therefore they worked with an energy which could not fail to place amateur theatricals upon a higher plane; and however much the publicity attained by this form of amusement is to be regretted for certain reasons, there is no doubt that this very publicity put the actors on their mettle and caused them to

approach their tasks in a spirit of artistic seriousness. Moreover, so far as the question of publicity is concerned, I think amateur theatricals have reached their turning-point, and that a reaction towards the more refined environments of the social circle will soon set in, while the discipline which in these years has been obtained at the expense of privacy will remain as a distinct gain. One of the most conspicuous signs of this reaction is the popularity of the Amateur Comedy Club, which is modeled somewhat after the old Amateur Dramatic Club and never takes part in performances for which tickets are sold. This club was founded in 1881, but fell into desuetude when public amateur theatricals became popular. From the time, however, when it began to seem as if notoriety were inseparable from the amateur stage, this club began to "pick up," and now it has regained its former prestige. The Junior Comedy, a club recently organized on the same plan, is also exerting a good influence over the non-professional stage.

As indicated in the above résumé of the history of amateur theatricals in New York during the last ten years, the publicity given to this form of amusement has caused a decided departure from methods formerly in vogue; so that there are now two classes of amateurs — amateurs and professional amateurs. The effect of this publicity has, however, been felt equally in other directions. It has certainly brought "society" more into public view. Society news was an almost unknown factor in the make-up of the daily newspapers before the amateurs gave public performances. Only social happenings of extraordinary interest were, as a rule, considered of sufficient importance to be admitted to the news columns. But now we find balls, dances, weddings, dinners, receptions, teas, duly announced beforehand, and the day after their happening served up along with politics, murders, scandals, and the other delicacies of the journalistic menu.

It is significant, in connection with this phase of the subject, that society reporters and not dramatic critics are usually assigned to "do" amateur theatrical performances. It goes to show that the publicity these representations have obtained is not of that legitimate kind which is valued by an artist. The length of the reports does not depend upon the merit of the performance but upon the social prominence of the performers. Productions of far greater merit than those reported at length will be passed over entirely because those who participate in them do not move in the highest circles of society. It is the fictitious value thus assigned to a certain line of amateur representations which has proved harmful to the true interests of the amateur and the professional stage alike. For, as there is no attempt at criticism in these reports, the actors are apt to conceive an exaggerated idea of their abilities, and are led to attempt plays which are not within the legitimate scope of the amateur stage.

Amateur theatricals have had another and different influence upon society than that just referred to. They have made it less exclusive. The jealousy with which it formerly guarded its privacy caused publicity to seem incompatible with good breeding, and naturally created a prejudice against the profession whose members, through the very character of their work, necessarily come conspicuously before the public. When the old slipshod methods were abandoned for a thoroughness of preparation almost if not quite equal to that which prevails on the professional stage, the amateurs became cognizant of the many sterling qualities which an actor of the first rank must possess in addition to natural dramatic gifts. They recognized the great artistic value of a successful portrayal of character, and naturally the actor and his work grew in honor among them. There was, of course, a touch of vanity withal. Were they not emulating professional actors? How could they then afford to look down upon those like whom they were striving to be? Then, too, as soon as the amateurs began to rehearse and play in public theaters, they gained a nearer view of professional dramatic matters. They saw theatrical life no longer under the glamor of the footlights. They were brought face to face with the stern reality behind the scenes and learned that the actor's life is one of loyal devotion to his art, often under conditions of hardship which no other profession imposes. There they found also a wealth of generous, self-sacrificing natures which they could not but honor. Nor could they fail to discover that in theatrical circles, as in others, there are various degrees of culture, and that among the members of the profession are men and women who would be ornaments in the most refined society. And so it is that the stage has been brought into closer relations with society; and from this more intimate relationship a new kind of amateur theatricals has in turn sprung up, called mixed theatricals, consisting of performances in which both professionals and amateurs take part. The first representation of this kind which attracted general attention was the production, early in 1888, of "Contrast" at the Lyceum Theater, New York, in which the leading man was a professional and the leading lady an amateur, while the minor rôles were similarly distributed.

There is an audaciousness in this new departure which at first blush seems somewhat

taking. But on consideration it is found open to criticism. Does it not, in the first place, transcend the legitimate bounds of amateur theatricals? The element of social exclusiveness, as well as that of privacy, has been eliminated. In the second place, the amateurs must usually be at a disadvantage in these performances. For the professionals are always chosen from among the leading actors, and a professional of the first rank is almost certain to outshine an amateur of the first rank, if only because the former has acquired a more finished technique through his wider experience and greater practice, even if the amateur's natural gifts are equal. Hence the performance is apt to be of uneven merit. These mixed representations seem to me such an utter perversion of the legitimate character of amateur theatricals that I can hardly believe them other than the result of a merely temporary aberration of taste, due to the American tendency to go to extremes. This new class of theatricals is so palpably an exaggeration that it seems impossible it should not turn upon itself. Indeed, I do not know but when the amateurs awaken to a sense of the preposterous character of these mixed performances a reaction may ensue all along the line, and amateur theatricals gradually be withdrawn from those public surroundings so incompatible with the charm of that subtle, indefinable quality we call refinement back into their proper environments. The primal indications of such a reaction are, as I have hinted, not lacking. Some of the most talented amateurs now refuse to appear in performances for which tickets are sold; and, as already pointed out, the clubs whose rules forbid their participation in any but private representations, charitable entertainments not excepted, were never so prosperous as now.

When amateur theatricals first attracted public notice they were viewed with some disfavor by the dramatic profession. Managers apprehended that as society was so much interested in amateur theatricals it would be proportionately less interested in regular theatrical amusements. They further dreaded a general irruption upon the professional stage of ambitious amateurs who would lower the standard of dramatic art by achieving success by playing upon the curiosity of the public. But I do not believe there is a theatrical manager in this country to-day who will not acknowledge that, all things considered, the stage has been benefited by the widespread interest taken in amateur theatricals. To quote one of our prominent managers, it brings social interest to the theater. As one result the average social standing of those who now enter theatrical life is higher. At the same time there has not been the irruption of society amateurs upon the stage which the profession at first dreaded. The result of the only instance of this kind directly attributable to the amateur theatrical excitement has hardly been so encouraging as to cause a general stampede of women from society to the stage—and from the men no danger was ever apprehended. A man has to win his way on his merits. But to return to the point under consideration. In former years many people the bent of whose disposition was towards a dramatic career hesitated to go on the stage because of the baneful influences which were supposed to surround theatrical life. This notion once had wide prevalence. But opinions have changed, and a wholesale denunciation of the stage defeats itself because its exaggeration is patent to the vast number of people who, through interest in the amateurs and their doings, have learned that the actor's career is not a round of glory and dissipation, but that the woman or man who goes on the stage a lady or a gentleman can remain such if she or he *chooses* to. No doubt the prejudice which formerly existed worked greatly to the actual injury of the dramatic profession. But from the time amateur theatricals became a controlling factor in the society world—I speak on the authority of the manager of one of our leading theaters—applications to go on the stage from women and men of refinement, as well as of talent, have been steadily increasing in number. It is not impossible that the amateurs and their friends influenced the stage towards that better life which so surprised them when they discovered it—a suggestion I throw out with much hesitation, because I believe that even in the days when the stage was most completely under a social ban its tendency was to elevate rather than to lower those who trod its boards.

The effect of the more intimate relations now existing between society and the stage is also observable in the American dramatic literature of the day. Under the fostering care of the amateur stage the American society drama has obtained a foothold on the professional boards. Not so very long ago society plays were almost exclusively of French origin. But as the interest of society in matters dramatic increased, managers naturally began to consider the interests of society. The result has been a number of well-constructed, well-written plays dealing with American society—a class of dramas far superior in tone and influence to the French pieces formerly in vogue, and happily quite as successful.

Considering that the publicity given to amateur theatricals in New York has given an impetus to this form of amusement all over the



A SCENE FROM "KATHARINE," A TRAVESTY BY J. K. BANGS. (DRAMATIC CLUB, CO. I, 7TH REGIMENT.)

country, so that nearly every community, however small, boasts its amateur company, it seems well to point out certain mistakes that amateurs are apt to make in choosing and preparing a play for performance. The choice of the play is of first importance, a phase of the subject which leads to a consideration of the legitimate scope of amateur theatricals. I have never seen a thoroughly successful amateur performance of anything but burlesque and light comedy. Even in the performances of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" and in those of the "Russian Honeymoon" there were crude elements due largely to want of technique on the part of some members of the cast. It is impossible for an amateur, until he has been acting for many years, to acquire the technique of a professional. For experience is to the actor what the five-finger exercises are to the pianist. It gives him a certain flexibility of touch which enables him to create at least the lineaments of the part even if the subtler characteristics are lacking. His technique saves him from total failure. In a company of amateurs there is always more or less want of such flexibility. They should especially beware of tragedy. The more inspired the tragic play the more it will bore the audience when played by non-professionals. For of all classes of dramas tragedy demands the most finished technique. It is a significant fact that many eminent tragedians began their careers in parts quite different from those in which they afterwards succeeded — even as actors of comedy and eccentric character. The spirit of tragedy was rampant within them, but they were unable to give physical expression to it. They lacked the necessary finish of technique which in time they acquired in humbler rôles.

The most thoroughly successful amateur performances I have seen — thoroughly successful because every part was well done — have been the college burlesques given from time to time in New York by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club and the Columbia College Dramatic Club. Most notable among the performances of the Harvard men was a burlesque entitled "Dido and Æneas,"— the *Æneas* has since become a prominent amateur,— and among those given by the Columbians the skit "Captain Kidd." Both were cleverly written, the work of undergraduates, and were played with the wild freedom and hilarious abandon of exuberant youth. The female parts in these college burlesques, even those of the *corps de ballet*, are taken by men who make themselves up so that they are fair to look upon. I have also seen some capital productions by amateurs of farces and light society comedies. The latter were especially successful because of an element of good breeding which pervaded them. It may therefore be laid down as a rule that the pieces to which amateurs should confine their efforts are burlesques, farces, or society comedies of the present day. In the last they are among their familiar surroundings and are required to portray only such characters as their every-day life has given them insight into. The moment amateurs get into any other than the costumes to which they are accustomed their lack of flexibility or want of adaptability becomes apparent. Therefore a costume play is



SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE" (HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB).



THE CHORUS FROM "DIDO AND ÆNEAS" (HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB).

always to be avoided by amateurs. For in such plays they cannot merge their personality into the past age. The nineteenth century rushes about in the ruffles and gold lace of the slower and more pompous eighteenth, and the twang of Uncle Sam rasps through the gentle inflections of the speech of Louis XIV. In short, amateurs are as a rule ill at ease in any play not of their own day and dress. Of course there are some non-professionals who, being exceptionally gifted and having acted almost continuously for a considerable period of time, have acquired a *savoir-faire* almost professional, and easily cast off their identity. Among these is the lady who, in the company which gave the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," played the part of the *Governess*, and was also seen as the *Baroness* in the "Russian Honeymoon." She is, to go to the gist of the matter, at home on the stage. So are two other ladies, one of them a Hungarian, who in the work she has done has shown herself a true daughter of her emotional and picturesque race; the other an actress of eccentric parts, who also appeared in the "Romance." Another young lady is devoting herself with much success to old comedy parts, such as *Lady Teazle*, and *Helen* in "The Hunchback." In these old comedies she has the coöperation of a veteran amateur who was the *Doctor* in Feuillet's drama, and of a gentleman preëminent among the younger men. The latter is the "leading man" of the non-professional stage. His greatest successes lie in parts which call for a good deal of nervous action and a few delicate touches of the eccentric. He is the one of whose extensive repertoire I spoke. The most prominent actor of purely eccentric parts is the gentleman who has really distinguished himself by his *Kester* in the "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and his *Diggery* in the "Specter Bridegroom." It must not be supposed that those whom I have just referred to have the monopoly of the dramatic talent on the non-professional stage. I have stated that the most accomplished of the amateur actresses clings faithfully to the idea of private as distinguished from amateur theatricals, and I may add that one of the most gifted among the amateur actors, a lawyer who has held a minor judicial office in the city of New York and has been honored with the nomination for a judgeship in one of the higher courts, has never emerged from strictly social environments.

But amateurs in general should bear in mind that those whom I have just cited are exceptionally gifted, and that even they do better work within the line of lighter plays than in those in which they challenge comparison with professionals. And, by the way, one of the great advantages to amateurs of acting in short burlesques, farces, and comedies is that in this country they have these branches all to themselves, and do not therefore trespass on professional domain. I have often noticed that when amateurs attempt plays of greater scope, while one of the leading parts and the minor rôles may be well taken, the others in the cast are overweighted. The successful leading part happens to be played by an exceptionally gifted amateur, like the lady who acted *Suzanne* in "A Scrap of Paper" with so much vivacity and artistic discrimination with the Amateur Comedy Club in April, 1888; the minor parts are within the limits of amateur accomplishment. Between these extremes all is ridiculous or melancholy. A star performance is bad enough on the professional stage; on the amateur stage it breeds a combination of pity and wrath.

After the selection of the play come the important tasks of casting, studying, and rehearsing; and now it is of first importance to introduce system into the proceedings. To this end a "coach" or a stage-manager should be at once appointed, with full powers. There should be absolutely no appeal from his decisions. If possible, he should be a professional. After he has cast the play those who are to take part in it should meet and read it

through, each taking his own rôle, in the presence of the coach, who should correct any mistakes of emphasis, etc. When the play has been learned by heart the rehearsals begin, and at these implicit obedience to the stage-manager is absolutely necessary to success. Actors often think they are making a gesture in a certain way when they are not at all carrying out their intentions, and so convinced are they that they are giving physical expression to their dramatic conceptions that they are apt to lose their tempers when corrected by the stage-manager. Of course the coach must in his turn exercise a certain amount of persuasive tact. It is most advisable to produce amateur theatricals under the auspices of a club modeled upon the Amateur Comedy Club, with subscribing and active members, and a stage committee which casts the plays and superintends their production.

Amateur theatricals have gained system and method from the very publicity which has robbed them of the charm of privacy. But there is little doubt, as I have stated, that there is a reaction towards their legitimate scope and surroundings. At the same time there is every reason to believe that this reaction does not mean a return to the old slipshod methods. The advantages attained through publicity will survive that undesirable attribute, and amateur theatricals will be on a sounder basis than ever before. Amateur theatricals, within their legitimate scope and surroundings, are an intellectual lever that our society could ill afford to lose.

Gustav Kobbé.



CAVE SCENE IN DIDO AND ÆNEAS.

DUTCH PAINTERS AT HOME.

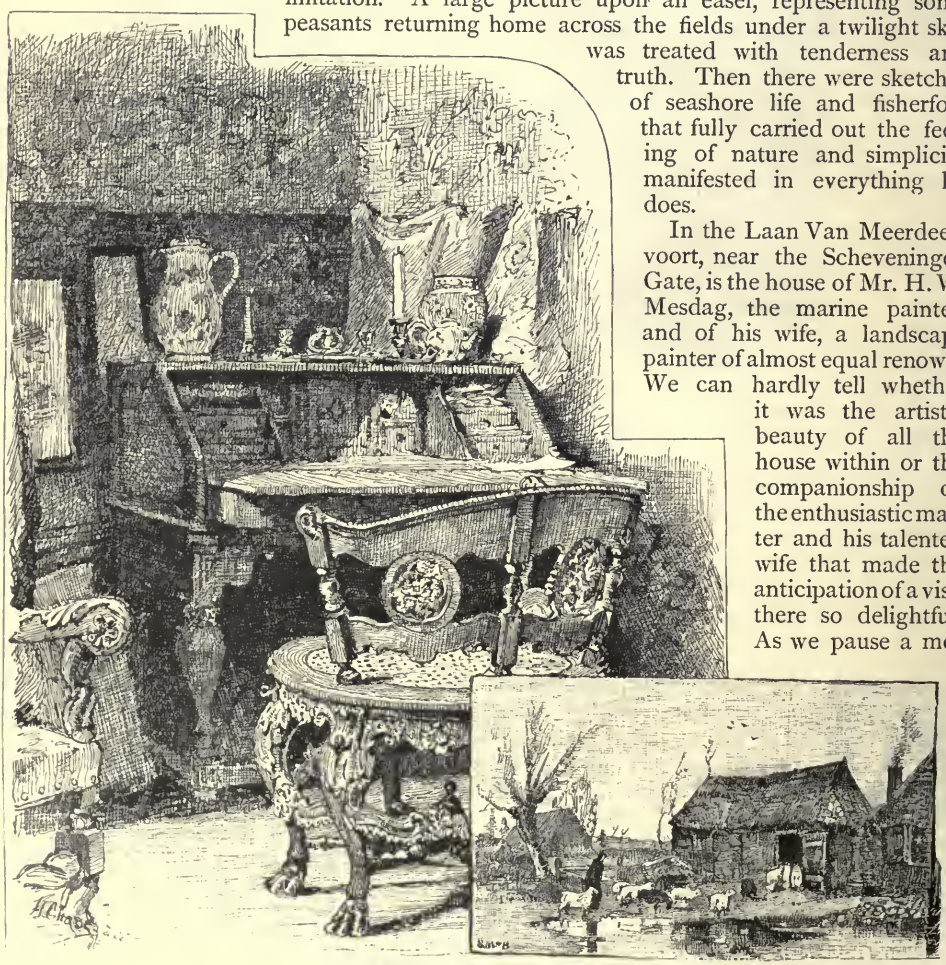
A DEVOTEE of the modern school of Dutch art never paints to paint a "picture," but endeavors to portray some simple phase of nature or some quiet sentiment of every-day life. The work of the school is chiefly remarkable for its purity of color, its decided individuality, and its originality of conception. Their subjects, taken from the life around them,—the picturesque people, old cities, flat fields, winding canals, windmills, and clumsy boats,—must of necessity be simple and quaint. They combine the delicate perception of nature peculiar to the best French landscape painters with a sense of something higher and greater than purity of color and beauty of form — something that must come from the heart of man. In short, their work is first simple, then vigorous; as a consequence fresh, and always unacademic.

It was on a lovely morning at the Hague that we set out to call upon Mr. Josef Israels, the founder of the present school of Dutch figure-painters. There is a delightful little

garden separating his studio from his house, and it was through this little Eden, flooded with sunshine, that we passed as we approached the studio door. He smilingly ushered us into the spacious, well-lighted, and handsomely furnished room. Being assured by our host that we were "as at home," we noticed the sketches here and there on the quiet gray wall with the high walnut wainscoting; the fine cabinets; the small but choice library of French, English, and Dutch authors; the little book-case, which he laughingly tells us is his shrine where he keeps his own etchings; and the elegant portfolios characterized by that same simplicity which makes the rest of the furniture interesting. "The English people," he said, noticing that we were scrutinizing the appointments of the room with some interest — "the English people have paid for all these pretty things; in fact, England furnishes a market for all my work. I suppose you have heard how I struggled along in my painting for years until I happened to send a picture to England and had the pleasure of waking up one morning to find myself famous. In a short time after that picture was sold I had n't a picture left, not a sketch or a piece of scribbled paper; and from that time to this I have scarcely been able to paint enough to satisfy my patrons." "What a sudden success!" we involuntarily said. "And right alongside my recollection of success," added Mr. Israels, "is a most vivid picture of how I once painted a portrait for fifteen guilders and then left the town for fear the purchaser might become dissatisfied."

The picture of a mother standing outside the cottage door watching her baby with outstretched arms trying to toddle away without assistance is one he has been especially happy in painting. As he brought it out from the corner and set it before us he turned and remarked, "Now this is a true Israels." We feel in this, as in all his work, that charm and delicate sentiment, that pure simplicity, which reminds one strongly of Millet, though without imitation. A large picture upon an easel, representing some peasants returning home across the fields under a twilight sky, was treated with tenderness and truth. Then there were sketches of seashore life and fisherfolk that fully carried out the feeling of nature and simplicity manifested in everything he does.

In the Laan Van Meerdeervoort, near the Scheveningen Gate, is the house of Mr. H. W. Mesdag, the marine painter, and of his wife, a landscape painter of almost equal renown. We can hardly tell whether it was the artistic beauty of all the house within or the companionship of the enthusiastic master and his talented wife that made the anticipation of a visit there so delightful. As we pause a mo-



IN THE STUDIO OF MRS. MESDAG.



A CORNER AT MESDAG'S.

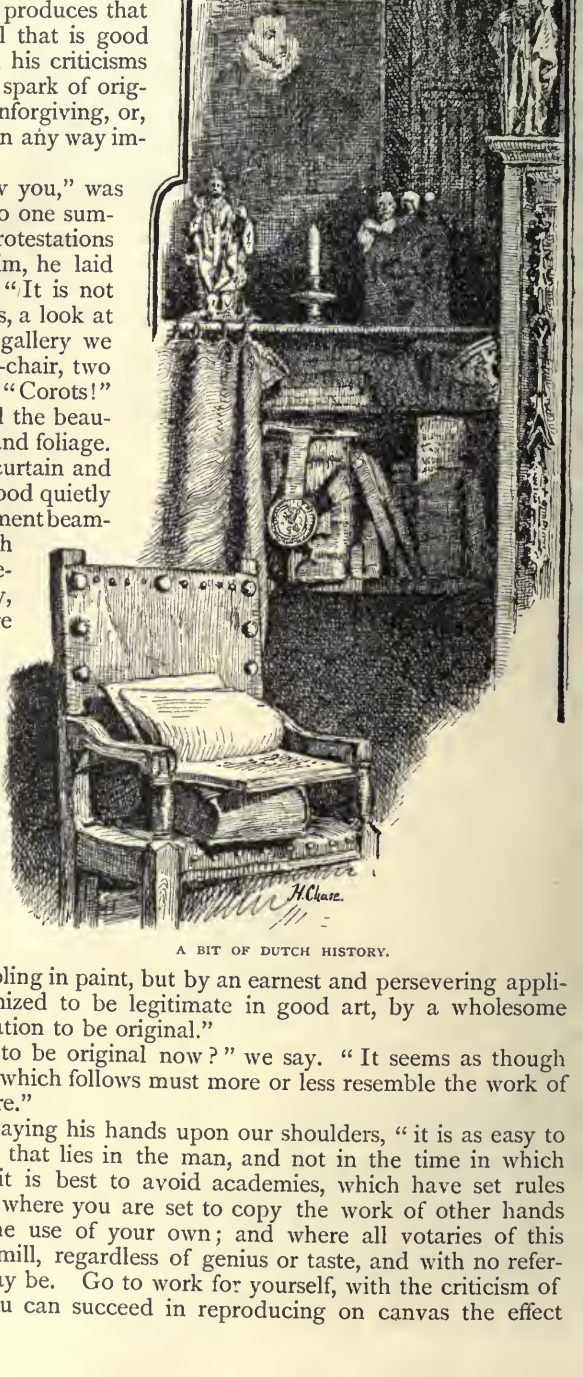
ment in the hall to lay aside our wrappings we cannot but notice the old carved bench, the tall clock, the long narrow mirrors in painted frames, and the rich hangings of tapestry lighted up by a rose window at the head of the stairs. Ascending to the studios we receive a friendly greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag.

The studios are two large rooms, overlooking the garden at the back of the house and connected by folding-doors the panels of which have been decorated by the artists' fellow-painters. Each room is lighted by a large sheet of plate glass, which furnishes a pure out-of-door light, and the harmonious and luxurious warmth of color surrounding us is a constant source of pleasure. A few choice pictures by various masters, ancient and modern, mirrors in quaint old frames, and beautiful tapestries, cover the walls. Two fine oaken cabinets are covered with models of every variety of Dutch craft, and others are filled with costly bric-à-brac. The Smyrna carpet, the carved chairs and tables, and the oddities of costume peculiar to the peasant people of the Old World, combine to make every corner and bit of wall a fine still-life, and yet form a broad and simple background for the numerous pictures on easels about the room.

Adjoining the studios is a large well-lighted room arranged as library and picture gallery. The walls are hung with a collection of modern pictures, including many by Dutch painters, with excellent examples of other schools, particularly French landscape, to which Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag are partial. Finely carved cabinets are on each side of the room, and there are chairs of walnut, rich and dark with age, made comfortable by cushions of embroidered satin and velvet. In the center of the room stands a large table covered with all the latest art journals, albums of photographs, and an unfinished aquarelle. Near one window

is a portfolio filled with a collection of water-colors. Mr. Mesdag buys many water-color works, "because," he says, "I can keep such a large number of them. Just take them out of their frames, mount them on a simple cardboard, and stow them in a portfolio." The reader will understand the value of the remark when he is told that the studio and house, even to the attic, are filled with pictures — the accumulation of some fifteen years, for Mr. Mesdag is a great buyer. Laboring with all his energy to raise the standard of modern Dutch painting, he loses no opportunity to encourage a young painter whose work shows him to be working in the right direction, by buying and by encouraging others to buy whatever he produces that is meritorious. Quick to recognize all that is good and true in a picture, he is unsparing in his criticisms of what is false: feeling instantly any spark of originality or individuality, he is wholly unforgiving, or, worse, indifferent, when he sees a man in any way imitating another.

"I have some new pictures to show you," was his greeting as we looked into his studio one summer morning, and in spite of our protestations that he must not let us interrupt him, he laid aside his brushes and palette, adding, "It is not good to work too steadily; and, besides, a look at the gallery will refresh me." In the gallery we found, resting upon the seat of an arm-chair, two small panels. My companion exclaimed, "Corots!" and bent eagerly forward to drink in all the beauties of those subtile grays of sky, water, and foliage. Meanwhile Mr. Mesdag drew up one curtain and lowered another, then came back and stood quietly studying them with such thorough enjoyment beaming in his face that we scarcely knew which to enjoy the more, the Corots or his delight. A magnificent head by Munkacsy, the original study for the principal figure in his picture "The Last Day of the Condemned," was then set up in a good light, and, after that, a fine sunset by Daubigny.



A BIT OF DUTCH HISTORY.

"They are good and true," he said, "because the men who painted them devoted their lives to an endeavor to depict Nature as they saw her through their own eyes — not as some one before them had seen her, not after changing and reconstructing her to conform to specific academic rules, but fresh and ever variable as they found her; and then not by a little dabbling in paint, but by an earnest and persevering application of such knowledge as is recognized to be legitimate in good art, by a wholesome devotion to Nature, and by a determination to be original."

"But is there much opportunity left to be original now?" we say. "It seems as though everything had been done, and that all which follows must more or less resemble the work of some man or school that has gone before."

"My dear friends," said the master, laying his hands upon our shoulders, "it is as easy to be original to-day as it ever was; for that lies in the man, and not in the time in which he happens to live. To be original it is best to avoid academies, which have set rules for things that are subject to no rule; where you are set to copy the work of other hands and brains, instead of teaching you the use of your own; and where all votaries of this beautiful art are put through the same mill, regardless of genius or taste, and with no reference to what their subsequent aims may be. Go to work for yourself, with the criticism of a good master, if possible; and if you can succeed in reproducing on canvas the effect

Nature produces upon you the result must be original, for Nature never looks at two people with precisely the same face."

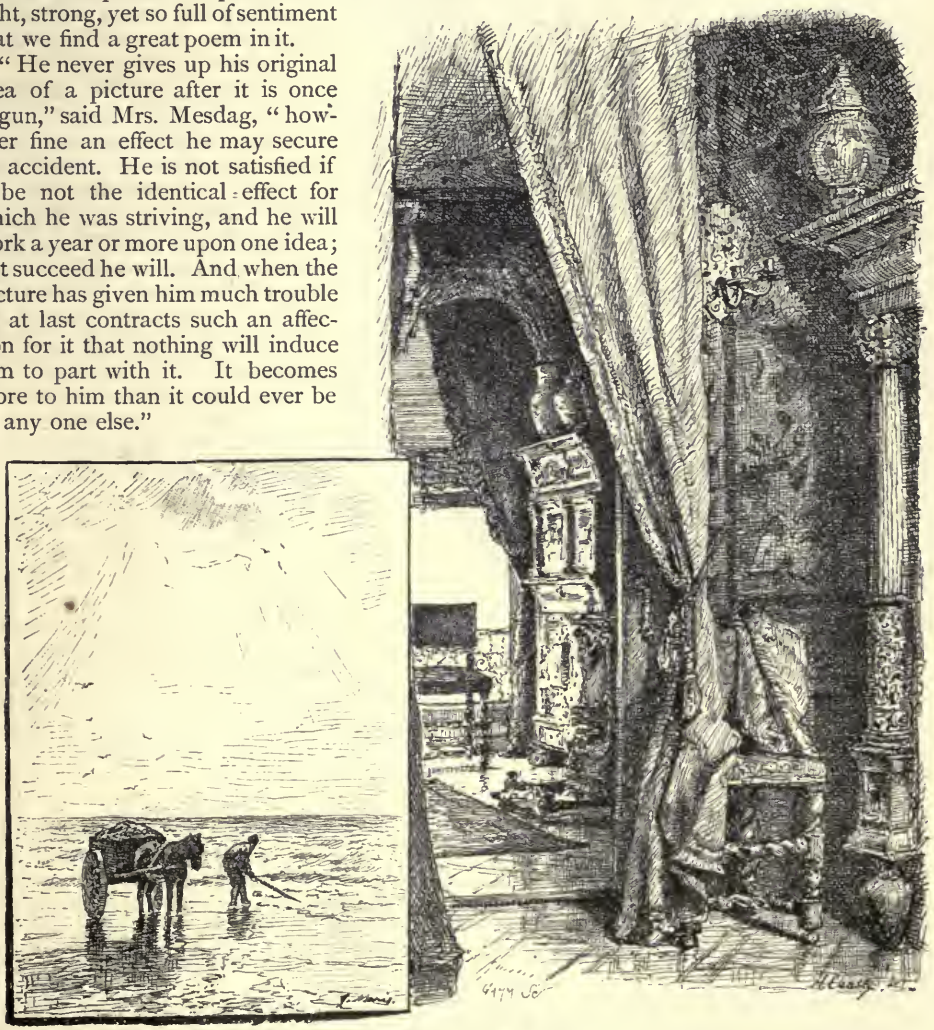
"But," interrupted Mrs. Mesdag, "you are too severe on the academies. You must acknowledge that they are the best places for one to learn the necessary technicalities." For although Mr. Mesdag has been her only master, and she and her husband agree perfectly in their opinions of artists' work, they always disagree as to the best means of acquiring the rudiments of art.

"The study of still-life, the living model, nature in any form, is quite sufficient for all purposes," he said, "and you never need study from the antique to produce true art; for there is no such thing in nature, although academies give this subject more attention than perhaps any other." Then leading us back into the studio he laughingly remarked that the antique furnished material for many a good-natured discussion between his wife and himself.

In the studio we find his Salon picture for 1879—a Dutch fishing-boat coming to anchor in the yellow, sandy surf of Scheveningen. The picture is full of light and motion, of the immensity and strength of the sea, and of the fierce March wind that is bringing the boat ashore. It illustrates perhaps better than we can describe the peculiar freshness of his work. "He has the genius of the Japanese for putting things where we least expect to find them; and yet, having found them, nothing seems more natural than that they should be so placed." So spoke one of his pupils.

"At last I think I have what I was working for," he remarked, turning to another canvas whereon is painted a pale moonlight, strong, yet so full of sentiment that we find a great poem in it.

"He never gives up his original idea of a picture after it is once begun," said Mrs. Mesdag, "however fine an effect he may secure by accident. He is not satisfied if it be not the identical effect for which he was striving, and he will work a year or more upon one idea; but succeed he will. And when the picture has given him much trouble he at last contracts such an affection for it that nothing will induce him to part with it. It becomes more to him than it could ever be to any one else."



IN THE STUDIO OF MARIS.

We learn that it is his custom to keep one or two pictures from each year's work, that he may watch his own progress and be on guard against retrogression.

As we look around on all the art treasures with which he has surrounded himself, and study the many pictures he has painted, we find it difficult to realize that this man who gives his time, his influence, and his wealth to raise and advance the standard of Dutch art, was employed in mercantile pursuits until his thirtieth year, and did not until then begin the study of his profession. When he did begin, however, it was with characteristic earnestness, giving up all other business and going to Brussels, there to study under his cousin Alma-Tadema and a landscape painter named Roeloffs.

He enjoys telling now of the surprise and amusement his first studies caused among his friends, and of how day after day he made studies of the street pavement before his window; and among his reminiscences not the least interesting is his narration of how he visited Ostend by mere chance, and there discovered that marine and not landscape was his forte. Once decided to devote himself particularly to the sea, he moved his home to the Hague and built his present house at the edge of the city, within easy walking distance of the sea.



ISRAELS AT WORK.

That he continues earnest and constant in the study of nature the improvement in each year's work conclusively proves. Already his work ranks with the first in all Europe; and the admiration of France and England, as well as numerous medals and royal recognitions, serves to establish him in a most enviable position among contemporary painters.

Mrs. Mesdag is as earnest and enthusiastic in her work as is her husband. Her pictures show a vigorous, free handling, a fine perception of color, and a delicacy of feeling that place her among the first landscape painters of Holland. She is fond of choosing her subjects from the low, flat turf-lands of Drenthe and the rolling sand-dunes, although she is equally successful in wood-scenes and in still-life. Her water-colors show a richness and purity of tone that is really beautiful, while Mr. Mesdag's are exceedingly delicate and gray in tone, appearing to be almost in black and white.

THE name of Maris had become a very familiar sound to us through hearing frequent mention of the three gifted brothers who bear it, either one of whom would make it a name to be remembered in the world of art. The eldest, Matthew, a figure painter, lives a very retired life in London, caring for no companionship save his painting, which occupies him from dawn till dark and often far into the night. His works are peculiarly rich in color.

The work of William Maris, the youngest, who devotes himself to animal painting, is simple, vigorous, and true.

Of Mr. Jacob Maris the other painters always speak with peculiar respect, with a nod of the head that says more than words, expressive of their belief in a special genius which is not

bestowed upon all men. We entered his presence with awe, but were quickly set at ease by his hearty, pleasant manners.

"I have scarcely anything to show you to-day," said he, looking about him, "except this picture on the easel, which is about finished. The critics have been complaining that I always paint in a very low key, and I have done this to show them that they are mistaken."



BOSBOOM'S "CHAPEL."

The large canvas before us showed the sea and the beach lying under a brilliant sun-lit sky, with only a man and a cart at the water's edge to cast a shadow. In one corner of the room there was a sketch of one of his children that is charmingly simple and rich, and Rembrandtesque in effect. He was pleased that we had noticed and still remembered his pictures at the Paris Exposition, and he spoke of the eight years he prosecuted his study in that gay city. A peculiarity of this artist is that he rarely carries pencil or paper when he goes out for a day's observation, but you may meet him almost any day sauntering across the fields, along the canal, or over the dunes, with one of his little ones running along at his side. Then if you should happen to call on him a few hours later you would find him at work on a sketch of something seen that morning, in which he seems to catch more of the true feeling and sentiment of the scene than would be possible in a sketch made on the spot through two or three hours of changing effect, and in his finished pictures he succeeds in preserving the strength and freshness that so charm you in his sketch.

Thoroughly original and extremely clever, he makes us feel in his pictures something of the intensity with which he himself is impressed by nature. Said one of his brother painters, "Maris paints with a great deal of heart." We recall an aquarelle in Mesdag's collection that well illustrates how deep into reflection his pictures seem to lead, and exemplifies how intense are his conceptions of the subject. It represents an old fisherwoman sitting on the dunes in the twilight, with her back to the sea and the western sky, from which the light has nearly faded, leaving only a streak of deep yellow along the horizon. The tawny dunes are already full of the black shadows of night; the old hag, with her broad straw hat pushed back from her ugly face, glowers at you with eyes full of hate and anger. As we gaze, fascinated by its tragic weirdness, we do not wonder that it is called "The Night before the Murder." Mr. Maris is not partial to any class of subjects, and seems equally successful whether he chooses landscape, figure, or marine.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of these Dutch studios is the marked individuality we find in each, and the perfect harmony of the surroundings with the tastes and works of the painter. Nowhere has this impressed us more vividly than in the beautiful studio of Mr. Johannes Bosboom, who is famous for his church-interiors.

Passing through the small garden at the back of his house we enter a vestibule divided from the studio proper by a screen of dark walnut. At the right, and overlooking the garden, is an old-fashioned Dutch window with tiny square panes, before which are suspended frames filled with bits of old stained glass. Beside the window are an old oak table and an easy-chair, and in the opposite corner a stand of flowers is placed where the sunlight visits them every



IN BISSCHOP'S HOUSE.

morning, keeping them bright and smiling. On one side is a small altar surmounted by a carved crucifix set between two candles. A lectern stands near, upon which a book of parchment lies open, disclosing curious illuminated letters in red, blue, and gold.

Drawing aside the tapestry portière, we disclose a large room with pointed roof and naked beams, which gives one the impression of a chapel in use as a studio. This effect is heightened by the arrangement of light, which, falling clear and strong on the painter's work, leaves the rest of the apartment somewhat in shadow. The walls are wainscoted with black walnut to the height of about six feet, and above this they are white; the upper portion, however, is almost hidden beneath curious bits of carved wood, escutcheons of ancient heraldry, banners, and religious pictures. From the beams hang queer brass lamps and censers, while on all sides quaint candelabra hold waxen tapers. From carved brackets and the tops of oaken chests singular little wooden figures of angels, saints, popes, and bishops, that by some happy chance escaped the rage of the image-breakers long ago, now look calmly down on us. Carved chairs, desks, tables, and screens, with a thousand odds and ends, most of them relics, telling of the former glory of the Netherland churches, are collected here.

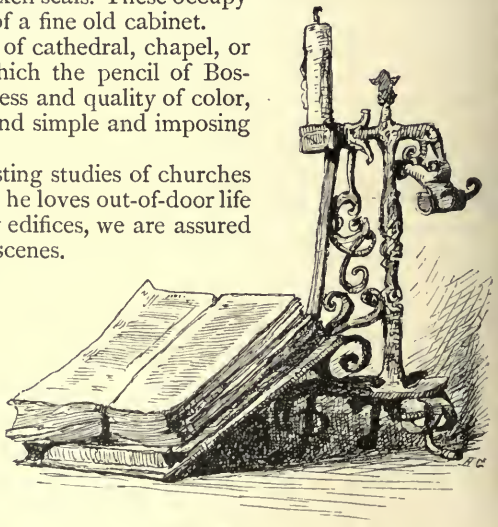
Mr. Bosboom possesses a very valuable collection of rare books, illuminated parchments, and official ancestral documents bearing great waxen seals. These occupy shelves at one end of the studio in the shadow of a fine old cabinet.

From this churchly studio come fine interiors of cathedral, chapel, or convent, in depicting the solemn majesty of which the pencil of Bosboom is unequaled. His work is noted for richness and quality of color, masterly management of architectural details, and simple and imposing grandeur of composition.

His portfolio of aquarelles is filled with interesting studies of churches and other buildings in all parts of Holland. That he loves out-of-door life and sunshine, as well as gloomy aisles of ghostly edifices, we are assured in looking at his sketches of cottage and street scenes.

In the best modern collections in Europe his pictures are frequently found, and at the principal exhibitions of the world he has received high recognition and numerous medals. He is one of the oldest of the group of painters at the Hague, and with his wife, who is an authoress of talent and of wide reputation in her own country, is held in high esteem.

In a quaint old house on the opposite side of the city live Mr. and Mrs. C. Bisschop, both of whom are popular and clever painters.

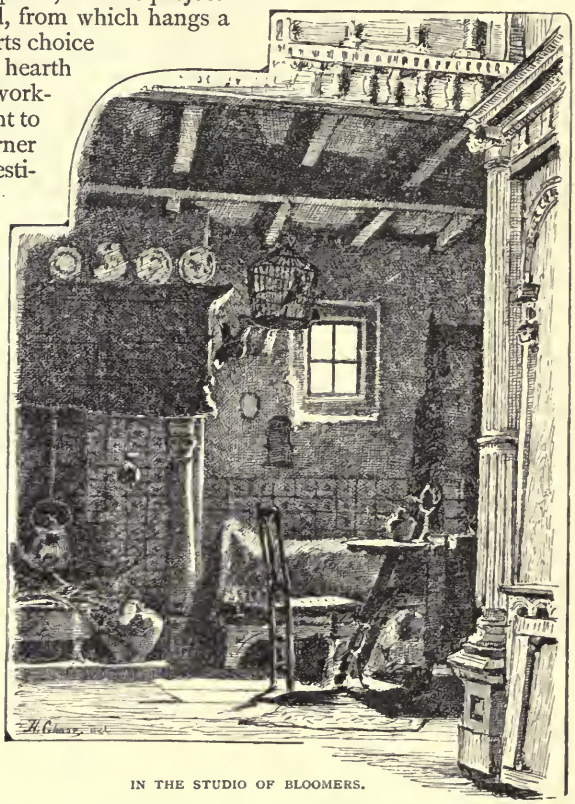


SOME RELICS.

The place, like a little castle, is surrounded on the two approachable sides by moat-like canals. Crossing the smaller one by a drawbridge, we rang at a gate in the high brick wall, over which we read the legend, "Ons Genvegen" ("Our Delight"). A round-faced maid swings open the gate, and passing under the gnarled branches of an old mulberry tree we approach the house through the garden. Under the vine-covered portico we enter and find ourselves half bewildered by our surroundings.

The parlors in which we are sitting have each a large south light, and the broad window-shelf is filled with bright flowers and plants. Through the small square panes of old stained glass we catch a glimpse of loaded barges slowly gliding along the canal.

The white walls with wainscoting of oak are graced by old pictures, among them a Quentin Matsys and a Holbein; the unplastered ceiling shows the dark wood of the beams and the floor above. Old Delft tiles line the great fireplace, and the projecting chimneypiece of finely carved wood, from which hangs a beautifully embroidered valance, supports choice specimens of old blue ware. On the hearth below glitters a brazen stand of curious workmanship, on which dames of old were wont to brew their tea; while in a neighboring corner a graceful antique silver tea set bears testimony to the friendship of the late Queen of Holland, and is a reminder of her frequent visits.



IN THE STUDIO OF BLOOMERS.

Candelabra, rich in design and highly ornamental, with great reflectors of polished brass, and tiles suspended in narrow walnut frames, form other graceful decorations. Another piece of fine carving is an old pew, which, before the Reformation stripped the Netherland churches of such vanities, occupied a place in the cathedral at the Hague. Above it hangs a curious piece of tapestry illustrating the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins.

Mrs. Bisschop takes us into the dining-room, a lofty and spacious room, with quaint windows, corner cupboard, and massive furniture. The long narrow hall leading to the studios, with little oval windows, antique clock, tiles, pictures, shining candelabra, and flowers, is exceedingly picturesque. Even the kitchen is artistically arranged with tiles and old blue plates, glittering copper and brass utensils. A motto in old German text covers the projecting chimneypiece, above which hangs a fine still-life painting by Mr. Bisschop.

During the past twenty years the artist has taken great delight in collecting rare and beautiful objects for the furnishing of his house, until now it forms a perfect model of a Dutch manor-house of the seventeenth century, and many objects that elsewhere are simply bric-à-brac here acquire a new charm from their appropriate surroundings.

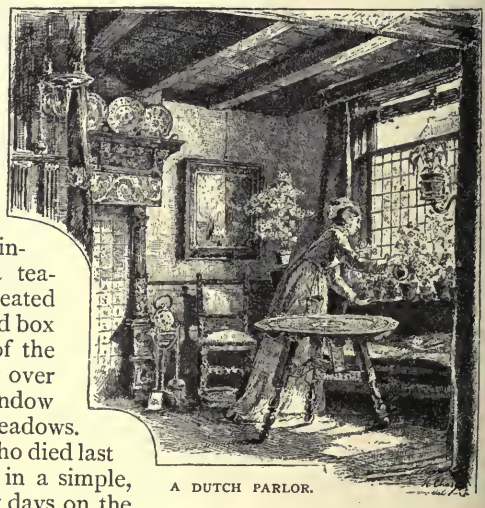
We reach Mr. Bisschop's studio by a winding-stair tucked away in one corner of the hall, with a tempting window half-way up that gives a glimpse of the sunny garden below. A large still-life on which he is at work is intended for his own dining-room, and represents a table decoration much used at old-time banquets. An enormous pasty, surmounted by a large stuffed swan decked out in jeweled necklace, gold crown, and other trinkets, is surrounded by great crystal goblets, and set up behind them is a brightly polished brass salver. The rendering of the different substances, the feathers, glass, and metal, is particularly fine. The vigorous original sketch for the portrait of the late Prince Henry, painted for the yacht club of Rotterdam, stands in one corner, and near it is the full-length portrait of a golden-haired American boy dressed as a page.

Mr. Bisschop's work always shows careful study and clever handling. While in composition and color it resembles more nearly the English school of to-day, the painter is in complete sympathy with those who are striving to advance the national art.

A new surprise awaited us in the studio of B. J. Bloomers, for we had not expected to find still another so original in design.

Mr. Bloomers finds his pictures in the every-day life of the fisher and peasant folk of this part of Holland, and is particularly happy in depicting children and babies. No one ever succeeded better that he in rendering the erratic action and the bland, wondering expression peculiar to babies. His work, good in drawing and fine and true in color, is conscientious, and his subjects are full of the charm and poetry of child-life.

Mr. Bloomers's studio consists of two large apartments, and is at once interesting and practical. The first we enter is a lofty room lighted from the north by a large plate-glass window; the wall opposite is paneled with oak almost to the ceiling, and at one end of the room are tables, chests, and corner shelves filled with bric-à-brac. The opposite end is entirely open, and admits us into a low room that is a fac-simile of a fisherman's cottage, with an open fireplace lined with tiles, a heap of fagots on the hearth, and the inevitable shining brass teakettle suspended on an iron crane. Old Dutch ware decorates the chimneypiece, and the wainscoting is of blue tiles, which, like all the furniture, were collected by the painter from peasant homes. Here Mr. Bloomers poses his models, using the other room simply as an atelier. An open door and a low window light the "cottage" from the north, but quite another effect may be obtained by closing these and opening a small high east window. Again, the entire feeling of the place may be changed by admitting the light from the south only. On that side there is a large window of old Flemish design, with diminutive panes, complicated oaken shutters, and finely wrought latches and hinges, which admits of great variety in the amount and direction of light. Various screens and a green baize curtain on a swinging bracket beside the studio window are so arranged as to prevent the light of one room interfering with that of the other. Our sketch was taken from the studio, just showing the dividing line between it and the cottage, with a view of the chimney and the east window.



A DUTCH PARLOR.

Another young man of talents is Gerke Henkes. He has chosen to portray the every-day life of the middle class in Holland, especially such incidents and customs as are peculiarly national. One of his subjects is a charming interior of that peculiarly Dutch institution, a tea-house. Three old ladies with their knitting are seated around a table on which the pretty tea-service and box of sweet-cakes are arranged, while beside one of the ladies the shining brass kettle is steaming away over a bucket of glowing turf. Through the open window behind them a glimpse is caught of the sunlit meadows.

A. Mauve, the landscape and animal painter, who died last spring, had talents and individuality. Painting in a simple, artistic manner, he sought the quiet tones of gray days on the fields and dunes of Holland. Approaching more nearly the French landscape-painters than those of any other school, with a fine perception of color and a quick sympathy for nature, he imparted his own healthy enthusiasm to all his work. Some of his best efforts were in water-color, with which he produced fine effects of atmosphere and distance.

Of the great number of painters residing at the Hague there are many besides those already mentioned whose work and reputation stand so high that we regret the necessity which allows only the mention of such names as Artz, Sadee, the brothers Albert and Joseph Neuhuys, and others.

The Dutch school of water-color is fast becoming famous, and the annual exhibition at the Hague is perhaps unequaled. The painters all seem to be as expert in the use of water-color as of oil, employing it frequently in their sketches from nature.

The Painters' Club, of which they are all members, affords opportunities for social intercourse, amusement, and study. The club-house, formerly a chapel, is an ancient building situated on a quiet street at the end of a long court-yard. The janitor conducted us up the broad oaken stairway and admitted us into the spacious, well-lighted hall with high-arched wooden



IN HENKES'S STUDIO.

ceiling. The open fireplace, lined with ornamental tiles, and the great chimneypiece, carved and gilded, are the principal features of the room. Set in the mantel is a fine copy from Paul Veronese by Jacob Maris. The walls are hung with engravings, etchings, and with numerous sketches by the members. A bare oaken floor and oaken furniture, upholstered in dark olive stuff with embroidered dragons and curious figures, add to the somber and antique appearance of the room. On the long center-table are the principal art journals of the day and many finely illustrated works: a fine old cabinet contains still others, with portfolios of etchings by different masters. Two billiard-tables and a piano offer other amusement, and in one room is posed every evening a model in costume for those who may wish to make a study. Occasional exhibitions of these drawings and sketches take place, to which the public are invited.

One of the most agreeable incidents in our intercourse with the painters of the Hague has been meeting them at one another's studios. The kindly interest one takes in the work and progress of another, the pleasant manner in which criticism is given and received, the frankness and openness manifested among them, the universal recognition given to the individual talent of each, show plainly an absence of that petty jealousy which too often mars the intercourse of such men.

Emma Eames Chase.

[This account was prepared a few years ago with the kind consent of the artists.— EDITOR.]

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

A BIRD, he could not choose but soar to greet
The sun. What wing upon such flight can dwell?
So fine the atmosphere, his pinions beat
In vain that ether; then, heart-broke, he fell.

Herbert D. Ward.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. MILES GROGAN.

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP,

Author of "An Old Man from the Old Country," etc.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, April 17.

MY DEAR MISS DOOLY: Sore an' sorry was I indade to hear of yer poor father's death, but sure it 's the way of the world an' ye must n't take it too hard. He was a good man if ever there was wan, an' he 's got a better berth now nor if he had got into the Custom House itself, which, betwane you an' me, was never sartin at the best of times, politix being onreliable an' life not to be depinded on, which he proved himself the day he lift it. If it was n't that I was tied here hand an' fut I 'd ha' been up to the funeral, which was a dacent wan of coorse, an' a comfort to him that 's gone as well as a credit to them that 's lift behind. I thrust he med an idifying ind, an' kep' his policy ped up to the day of his death. When the grafe 'll let ye, I 'll take it kind if ye 'll drop me a line, fer I always had a great wish fer ye an' all yer family. If ye get the Five thousand dollars from the insurance I think ye c'u'd n't do better nor furnish a house an' take boorders. It 's all yer mother 's fit fer, God help her; an' sure you 'd be a credit to enny table, if it was the Prisidint an' all his family was boordin' wid ye. Wid grate rispict, an' the hoight of sympathy, I am

Yours to Command,

MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Cornelius Rooney, Counseller at Law, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, April 19.

MY DEAR CON: It 's time fer me to acknowlege yours of last wake wid the news of ould Jack Dooly's death. I sent a line of rispictful condolence to Miss Mary the other day, but betwane you an' me, it 's the best thing he c'u'd ha' done. He had n't the janius fer politix, an' yet he never c'u'd keep his nose out of them. I had to laugh when he was talkin' Custom House. Ye need n't put in that note fer collection. They 'll need all the bit of money they can git from the insurance, an' sure $250.00 is a small matther betwane fri'nds. Tear it up, Con, an' say nothin' to the ladies about it. I 'm doin' purty well, an' am hopin' to do better soon, by the blessin' of God an' a good conscience. Ye 'll see by the date of this that I 've got the saloon at last — on an illegant corner, Con, an' a first-class political thrade. D' ye mind the time when we were a couple of bare-legged gossoons together, back in the ould dart, weedin' out Squire Skinner's garden an' st'alin' apples whin the gardener's back was turned? We 've done well since that an' no mistake — you a counseller at law, divil a less, wid a good eddication at the back of ye; an' me wid just enough eddication to fool them that has n't any, an' a good corner saloon, which same 's a betther dipindince nor all the l'arnin' in college. I think I 'll make money here, Con, wanst I have the debts ped off, an' I 've worked the ward fer all it 's worth. I think I stand a show fer the nomination of aldherman; an' the nomination 's all I ax, fer it 's as much as any one 's life is worth to boult the ticket here. I 'll tell ye more about that again. Now I want you to take a look round at the Doolys, accordin' as ye 've the time, fer I would n't like to see anythin' happen to them, fer they 're innocent, the crathurs. If there 's any delay or thrubble about their money, ye can dhraw on me — but dhraw aisy, Con, avick, fer money 's powerful scarce, an' workin' this aldherman racket 's goin' to cost like fun. But see that they 're fixed right, an' tell me how they 're doin'; likewise yersilf, fer I 'm as glad to hear of yer gettin' along as if it was me own brother.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 24.

DEAR CON: Ye 're a witch, an' I always sed it. May I niver ate another bit if I thought anythin' about her except as she was Jack Dooly's little girl, an' a tasty slip enough; an' now comes yer letther sayin' ye belave I 'm in love wid her. Whin I re'd that I laughed, an' sez I — Con 's dhrunk, sez I, an' niver gave it another thought till I come to what ye sez about Hans Butter. Hans Butter! That 's a swate name to go to church wid! The Dutch Sardine! — fer I take it he 's a Dutchman be his name — is it the likes of him to be makin'



"SHE WAS LOOKIN' BEAUTIFUL — MARY, I MANE."

up to Mary Dooly? Sooner nor that I 'll spake fer her mesilf, sez I; an' the minnit I sed it, that mortial minnit I knew I wanted her, an' I looked at the first of yer letther an' sez I — Con 's a witch, sez I, an' I always sed it. Well, here 's the way of it. I 'd marry Mary to-morrow, an' would n't ask betther sport, but how am I goin' to l'ave here to see her? I 'm up to me eyes in politix, an' have n't drawn what ye might call a right sober breath in two wakes. I 'll desarve the nomination if I get it, fer I 've worked hard fer it. An', whisper, Con, avick; there 's talk of an underground railway, an' that 's goin' to mane grate pickens fer the next batch of aldhermen. I 'm only waitin' fer a sate at the table to cut into that pie. But I can't l'ave, an' the thought of that Dutchman shinin' up to Mary! I dunno whether the girl cares tuppence about me either — at laste, of coorse I always knew she had a fri'ndly rigard fer me — but girls is quare; ye know what I mane. Naterally she 'd liefer have me nor a Dutchman! but sure he 's there an' I 'm here, an' that 's the divil of it, an' I 'm bothered entirely. I dunno but what the best thing I c'u'd do w'u'd be to sit down an' write her a letther — but that 's a poor way of coortin', say what ye like about it. C'u'd n't ye pick a quarrel wid Butter — he ought to be a soft fellow by his name — an' break his neck, or somethin' thriflin' that 'u'd kape him in bed fer a wake? Ye see all I ax is time to turn round. Just do what ye can fer me, an' accipt the blessin' of

Yer Fri'nd,
MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 24.

MY DEAR MARY: I 'm takin' the pin in me hand to say somethin' I 'd liefer say right out lookin' into yer two blue eyes an' axin' them the question that stares mortial cowld in black an' white. Ye 're alone in the world, Mary, fer yer mother niver was much account; an' havin' regard to her an' yer father, I dunno how the likes of yersilf was bred — but niver mind that. Yer mother has the kindest heart in the world, an' sure you 've inherited that anyhow. I 'm not gettin' on very quick, I 'm afraid, but I 'm doin' me best, an' sure angels c'u'd n't do more nor that. I hear tell about wan Mr. Hans Butter that does be callin' on ye; but sure ye 've no use fer a Dutchman, have ye, Mary? Tell him to go along wid him, fer it 's not dacent fer a man to be hintin' at the like to ye, an' yer poor father hardly cowld

in his grave. An' that brings me to what I want to say mesilf. D' ye think ye c'u'd fancy a fellow like me, Mary?—four and thirty years ould, come Michaelmas, widout a blimish or a scar on me barrin' the big hole yer own two purty eyes have put in me heart, an' sure that it rests wid yersilf to cure. Will ye marry me, Mary, an' will ye fergive me that I 'm not kneelin' at yer little feet whin I 'm axin' ye the like? I 'm bothered entirely, fer I 'm goin' to run fer aldherman, an' love an' politix play the divil wid wan another. But if ye 'll only say yes: jist write yes on a postal card and send it to me — or telegraft it me, fer if I 'm goin' to be happy I might as well know it wan

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 26.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: Yer swate letther come this mornin', an' I 'll say nothin' about the slapeless night ye give me by not telegraffin'. I 'm two inches taller since the mail come in. What do I care fer Hans Butter—by the bye, it seems it 's Britter his name is; but Con Rooney niver c'u'd make a right loop to an "r," bad cess to him. I knew it was n't in ye to throw yersilf away on a Dutchman. O Molsheen! I 'm that happy I can't kape from singin', an' I 've thrated ivery bummer that 's come into the saloon this blessed mornin'. But maybe that 's only bread thrown



"I HAVE TO SPIND MONEY LIKE WATHER."

day sooner. But if it 's no, avick, a post card will do, fer I 'm in no hurry to give ye up—even the thought of ye, an' that 's all I 've got. I 'll come up to Boston an' see ye ennyhow; maybe it 'u'd ha' bin the best of my play to wait till then, but I c'u'd n't an' that 's the troth, an' that rapparee of a Dutchman hangin' round ye. But if ye 'll only have me, Mary, ye 'll make me the happiest man in the ward to-day, an' if I don't make yersilf the happiest girl, it 'll be because I don't know how. Be good to me, Mary, fer I can't live widout ye — in troth I can't.

MILES GROGAN.

on the wather ennyway, an' it 'll come back to me on election day. Molly, I 've that much to say to ye that I 'd wear me pin down to the butt before I c'u'd write the half of it. I 'll see ye Sunday, plaze Providince, fer I 'll take the last thrain Saturday night an' be wid ye bright an' early Sunday mornin'. I meant no disrispict to yer mother, ma cushla, by what I sed in my letther. Sure, how c'u'd I? If it was n't fer her you w'u'd n't be in it, an' if it was n't fer you I w'u'd n't give a trauneen fer the nomination if they brought it me to-morrow on a clane plate. I 'll not thry an' write enny more, darlint, fer I can't. I 'll only thank

ye fer yer kind thought in sindin' me the pottygraft. It 's the raal breathin' image of yer own swate silf, wid yer own blue eyes an' soft brown hair an' purty mouth, an' the blush on yer cheeks that I 'm only waitin' to see rise there whin I kiss ye. Och, Molly, how can I iver wait till Sunday?

Yer Lovin' Own, MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 30.

MY DEAR CON: I got home safe, an' by r'ason of the thrain bein' so airly I cot the boy not openin' the saloon at the right time, an' sacked him accordin'. I 'll have to get a raal smart bartender, fer there 'll be a terrible sight of work to be done from now till election. I 'm wan of the sort that belaves in beginnin' airly. I 'm as happy as a bird ennyway, an' I found Mary as lovin' as heart c'u'd wish, an' ould Mrs. Dooly mighty considerate in the way of droppin' off to slape an' steppin' out in the kitchen wanst in a while to see if the kittle was b'ilin'. She was lookin' beautiful — Mary, I mane; but what 's the use of talkin' of that when ye seen her yersilf? It was too bad ye had to l'ave direct afther dinner, fer I 'd a power to say to ye, though God knows if I 'd iver ha' sed it, or ennythin' else, except to Mary. Love plays the divil wid business. I c'u'd n't make head nor tail, though, of what ye sed about the bribery. A body 'u'd think it was pickin' pockets ye were talkin' about. D' ye mane to tell me that there 's enny crime in takin' a man's money that he offers ye to do him a good turn? Maybe I 'll niver be an aldherman, an' there 's no sinse in crossin' the bridge till ye come to it; but if I iver get there, I go bail I take what comes, an' them that wants yours truly's inflooence has got to pay yours truly fer it. What the divil else does politix mane, an' how 's a man goin' to make money out of it enny other way? If that 's what eddication has done fer ye, Con, I can only be thankful that mine stopped where it did. Let me hear enny news of the Doolys whin ye write. Mary promised to write regular, but sure I can't hear too much about her. I had a call to-day from Mike Finnerty, no less. I tell ye I 'm gettin' a howlt on the ward, an' the nomination 's lookin' up.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 4.

DEAR NED: It 's sorry I am to hear of the thrubble ye 're in, but sure what can I do? I owe fer ivery bit of stock in the saloon, an' I 'm in politix an' I have to spind money like wather, let alone that I 'm a-goin' to be married afore long, an' more expinse waitin' fer me there. I 'd help ye an' welcome, Ned, but I have n't the money, an' that 's a fact. Thry some one else, an' good luck to ye. If I had it I 'd lend ye the thousand dollars wid a heart an' a half; but I have n't, an' sure there 's no more to be sed. My best rispicts to the misthress an' the childher.

Yours truly, MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 6.

MY DEAR CON: Yours to hand, an' I take it mighty kind of ye takin' Mary to the theater. The girl wrote me about it, tickled to death. I had a letther from Ned Halloran the day before yisterday. He 's in a bad way. His whole stock an' fixtures 's to be sowld by the sheriff, fer want of a thousand dollars, an' he wid a wife an' eleven childher, the crathures. I feel bad about him, fer who knows how long it may be afore Mary an' me 's in the same fix? So ye 're back at the bribery again. Ye say whin a man 's elected to an office he 's put in a position of thrust, an' is bound to work it fer the best good of the people that puts him there, an' not fer his own. I agree wid ye in all but wan word, Con. He 's bound to work it fer the best good of the people *an'* fer his own. A smart man can do both, an' no wan else has enny business in politix. There 's scriptur' fer it too. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that threadeth out the corn." Now I don't want to see no finer cornfield than this ward 'll be when it 's worked right, an' if I don't pick a bit while I 'm thrampin' through it, l'ave it there. Ye 'll notice it says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox." D' ye know why that is? Beca'se the ass will muzzle himsilf, an' more fool he. Well, enny wan that plays Miles Grogan fer an ass is goin' to get lift, an' I ax no betther warrant than scriptur' fer what I 'm goin' to do if I get the chance.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR NED: It 's a hard case sartainly, an' I think ould Morris might ha' helped ye; but since he won't, an' the wife an' childher are goin' to be turned out, I suppose we must thry an' do somethin'. I can't bear to think of

that, ennyway. It 's the truth I 'm tellin' ye when I say I have n't the money, but I 'll do what I can. Send me yer note fer wan thousand dollars an' I 'll clap me fist to it, an' I think I can raise the money fer ye that way. I sind ye wid this a check fer wan hundred an' thirty-five dollars, which is all I can spare. Use it careful an' stop the sheriff's mouth wid it, so as to give me a day or two while I 'm raisin' the coppers. If ye were in politix ye 'd know what I mane. No man wid a hundred in ready cash can get lift in politix. My regards to the misthress an' the colleens.

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DARLINT LITTLE GIRL: I was hopin' to come up an' see ye over Sunday, but I can't get away ennyhow. Don't be disapp'inted, ma cushla machree, fer I 'll be up the nixt wake sure, an' it 's not me heart that hinders me bein' wid ye all the time. Give me love to yer mother, an' save up all them kisses fer me that I ought to be havin' the day afther to-morrow. Yours Always,

MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

MY DEAR CON: I 'm afraid the little girl felt bad that I did n't come up Sunday, but faith I c'u'd n't help it. I 'd a suddent call on me that tuk all me spare change, an' ye know even a tin-dollar bill looks big whin a man has n't got it. But it 's not tin-dollar bills 'll be thrubblin' me long, fer I 'm doin' grand, an' payin' off somethin' ivery day. Maybe it 's as well I was here Sunday, fer the side-door thrade is n't the worst of the wake, an' who should come in but Mike Finnerty himself. He was talkin' aldherman to me. I 've got the Miles Grogan Coterie in workin' order. They 're a thirsty crowd, an' it comes expinsive; but they 're worth it, fer they 're rustlers, ivery wan of thim. I 'll get there, Con, as sure as I 'm alive. I 'm glad ye think me litherary style 's improvin', fer I 'm conscious of a wakeness in that rispict; but I 've been doin' a power of writin' lately, an' it 's comin' aisier to me. I know an aldherman has no call fer writin' nor spellin'; but wanst a man 's in politix there 's no knowin' where he 'll land, an' a mayor's business is writin' letthers. No more at present from

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

To the Hon. Mike Finnerty, Harlem, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

DEAR SIR: I gratefully acknowledge yer very handsome letther of the 19th. I will not disapp'int ye, an' if ye do as ye say, ye may count on me to the last dollar in me pocket or the last drop of blood in me vanes. I fully acknowledge what ye say as to the necessity of assessments, an' I 'm quite willin' to stand me share. Your Obd. Servant,

MILES GROGAN.

To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

GENTS: I must ax yez to defer the prisint payment on acct. of what is due to yer honorable house fer the stockin' of this saloon. I am under heavy expinse just now, but will hope to be on time nixt month. Meanwhile, of coorse, I expict to pay interest fer the accomodation. Yours, etc.,

MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counseller at Law, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

MY DEAR CON: I 've been so ate up wid business that I have n't had time to sind ye a line I dunno whin, an' this will be a short wan. I 'm goin' to take the whole of the Miles Grogan Coterie, women, childher, an' all, fer a picnic to Jones's Woods in half an hour's time, an' I think that will clinch the business. I have Mike Finnerty solid on me side ennyhow, an' that 's worth more nor all the rest put together. It 'll all be fixed in a day or two wan way or the other, an' thin I 'll slip on to Boston an' git married. I suppose Mary 's towld ye the day 's fixed fer the 24th. I 'm fixin' up the place a bit to bring her home, but I 've that much to do I 'm fairly moidered. Mrs. Dooly thinks she 's comin' to live wid us, but she 's goin' to be fooled. She 'll have to stay in Boston fer the prisint at enny rate. I 'll see yez the 24th.

Yours in haste, MILES GROGAN.

To the —— Committee.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

GENTLEMEN: It is with a deep sense of my own unworthiness that I attempt to thank you for the honor you have done me in your com-

munication of even date. You offer me the nomination of alderman for this ward. This unexpected, unsolicited, and wholly unmerited compliment takes me completely by surprise. I am in no sense a politician or public man, but I trust I am one whom the voice of duty will never appeal to in vain. I will not sit down in slothful ease when my fellow-citizens call me to take up their banner and march with it to the front. Gentlemen, I accept your nomination, and trust to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have reposed in me. You will find in me none of the arts of the professional politician. I seek no personal gain; and if I am fortunate enough to please you, I ask no reward save that of an approving conscience. Gentlemen, I am an Irishman by birth, an American citizen by choice, and a ——— by conviction. Can I say more? With deep respect and humble gratitude I subscribe myself, gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient servant,
MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

By the powers, Con, I 've got it! Nomination unanimous, an' nothin' to do but to stip in an' take it. I accepted in a nate letther, a copy of which I enclose. I doubt if ye c'u'd ha' done betther yersilf. I had it written fer me by a littherary bummer of me acquaintance, and divil a cint it cost me but his skin full of whisky an' the price of the hack to take him home, an' that last was me own fault, fer the dock-a-doorish was too much fer the crathur, an' his legs give out. But I don't begrudge it, fer he done it raal tasty an' hit off me sintimints to a hare.

Yours Truly,
MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: This is the last letther I 'll iver sind to Miss Mary Dooly. Nixt time I write to ye — if I can iver let ye out of me sight, which I doubt — it 'll be to Mrs. Miles Grogan. How do ye think it looks in writin', machree? Tell yer mother not to be in two big a hurry sellin' her furnitur'. Sure life 's full of chances an' changes, an' Boston 's a raal healthy town fer an owld lady. Con will ha' towld ye I 've got the nomination. Ye 'll be an ornamint to the Boord of aldhermin, Mary; there is n't wan of thim from Harlem to the Batthery has a wife that c'u'd howld a candle to ye. Good-bye to ye till the day afther to-morrow.

Yer Lovin' Husband (soon),
MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

MY DEAR NED: Of coorse ye can't take up the note. I never expicted ye c'u'd. I 'll attind to it in good time. Ye 'd betther drop over an' see me some day nixt wake. Ye 're doin' no good in Brooklyn, an' I 've a propersition to make to ye that may suit ye. Ye might bring over the misthress an' wan of the girls, whin ye come, to take a cup of tay wid Mrs. Grogan. Yours Truly,
MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counseller at Law, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Jan. 18.

MY DEAR CON: I was lookin' fer some such a letther from ye, an' faith ye have n't disapp'inted me. Of coorse ye seen that the franchise was granted, an' that aldherman Miles Grogan voted wid the majority. May I niver be in worse company! An' now ye want to know if I sowld me vote. Well, Con, I 'm not tellin'. What a man says he 'll do before he 's elected an' what he does afther is two mighty different things, as ivery politician knows. At the same time, if ye 've ere a wan of thim ould foolish letthers of mine by ye, burn thim, an' burn this wan too whin ye 've rid it, an' on that condition I 'll consint to argy the p'int wid ye wanst more. Of coorse I did n't take a pinny fer me vote. Why would I? Sure that 's a statootable offince. But if I did, I 'll say this: divil an inch w'u'd I hang my head by r'ason of it. The railway 's a good thing. Ye can't find a sowl in New York to say different, barrin' a few who want to run the world their own way. Now, Con, I see ye were defindin' Barney the Bloke in coort the other day, an' ye were ped fer doin' it, I 'll take me oath. If you can take a burglar's money to argy him out of a crime, can't I take an honest man's money to argy me brother aldhermen into a good action? Faith, if I had as tinder conscience as ye, I 'd be afraid of sittin' down hard fer fear I 'd jar it, an' I 'd giv up bein' a lawyer an' meddlin' wid wickedness, an' go into some honest thrade like poli-

tix. I 'll tell ye what, Con, if ye 're afeard fer me. When I go to confission I own up to ivery sin that I can twist round so as to see it 's a sin — an' I 've niver confissed yet to givin' nor takin' a bribe. Now ye 've known me since I was knee high to a grasshopper, an' I don't think ye iver heard of me goin' back on a fri'nd or takin' a pinny that don't belong to me — so put that in yer pipe an' smoke it.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

MY DEAR CON: I don't understand wan word in tin in yer letther. What the divil does "Arrested moral development" mane? I niver was arristed, an' I 'd like to see the cop 'u'd dare to lay a finger on me! There 's some ugly talk got around about that franchise, an' I dunno but some of the boys may get in thrubble. Mary 's none too well, an' I 'm thinkin' she 'd be the betther of a change of air. She needs a bracin' climate, the doctor says. Maybe I 'll take her up to Montreal to see the carnivell. Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

To the Cashier of the Bank of British North America, Montreal.

NINTH AVE., NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find draft for $40,000, which place to my credit on deposit, subject to my order, and oblige

MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 8.

DEAR CON: I got here safely last night. It 's an illegant town an' suits me fine. Mary 's betther already. If I see enny good business chances I may stay awhile. Let me hear from ye. Yours,

MILES GROGAN.

To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., New York, U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 9.

GENTS: Enclosed find my account wid yer house, showin' ballance due of $182.50 fer goods supplied to Shamrock saloon. I sind yez draft on N. Y. fer that amount, which plaze acknowlege, an' oblige

MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Shamrock, Ninth Ave., New York, U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 10.

MY DEAR NED: I may be away some time, so if ye choose to keep on the business ye can do this: ye 'll pay me 25 per cint. of the profits till ye 've ped me $10,000. Thin the business is yer own. That 's betther nor Brooklyn. Ye need n't sind me enny New York papers. I can get them here, an' I don't value it a kippeen what they do be sayin' about me. It 's thimsilves 'u'd be glad of the chance. I 've the laugh on me side an' a few dollars in bank, an' I 've done nothin' I 've enny call to be ashamed of; so what need I care? I do have a gallus time standin' off the reporters that come to interview me. I like this town well, an' have my eye on a good saloon I think I c u'd make pay if I had it. I have n't got the hang of their politix here yet, but sure that 'll come whin a man has the janius fer it. Mary is well and likes it here. I 've bot a fine slay an' team an' take her out ivery day. I suppose I 'll be havin' a sarmon from Con Rooney by nixt mail as long as from here to the cove of Cork. He 's got the tindherest conscience about another man's business iver I seen, but I hear he 's makin' out well wid the law, so it can't be very troublesome in his own. Mary sinds her love to Mrs. Halloran an' the childher. We 're lookin' out fer a house, an' whin we 're settled we 'd be glad to see a couple of the girls fer a wake or two. It 'll be a change fer them, the crathurs. Think over me offer about the saloon an' let me know. The thousand-dollar note is ped, so ye need n't worry.

Yer Sincere Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE RIVER-GOD.

A GIANT docile to obey your will,
A comrade,— a companion,— a refrain
Threading a dream; yet, laughing like a rill,
He 'll bear your drownèd body to the main.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:[1]

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE East generalizes the West much as England has the habit of generalizing America; taking note of picturesque outward differences, easily perceived across a breadth of continent. Among other unsafe assumptions, the East has decided that nothing can be freer and simpler than the social life of the far West, exemplified by the flannel shirt and the flowing necktie, the absence of polish on boots and manners.

As a matter of experience, no society is so puzzling in its relations, so exacting in its demands upon self-restraint, as one which has no methods, which is yet in the stage of fermentation. Middle age has decided, or has learned to dispense with, many things which youth continues to fash itself about; and the older societies, with all their perpetuated grooves and deep-rooted complexities, are freer and more cheerful than the new.

In constructing a pioneer community one must add to the native, Western-born element the "tenderfoot" element, so called, self-conscious, new to surrounding standards, warped by disappointment or excited by success, torn, femininely speaking, between a past not yet abandoned and a present reluctantly accepted. Add, generally, the want of homogeneity in a population hastily recruited from divers States, cities, nationalities, with a surplus of youth, energy, incapacity, or misfortune to dispose of; add the melancholy of a land oppressed by too much nature,—not mother nature of the Christian poets, but nature of the dark old mythologies,—the spectacle of a creation indeed scarcely more than six days old. When Adam's celestial visitor (in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost") condescends to relate how the world was first created, he gives an astonishing picture of the sixth and last great act; when the earth brought forth the living creature after its kind regardless of zones and habitudes, crawling, wriggling, pawing from the sod, rent to favor the transmission. Life on the surface could not have been simple, for a few days at least, after that violent and promiscuous birth.

The life of the West historically, like the story of Man, is an epic, a song tale of grand meanings. Socially, it is a genesis, a formless record of beginnings, tragic, grotesque, sorrowful, unrelated, except as illustrations of a tendency towards confusion and failure, with contrasting lights of character and high personal achievement. The only successful characterizations of it in literature have treated it in this episodic manner.

But looking forward to the story in periods the West has a future, socially, of enormous promise. It has all the elements of greatness, when it shall have passed the period of uncouth strivings and that later stage of material satisfaction which is the sequel to the age of force. The East denies it modesty, but there is a humility which apes pride as well as a pride which apes humility. It has never been denied generosity, charity, devotedness, humor of a peculiarly effective quality, a desire for self-improvement, unconquerable, often pathetic, courage, and enthusiasm. It has that admixture of contrasting national types which gives us the golden thread of genius. Finally, the New South is seeking its future there—not a future of conquest, but of patience and hard work.

The West is not to be measured by homesick tales from an Eastern point of view. The true note will be struck when the alien touch no longer blunts the chord, groping for futile harmonies through morbid minor strains; when we have our novelist of the Pacific slope, cosmopolite by blood, acclimated through more than one generation to the heavy air of the plains, bred in the traditions of an older civilization—or, better still, with a wild note as frank as that which comes to us from the sad northern steppe.

THE SITUATION.

I.

THE overland train which took westward, in the fall of 1879, Francis Embury, aged twenty-four, swung along to the rhythm of certain well-strummed stanzas that sang in the young man's head with as genuine, passionate iteration as

[1] Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.

once they must have beat in the brain of the poet.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!

We, whose pretty girl cousins are getting to be middle-aged ladies, and who have ceased to shiver at the sounding meters of "Locksley Hall," may smile at these words, but they had tingling meanings for the cousin of Miss Catherine Mason of Mamaroneck, in the county of Westchester.

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

We know there are no moorlands about Mamaroneck; but moorlands or marsh-lands, Amy or Catherine, the train clanked on indifferent to the new burden or the old, and as to the dreariness and the barrenness and the shallow-heartedness, nothing need be conceded on the score of youthful wretchedness.

But it would have been going too far, even for the sake of putting her more in the wrong, to have insisted that Catherine Mason was to be "mated with a clown." The clown of Westchester County, whatever may be the nature of him, has no attractions that we know of for the parents of pretty cousins, nor were Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Mason at all likely to bestir themselves in the matter of a marriage connection for their daughter. It was only in a negative way that they concerned themselves, and, as their disaffected young relative bitterly reflected, where the claimant was of their own blood.

The difficulty itself was a despairingly simple one. Eleanor Mason, Catherine's elder sister, had married her first cousin, after a good deal of quiet but exceedingly earnest discussion, which had gone on over the heads of the younger members of the family. Francis Embury was not a first cousin, but when his turn came Mrs. Mason had declared, without any discussion, that she desired no more cousins in her family, whether once or twice removed, in the capacity of sons-in-law. Her husband was effectually of the same mind, and the Emburys, father and mother, were not behind with their objections.

It might have been urged that Eleanor's marriage, having proved a happy one with all the usual blessings — and some that were unusual — upon it, should have supplied a family precedent, but the parents on both sides illogically refused to consider it as such. They talked with their children apart, and in these conferences strange lights were thrown upon the family history, a branch of research young people are usually indifferent to until they become heads of families themselves, and begin to look for tendencies in their children, or excuses for the same when found. Old seals of silence were broken; records, which the elders of the family keep, like sibylline books, closed against the day of doubt and confusion, were consulted, and the sky of youth, painted with rosy dreams, showed portents which the fathers and mothers spared not to interpret with prophetic plainness.

The young man was wild — against his parents, against her parents, against the girl herself, who faltered and sickened and gave up her hope.

She swept up the bangs from her fair forehead, which was overhigh for such strenuous treatment, and clung more than ever to the mother who, with pain scarcely less than her own, had dealt her the blow. It is the nature of some girls to be "servile" in this way, as it is the nature of the young men who suffer from their want of spirit to call them cold, characterless, shallow-hearted — "puppets," in short.

Catherine's conduct was not in the spirit of her time and of her country; she would not declare for happiness and her lover. The family verdict prevailed, and Frank Embury hurled himself across the continent by the first train westward.

The great mining boom of 1879–80 was then in the ascendant. No doubt many of the young men who joined the stampede for Leadville at this time went, like Frank, under conviction of the worthlessness of all that remained to them of life, especially the feminine portion of it, and were the more inclined to be reckless in their bids for that ironical species of fortune which is said to perch upon the banner of love at half-mast.

A concussion of the heart, at a time when the circulation is restoratively active, has pitched many a good husband and useful citizen safely into the midst of a prosperous career; but an average result in these cases must be difficult to arrive at so long as the publicity of the experiment depends upon its success. The failures go down upon private records, not easily traced or verified. In the case of Frank Embury nothing worse seemed likely to come of his mishap, his parents flattered themselves, than a little timely attention to business in a direction hitherto distasteful to the young man. He remembered that he had a profession — adopted to please his family and coquetted with since, on various pretexts satisfactory to no one but himself. He did not know, perhaps, that there were already in the camp upwards of twenty graduates of the Columbia School of Mines alone, besides representatives of every other institution in the country which has the honor of producing a yearly crop of civil or mining engineers. But if he had known

it, it is not probable the fact would have deterred him from projecting himself upon his fate. The malcontents of all kinds inevitably go West if they are young and not well provided with this world's goods.

Frank lighted upon his feet in one of those communities which are proverbially engaged in burning the candle at both ends. Here were no fathers and mothers of an age to balk youth of the courage of its impulses. Men not much older than himself gave the tone in society and in business; rushed into alliances, offensive and defensive; declared war and laughed in each other's faces over their shot-guns. Life and death were lightly held compared with questions affecting the egoism of youth, its rights and privileges, its haughty immunities. Social knots, which have been patiently picked at for generations, these jaunty civic fathers disposed of at a blow.

Across the continent clans and families looked on aghast as the spindle whirled and the thread of these tense young lives was swiftly spun, and the shears, which in older communities are wont to creak a little and give a poor moment's warning, were ready with their work.

Embury arrived in time to dispute with an older graduate of his own college the ominous distinction of thirteenth assayer in the camp. The young men concluded to divide the objectionable number between them, and each became the twelfth and a half. The sign of Williams and Embury invited patronage as assayers of metals or as experts in the examination of mines; though it may be assumed that in the latter capacity the experience of both young partners put together could have been but an expensive sort of guesswork for those who employed it.

The town was in a state of chaotic expansion, with throes of laughter at its own unwieldiness. It was difficult to get enough to eat, impossible to find a decent place to eat it in. Ancient deplorable jokes about the "Forty-niners," who slept in barrels at five dollars a night with their feet outside, were revived with childish appreciation of their humor. Soft-handed youths, fresh from Eastern colleges and ball-rooms, found themselves twirling frying-pans as familiarly as if they had been pretty girls' fans or favors in a german, and better than a rose in a button-hole was the button itself, when it could be relied upon not to come off.

The Clarendon Hotel was then building; the Windsor had not been projected. Ranks of men in triple file lined the counters in every eating-shop,—tables and chairs were as yet not thought of,—laughing, shoving, gesticulating, endeavoring by bribes and curses to influence the impartial tide of bad victuals steaming in from the reeking kitchens. Much time as well as temper was lost in these periodic struggles, and the food when captured was execrable. Our two young men therefore adopted a mode of life then common in the camp, called "baching it," in the two bare rooms they had striven for with several other applicants before the roof was over them.

Frank, who had no gift for cooking, was unable to dispute his manifest destiny as dishwasher. It was he, therefore, who first tired of the mutual housekeeping, and who roamed the town, every hour he could spare for research, in the hope of finding the coming woman. Chinese labor had been excluded from this camp of idealists; there was dearth of woman's cooking, and eke of woman's dishwashing, thought poor Frank.

About this time a gleam of hope came to him from the "Tent Bakery," as it was called, where, in the white photographic light of a canvas roof, bread and pastry could be bought which had the home-made flavor. He induced Williams to throw aside his skillets and saucepans, and the pair took home schoolboy meals in paper-bags, subsisting upon buns and canned meats and wearying for the taste of a hot broiled steak. They agreed that this state of things could not last, watching hungrily meanwhile the progress of the new hotel, which filled an entire block of Harrison avenue with ample promise of hospitality.

In the mean time there had come to the camp an intrepid little widow of — let us say Denver, not to be personal. She was a woman of a practical turn, which did not prevent her from being decidedly pretty. Mrs. Fanny Dansken had not been slow to perceive the advantages of the new camp as a place wherein to make a little money quickly in a way she had thought of, and to invest it — with what chances who could say? Her way of making money was a very simple one. For most women, and under the usual circumstances, there are few ways that are harder; but Mrs. Dansken purposed to reverse the usual anxious order of things in the business of taking boarders, and instead of seeking allow herself to be sought. In that homeless, hungry, distraught community of men she had reason to believe that her experiment would be unique.

She took a high tone from the beginning, a comically lofty one, considering her resources; but she was careful that no one but the author of the situation should see the fun of it. She trusted to be able to hold her own until she could afford, financially speaking, to ship her oars and spread her sails to the rising gale that was humming through the stock market, from Wall street to the Golden Gate. Then it would be time enough to share the joke.

She opened her house on Harrison avenue, on the west side, a few blocks above the skeleton stories of her formidable rival, the Clarendon. No. 9 had the usual square board front, thinly painted, the new pine showing with cold pinkness through a scumbling of white lead. To the original four-room cabin she caused to be added a long extension, running back into the lot in which the house stood alone. From the kitchen door a path led out upon some vague, parallel street, where the buildings as yet were too far apart to obstruct the prospect across such a haggard stretch of country as made the new tenant homesick to look at, though she was not an imaginative person and for many years had called no place in particular her home. Beyond were the mountains, giving perpetual emphasis to the human achievement; for every item of manufactured material that had gone to the building and plenishing of this gaunt, growthy young settlement, every circumstance that contributed to its insatiate life, from the piano in its dance-halls to the shards and rags on its dust-heaps, had come over those sternly unimplicated mountains, by ways needless to describe to those who are familiar with such ways, and impossible to those who are not. The journey in itself constituted an understood bond among the citizens. Each knew how the others had got there, and could guess, within limits, why they had come. It was not for their health, they gayly admitted, looking about them at those bony foster-mothers, Breece and Freyer and Carbonate Hills.

Mrs. Dansken found, as she had anticipated, that in making up the tale of her guests she could take her pick of the town. The process of selection was necessarily a hasty one; but, considering the place, she made very few mistakes. It was understood that a seat at her table was to be well paid for, outside of the privilege itself. She was perhaps lucky in her first applicants; these implied others of the same sort. Very soon a company of sun-burned faces that would have been presentable anywhere met nightly in the light of the crimson silk-shaded lamp, the sun and center of Mrs. Dansken's dinner-table.

It is laughable, it is pitiful, to remember how little it took to create something like an environment in that home of the self-exiled. A lamp with a soft luster; a pretty little stranger woman at the head of a table spread with clear glass and spotless linen and the best an inchoate market could afford; chairs that stood upon four legs without wobbling; good health, youthful appetites, not too much knowledge of each other; distant homes and loves and friends in the background, to whom all this strangeness was tenderly referred. Outside, the shrill air of the spring twilight at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea; six inches of snow on the broad sidewalks, mountains whiter than the clouds and black with patches of burnt forest; smoke of smelters languidly rising; voices and footsteps, all of strangers; over all an atmosphere of insensate gayety, of fantastic success.

II.

Mrs. Dansken stood in the path behind her kitchen door one morning, watching across the street the funeral of a well-known "jumper," who had been shot in a quarrel over a piece of disputed land. The poor cabin could not contain the new-made widow's grief. She was crying, bare-headed, in the bleak noon sunlight, while her husband's confrères, in Masonic bibs and aprons, were shouldering the coffin into the plumed hearse. The children of the neighborhood had gathered to the spectacle, and followed as it moved down the street with throbbing of drums, wailing of fifes, and buzzing of brass. The widow and her brood were bundled into the carriage magnificently provided by charity, at a cost that would have fed them for a month. They sat in it charily, in their shabby weeds, eying its soiled upholstery with an awe which even the freshness of their grief could not blunt.

Mrs. Dansken buried her face in her apron and laughed hysterically. Looking up she saw a young man at the gate, studying the house as if to reassure himself of his locality. He beamed, hat in hand, at the sight of her brightly illumined figure in the sunny path; perhaps with relief that she had not, as he had at first supposed, been crying.

"Is this No. 9?" he inquired. "I seem to have come out on the wrong street."

"Yes, our front door is on Harrison avenue; but it does n't matter. Will you come in?"

"Is this Mrs. Dansken? I 'm sure it is!" He smiled down at the shining brown head and white lawn apron, tied in a bow in front of a neat waist.

Mrs. Dansken laughed. "Then I need not say that it is, if you are sure." They were skirting the kitchen regions towards the front door.

"I hope you 'll forgive me for insisting that you 're Mrs. Dansken, but I 'm so awfully anxious to know if you will have room for us, my partner and me."

"Yes, perhaps, when I know who you are. You know there are a great many of you."

"And only one of you, unfortunately."

This was the way Mrs. Dansken liked to be approached. She looked the new applicant

over in the shade of her doorway. He was extremely good-looking, so far as that went; but Mrs. Dansken did not choose her boarders for their bright eyes or for the number of inches they stood in their boots. She let this one produce his credentials, beginning with his name, Mr. Francis Embury, No. 174 of a respectable-sounding street, with New York added in pencil, on the card he gave her. His partner, Hugh Williams, she already knew something of; indeed, young Embury was not altogether a stranger to her, as she allowed him to suppose while she sat calmly considering his proposal. If she understood her part in the negotiation, it was plain to her that he was by no means unpracticed in his. But in this she was mistaken: Frank was simply one of those charming young fellows to whom the art of coaxing comes by nature, but who are found to be exceedingly obstinate when the same sort of pressure is applied to themselves.

She smiled at him out of her narrow, shining eyes, with merry little creases at the corners. He was gayly insistent. He proposed to present himself and his partner at dinner that same evening. They were famished, he declared. They had been living upon husks, and had done nothing to deserve it.

Mrs. Dansken could only promise them a very small portion of a fatted calf, she said, if they were resolved upon coming that night; and then she coyly mentioned sweetbreads, at which the young fellow howled with delight, so that it was impossible to help laughing. They laughed together, like old acquaintances, and the business was settled.

Mrs. Dansken was in the habit of sharing her news, if it was good news, with her silent partner in the kitchen, Ann Matthews, an old servant of her mother's whom she had imported at considerable expense, with a far-sighted eye to the foundations of success in a camp without a cuisine.

Ann's excellent skill in cooking was a gift that had upheld its possessor in the darkest hours of a somewhat morose disposition. In these moods she could absorb flattery as a black garment gathers the rays of the sun, and Mrs. Dansken gave it to her in the universal belief in the efficacy of this simple remedy; though Ann, unlike the traveler in the fable, clung to her cloak long after she was warmed through and through. Ann would have been called a "far-downer" by her lively countrymen from Cork; but she gloried in having "come from the County Tyrone, among the green bushes," and if her lips had ever been intimate with the Blarney Stone the spell upon her caustic tongue had lost its power.

"Well, Ann, what do you think of our youngest?" the mistress demanded in her gayest tone as she stepped into the kitchen. "I saw you on the lookout as we came by the window."

This was a deliberate tease, and no time was lost in taking up the challenge.

"Me on the lookout is it? Not fur the likes of him thin! I seen the two av yez come laughin' up the walk an' the 'Dead March' playin' behind yez. Sure it 's God's own wurrld fur all the trouble that 's in it, an' there 's plinty to look at besides a giddy b'y like him."

"Well, I 'm not so fond of funerals as you are, Ann. I 'd much rather look at a 'giddy b'y' who wants to put forty dollars a week into my pocket."

"Forty dollars, is it?"

"There are two of them — Mr. Embury and Mr. Williams, partners."

"An' where will it all go to? Into thim prospects, like pourin' water down a rat-hole, an' that 's the last ye 'll see av it. Ye 'd better put it in the crack av the flure. It 'll be safe there, anyways." From which will be seen the direction Mrs. Dansken's investments were taking, and what encouragement she found in the bosom of her family.

Before many weeks it became necessary to add a second story to the main part of the cabin, and with this Mrs. Dansken declared she had reached her limit. She had a perfect company, more would be a mob. She now began in her own way, which was not a groping way, to materialize her ideal of domestic comfort and prettiness. It became one of the amusements of her guests to follow her processes. She did not attempt too much, and so she never failed in the discouraging and pitiable manner of more imaginative decorators. She had no artistic principles to bother her, she said; nor did she pretend to any superior light in a conventional way. She flattered her admiring constituency by appealing to their own later standards, presumably higher than her own. Was it thus, or so, at their mamma's table, or in her drawing-room? — not that one could hope to do more than suggest, but one's suggestions might as well take the right direction. She was nothing but an imitator, but she liked good models when she could get them.

Mrs. Dansken had a design in these cajoleries, perfectly creditable to more than the business side of her character. Her young men, she was pleased to observe, were getting in the way of rushing home after business hours, to be in time for tea in the much discussed little parlor, which had become the property of all, since each had contributed, by his advice at least, to its development. Many of them would gladly have contributed, out of their absurd young affluence, in more substan-

tial ways, but the landlady was resolute on the subject of gifts. She accepted the help of long arms and strong backs when pictures and curtains were to be hung, and of vociferous tongues on all occasions when her own was not the "dominant persistent," but she preserved her independence of their pockets, beyond the weekly stipend by which she held her own, with something over to put into prospect-holes.

No. 9 was getting a reputation as one of the show cabins of the camp. Nothing was expected of the outside of a Leadville cabin, but there was sharp rivalry as to the comparative merits of interiors. The young men boasted with caution, but it was matter for gossip that Mrs. Fanny Dansken was making her family comfortable in ways that were clever beyond those of the ordinary frontier housekeeper. The practical gifts, after all, are those which give a woman vogue among other women. Beauty or personal charm may do more with men, apparently, but women know and men discover that these triumphs are slight and temporal compared with the secret, possessed by the few, of an unobtrusive mastery of the means of modern living.

The ladies who were the pioneers of society in Leadville began to recognize Mrs. Dansken's "afternoons"—with the courage of an indifference that was a trifle insolent she had announced herself "at home" on Saturdays—as one of the institutions of the camp; the more readily perhaps that Mrs. Dansken's young gentlemen, all of them who could manage it, made a point of getting home early on their landlady's "day," not to miss the exciting privilege of carrying about cups of tea and plates of biscuits, which they subsequently emptied themselves, and chuckling over their performances afterwards with their hostess, in those too brief moments by the parlor fire between dusk and the summons to dinner.

They swore to each other that she was the best little woman in the world—the very woman for the place; and as they were the very men for the place, there could be no question as to mutual fitness. They knew by heart all the playful, mocking changes of her bright, untender face. It was not a remarkable face, taking it feature by feature, but it kept one interested. Mrs. Dansken had the sort of person, both as to face and figure, which suits the dress of the period, whatever the fashion of it may be; which is not to say she lacked individuality, but that her individuality had an alertness and a certain hardihood capable of withstanding casual effects of costume. She had exceedingly small hands, pretty in the way which is said to be American, and she used them with charming facility. They were, indeed, prettier to watch than her face; and the young men used to tell her that a second cup of coffee at breakfast was desirable, for æsthetic reasons.

As a matter of course her name went East with extravagant praise of her virtues, celebrated in letters to mothers and sisters, who discussed this remarkable woman with a degree of skepticism not unnatural under the circumstances, and wondered if she had charms as well as virtues.

If Mrs. Dansken's experiment was a success it was because, in the language of the camp, she had put herself into it for all she was worth. The mothers had no cause for anxiety; it was not their precious sons she wanted, only a little of their sons' precious money.

This queen of landladies had no idea of entertaining herself or her boys, as she called them, in a way that would ultimately be bad for business. As for any folly more serious, Mrs. Dansken was a clever woman, thirty-four years old; marriage for its own sake had no illusions for her, and she would as soon have thought of sacrificing the remains of her complexion to a pink bonnet as of arranging herself for the rest of her life in trying conjunction with a husband obviously her junior. The ages of her boys were charming ages, but they were not the ages that were becoming to her own.

But all this does nothing like justice to her good sense and good faith. She knew she was in the land of inflated values, where pippins were as good as pineapples so long as the latter were not obtainable; but she had no desire to pass for anything more than the honest, shrewd little pippin she was, and a last year's pippin at that. Her young men, she saw, were of a stamp more likely to be endangered by the tragic delusions of the place than by its cheap temptations; and stoutly she resolved that, if the chance were given her, she would be as loyal to them as they had been to her. In the mean time she catered for them devotedly. She trotted all over the town in search of surprises for those brave appetites. Every marketman and purveyor in the place knew her and liked her, not only for her pleasant, praising ways, but for her keenness in detecting a substitute for a good bargain, even when offered with the best of excuses. The sweeter side of her nature was coming out in the sunshine of kind, admiring looks, and of the chivalrous appreciation she had won—and all in the way of business. It was just the success she had planned, only so much more gracious. Her boys had lifted her life out of its sordidness, and lent a touch of benignity to her bald little scheme.

When the ladies who were working for the new hospital came to her for assistance, she told them she was too busy to work and too

poor to pay, but she assured them that she was coöperating with them in her own way by keeping men out of the hospital and out of the places that led to it. It was fortunate for Mrs. Dansken, said the ladies to each other and subsequently to other ladies, that she was able to combine business and charity so conveniently. Her little boast was widely quoted and came at last to the ears of her boys, much to her chagrin. They did not push the joke too far, seeing that it troubled her; she was indeed far from priding herself upon anything she did for them. They were paying a proud price for more than the best she could give, and it ill became her to publish her satisfaction with her own part in the bargain. But there was one service she openly threatened them with if it came in her way. It was part of her duty, she declared, in the station to which she was called, to preserve them — in the absence of their female relatives and of legitimate objects for their affections — from the Western marriage, so often fatal to Eastern boys.

"I may say, always," she intoned. "Eastern women may be wanted in the West, but Western women are never wanted in the East. Why? Because there are women enough there already — women who are acclimated, body and soul. And how does it end? You forsake your East for the sake of your wife, or your wife for the sake of your East!"

"There seems to be a good deal of forsaking, whichever way you put it," Hugh Williams, the stout and calm bachelor of the company, observed in the silence that followed Mrs. Dansken's words.

"Behave yourselves, my dear boys, and go home and marry your own girls, to the happiness of all concerned. And I shall have earned the prayers of your anxious parents."

"How do you know but that some of us may have come out here just on account of our own girls? Are n't we to have any girls, East or West?" asked Williams.

"How many of you, I should like to know! Let the blighted ones hold up their hands."

An emulous brandishing of hands replied to this demand. Every pair in the room went up, amidst shouts of laughter — every pair but one. Frank Embury, with a face that was scarlet, was stooping and poking the fire.

"Oh, my poor boy!" thought Mrs. Dansken, seeing that it was her favorite the random shaft had pierced. "You are the one I shall have to look out for."

III.

At this time, the spring of 1880, there were no girls to speak of, and not more than a dozen married ladies, in the camp. Four of these young matrons were at Mrs. Dansken's on one of her Saturdays, when the young men were at home, making the most of their simple privileges. One of them, a pretty little blonde man named Blashfield (a general favorite, chiefly on account of an artless way he had of exposing himself to general ridicule, and taking it angelically when it came), was trying dance-tunes on the banjo, while the ladies — of New York or Chicago or St. Louis, as the case might be — experimented fitfully with each other's steps in the round dances that were then in fashion. The young men looked on restlessly, protesting that this sort of thing would not do, and the ladies were finally separated, and divided, so far as they would go, among the superfluous sex.

Blashfield's performance was so ungratefully received that he presently put down his banjo and claimed a share in the dancing, to music furnished by his critics. One of the ladies then took off her gloves and played waltzes with verve and passionate precision on Mrs. Dansken's hired piano. The springs of rapture were touched. The merry matrons, blushing like school-girls in the heat of the room, were silently passed from hand to hand, while more and more dancing was the plea.

The late spring twilight, prolonged by snow reflections, stole away and left them circling round by the light of the fire, with a mimic rout of shadows gyrating on the walls above their heads. The ghost of joy was not yet laid when the ladies trooped homewards, with a husband apiece who had come to look them up, and Ann, putting her head in at the dining-room door, inquired, "Do yez want any dinner the night?"

This was the origin of a series of dances which called itself, with the touch of laughter inseparable from everything the camp did at this time, the "Assembly." Its meetings were fortnightly, in the dining-room of the new hotel; and here, on Assembly nights, the Cymons and Cœlebs of a crude generation — in flannel shirts, it must be confessed, and "wearing their own hair" — claimed the hands of the lively Jocastas and Pamelas, in dresses they could afford to sacrifice to the new pine floor of the Clarendon. The ladies were amused and flattered to find themselves again on the footing of girls of one season. It was one of the little insanities of the place that these modest and hitherto uncelebrated dames should find themselves temporarily representing the feminine idea. It was a pleasing responsibility while it lasted, and perhaps it was as well that it lasted no longer — for this phase of a new society, when married women frankly do duty for young girls, is one of the briefest.

Before autumn much of the simplicity had

departed. The day of competition and of preferences had begun. As the ladies progressed in splendor they were openly congratulated upon their costumes as so much contributed to the glory of the camp, and the first dress-coat made a paragraph in the daily paper. There were other changes, showing how in the newest society the old experiments are repeated in the sequence history has made us familiar with.

The camp was forming into crowds. There were the iron-mine crowd, the famous Chrysolite crowd, the Evening Star crowd, Chicago had its crowd, St. Louis, and New York; and the society of the camp, made up of these coalitions with their respective followings, revived the period of the oligarchy, under conditions, it must be owned, that made the Renaissance something of a burlesque.

This picturesque but belated tendency may have been assisted by the presence of the aristocratic element in unusual force. There were many young Southerners, recruited from families impoverished by the war, who brought with them the feudal feeling and the need for personal distinction; there were sons of Northern families, bred in the same exclusiveness, but with more practical adaptability. These young gentlemen, many of them, were incidentally engaged in chopping their own wood, cooking their dinners, and mending their trousers; but they did these things to their own astonishment and the admiration of their friends, not in the least identifying themselves with the part of the laboring-man.

None of the social expedients of the frontier will ever have the fascination of the "crowd." None of them so completely illustrates the boy and girl element so conspicuous in the life of the new West — the mining and engineering and military, not the rural West. It appeals to those fine romantic instincts, loyalty and personal leadership in men and faithfulness and concentration of feeling in women.

Woman, who, as the "Pilgrim's Scrip" says, "will probably be the last thing civilized by man," is notoriously happy in a crowd, and never more herself — for to lose herself with a woman is to find herself. When an Eastern woman goes West she parts at one wrench with family, clan, traditions, clique, cult, whatever it may be, and all that has hitherto enabled her to merge her outlines — the support, the explanation, the excuse, if she needs one, for her personality. Suddenly she finds herself "cut out," in the arid light of a new community, where there are no traditions and no backgrounds. Her angles are all discovered, but none of her affinities. A husband does not help her to be less conspicuous; he is another figure cut out beside her own, often another vantage for attack. She hastens to lose herself in her husband's crowd. She will conform to any restrictions that will secure her in this immunity from general observation, which implies general criticism. And so restful is the sense of support, so emancipating the obscurity, so stimulating the intimacies and passionate partisanships of the inner circle, that it is not wonderful if these privileges are somewhat jealously extended, and only to those who can be relied upon to preserve as well as to enjoy.

For plainly it is not every one who can belong to a crowd. It is a matter of temperament, of breeding, of religion even, of progress in the lessons of humanity. The element that loves the chatter of the streets and does not mind being chattered about, the honest Samuel Pepys's element, will stay outside; so will the element that uses its friends for ulterior purposes; so will the element that yearns for popularity — the members of a crowd are never popular; so will most that is broadest, kindest, most human and democratic in our modern life. The crowd is the fortress on the hill, opposed to the noisy, sunny, gossipy streets of the great free city on the plain. It will exist yet for many years on the feudal frontier.

A Western crowd comes easily together on a basis of common interest or convenience, but some deeper sentiment than this is required to give it entity, to make it a force for good or evil. It must have a soul as well as a body. In this respect Mrs. Dansken's house was built upon sand. The only principles on which it rested were personal comfort and the making of money. All beyond was boyish gallantry and extravagance, and the sentiment any woman who is not unnatural can awaken in a generous and pure young heart. So far as moral support went Mrs. Dansken knew that she had reason to be content; but she had her little troubles of a sort the most devoted constituency cannot keep from the door. She had saved out of her experiment considerable money which she had promptly invested with a courage worthy of better success. Several of her young men had tried to give her points; but she did not see her way, she said, out of the camp that year or the next, and the young men were ungenerous enough to say they were very glad to hear it.

An internal difficulty had also arisen which threatened the foundation of her scheme. Without Ann Matthews the business of the house could not go on; and whether from the effect of the harsh mountain climate at that great altitude, or the pressure of her work, which was more miscellaneous than she had been used to, Ann's strength was visibly on the decline. Anything like sympathy or assistance from her mistress she fiercely repelled;

but by substituting her own steps for Ann's, whenever on one pretext or another it was possible to do so, Mrs. Dansken contrived to keep her house going, and to shield her testy old servant from the young men's criticisms.

"Why do you let her bully you so, and why do you do all her work?" they inquired, with that air of superior enlightenment as to methods which no housekeeper can be expected to tolerate.

"She does n't bully me. Do I look like a person to be bullied? She is nervous, poor old thing! It 's the climate."

"Does the climate never make you nervous?"

"Ask Ann," said Mrs. Dansken. Ann would have said that if there were any nerves in that house they belonged to the mistress.

Mrs. Dansken herself had discovered that to be the center of a circle of magnetic young spirits, whose bodies one has agreed to maintain at a persistently high level of comfort in an essentially uncomfortable place, is not a restful position for a woman to hold. But she was determined to hold it, and to hide the cost. She could not hide the cost from Ann, who was convinced that her mistress was killing herself, and so spurred on in the race between the two, which should exert herself and spare the other the more; but a deliberate word of affection rarely passed between them. One Sunday morning when they were making beds together in the extension Ann was inveighing as usual against the young men and the claims they made, which the mistress allowed, upon her time and strength.

"The more ye do fur thim the more ye may do! Is n't it enough ye bed 'em an' boord 'em, but ye must be feedin' 'em wid the words out av yer mouth an' the breath out av yer body? Don't I hear ye talkin' the flesh off yer bones below there nights?"

"You think I need my beauty sleep, Ann?"

"Indeed an' it 's little beauty ye 'll get in this place, nor anythin' else, forbye the money ye 'll make wan day an' lose it the next."

"What we want in this house is somebody young," said Mrs. Dansken, decisively.

Ann looked up from under her brows. Her head was bent and her mouth distended with the effort to hold a pillow under her chin while she parted the folds of the case.

"In the place av ould Ann, is it?" she presently asked.

"You know very well that I want nobody in Ann's place but Ann," said the mistress. "So what is the use of talking foolishness? You are tired out, and you say that I am. Perhaps I am. Anyhow I intend to find somebody to wait upon us both; to give us a rest. There must be girls in the place by this time."

"There 's girls iverywhere, if it 's green sticks ye want, or maybe rotten. Ye 'll get no rest, I'se be bound, out av anythin' ye 'll pick up here."

"Well, there 's no harm in trying," Mrs. Dansken sighed. "We must have more help this winter, with the fires, and the water to carry."

She sighed again that evening, inadvertently, in the midst of the circle lounging about the parlor in various attitudes of repletion, under the depressing effect of the Sunday custom of two meals a day and both at the wrong time. She laughed, and plucked herself out of her momentary abstraction, as the cause of her sighing was demanded.

"Oh, breakfast too late and dinner too early, and nothing in the house to give you for tea!"

"Come, you were n't sighing about our appetites," said Frank Embury. He looked at Mrs. Dansken with rather a tender expression in his long, soft eyes. "What is the matter, please?" he added, lowering his voice.

Mrs. Dansken raised her own, giving him a smile at the same time. "We need somebody young in the house," she repeated.

"Madam, are n't we young enough for you, on an average?" Williams demanded.

"It is a question of my youth, not of yours. I am young enough to be your landlady, perhaps, but not to be your landlady's servant."

"Ann's servant, you mean."

"Well, Ann's servant, then. I want to hear a young pair of feet — not in boots, if you please — go slip, slip, up the stairs in the morning before I 'm out of bed, not pad, pad,— poor Ann! — and a groan at the top. I positively have to fly to keep her from doing things she knows she has no business to, with her lame knee, and the colds she gets."

"Why don't you let her go on, and *be* a martyr if she wants to?"

"Because she would make herself sick, and then I should be the martyr, and I don't enjoy it."

"Where is the need of so much work in a house, anyhow?" This unsleeping question was duly propounded, as it always will be in a domestic crisis, by the male members of the family. "All this sweeping, for instance; you only stir up a lot of dust to wipe away when you 're done."

"And who is it fills the water-pitchers, by the way?" asked Embury. "I swear I saw the skirt of Mrs. Dansken's gown whipping round the stairhead this morning when I pulled in my pitcher."

Mrs. Dansken inquired if he was sure that he knew her gowns from Ann's.

"We 'll introduce the fag system," said Williams, "and begin with the smallest. Blasshy,

you 'll please to hop out to-morrow morning when you hear 'Fag!'"

"Fagging is obsolete. We 'll go down in a democratic body—"

"In Blasshy's body—"

"You 'll stay upstairs, in your beds, where you belong," said Mrs. Dansken. "I don't purpose to have a procession of half-dressed young men promenading the house before breakfast. I do my own promenading then, and my crimping-pins are not becoming."

"Fill the pitchers overnight; nothing simpler, I 'm sure."

"Extremely simple, you will find, when the water freezes and breaks my two-dollar-and-a-half stone-china pitcher."

"Why do you have pitchers? Have pails. We had pails," said Williams out of the experience of the past.

"Pails are squalid," said Mrs. Dansken.

"Frank, were our pails squalid?"

"I should like to know," said Mrs. Dansken, "who the misguided creatures were who mobbed Chinamen out of this camp? Were they men with sisters dear; were they men with mothers and wives?"

"Men with wives they call 'the old woman.' Wives can work cheaper than Chinamen, don't you know, and they don't interfere with the price of men's labor."

"And the rest of you let them have it all their own way, as usual."

"Some of us were n't here; and we did n't come out here to be mayors and city councilmen. And we claim that it is n't a mistake. The Chinese element—"

"Oh, I've heard all about the Chinese element since before any of you were born! It is a mistake from my little point of view; anyhow, mistake or not, I want you all to keep your eyes open and think of the water-pails—pitchers, I mean—if you see anybody of the female persuasion who looks young and strong and not too affluent."

IV.

It was Mrs. Dansken herself who first met with the person answering to these specifications. She was one day at Daniel & Fisher's, the great dry-goods store of the camp, looking at walking-jackets. The salesman had laid one across the padded shoulders of a female torso, clad in pink cambric. "It 's an elegant shape," he said, referring to the jacket—"after an English model. Won't you try it on?"

Mrs. Dansken shook her head disparagingly, but kept her eyes upon the jacket, while she meditated whether, after all, it was worth while buying an intermediate garment so close upon winter.

The clerk, misunderstanding her hesitation, opened the door of a back room, where carpets were being made and sewing-machines were clashing through breadths of coarse sheeting, scattering motes through the long beams of light that slanted from the high, uncurtained windows.

"Miss Robinson," he called, "will you step this way a moment?"

"Don't give yourself any more trouble," said Mrs. Dansken; "I shall not take the jacket." But she felt compelled to wait until Miss Robinson made her appearance, brushing threads from the front of her shabby black jersey.

The clerk held out the jacket; the girl slipped her arms into its sleeves without a word, and stood beside the absurd dummy, filling out with a faultless form the nicely adjusted curves of the jacket.

"You see, it is perfect," said the clerk, as Miss Robinson slowly rotated on the heels of her boots.

"I see that the young lady's figure is perfect," said Mrs. Dansken. The eyes of the two women coldly met.

"Not more so than yours, I am sure," said the clerk, with a glance at Miss Robinson.

Mrs. Dansken was aware that she was herself responsible for this affability. It was one of the days when she found life intensely objectionable in all its features; and now she included the girl and the jacket and the man who was trying to sell it.

"It would not suit me at all. Thank you," she added, with a curt little bow to Miss Robinson. The clerk smiled patiently as he refolded the jacket. He amused himself for some time afterwards, standing in the door of the workroom, staring at Miss Robinson, who was rushing a long seam through the jaws of her machine. He made a number of little jokes at which the other girls looked up and laughed, but the handsome one kept her head down and blushed with anger.

Mrs. Dansken had put an advertisement in the paper, carefully worded not to attract the wrong class of applicants. Two or three showy young women called,—chiefly out of curiosity, it would seem. She was becoming discouraged when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, she was surprised by a visit, evidently in good faith, from Miss Robinson. The girl looked very nice in her close, plain turban and black clothes. Mrs. Dansken noticed there was a poor suggestion of mourning in her dress. The short afternoon was falling dark, and she had walked fast, as her pure, deep color showed. She glanced about her, rather wistfully, at the pretty parlor in the firelight: Mrs. Dansken liked her the better for seeming not so much at her ease as she had with the English-modeled jacket on.

But the girl was tremendously handsome. Mrs. Dansken told her frankly she should expect her to give some account of herself, since, as she said, she had never lived out before, and could give no references. This Miss Robinson seemed to have expected. The two women had a long talk together in Mrs. Dansken's bedroom, where as the dinner hour approached they took refuge to escape interruption.

During dinner the mistress was preoccupied with the question, Will she do? It was her way to make the most of small domestic incidents for the amusement of the family. Everything was grist that came to her mill. It would not have occurred to her to have disposed of Miss Robinson, even had her case been less interesting, without first taking lively counsel upon it in the fireside conclave. She informed her household that she had found the "somebody young," and explained, upon being congratulated, that it must depend upon them whether she should venture upon her.

"She is n't a servant; she is just one of the chances of the place — and she is the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on, I think."

"Oh, think again, Mrs. Dansken," she was advised.

"You have no idea how pretty she is, unless you have seen her. Have you seen her?" There were conscious faces in the group.

Mrs. Dansken reddened. "Well, if you know my young lady you must know better than I can if she is possible."

"But who is the young lady, Mrs. Dansken?"

"Don't be evasive."

"Is she the girl with copper-colored hair who runs a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?" Hugh Williams asked, composedly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Dansken, vaguely relieved by his manner. "Her hair is rather on the metallic order. What do you know about her?"

"She made me some sample-bags once. She sewed 'em up good and strong, and I was pleased with the way she snubbed a young man who was giving her a good deal of his advice."

"A talent for snubbing will not improve her for my use," said Mrs. Dansken. She perceived from words that followed that there had been some harmless joking about the girl at Williams's expense; the others had perhaps coveted a share in it. She was "out of it" herself, and it did not please her to be "out" of anything that interested her crowd. "It is really very funny that I should set up to introduce you to my discovery. It seems she is your discovery."

"Not one of them ever spoke a word to her, Mrs. Dansken," said Blashfield, in his good-natured, literal way, "except Williams about the bags. She is a very nice young lady. I know she will never look at a fellow on the street."

There was a laugh at Blashfield's modest confession.

"Oh, this will never do," said Mrs. Dansken. "She is n't a young lady. You don't expect to treat her like one, do you, when she comes here to wait upon Ann? How will you treat her, I should like to know?"

"Any way you like," said Williams, who was always obliging.

"No, it 's no use. You 've begun joking about her — "

"We can leave off, I suppose."

"It 's too bad — and I want her so much! I can see by the creatures that came before her what my chances are if I don't take this one."

"Why don't you take her? I can't see for my life what the matter is."

"The matter is, excess of participation. You are on the qui vive, every one of you."

"Because you won't tell us anything about her. You excite our curiosity and leave us a prey to it. Has n't she a story?"

"Yes, she has a story — quite a pathetic one. I don't care for their stories as a general thing — "

"Whose stories, Mrs. Dansken?" Frank interrupted, rather impertinently, Mrs. Dansken thought. She answered with asperity:

"*Their* stories."

"I thought she was n't one of 'them.'"

"She will have to be if she comes here. She does n't come as a protégée of mine, or a young lady in distressed circumstances."

"But what is she now? What is her present status, besides running a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?"

"If you will listen you will find out — that is, if her story is true. Her name, to begin with, is Milly Robinson. She is a Canadian — English, not French. That accounts for her complexion, I suppose, and that indestructible look she has. She had a brother out here mining. He wrote to her that he was doing well and sent her money to come on with. She arrived last April, with about five dollars in her pocket, and those checks which she could n't put in her pocket. She seems to have expected her brother would be the first person to meet her as she stepped out of the stage, and that his mine would be across the street. The mine turned out to be a prospect-hole, fifty miles away, and nobody knew anything about the brother. She was completely upset by this turn of affairs, after her journey and all. She was sick nearly a month at the Sisters' Hospital

(I wonder if she is a Catholic). The Sisters were very good to her. I believe they took her to their house, and they wrote to the brother's address. His partner answered, after a while. The brother was dead, and the partner seems to have got all the money. His story was that the brother sold out his share and 'blew it all in' in about a week down at The Basin, and then started for the Gunnison early in the spring while the snows were deep. He started in a condition to miss almost anything he aimed for, and so he missed the trail, and dropped off, and his horse fell on him — "

"Lively narrative style Mrs. Dansken has," Hugh Williams observed.

Mrs. Dansken made a little face at him and continued: "After she left the Sisters she went to Daniel & Fisher's; but she says she cannot stand the machine work. I told her if she was out of health this would not be the place for her, but she said housework was just the change she needed, which is very true; but I doubt if she is leaving the store on account of her health. She seems to have a certain amount of sense. She is quite willing to take the place on my terms, hard work and good pay, and no question of what she has been used to. I told her she 'd have to sleep with Ann and take her meals in the kitchen. She will be just like the little Irish girl in a cap and apron who sweeps down your mother's stairs. What I want to know is, can you treat her the same? Are you going to make a heroine of her?"

"We will if you insist upon it."

"I 'm perfectly serious. It 's a situation, I can tell you!"

"A very good one, I hope, for Miss Robinson."

"You may laugh, but it 's not so simple."

"I should think it might be as simple for us as for her. Do you really want the girl, Mrs. Dansken?"

"I really do, Mr. Williams; or rather, to be honest, I don't want her, but I need her."

"You wish to engage the services of a young person and leave the young person out of the transaction?"

"Precisely. It does n't sound very amiable, does it?"

"It sounds a little difficult; but if she agrees, and if it is on her own account — "

"Oh, it is n't. It 's on my account — and on yours."

"What is the matter with us?"

"Don't you see? I am letting the wolf into the fold. Here is a girl, beautiful, unprotected, as they always are, going about the house as if she were struck dumb; nobody knows what she is, or what she is thinking about. She is a mystery, while you are all in evidence. She serves and you accept her services. Don't you see what a situation it is? Pretty girl-help in a land where there are no girls."

"Mrs. Dansken, you are a woman of imagination."

"Not at all. However, I believe I have impressed myself, if I have n't you. I shall not dare to have her!"

"Oh, you must! For the sake of the situation."

"Never! Unless you will agree to take a solemn oath — one that will hold water — a regular iron-clad — "

"Let us have it. We will take it as one man."

"I shall not give it to you that way. You are expected to take it solely and separately, on your individual and sacred honors. I have my conditions all ready for you. I intend to be explicit. First, you are not to call Milly 'Miss Robinson.' You are not to bandy her name about with all manner of jokes and teasing of one another about her. You are not to talk to her except in the way of her work; not to be trying to spare her, or furtively doing her work for her, or wondering if she is happy, or how she stands it, or concerning yourselves about her in any way, shape, or manner. Is that enough?" laughed Mrs. Dansken.

"It is enough to make me feel that I shall probably elope with Miss Robinson — I mean Milly — before she has been in the house a week," said Hugh Williams.

Lightness of touch was not one of Mrs. Dansken's social qualities. When she was gay she was aggressively gay, and when she was morbid she called the household to witness. But even in the enthusiasm of her bargain — she had a pathetic faith in bargains — she perceived that something had gone wrong.

Hugh Williams was fond of this little business woman, and thought it a pity for her, still more for her boys, that she should have given such a blow to her influence in the house. He tried to open for her a way of retreat while yet the lapse of taste might pass for a joke. But Mrs. Dansken refused his assistance. She had meant to be unselfish towards her household, and perhaps she was, so far as her thought went; she felt that injustice had been done both to her judgment and to her motives, and she permitted herself to sulk a little over her mistake. She insisted that she was perfectly serious about the promise she intended to exact from each of the young men before the anomalous Milly should come into the house. The pledge was giddily and derisively taken by all except Williams, who said it meant something or nothing, and he would have nothing to do with it either way. When he parted with Mrs. Dansken for the night, having outsat the others an hour or more by the fire, he was impelled to venture upon these words:

"My dear Mrs. Dansken, the charm of this house has been that we are all solid. There has n't been a leak in our mutual confidence. We are all solid for you, solid for one another, solid for old Ann. Do you suppose one of us would give the old girl away,—her cooking, supposing it was n't perfect, as it always is,—or permit an outsider to intimate that she had n't the temper of an angel?"

Mrs. Dansken laughed nervously. "And now you want to know if the future Milly is going to be included in the general solidity?"

"Yes."

"That depends. She may be solid already, in some other direction."

"Her story does n't sound like it."

"Well, don't you think we have had enough of Milly Robinson for one evening?"

"I think we have had more than was necessary. I am sorry you are going to have her."

"I must have her. It 's impossible to keep on in this way, and there 's no genuine help in the camp — thanks to your anti-Chinese patriots."

"Can't you import somebody who would n't be so — conspicuous?"

"She will not be conspicuous, if none of you make her so."

"But you have already made her so."

"I had my reasons. She is my girl, Mr. Williams. If you will mind your promises and let her alone, I can manage her."

"Will she be your girl? Are you going to make her so, and keep her so, as you do Ann? You know these boys — they are bound to see fair play."

"What in the world do you mean? Do you think I 'm going to trample on the girl? I intend to treat her as other people treat their girls."

"How do people treat their girls in a place like this, where, as you say yourself, there are no girls? We both see the situation, but you see it only as it affects us. Consider one moment: would n't it be safer — for us — if you should look at it from the point of view of the young woman?"

"What do you wish me to do — have her in the parlor evenings to entertain the company? I think you are insane on the subject of Milly Robinson. However, it 's not for you I concern myself."

V.

THE first evening of Milly Robinson's ordeal, when she appeared, blushing high above the soup-tureen, Mrs. Dansken thought the unconsciousness of her boarders somewhat overdone. It was not likely, however, that the girl would perceive it. Her excessive color was the only sign of embarrassment she showed. She had a very good manner. Her long, silent step and precision of movement were restful, and showed that she was not going to be overcome by her new position. After all, was she so alarmingly pretty? Crimson cheeks and copper-colored hair, even with streaks of gold in it, did not go particularly well together. Large hands implied large feet. On the whole, Mrs. Dansken was rather ashamed of her oaths and conjurations. She had had no reason, however, to suppose that the young men were taking them much to heart. They were strolling about the parlor after dinner, lighting their cigars, as they were privileged to do; Embury was stooping to poke the fire, laughing, with his face to the room, when Mrs. Dansken saw his expression change.

Milly had put aside the portière, and stood, with the coffee-tray on her hand, looking about her for a table. There was something admirable in her controlled hesitation, in the presence of a roomful of strangers who had all turned to look at her, unprepared for her appearance in place of the familiar figure of old Ann. Her eyes sought those of her mistress, who silently directed her towards a low table, where she placed the tray. She then retreated, getting herself very nicely out of the room with one more look at her mistress, as if to ask if all were right.

The parlor lamps had not been lighted. The fire-light reddened her figure as she stood a moment, facing the room, in her black dress and wide, white apron, against the dull blues and greens and orange of the curtain. Amber lights floated in her full eyes under the soft shadow arched above them; all the color in the room, revealed in the dusky fire-glow, seemed to focus in her hair.

The latest arrival among Mrs. Dansken's guests was a young man, unaccounted for except by the name of Strode. Williams had not been thinking of Mr. Strode when he described the house as solid. Strode was tacitly held as an outsider, partly because he belonged distinctly to one of the crowds in the camp with which Mrs. Dansken's crowd had no affiliation.

As the curtain fell behind Milly this young man showed his teeth in a smile of appreciation, and noiselessly clapped his applause. Not another smile was to be seen in the room. Mrs. Dansken perceived this as she did many things, sometimes when it was too late.

"They are solid for Milly," she reflected, and she resented this championship of a stranger, on the part of her crowd, before the crowd's mistress had signified her consent.

"Did you ever see anything more perfect?" she exclaimed. "The room was all cluttered

up with you, every one of you staring at her, and she did n't see a single soul. And did you see her look at me ? " She expatiated upon the girl's manner, which she explained was that of a perfect servant, provoking an argument as to whether the qualities which go to make this vaunted manner in the servant are not much the same as those which distinguish the perfect mistress, since to each belong self-control, tact, and carefulness for the wants of others, combined with an absence of fussiness. Mrs. Dansken was quite sure this was a subject heretofore of little interest to her young men ; and the side she took in the discussion did not gain in popularity by the fact that Strode was her only ally.

Embury was at the piano, trying the accompaniment to a tune he was whistling, when Milly came back for the coffee-tray. " Go on ! " Mrs. Dansken was obliged to whisper. The young man did not look particularly grateful for the hint.

" These are the preliminaries ; we shall get used to our minion after a while," she said, as Milly left the room.

" How easily ladies call names ! " Embury murmured, smiling.

" I suppose because when we were little girls we did n't get kicked for it, as little boys do," said Mrs. Dansken, with her usual frankness.

When the young men went to their rooms that night each found his candle lighted, the fire intelligently laid, window-shades drawn down, pillow-shams — one of the hostess's troublesome little household fopperies — neatly folded out of the way. Each occupant surveyed his arrangements with complacency, if with some amusement, at this latest step in the direction of their landlady's ideal for which the new maid must be responsible. Each man emptied his precious water-jug and set it outside of his door.

Smiles were exchanged across the passage.

" I shall leave my slippers in the wood-box to-morrow morning, just to see what becomes of 'em," said Blashfield to his next-door neighbor.

" Old Ann would heave 'em on the dust-heap."

" But Milly won't, you bet ! "

" Blasshy, we 'll report you," said another voice.

" What for ? "

" Taking the name of Milly in vain."

" Look here, boys ; I shall have to tie a knot in my watch-chain if I 've got to remember to — "

" ' I have struggled to forget,' " the voice sang out, " ' but the struggle was in vain ! ' "

The young men came down to breakfast next morning, each, with the exception of Williams, wearing a bit of blue ribbon in his buttonhole. Somebody, it was evident from the raveled edges, had sacrificed a necktie. Mrs. Dansken dared not ask the significance of this decoration ; but when Milly was gone it transpired that they were Mrs. Dansken's good little boys, and had taken an oath which the blue ribbon would doubtless help to remind them of, since it was such a very slippery oath — Blashfield having already foresworn himself the very first night.

Mrs. Dansken confiscated the ribbons before the young men left the house, and made them into a breast-knot which she wore in her dress at dinner, to the intense delight of the boys, who forgave her the oath for the sake of the fun they intended to get out of it.

Ann, as a matter of course, was bitterly jealous ; the more so that she could find no reasonable ground for objecting to the new favorite. She called her " The Duchess," and scouted the idea that she had never lived out before.

" Look at her hands ! " said Ann.

" Well, look at mine ! Look at everybody's hands in this place, with this water — and, suppose she has lived out, what difference does that make ? "

A very great difference it made to Ann, whose experienced services were thrown quite in the shade by those of the alleged amateur. Her undisputed honors as cook failed to console her for the suspicion that, as a waitress, she had not been considered a success.

Mrs. Dansken was relieved to find that Milly took little notice of Ann's hostility. There was a cool self-sufficiency about the girl, or an apathy, which gave her an attitude of singular independence in the midst of the life of the house, from which on all sides she was excluded. Her fellow-servant had not made common cause with her ; her mistress, she had understood from the beginning, was to be merely the other party to a bargain, by which, as Hugh Williams had put it, the services of a young woman were to be secured and the young woman left out of the question. Mrs. Dansken admired Milly's philosophy. " I should behave just so in her place," she assured herself ; but she found herself thinking about the girl much more than she had intended, more indeed than was restful. Practically Milly had been left out, but she was there all the same. Her mistress fancied there was something uncanny about the girl, some hint of an experience beyond her years, which sustained her in the blank isolation of her life. For she had no outside support ; her connection with the camp had ceased, apparently,

from the day she became one of the family at No. 9. But then Mrs. Dansken bethought herself how easily an older woman can make mistakes about a young girl; how apt she is to exaggerate meanings or the absence of meanings, to think her stolid or secret when she is merely shy.

Nothing could have been less sinister than the aspect of the household sphinx. She bloomed like a winter sunrise. The work which two women had found oppressive, divided among three went smoothly on, and Milly's share seemed no more than the exercise her vigorous youth required. She went about the house, with her look of intense life, seen of all but looking at no one, hearing all the household talk but never speaking, ministering to comforts in which she had no share. It is appalling to think how starved her importunate young egoism must have been; how few words were said to this young girl, during her first months of service, which had any personal value or reference to herself; how many were lightly tossed over her head, between the gay, privileged young men and the mistress, who was the providence of the house.

Did all this difference lie in the fact that one was employed and the others were employers?

The oath was kept with ironical ostentation. It was Mrs. Dansken who could never let the name of Milly rest. She eulogized the girl continually, but always in her menial capacity. Perhaps she insisted too much, for one evening when Milly's name was introduced, as usual in connection with her exquisite usefulness, Williams said in his moderate way that one might suppose, from the remarks that were made about her, that Milly Robinson had been born labeled "Mrs. Dansken's Second Girl."

"Now when Frank and I were baching it," he continued, "I used to cook the grub, but I did n't give myself out as a cook — not generally. I continued to retain a small portion of my individuality; enough to keep Frank up to his work, which was the dish-washing, you know."

"That is a perfectly childish argument. If you had come here and cooked my food, I should have given you out as my cook, and treated you accordingly, and not very bad treatment either: ask Ann."

"Illustration is n't argument, of course: I only wished to ask you if you think we are to be classed strictly according to our occupations," said Williams.

"It depends upon the occupation. The occupation of a servant makes a servant, for the time being, unless the occupation is neglected; in that case the servant is a bad servant, and had better try some other occupation."

"Then if I should elope with Milly,— as I 've been thinking of doing, you know, just as soon as you can find another girl,— and we should come back after a while, and ask you to make room for Mrs. Williams at the table, then the other girl would be the servant, and Mrs. Williams — "

"'Illustration is not argument,' Mr. Williams, and there is n't going to be any argument or any illustration, I hope. I captured the position to begin with because I knew just how it would be with you theorists. Wait till you get servants of your own and wives of your own to manage them. I think the wives will agree with me."

"Well, we have n't got to the wives yet. It 's an abstract question with us so far."

"It 's never an abstract question. It 's always a question of a particular person when you come to live in the same house with them. In this case it 's a question of a very pretty girl."

"It is just possible that even a pretty girl may be human," said Frank Embury.

"We 're sure to hear from Frank when the pretty girl needs a champion," said Mrs. Dansken. "And what is there about Milly's position here — which is altogether voluntary, remember — that strikes you as inhuman?"

"I think I know one or two pretty girls who would n't care to change places with her."

"We cannot change places in this world, my dear boy. We have our little fitnesses and unfitnesses, and we 'll find ourselves in the long run pretty much where we belong."

"I should say it had hardly come to the long run yet with Milly Robinson. How long is it since her fitness for this place was discovered, and what was the place she fitted before she came here?"

"Well, when I saw her first," laughed Mrs. Dansken, "she fitted a very nicely made walking-jacket they were trying to sell me at Daniel & Fisher's."

"What, Mrs. Dansken?"

"She was trying on jackets for customers at Daniel & Fisher's," said Mrs. Dansken, explicitly. "How would your pretty girl like that?" No one answered; and Mrs. Dansken, in a very good humor, asked them then if they had ever heard the story of the princess and the wishing-chair. "Ann used to tell it when I was a little girl. Could you listen to a story, supposing I can remember half of it, and make up the other half?

"Well, once there was a king who had six beautiful daughters; and in one room of the palace stood the wishing-chair on a dais, with a curtain before it, and on her sixteenth birthday each of the princesses in turn was allowed to sit in the wishing-chair and wish the wish of a lifetime. The youngest princess was a mad-

cap. She made fun of the stupid old chair and of her sisters' wishes for jewels and castles and handsome young husbands, that would have come of themselves in due time. She said when her turn came she would wish a wish that would show what the old chair could do.

"There was a prince in that county of Ireland very wealthy and powerful, and he was bewitched so that he was obliged to spend half of his time roaming the country in the shape of a terrible wild roan bull, and he was called the Roan Bull of Orange. Now the youngest princess when she got into the chair at last turned rather pale, and she wished, while her father and mother and all the happy sisters wept and pleaded, that she might be the bride of the Roan Bull of Orange. And then she flew out of the chair and hugged them all round and said it was all nonsense — the chair was as deaf as a post, and the Roan Bull would never hear of her wish.

"However, he came that night, trampling and bellowing about the house, and demanded the princess. And the princess went and hid behind her mother's bed. They took the daughter of the hen-wife instead, and dressed her up in the princess's clothes and packed her off; and when the Bull had carried her on his back across the hills and the valleys to his castle he gave her an ivory wand and charged her, on her life, to tell him what she would do with it, and she sobbed out she would shoo her mother's hens to roost with it. So the Roan Bull took her on his back again, and over the mountains with her, and slammed her down at the door of the king's palace, 'fit to break every bone in her body,' and demanded his princess. After they had heard the hen-wife's daughter's story they took the daughter of the swineherd and charged her, if the Roan Bull gave her an ivory wand, she was to say she would guide her milk-white steeds with it; and so should she save the life of her dear little princess. But she thought as much of her own life, it seems, as she did of the princess's, or perhaps she was so frightened she could n't speak anything but the truth; for when the Roan Bull gave her the wand and glared at her with his awful eyes, she said nothing at all about milk-white steeds, but whispered she would drive her father's pigs with it. So back she went like the first one, and was slammed down at the door, and this time the Bull fairly raved for his princess. They had an awful night of it in the palace, for the princess had 'got her mad up,' and said she would have no more of these silly substitutes. She took the Bull by the horns, as it were, and off she went, in the clothes she had on; and when the wand was given to her she said without the least hesitation that it would be very convenient to beat the maid with who did her hair, when she pulled the tangles in it. So the Roan Bull knew he had got the right one at last; and if you don't see the application —"

"But what became of the naughty little princess?"

"Oh, miracles were performed to save her from getting what she deserved — I don't remember that part; it never seemed real to me, like the other. But I want you to observe the Roan Bull's ingenious way of testing for metals. And there my illustration comes in, don't you see; for when dire necessity gets us in a tight place, and puts the wand of opportunity into our hands, we discover pretty suddenly that we are what we are, neither more nor less, and some of us turn out to be keepers of highly select boarding-houses, and some of us wait on the boarding-house table, and we do it much better than if we had been born princesses."

"And I hope you respect yourselves more than if you had gone and hid behind the bed and let some one else face dire necessity in your place."

"Of course we do. I don't say we are not much better than princesses, only we are different. We could n't change places without being found out. Now I insist that Milly Robinson, who seems to be the text of all our sermons lately, has somehow got the sort of discipline that makes it possible for her to live in this house in the way you see. It 's very strong, if you like, and very admirable, but I don't feel called upon to be a bit more sorry for her than I am for myself."

"I don't see why you should n't be sorry for yourself, if you want to. You were not born a Leadville landlady, were you, Mrs Dansken?"

Mrs. Dansken blushed. "I don't know what I was born. I know that I am one *pro tem.* and not so very *tem.* either. As you say, it 's better than hiding behind the mother's bed but I really do not feel there is any great virtue in it, so long as there is no mother's bed to hide behind. My point is simply this your mothers could not be successful where I have been successful, thanks to you, my dear boys, and yet not all thanks to you. Your sisters, probably, would not suit me as well as Milly does, in Milly's place. But I hope you don't think it 's anything against them. I don't; I could n't imagine one of your sisters trying on jackets at Daniel & Fisher's."

The young men considered this second reference to the jacket unfair; Mrs. Dansken herself knew that it was, since exhibiting jackets on her person had not been Milly's occupation She forgave them, therefore, the heat of their reply. But the retorts on both sides were now

too hotly engaged for mutual consideration, much less strict justice to the cause of the fray.

"How do I know what she was, or is, for that matter? I have only her word for it. They make a great point of never having lived out when the most of them have never been so comfortable, or so cared for, in their lives before."

"'Them'—'they'! Who are 'they,' Mrs. Dansken?"

"Anybody who is n't us," said Mrs. Dansken.

A silence fell upon the room as the shutting of a drawer was heard, and the door leading from the dining-room into the kitchen closed quietly.

The combatants looked at each other rather sheepishly.

"You are safe, my dear boys. She could only have heard the voice of her natural enemy."

The voice of the "enemy" had the quality which carries.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES BRYCE'S "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."[1]

THERE have been hundreds upon hundreds of books written about the United States by foreigners, but in all this number there have been but two "real books," as Carlyle would say. One of these, De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," appeared more than half a century ago; the other is Professor James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," the pages of which are at this writing yet wet from the press.

Experiments are always interesting, and the colonization of America by Europeans was from the first a many-sided experiment. The life of civilized men was sure to take on novel forms in new conditions. Even in the seventeenth century people in Europe read with avidity the booklets that described society in the English colonies and discussed the aspects of nature and the agricultural experiments so rife in a new soil and in an untried climate. The colonies were fruitful themes for papers before the Royal Society, and an ever-increasing number of curious travelers in the latter part of the seventeenth and in the whole of the eighteenth century braved the discomforts of a long voyage in the poor little snows, ketches, and schooners of that time and the hardships of new-country travel, to see for themselves how this New World fared. After the manner of that time many of these travelers wrote journals or letters to be passed from hand to hand for the amusement of a circle of friends at home. One may see a goodly number of such manuscripts in the British Museum and in the National Library at Paris. So many have been saved by drifting into these safe harbors that we may consider the less fortunate ones, wrecked in dust-carts and paper-mills or stranded in family garrets, to have been very numerous.

But the most of these, as well as the greater part of the printed books of travel in America, were but the superficial observations of men who could not penetrate beyond the cuticle of the strange world in which they found themselves, and who were unable to divest themselves of the prejudices in which they had been cradled. Archdeacon Burnaby was as jauntily flippant in 1759 as the Abbé Robin was twenty years later. Anburey, an officer in Burgoyne's army, left a record of some value, considering the limited opportunity for observation of a prisoner of war. "Smyth the Tory," as he is called, wrote a book containing many things of importance to antiquaries, and one may find valuable facts in Chastellux, Tyrone Power, Brissot de Warville, Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Weld, Chateaubriand, and the little-known rubbish of John Davis, a talented poor devil from England who seems to have been a paid emissary of Aaron Burr. In the thirty years following the Revolution books of travel in the United States appear to have been in the greatest request in Europe. All sorts of stuff were printed; traveling English showmen and men with woolen goods to introduce felt it incumbent on them to publish their journals.

Three of the books about America printed in the last century rise above the common level in the carefulness of their observations, and it is notable that all these were written by botanists from the European continent, and in three different languages. The botanist was preëminently the typical man of science in the eighteenth century, and the superiority of these three travelers to others of the same period is a curious evidence of the advantage which habits of scientific observation give. About the middle of the century Kalm, the Swedish

[1] London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

botanist, a friend of Linnæus, published an account of his journeys here which was rendered into English and still remains an important authority on social conditions in this country at that time. During the Revolution a surgeon to the German mercenaries who was also a botanist, and who had been made a prisoner with Cornwallis, was suffered to travel for scientific purposes. This German physician, Schoepf by name, wrote a book of real value, some extracts from which have been recently translated for the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History." Castiglioni, an Italian botanist, traveled in this country just after the Revolution and published a book of travels perhaps superior to all that had gone before. But it remains in the original Italian, and is unknown to most of our antiquaries and historians.

The books of American travel that have appeared in later times are sufficiently familiar, but they are for the most part mere books of travel. From the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to Sir Lepel Griffin, they tell us of the travelers' likes and dislikes, comforts and discomforts, with now and then an observation which would be valuable if one could be sure that it was accurate. Something may be learned from Chevalier, from Dickens, from Harriet Martineau, from Marryat, from Mrs. Trollope, from Captain Hall, from Buckingham, and the rest. But we usually have to read much more about the personal adventures of the traveler and his prejudices than about American life. Out of this mass of entertaining egotism and tedious commonplace De Tocqueville's book rises solitary in its merit as at once a philosophical study and a work of literary art.

Professor Bryce's book, like De Tocqueville's, is not the ill-digested journal of a traveler. It is a careful and profound study of American institutions by a great constitutional lawyer, as well as a full and admirable account of the practical workings of these institutions by a statesman who has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. By his large acquaintance with institutional history in general, by his ample experience of public affairs, by his singular freedom from prejudices of nationality, and by a certain rare intellectual and even moral tolerance towards men of every sort, Professor Bryce is fitted beyond all other foreigners perhaps for forming broad and just judgments of our government in its theory and in its results. I think I need not say foreigner. For no American could ever separate himself from the partisanship of his time, or from predilections in favor of the government of his own land, so far as to describe in a purely scientific spirit the workings of our government, as Professor Bryce has done. The matter is too close to us. An American of the better sort, for example, could not treat of a political "boss" without some prejudice, or at least some show of repulsion. The boss is the familiar enemy, and we detest him. But in Professor Bryce's work he appears as one of a species with a naturalist's pin thrust through him. He is examined, his specific traits are carefully noted; the cause and results of his existence as a boss are calculated — and when Professor Bryce has finished with him we know more of one of the unrecognized powers of our government than we could ever have learned from an observer less disinterested.

The favor which the book has met in America is certainly not because it is flattering, for while the treatment our institutions get is appreciative, no writer has ever laid bare the defects of our system of government and the abuses of its practical workings so amply and so unflinchingly. No task is usually more ungrateful than that of criticising a foreign country, no undertaking is so superfluous as that of reforming a nation not your own. Professor Bryce is exceedingly diffident on this score. He perpetually reminds himself of the danger of error in a stranger's judgment; he withholds recommendations for betterment. He contents himself with a modest but thorough diagnosis. But nothing could be a better corrective of the prevalent American optimism than these kindly but fearless observations by a disinterested expert, while nothing could be a more wholesome antidote to the pessimism of reformers in this country than Professor Bryce's hopeful tone and generous perception of the advantages that inhere even in some of the evils that he notes. Like all foreigners, he sees more danger in the quadrennial convulsion of a presidential election than Americans apprehend, but he points out also the advantage of this periodical agitation of the depths of the political conscience. He sees the evil of the acephalous conduct of business in Congress, but, while evidently preferring the English system, he is not blind to certain compensations in the method of making laws in committee-rooms.

In many cases Professor Bryce has seen farther into the problems of our government than native writers. In one or two he is misled by the authorities we have supplied him with, particularly in matters of history, for we hardly deserve the compliment he pays us in saying that Americans know their own history better than Englishmen do that of their country. This may be true respecting the diffusion of historical knowledge in America, and it may be true of the work of students upon certain periods of our history, such as the crisis of the Revolution. But the action of cause and effect and the continuity of institutions and usages have been little understood, because some of our

most patient and learned historians have been men tolerably incapable of penetration into that history which underlies history. Professor Bryce does not fall into Mr. Gladstone's error of speaking of the Federal Constitution as "struck out at a blow." Our own writers have just now learned to trace many traits of that remarkable instrument to the constitutions previously adopted by the several States, and Professor Bryce recognizes this paternity, which was first pointed out, so far as I know, by Professor Alexander Johnston. But the fact is that the several State constitutions had rarely departed more than was necessary from the colonial charters or the tolerably fixed and oft-repeated "royal instructions" under which the several colonies were governed. In speaking of the "novelty of written constitutions" Professor Bryce cites the speeches of James Wilson in the Pennsylvania Convention. But William Penn's "Frame of Government" was as truly a written constitution as that under which Pennsylvania is now governed. The charter granted to the Virginia colony by the London Company in 1618 was the first of the many colonial charters which were lineal ancestors of our State and Federal constitutions. In nearly all such documents the three departments of government with the negative of the governor (who when elected *ad interim* was sometimes called president) and the predominantly executive functions of the upper House (so strikingly analyzed in Professor Bryce's pages) were also existent. The upper House, as established by the charter of 1618, was more like the Privy Council than the House of Lords, but its name, "Council of Estate," points to the influence of certain liberal governments on the European continent. Professor Bryce supposes that it was in the brief experiment of State governments, after 1776, that the Americans had "learnt to work systems determined by the hard and fast lines of a single document having the full force of law." For more than a century and a half before 1787 the American colonies had been mostly worked within such prescribed lines. The American constitutions, notwithstanding brand-new declarations of human rights borrowed from French philosophy, were in their practical details the ripe outgrowth of colonial experience. This connection between the colonial and the United States system, which has also been indicated by Professor Johnston, throws into strong light Professor Bryce's admirable proposition that "the American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots in the past, and the more slowly every institution has grown, so much the more enduring is it likely to prove."

Like most foreign observers, Professor Bryce has a higher opinion of the relative value of the Senate than is held by most Americans. He probably underestimates the amount of corruption in elections to the Senate, and he is surely wrong in supposing that the choice of a Senate is generally foreseen by the voters in electing a legislature, or even that it can generally be fixed by wire-pullers in advance. Something is done in this way in our Eastern States, but many long and bitter struggles after the legislatures assemble, with the rise and fall of the prospects of the various candidates from day to day, go to prove that the legislatures are still as free in the election of senators as their lower Houses are in choosing a speaker. There would probably be less corruption if more demagogism, and in the long run we should possibly have more eminent men in the Senate and fewer "lumber barons," "silver kings," and creatures of railroad corporations if senators were chosen by a popular vote. The House of Representatives makes a bad impression on one familiar with the House of Commons, as the mode of procedure in the Commons in turn seems antiquated and arbitrary to an American. But the amount of ability in the lower House is certainly greater than Professor Bryce thinks. The proportion of eminence is greater in the smaller Senate, but the number of eminent leaders of public opinion in the House to-day is doubtless greater than in the Senate. Certainly in the recent debates on the tariff question the notable speeches on both sides have been made in the lower House. The accession of merely rich men to the Senate, by means not always laudable, has lowered its tone.

Professor Bryce's remark on the low esteem in which congressmen are held is founded on observation in our Eastern cities. It is a different thing in Illinois, in Tennessee, in Georgia, for example. In the South especially politics are held in much higher esteem than in the East, and the congressman is of the best in his community.

Nor is it quite correct to say that the *salon* plays no sensible part in American public life. No one who has seen venerable candidates for the presidency dragging their tired limbs from one Washington "reception" to another will accept this statement without some qualification. Some important public measures have lately been materially promoted by ladies who entertain in Washington. Professor Bryce is also in error in saying that each House committee has but two hours in which to report and pass its bills in a whole congress. Inaccuracies such as these are surprisingly few. The book is undoubtedly destined to remain in all time to come the standard authority regarding the actual condition and working of our institu-

tions at this moment, and it is therefore incumbent on a reviewer not to allow any defective statement of importance to pass without challenge.

I can only mention the striking chapter on the growth and development of the Constitution, the elaborate analysis of State and municipal governments, the account of political parties and their workings, the description of "the machine," and the account of "the war against bossdom." But perhaps the crowning part of Professor Bryce's work is his chapter on "How Public Opinion Rules in America," and the chapters connected with it. His account of American national characteristics is much the most acute and discerning that has ever been made.

What then are the traits which this accomplished observer credits us with? He sets it down at the outset that the Americans are a good-natured people, and adds, "Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred." Of our humor he says felicitously that Americans "are as conspicuously purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were purveyors of wit to the eighteenth." Professor Bryce is impressed with American hopefulness, and with the unanimity of our faith in a democratic system of government and our notion that the majority must in the long run be right. He ranks us as one of the most educated peoples in the world, but holds that the education of the masses is of necessity superficial. He says that the ordinary American voter is "like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes, but is ignorant of geography and navigation." He pronounces the Americans "a moral and well-conducted people," and also "a religious people." Under the last head he notes our philanthropic and reformatory zeal, which he thinks commendable but often indiscreet. "Religion apart," he says, "they are an unreverential people." Ridicule he finds to be a terrible power in this country. "In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling."

He notes that we are a busy people, but he does not find this wholly to our advantage. It results in an aversion to "steady and sustained thinking." We are a commercial people, shrewd, and hard to convince, and yet — he notes the paradox — an impressionable people on the side of imagination and the emotions, and "capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen." Professor Bryce almost overstates the fact that we are "an unsettled people." In many of our States the bulk of the population seems to him "almost nomadic." Notwithstanding our propensity to move, we are "an associative because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion they have a strong attraction for one another." To this he attributes "the immense strength of party" in America. He pronounces us a changeful people, not in opinions, but in moods. "They are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling." "They seem all to take flame at once." And yet he finds us a conservative people, and he reconciles this apparent contradiction with great clearness and adds: "They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen."

Though Americans winced under the animadversions of the late Matthew Arnold, they will not hesitate to read with interest, and even with conviction, the severe strictures which are found in parts of Professor Bryce's book. This no doubt comes of a certain tact and intellectual good-breeding, if I may so speak, in Professor Bryce, which allays beforehand any exasperation of national vanity. This indeed is one of the most marked traits of his work. He is never more friendly and sympathetic than when propounding the most disagreeable truth.

Without forgetting many noble essays in this kind — Madame de Staël's Germany, Castelar's Italy, Taine's treatment of Italy and England, Emerson's English Traits, and others — I cannot forbear saying that I do not believe that the portrait of any nation was ever drawn at full length with so much fidelity and felicity as in these volumes.

Edward Eggleston.

RULES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE question of the transaction of business in the House of Representatives has become one of serious import to the country. For the last dozen years there has been a steady determination on the part of powerful men to reduce the business of that body to a minimum. Several men who have occupied important positions, and who have at times received the applause of the injudicious under pretense that what has been called private business is but jobbery and knavery, have done all in their power to obstruct and block that kind of business. To such a pass has this obstructive policy come that all sensible men advise their constituents to do business with the United States with the same care that should be used with any individual whose

antecedents show him to be adverse to paying except under compulsion. These matters, however, concern individuals, and the sufferers are in comparison so few that what they endure has small chance of recognition.

But the blocking of the public business by a set of rules which can be wielded by two or three men has aroused and interested the country; for the rights of all are immediately concerned. To gratify the natural curiosity of those who desire to know how 325 men, each the flower of a flock of 30,000 voters, could make regulations to deprive themselves of power and could year after year submit to such deprivation is one object of this article. Another object is to help induce the people of the United States to insist upon the restoration of republican government in the House of Representatives.

Ever since the slavery question came to trouble the peace of the country the rules of the House have been framed with the view of rendering legislation difficult. The South was anxious that there should be ample means at its disposal to stop any measure detrimental to its cherished institution. Hence when the revision of rules by the 46th Congress was made, the foundation was sufficiently bad, and experience has shown the superstructure to be still worse. Several causes contributed to this result. The situation of the Republican party was such that all power given to minorities seemed to inure to its advantage. Mr. Randall, then as at all times the strong figure in whatever transaction he participates, was the real governing force. He had passed his life in the minority trying to prevent things from being done, and was therefore more anxious that the new machine should have perfect back action than that it should have forward movement. The old system which Mr. Blaine surrendered to him after the fatal campaign of 1874 was by no means perfect, but it had a certain liberty of action and was not a perpetual invitation to blockade and filibuster. In those days there used to be what was called a "morning hour," wherein committees reported bills and put them on their passage. Each committee had this hour for two days, and could continue until finished any measure pending when the second hour closed. This hour was flexible — not merely a literal hour of sixty minutes, but one which might continue the whole day, if the House so desired. Hence there was no chance to clog business; for whatever business was entered upon must be finished, and there were eager committees waiting for their turn.

When Mr. Randall came into the chair he changed all this by ruling that the "morning hour" was sixty minutes, and sixty minutes only. This changed a flexible conduit for business which could not be crowded to a cast-iron tube which could be packed to stoppage by sixty minutes' work a day. Under the new revision in 1878 even this tube was plugged up and no bills could be passed during this hour. They could be reported, but not acted upon. For action the new system provided three calendars — one for public bills appropriating money, one for public bills not appropriating money, and the third for private bills. It was intended that each calendar should be taken up at a proper time, and the bills disposed of each in its turn. This was apparently a clear and beautiful system, logical and practical, but the trouble with it was that it refused to march. It did not work. It had one fatal defect: it was based on the idea that the House did all its work — that the ten thousand bills were all passed upon — before the body adjourned. If, like the legislature of Maine, the Congress of the United States said yea or nay to every bill and every petitioner, the plan would have been a good one, for the question when a bill shall be considered is of small consequence if it is sure to be considered. But, unfortunately for the plan, the business of the United States is rather more varied and abundant than the business of Maine, and Congress says yea or nay to only eight per cent. — or one in sixteen — of its bills and practically to none of its petitioners. Hence only the first two or three pages of each calendar could in practice be reached; and as those bills were the first that got there, — trivial matters very often, which required little investigation, while the important matters requiring study were beyond reach, being too low down on the list, — the House had no incentive to go to the public calendars, and never did. The only method of picking out important public measures was by suspension of the rules, and that required a two-thirds vote. Thus by the rules of 1880 the majority were robbed of their power, and "two to one" was required for action. The only other course was by unanimous consent. As this could be refused by one man it followed that the veto power, which in its essence is only the power to demand "two to one," was conferred on each member of the House. In addition there was a curious restriction as to appropriation bills whereby no amendment could be made except one which decreased the sum appropriated. The House could order less spent, but never more. In other words, in a growing country, the House, representing the people directly, refuses itself the power of meeting the growth of the country, and devolves it upon the Senate, and for the sole purpose of saying on the stump, "Look how economical the House is, and how the Senate spends!" This restriction has been

carried still farther in the present rules, and is a species of strait-jacket which, though voluntarily imposed, is as great a proof of unsound mind as if some asylum had ordered it.

In 1885 an attempt was made to give the House some relief by establishing a second "morning hour" in which bills could be passed, but it has resulted in worse than nothing. One hour is wasted in presenting bills which might just as well be put into a box. Another hour is wasted in attempting to pass bills which if resisted for two successive days one hour a day, thereupon go to the unfinished calendar, which is the tomb of the Capulets. When one considers that a single roll-call takes half an hour, he can easily see what chance a bill has in the second morning hour, even with four to one in its favor. When rules are planned to waste two hours out of five the nation can easily see that the art of "how not to do it" is by no means confined to the Circumlocution Office.

In addition to this deliberate and intentional waste of two hours, one rule puts into the hands of every member the power of stopping the proceedings altogether. The achievements of Mr. Anderson and of Mr. Weaver are fresh in the recollection of all. Each one could and did stop the action of the House. It so happened that the proceedings of Mr. Weaver, solitary and alone, stopped the House in the midst of its constitutional duty of determining its own membership. The rules therefore have abrogated the Constitution. Mr. Weaver was not in the least to blame for so acting, for he was only using the rules to recover for a bill in which he was interested the status which it had lost by the same improper use of power, which the House, under dictation of party caucus, had impliedly sanctioned. This was done under the fifth clause of Rule XVI., which says that the motion to adjourn, the motion to fix a day when the House shall adjourn, and a motion for a recess, shall always be in order. Under this rule one or other of these motions can always be before the House, and when they are before the House nothing else ever can be.

The system of avoiding action on important measures by means of these clogging rules has done much to demoralize the House. No man or set of men can often indulge in indirections without acquiring timid habits. Whether the House has timid habits or not it is not proper to say, for I have no desire to draw a railing indictment against so respectable a body. But there are times just prior to elections when the House seems to be but little inspired by the example of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Not only does courage seem to fail, but the sense of responsibility also. If the minority can dictate, the majority have no longer the responsibility for action, and become infirm of purpose.

Why is this system maintained? How can it have lasted so long? At first sight it would seem as if the picture drawn of the rules of the House could not be true. It is certainly very improbable to an outsider. To understand this apparent contradiction you must again recur to the fact that the House does but eight per cent. of its business, hence to a conservative man, a natural objector, the power to say what measures shall not come up is much greater than the right shared with the majority to determine that a particular measure shall or shall not be presented for action. In addition this negative power also arises from knowledge of the rules and is the especial perquisite of the old member, who thereby possesses inordinate relative control.

To add still more to the confusion as to legislation there have been for years no joint rules to govern the mutual action of the two houses. The tendency of all sound parliamentary law is to further the business which is most nearly finished. For example, a conference report has priority over even a motion to adjourn; hence under any sound system a House bill which has been to the Senate and there passed with amendments ought to be more easily reached than a bill which has been merely introduced by a member. But under the present system the reverse is the fact, and, except by unanimous consent, the bill must take its dreary round of committee and calendar, where it has pot-luck with the rest.

Any description of the difficulties which the House of Representatives has to encounter would be incomplete without reference to the physical surroundings. A hall which measures on the floor 90 feet by 140 and has outside of these limits galleries seating 1500 people; which requires, if a speaker intends to be heard, the energies of the entire body to keep the vocal chords in vibration; which has 333 desks in constant use and 400 men in constant motion — is necessarily the despair alike of speaker and of member. Whether this can ever be changed and a more sensible place selected has never yet been under serious discussion; but when the next apportionment adds to the number of members the subject will be forced upon the notice of the House and the country.

The important question, however, is what should be the remedy for this evil, the extent of which is not half appreciated by the people of the nation. There is only one way, and that is to return to the first principles of democracy and republicanism alike. Our government is founded on the doctrine that if 100 citizens think one way and 101 think the other, the 101 are right. It is the old doctrine that

the majority must govern. Indeed, you have no choice. If the majority do not govern, the minority will; and if the tyranny of the majority is hard, the tyranny of the minority is simply unendurable. The rules, then, ought to be so arranged as to facilitate the action of the majority. This proposition is so simple that it is a wonder that there could be any discussion about it, and yet recently in the House there was much said in debate about the "rights of the minority" and that the rules of the House, instead of being merely business regulations, a mere systematization of labor, were a charter of privileges for those whose arguments were too weak to convince the House.

This indicates confusion of thought. There is only one charter of the rights of minorities, and that is the Constitution of the United States. That defines the power of Congress and implies that Congress shall act by its majority. Under that Constitution and within its scope whatever a majority does is right. Regulations and rules, then, are not made to protect those who are wrong, but to facilitate the proceedings of those whose action when it takes place becomes the law of the land. Of course such rules ought to provide for debate and for due and careful consideration. But after debate and after due and careful consideration there ought to be no hinderance to action except those checks and balances which our Constitution wisely provides. If the majority of the House of Representatives — each man selected from at least thirty thousand voters — cannot be trusted, who can? Nor is this the only safeguard. Each one of these men is watched by the people. He renders account at the end of each term. If such a man so situated must be held in leading-strings, representative democracy is a failure. It seems strange, under a republican government and speaking of the popular branch of the legislature of a republic, to be obliged to refer to principles so fundamental; but the longer one studies politics in this country the more he will long to see universally prevalent a wider understanding and a deeper-rooted belief in some of the principles advocated by Thomas Jefferson, whose memory to-day seems to be most vociferously cherished by those who never act on his opinions.

It is impossible, and perhaps would be indiscreet in advance of due popular discussion, to indicate the remedy for the evil which the foregoing simple narrative of facts discloses, but that some remedy should be applied admits of no doubt. The remedy ought not to be radical or wild in its character. Indeed, from the nature of things it could not be so. There need never be any fear lest an avalanche of legislation could burst upon the country. Do the best we can our parliament will be clogged, like every other similar assembly in the world of like scope and magnitude. Two and probably three changes ought to be made, and the effect should be faithfully tried. The morning hour, the length of which should be entirely under the control of the House, would, if restored to its full power and efficiency, afford means for the transaction of all business of a simple nature requiring little discussion. Then a provision enabling the majority of the House to select from the public calendars such measures as it prefers to act on, with due precedence for revenue and appropriation, would insure such freedom of action as would destroy the illegitimate power of the few and exalt the just power of the people acting through their own representatives.

To guard against the abuse of the motions to adjourn, to fix the day of adjournment, and for a recess, the simple amendment devised and read in the House recently by Mr. Cannon of Illinois would be ample and valuable. That amendment provides that those motions shall be confined to their legitimate and honest use and shall never be used as dilatory motions for simple delay. If it is objected that this places too much power in the hands of the Speaker, the answer is twofold. No Speaker would pronounce motions legitimate on their face dilatory and intended for delay until that fact was apparent to the whole world, and if he did unjustifiably exercise that power reposed in him as the organ of the House an appeal to the House would easily rectify the abuse. The danger in a free country is not that power will be exercised too freely, but that it will be exercised too sparingly; for it so happens that the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God.

Thomas B. Reed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Election Laws for Congressmen.

THE experience of Great Britain and of the United States, in the matter of the election of members of the highest legislative body, has been very similar. Every step in the transfer of control of these elections to judicial or neutral agencies has been warmly resisted by the constituencies and accepted only under protest, but its results have invariably tended to purify the election. British advance in this direction has been radical, thorough, and satisfactory; and parliamentary elections are now models, so far as bribery, corruption,

and coercion are concerned. American legislation has availed itself very little of British experience, and congressional elections are as unsatisfactory as ever. It seems now as if the time had come for the transfer of the decision of disputed election cases from the two Houses, or at any rate from the House of Representatives, to the Federal courts, the reason being that this self-denying ordinance is an essential prerequisite to every other reform in congressional elections.

It must be understood, of course, that no law could *bind* either House to maintain such action. The Constitution gives each House absolute power over its own organization and election cases; and even though it should in form of law resign its power of deciding disputed elections to the Federal courts, there would be nothing to prevent a partisan majority from resuming the power at some future time, if it should be determined to do so. But such a state of things is in no wise unprecedented. Territorial delegates sit in the House by virtue of a vote of the House, which a hostile majority might repeal at any moment; but no one apprehends any such action. The seating of the Cabinet in Congress would be a parallel case. The Pendleton Civil Service Act is another example of this permissive legislation, which could not *bind* the President but that he permits it to do so. A reckless majority in the House of Commons might no doubt insist on resuming the decision of election petitions, which was transferred to the judges in 1868, and it would be impossible to deny a similar power to the House of Representatives; but if the results of the transfer were to give as universal satisfaction in the United States as they have done in Great Britain, the practical exercise of the power would be as unlikely in one case as it is in the other.

At present one branch of our government, the House of Representatives, disappears on the fourth day of March of the odd years. For a period longer or shorter there is no such body, and one of the law-making factors of our system is represented only by a blank. Indeed, there are political dangers in the process of giving practical life to the new House. The only connecting link between old and new is the clerk of the old House. He is ordered by statute to make a list of such members-elect of the new House as come with certificates under the laws of their States or of the United States, and the clerk's list is the new House. In so far the new House has already surrendered a great measure of its authority over disputed elections, and that not to impartial judges, but to the governors of States or to the politician whom the partisan majority of the previous House had happened to choose as clerk.

The surrender of its authority by the new House may be final, for the first effort of the smallest *prima facie* majority is to make itself a safe majority. If the clerk's list makes out a majority of but a single vote, the first business of that majority is to decide in favor of the contestants of its own party a number of election cases sufficient to raise its majority to ten or a dozen. When party interests have thus been made safe, considerations of equity do have their influence, greater or less, on the decision of the remaining cases. But up to that point the spirit in which disputed elections are decided is well put in an old story of two congressmen of the same party. Says one: "What are we at work on now?" "An election case," says the other; "but both the contestants are rascals." "Yes?" says the other; "which is *our* rascal?"

Such being the principles on which disputed election cases are commonly decided, is it any wonder that Congress has never seen its way clear to framing and passing an election law which shall really hedge around congressional elections with effective safeguards? What respect could be paid to such a law when it is notorious that the power which is to decide disputes under it will be governed in its decisions by questions of party necessity and not of the violation of the election law? The election of many congressmen in the South is impeached for one set of reasons, and the election of many congressmen in the North is impeached for a different set of reasons, but no act of Congress has yet done anything effective to meet either class of objections. Indeed, the more perfect and minute we imagine a proposed election law to be, the more absurd would it be to pass it so long as disputes about its execution are to be decided on partisan, not on judicial grounds.

But, if what has been said has been well taken, the special difficulty would seem to disappear on the application of a single remedy: give the *final* decision of all disputed congressional election cases to the Federal courts, and let their certificates, not those of the governors, constitute a list which shall be considered binding, not only by the clerk, but by the new House itself. When the enforcement of the election law is thus given to the Federal courts, for decision on judicial not on partisan grounds, it becomes for the first time possible to couch a congressional election law in the most sweeping, complete, and minute terms. It may require registration in every congressional district of the country, and make the expenses of registration and election, including the printing of ballots, an exclusive charge on the Federal treasury; it may make the Australian system the essential rule of the election, even in the remotest parts of the country; it may make bribery and coercion not only criminal offenses but reasons for the judge to refuse a certificate and order a new election; it may provide for the sworn publication of the expenses of all candidates and agents, with like penalties for violation or evasion; but it is patently unreasonable to attempt to impose any such safeguards until all disputes under the law are to be finally decided by a judicial application of the law to the facts and not by party needs — by Federal judges in office during good behavior, and not by an interested majority of the House.

Of course the difficulties in the way of such a change are great. Some Representatives would consider the proposal of it as almost an insult to their House; others would take it as another attempt to develop a centralized tyranny over congressional elections; [1] others

[1] There is no ground for this accusation, provided only that the House is willing to yield its constitutional power over election cases in the interest of the purity of elections, as the House of Commons did in 1868. The Constitution, Article 1, Section 5, makes each House the judge "of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Let the House of Representatives yield this, and the general power of an act of Congress to "make or alter" the regulations of the "manner" of the congressional elections by State legislatures becomes very sweeping — fully sweeping enough to justify the proposed transfer of judicial powers to the Federal courts. This fundamental question was fully debated in Congress by Senator Thurman, on the passage of the Enforcement Act of 1870, and his most serious objection was that there were not Federal judges enough to decide disputed *State* elections, as that law proposed to do, and as this article does not.

would insist that the same rule be applied to the Senate, as well as to the House. But is not the remedy worth considering, in spite of its difficulties? Indeed, in the midst of the loud and various cries for reform in congressional elections both South and North, will their advocates stop for a moment to tell us how any of their schemes are feasible as laws so long as disputes under them are still to be decided as party questions by a majority of the House, and not as questions of law by judges?

The English Language in America.

THERE is now only one important point in which our right as a nation to be individual, or the great significance of the individuality we possess, is seriously questioned by our English cousins, and that is our use of our mother tongue. If "the great American language" and "Americanisms" of every shade are accepted by them as facts, they are certainly still accepted under protest. And it may be confessed that most Americans feel that this protest is, on the whole, justifiable. We are disposed to admit that we have been forced into an unfavorable position by the questionable character, as regards literary quality, of a large part of our special contributions to the development of English speech. The American freeman is not readily restrained by considerations of taste or style, or by linguistic laws; but from the merely literary point of view, which is that of the purist and often even of the more broad-minded scholar, these considerations are all-important.

It will not do for us, however, to concede too much to our transatlantic critics. It is very possible that their objections to details, however justifiable they may be, may blind both them and us to what is really essential in the matter. First of all both need to realize the fact that we have a proprietary right in the great common heritage of the English-speaking world. There is no divine right in matters verbal vested in English-speakers on the other side of the sea. Our language is not lent us by them on the condition that it shall not be tampered with, but is our own to mold or forge to all the purposes of our multifarious and peculiar practical and intellectual life.

Furthermore, whether we approve it or not, some real divergence of American from British usage, the extent and character of which are not yet clear, and indeed can be guessed only after estimating the joint effect of all the disturbing and all the conservative forces at work, is inevitable. The great fact about language is that it is a tool — that it comes into existence solely for the sake of its utility. It may be, as Emerson says, "fossil poetry," or, as stylists and purists insist, a mine of glittering crystals suited chiefly to adorn the periods of the littérateur; but it is poetry or gem only after it becomes fossil or crystallized. In its origin, in its generative and most vital stage, it is the veriest prose, the most amorphous and utilitarian of substances. But it cannot fulfill its end as a tool unless it can be adapted to all the changing conditions of the practical and mental life of those who use it; and as a matter of fact no language has ever been to any great extent restricted in its development by any other consideration. The only language that can satisfy the purist is a dead language: wherever there is life there is change, adaptation, neologism. The usage which really in the long run governs speech is that which is best adapted to the true needs of actual life in all its phases; and that usage *must* be variable. To one who reflects upon the subject along this line, the theory that the usage of 35,000,000 people living under one set of conditions can by any possibility control, or by any rule of reason ought to control, the usage of 60,000,000 — soon to be 200,000,000 — living under another and quite different set of conditions must seem radically absurd. If in the evolution of the life of the former it becomes necessary, or for any reason advantageous, or simply customary, to use certain words with novel extensions or restrictions of meaning, or to invent new terms and modes of expression, or to vary the pronunciation of words, there is no reasoning, linguistic or moral, which can or should prevent it; and if the same thing happens to the latter, the situation in all its aspects is precisely the same. If the result in the latter case is an "Americanism," it is in the former a "Briticism," and the one is just as legitimate and valuable as the other, the conditions of utility and taste being equally fulfilled. Americanism in language (whatever it may turn out to be) has a right to exist, and must exist — a genuine product of the new soil.

Upon the comprehension of this fact follows the most important of all the problems connected with this subject — namely, what is the probable outcome as regards the English language and literature of the American branch of this divided stream of usage? As a rough answer, the statement may be ventured, with due modesty, that Americanism in our language has a better evolutionary chance of survival as *the* English of the future than has Briticism. The linguistic heritage of the past is common to both: in that neither has preëminence or advantage; the future, however, cannot well belong to both equally, but the lion's share must fall to the stronger, and that we shall be the stronger we can hardly be expected to question. If the forces which are to govern the result were identical with those which determine material preëminence there could be little doubt about it; but of course they are not. A thousand additional dollars in a man's pocket do not change his habitual enunciation of a single letter, or modify his use of a single word. Nor is mere increase of population, fast though it will here undoubtedly be, of much account. The augmentation of the number of Chinamen by a hundred millions would not have much effect on Chinese speech. Neither does mere practical activity and enterprise count for much by itself; for it may be counterbalanced by extreme conservatism in other equally important directions. In brief, in order that English-speaking men on this side of the Atlantic shall be able to make their use of their language the language itself rather than a dialect of it,— in comparison with its use by Englishmen on the other side,— they must possess not merely such advantages of position as regards material prosperity and energy as will give them a predominating material influence, but also masterful intellectual qualities which will enable them to impress themselves on the world as the dominant branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. To these must also be added a certain independence and originality in linguistic matters. If these conditions are fulfilled, whatever in language establishes itself in American common life will of a certainty establish itself in American literature,

and therefore as the English of the world. To what extent these favorable elements are present should perhaps be left for foreign eyes as unprejudiced and friendly as those, for instance, of Professor Bryce to discover. But Americans who see the enormously increasing population of their country, brought from all quarters of the globe into stimulating contact with new phases of nature and life, stirred by contagious, restless, New World activity, and amassing enormous wealth, and believe that throughout this mass of humanity there is a strenuous intelligence and an eagerness and capacity for mental growth paralleled nowhere else, may be pardoned for thinking that the elements demanded cannot be lacking. That we possess the last-mentioned requirement, readiness to adapt and change, certainly cannot be denied. Not the least notable evidence of it is, for example, our comparatively great openness to conviction in the direction of a scientific and practical simplification of our spelling. Thus one can hardly imagine that, as has happened on the other side, if our Philological Association were constructing a great English dictionary which from its nature must be quite independent of popular support, it would practically throw its influence in favor of the most conservative and certainly obsolescent orthography. It is also worth noting that our temper in this direction is precisely that which is needed to make English, what all who speak it hope it will be, the universal language of the future commercial, as French has been of the past political and social world. In a word, the hope that the English language as spoken by our descendants will be its dominant and most widely adopted form is entirely reasonable, and the determination that it shall be such is a worthy national ambition.

Lincoln's Disinterestedness.

THE very heart and substance of the authorized Life of Lincoln are to be found in the installments published in THE CENTURY for December, January, February, and March. No quality that helped to make Lincoln one of the ablest as well as one of the noblest of men fails of illustration in these thrilling chapters. We say thrilling, because we believe that no intelligent student of history — especially no patriotic American of any party or locality — can read these pages without emotion. Has the mental history of a single sublime and world-approved act ever before been so minutely and authoritatively described? The published and hitherto unpublished documents, letters, records of companions, and reported conversations are here gathered together by his private secretaries and displayed in orderly and lucid array. So interesting is every paragraph that one longs for even fuller information — but as it is, the data are full beyond precedent.

As is well known, there were, technically speaking, two Emancipation Proclamations, the preliminary one of September, 1862, and the final proclamation of January 1, 1863, which carried out in due course the programme of executive action laid down in the preceding document. As it was the January edict which actually gave freedom to the colored race in America, it is this which is generally called the great "Emancipation Proclamation." But the two documents are really one act, and it was the September utterance that reverberated through the world and put forward the march of civilization. For this reason the present installment of the Life is illustrated with facsimiles of both documents — preceded by the original draft, which never appeared till given to the public by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in the December CENTURY. It was this original draft with which Lincoln surprised his Cabinet in July, 1862, and it has a peculiar interest as showing how the official utterance first shaped itself in his mind. In the present installment the authors give (on pp. 691 and 699) the first draft of the proclamation of January 1, 1863, as well as the facsimile of the document in its final shape.

One cannot but be impressed anew by the fact that one of the most effective equipments of Lincoln for the performance of difficult duties was a quality which he shared with Washington, and which each possessed to a conspicuous degree — the simple but tremendously powerful quality of disinterestedness. It was tact, *i. e.*, intelligence added to kindliness, which helped make Washington a successful leader; it was tact which helped Lincoln to steer his Administration not only through the perils of war but between the rocks of selfishness and faction — but without purity of purpose, without absolute disinterestedness, neither could have done so well, so completely, the work assigned.

With the enormous and enormously increasing populations, the seething social movements, and the ever-threatening political dangers of the New World, there are not and never will be times of perfect peace and quiet. Every Administration, every Congress, State, community, every year, every day, has its emergency. In our uncertain and ever-shifting scheme of general and local governments good men, bad men, half-good and half-bad men, are continually pushing or being pushed to the front as leaders. Now and again an unscrupulous schemer attains a notable official or unofficial eminence; and his disgraceful and pestiferous "success" tends towards the imitation of his methods on the part of men of easy consciences. The example of Washington, the centennial of whose inauguration is so near at hand, and of Lincoln, who was with us only yesterday, and whose pure and devoted life is now being told for the first time — there will never be a moment when the example of these men will cease to be among the most saving forces of the nation.

It would be a poor investment of energy to talk to some busy and party-honored dispenser of corruption funds or political bargainer with liquor-dealers about the public virtues of Washington and Lincoln; but to the young, or to those who in public life still retain somewhat of the delicacy of innocence, it is always worth while to uphold our most prominent instances of political success, and to repeat continually that selfishness is weakness; that honesty is strength; that disinterestedness is a mighty weapon and often the only one wherewith a man may do what with his whole heart he desires to do.

OPEN LETTERS.

"What of the South?"

ARE we one people, or are we not? If we are, why this constantly recurring question, What of the South under the coming administration of the Republican party? If we are not one people, where are all the boasts of buried differences and the eloquent declarations of obliterated sectionalism that have in recent years been sounding throughout the land?

Political parties must always exist, and under our form of government they are certainly advantageous, if not positively necessary. They serve as checks on one another, and hinder that wholesale corruption in high places which sooner or later has always resulted in the total destruction of undisputed dynasties.

We have just gone through a great political contest — nothing more, nothing less. Such battles necessarily involve victory and defeat. Only one side can win. In this instance the Democrats were defeated. So were the Prohibitionists. But this last fact does not argue that we are all going to become drunkards immediately, nor does it demonstrate that the doctrines of prohibition are utterly unsound.

Now I cannot possibly see wherein the Democratic party has any better ground for serious apprehension with reference to the country's future welfare than the Prohibitionists. By way of remonstrating with the prophets of evil, we might remind them of the gloomy predictions that were so actively circulated by disappointed Republicans four years ago, when Mr. Cleveland led the Democratic hosts to victory.

Mr. Cleveland's term of office is about to expire, and during his administration the country has gone on in its development and increased in its prosperity. In a fair-minded contemplation of General Harrison's election to succeed Mr. Cleveland I cannot discover any ground for alarm. In saying this, too, I beg to add that I am an uncompromising Democrat, I have always been such, and never expect to be anything else. I am a Southerner by birth, rearing, and education. It is under the impulse of my devotion to the South and to the Southern people that I address this "open letter" especially to them.

The people are the guardians of their own welfare and safety, and if any political faction abuses the power given it by the people it will be stripped of that power. Four years from now the Republican party will be approved or condemned by the American people, who are the makers and unmakers of all political parties of this land. The South has no reason for overwhelming alarm or distressing apprehension in contemplating the administration of General Harrison. Neither has she any reasonable ground to expect political favors — not because she is the South, but simply because she was not on the winning side. But let the South remember that the campaign was not based on the race problem, nor was it a contention for or against States rights. The Republican triumph is simply a defeat of the Democratic party in all the States. The fight was made on the tariff. That was the only vital issue of the campaign, and there were varying opinions at the South, as well as at the North, East, and West, as to the wisdom and expediency of the views held by the Democratic party on that question.

The South can lose nothing but those political offices now held by many of her worthy sons. She may not lose all of those. That will, of course, depend entirely on General Harrison's regard for or disregard of civil-service reform. But let us take the worst view of it, and suppose that every Southern Democrat now in office shall be removed promptly after March 4: the South will then be no worse off than she was for twenty years after the war, and surely she is better able now than she was then to bear the disadvantage.

The fields of the South are richer than ever with unfailing harvests; her mining interests are more extensively developed, and are greatly increasing their product of inexhaustible wealth; her manufacturing industries are thriving to-day to a marvelous extent and expanding constantly; her railroads are spreading over the entire expanse of available territory; her people are stronger and happier than they have ever been. Let Southerners turn their hands and hearts to the vast resources, infinite riches, and matchless beauty now revealed in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

During the next four years there is no more danger of interruption to the material development, industrial progress, and financial prosperity of the New South than of any other part of the country, and I do not believe that the relations between the races in the South will be any more strained or unpacific under the administration of General Harrison than they have been during the presidency of Mr. Cleveland.

Marion J. Verdery.

"College Fraternities."

IN an article on "College Fraternities" in THE CENTURY for September, 1888, the name of President Garfield was placed in a list of prominent members of Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon. A correspondent writes that he was a member of neither of these societies, but of Delta Upsilon, a non-secret fraternity, of which he was an active and interested member up to the time of his death.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Thank-ye-Ma'am.

THE SORT OF VERSE THAT MAKES
JAMES
WHITCOMB
"RILEY."

THE Spellin' Bee wuz over. I stood close by the sill,
My face ez red ez fire, my toes all in a chill,
Till Susan got her things on, an' came up ter the door,
An' then I crooked my elber-joint an' held it out before.
But Hezekiah Brindle sez, "Permit *me*, ef ye please!"
A-shovin' in between us, with most amazin' ease.
Then Susie's head went backward, jest ez a robin's might,
Said she, "Thanks! — Si 'll take me!" her eyes a-shinin' bright.
So Hezekiah stood quite still, ez meek ez any lamb,
An' soon he softly slid away without a

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

I stowed her 'neath the buffalers an' wrapped her warm an' tight,
Old Dobbin's bells went jinglin' away inter the night.
I sot ez close 'z I dared ter — an' wished 't was closer yit,
An' whether 'r not we made remarks, I d'clar' I clean fergit!
Fer I sot thar contrivin' what words I ought ter say
Ter win that gal fer my ownest own — never ter go away.
At last I scared up spunk enough an' cleared my throat an' tried:
"I never seen a prettier night fer takin' a sleigh-ride —
O Sue! let 's ride *tergether*" — I wuz solemn ez a psalm,
But ez I spoke the sleigh riz up on an *awful*

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"



Sue toppled, with a leetle screech, an' so I put my arm
Tight round her waist ter hold her safe, fer fear she 'd come ter harm.
So then — wal, then — I kissed her. But Susie did n't care!
An' home we went a-zippin' through snow an' frosty air;
Old Dobbin's bells were ringin' now a sort o' weddin' song
With both the runners j'inin' in, ez we jest flew along.
The old horse showed more speed that night than I 'd 'a' thought he had;
He seemed ter go like lightnin'— but I was n't very glad.
Soon Sue got down an' kissed her ma; we parted very calm,
But goin' home my heart jest jumped, ez I crossed that

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

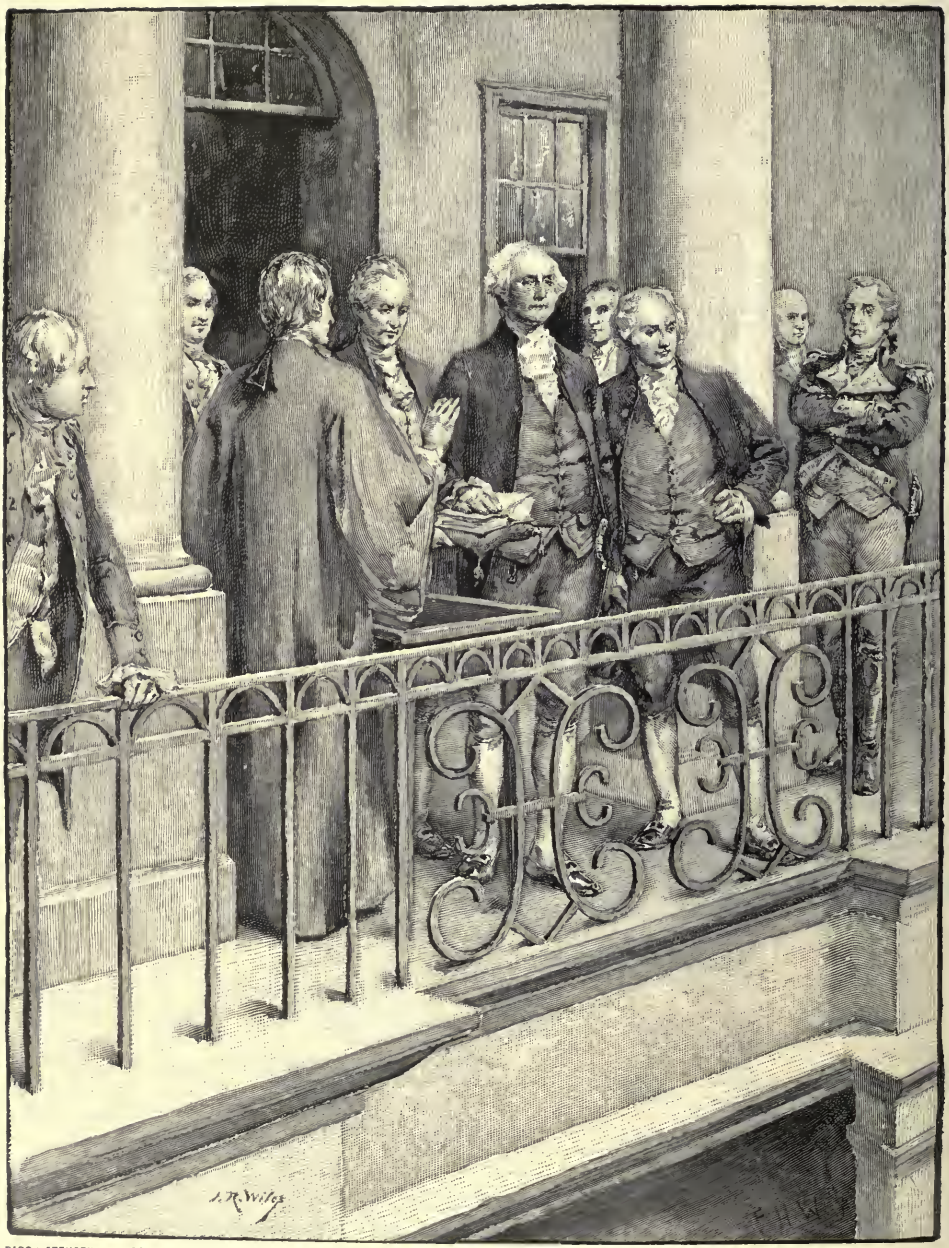
Tudor Jenks.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
. . . . . .
Mother of States & unshrunken men,
Thou gavest us a Country giving him.

J. R. Lowell

From "Under the old Elm" a poem
read in 1876 on the spot where
Washington took Command of the
American army a Century before.



WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT,

APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. APRIL, 1889. No. 6.

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.



THE BIBLE UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH OF INAUGURATION. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY.)

THE requisite number of States having adopted the Constitution, Congress reported an act for putting the new Government into operation. It was decided that presidential electors should be chosen on the first Wednesday in January of 1789, that the electors should choose a President on the first Wednesday in February, and that the two Houses of Congress should assemble in New York on the first Wednesday in March. The last days of the old Congress were now numbered. It had been kept barely alive during the winter of 1788–89 — sometimes less than half a dozen members being in the city. In fact, the last real meeting had taken place October 10, 1788. It was indeed a Rump Congress. After the 1st of January there was never a quorum present.

At sunset on the evening of March 3 the old Confederation was fired out by thirteen guns from the fort opposite Bowling Green in New York, and on Wednesday, the 4th, the new era was ushered in by the firing of eleven guns in honor of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution. The States of Rhode Island and North Carolina were now severed from the American Union and were as independent of each other as England and France.

Not only were guns fired and bells rung on the morning of March 4, but at noon and at sunset eleven more guns were fired and the bells were rung for an hour. The citizens of New York were happy. The new Constitution was considered a "sheet anchor of Commerce and prop of Freedom," and it was thought that "Congress would again thrive, the farmer meet immediately a ready market for his produce, manufactures flourish, and peace and prosperity adorn our land." "After a long night of political apprehension" was at length seen "the dawn of national happiness."

But where was the expected quorum? Only eight senators and thirteen representatives put in an appearance at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting. The senators from New Hampshire were

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John Langdon and Paine Wingate. Langdon was forty-eight years old and was made president of the Senate till the arrival of John Adams. He had been a member of the Continental Congress and of the Constitutional Convention and a governor of New Hampshire. A Revolutionary patriot, he had pledged his plate and the proceeds of seventy hogsheads of tobacco to render possible General Stark's victory at Bennington. Paine Wingate was fifty, a graduate of Harvard, a Congregational minister, and a member of the old Congress. His letters from New York to his brother-in-law Timothy Pickering show him to have been a patriotic statesman. He survived all of the United States senators of 1789. Langdon left Portsmouth on the 16th of February, and after being escorted out of town several miles, where a collation was served, he proceeded on his journey to New York. Four days later he and Wingate passed through Worcester.

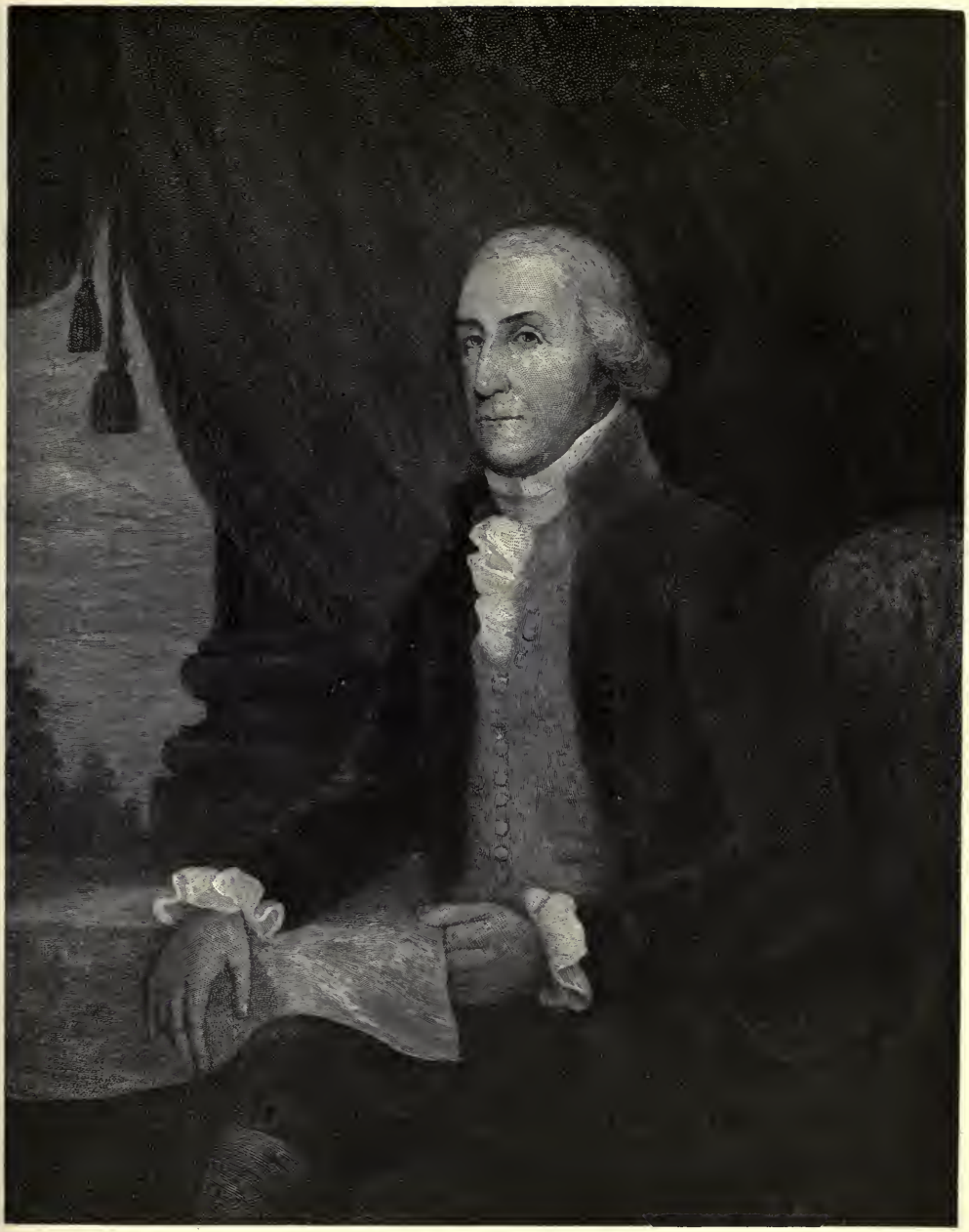
The only senator from Massachusetts present at the opening of Congress was Caleb Strong, forty-four years old, graduate of Harvard College, lawyer, member of the Massachusetts legislature during the Revolution, member of the great convention of 1787, afterwards eight years United States senator and ten years governor of the old Commonwealth. When he left his home at Northampton to go to New York his neighbors appeared before his door at sunrise and escorted him in sleighs to Springfield. Tristram Dalton, the other senator from Massachusetts, was also a Harvard graduate, fifty-one years of age, and a lawyer. He was prevented by illness from leaving home until early in April of 1789. He represented Massachusetts in the Senate nearly two years and was succeeded in 1791 by George Cabot.

Connecticut's two senators, William Samuel Johnson and Oliver Ellsworth, were both present at the opening of Congress. Johnson was sixty-one, a graduate of Yale and a brilliant scholar, lawyer, and orator. As a representative of Connecticut in the Convention of the Colonies in New York in 1765, he wrote most of the Remonstrance against the Parliament of Great Britain. In 1766 he represented Connecticut in England, where he received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws. While a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he first proposed the organization of the Senate as a distinct body. While senator of the United States he held the position of President of Columbia College and presided at the annual Commencement of the college in St. Paul's Church a week after the inauguration of Washington. Oliver Ellsworth, a student at Yale and a graduate of Princeton, a lawyer of forty-three, a member of the Continental Congress, one of the framers of the Constitution, and later Chief-Justice of the United States, was a gentleman remarkable for his intellectual gifts and absolute purity of character. John Adams called him the firmest pillar of Washington's whole administration. He organized the judiciary of the United States.

The sixth senator present was Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, fifty-six years old, a signer of the Declaration, a framer of the Constitution. During the Revolution and the years immediately succeeding it his services in rendering financial aid to the Government were invaluable. "I want money," said Morris during the war to a Quaker friend, "for the use of the army." "What security can thee give?" asked the lender. "My note and my honor," responded Morris. "Robert, thee shall have it," was the prompt reply. Morris's colleague in the Senate was William Maclay. He was born in Pennsylvania, was fifty-two, and had married a daughter of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg. He was a lawyer and held various offices of trust in the State of Pennsylvania. But he is best known for his "Sketches of Debate," one of the few books that give an insight into the character of the Congress of 1789.

The only Southern State represented in the Senate at the opening of Congress was Georgia, in the person of William Few, a man of forty-one, a Revolutionary officer, a delegate to the Continental Congress, and a member of the Federal Convention.

Of the thirteen members of the House present, the delegations from Massachusetts and Connecticut were the most distinguished: George Thacher, Fisher Ames, George Leonard, Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Huntington, Jonathan Trumbull, and Jeremiah Wadsworth. George Thacher, a Harvard man of thirty-five, had been a member of the old Congress. Fisher Ames entered Harvard College when twelve years old and the first Congress under the Constitution at thirty-one. He was the brilliant orator and leader in debate. George Leonard graduated from Harvard and was sixty years old. Elbridge Gerry, a Harvard graduate of forty-five, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Constitutional Convention, later an ambassador to France, governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States, was listened to with the utmost confidence in the Congress of 1789 when he spoke on the great financial questions of the day. Benjamin Huntington was a Yale man of fifty-three and a member of the old Congress. Jeremiah Wadsworth had also been a member of the Continental Congress. Jonathan Trumbull was a graduate of Harvard College, was forty-nine years old, had a good record in the Revo-



[This portrait was painted by the artist Joseph Wright during Washington's first administration and was exhibited in the New York Museum, or Gardner Baker's Museum, as it was called after 1795. After the death of Gardner Baker, in 1798, the picture came into the possession of a creditor, John Bailey, in whose family it remained for three generations, until bought in 1887 by Clarence Winthrop Bowen of Brooklyn. The portrait represents Washington in civil dress as President of the United States, with the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati on his coat and with one hand resting on the plan of the future city of Washington. An engraving of a portrait of Washington by the same artist, called the "Powel portrait," appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1887. Wright painted other portraits of Washington, one for the Count de Solms's gallery of military heroes in Europe, another which belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and another owned by Mrs. Biddle of Philadelphia. Wright's portraits, though unideal, have always been pronounced faithful likenesses. He never flattered. Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756, and died in Philadelphia, in 1793.]

lution, was the son of the old war governor "Brother Jonathan," and became Speaker of the House, United States senator, and governor of his native State. Of Pennsylvania's four representatives present Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, president of the State convention of Pennsylvania which ratified the Constitution, was thirty-nine and was soon to be elected the first Speaker. His brother, Peter Muhlenberg, was forty-three, was ordained in England by the Bishop of London, and at the end of the Revolution was a major-general. Thomas Hartley of Pennsylvania, a colonel in the Revolution and a lawyer; Daniel Hiester, also of Pennsylvania; Alexander White of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress; and Thomas Tudor Tucker of South Carolina, likewise a delegate of the old Congress, completed the list of representatives in their seats at the opening of Congress.



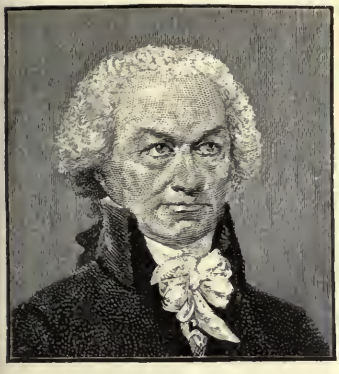
ELBRIDGE GERRY. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF ELBRIDGE T. GERRY OF NEW YORK.)

The Senate waited from day to day for more members to appear, and on the 11th of March addressed a circular letter to the absentees, urging their immediate presence in New York. A similar summons was sent out a week later. The first senator to respond was William Paterson of New Jersey, forty-four years old, a graduate of Princeton College, a lawyer, a governor of his State for three years, and afterwards for thirteen years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he was the author of the New Jersey plan for the preservation of the sovereignty of the States in the new Government. On the 21st of March, or two days after Paterson's arrival, Richard Bassett of Delaware took his seat in the Senate. A member of the Continental Congress, of the Annapolis Convention, of the Constitutional Convention, he afterwards became Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and governor of his native State. He was the great-grandfather of Thomas F. Bayard. Jonathan Elmer of New Jersey, forty-four years old, and an eminent physician, was prevented by illness from taking his seat in the Senate until the 28th of March. Before leaving home a banquet was given him by the gentlemen of his county.

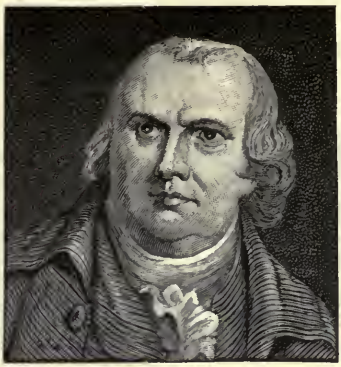
Though Richard Henry Lee of Virginia left Baltimore March 2 he did not arrive in New York until Sunday, April 5, so difficult was the traveling. In fact, the great quantity of ice in the rivers to the southward of New York made the passage of boats across them dangerous, and was one of the reasons for the tardiness of gentlemen from the South. Indeed, a congressman was obliged to go nearly a hundred miles up one of the rivers before he could cross on the ice. Lee's arrival in Congress was notable for two things: because he was the twelfth senator — enough to make a quorum — and because he was a man of the greatest distinction. He was fifty-seven years old. He received a classical education in England. As a member of the House of Burgesses he made a brilliant speech opposing the institution of slavery. He became famous in 1766 under the leadership of Patrick Henry. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774. In 1775, as chairman of the committee, he drew up the commission and instructions to George Washington as Commander-in-Chief. In 1776 he moved the great Declaration of Independence. He afterwards signed the Articles of Confederation. He was president of one of the Continental Congresses and served on all the important committees in most of the other Congresses under the Confederation. He was not a member of the Convention in Philadelphia in 1787, and he was opposed to the Constitution of the United States because he thought it would destroy the independence of the States. But it was a noble patriotism that inspired him to accept the position of senator, and he introduced certain amendments to the Constitution that seemed to remove much of the threatened danger.

Meanwhile the House of Representatives had likewise formed a quorum. Of the 59 members 17 were needed besides the 13 present on the first day to make the required quorum of 30. Let us look at these seventeen.

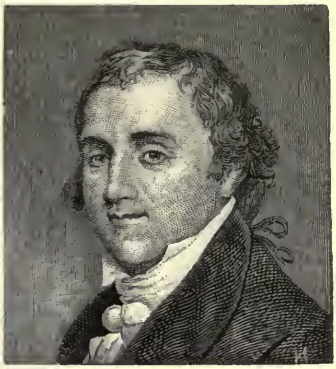
On the day after the opening Nicholas Gilman of New Hampshire, Benjamin Goodhue of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman and Jonathan Sturges of Connecticut, and Henry Wynkoop of Pennsylvania made their appearance. Gilman had been in the old Congress the two previous years and was only twenty-seven —



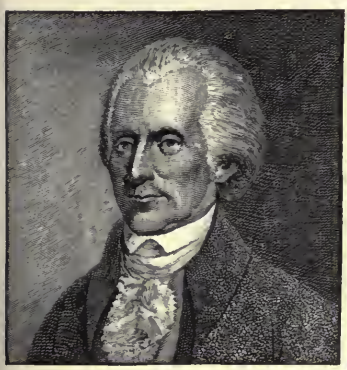
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.
(FROM A MINIATURE BY TRUMBULL IN THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.)



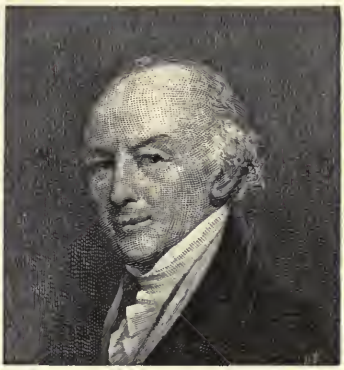
ROBERT MORRIS.
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY," PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.)



FISHER AMES.
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.")



RICHARD HENRY LEE.
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)



SAMUEL A. OTIS.
(FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)



ELIAS BOUDINOT.
(FROM DURAND'S ENGRAVING OF A PAINTING BY WALDO AND JEWETT.)

the youngest member present. Goodhue, a Harvard man of forty-one, represented the Essex District, and was afterwards United States senator. Roger Sherman of New Haven began life as a shoemaker, and was sixty-eight years old. He was the only man who had signed the four great state papers of his day — the Articles of Association of the Congress of 1774, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States. Wynkoop and Sturges, the latter a Yale man of forty-nine, had both been in the old Congress.

On Saturday, March 14, three Virginians — James Madison, John Page, and Richard Bland Lee — took their seats in the House. The most notable of them all — in fact, the leader of the House — was James Madison, a Princeton graduate of thirty-eight. The services he rendered in the formation of the Constitution of the United States can never be forgotten. Patrick Henry had kept him out of the Senate, but he was of more value to the country where he now was. A week after the organization of the House he introduced a resolution regarding the revenue, in order to rescue "the trade of the country in some degree," he said, "from its present anarchy."

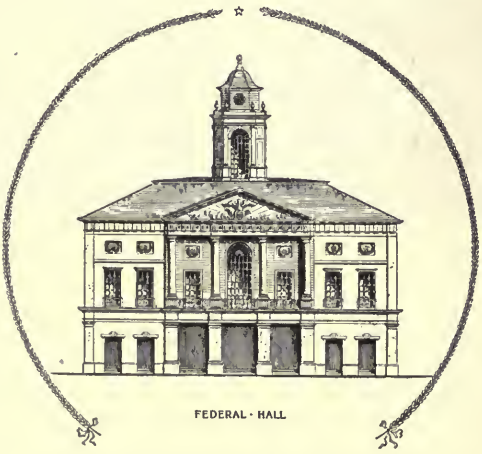
Following Madison came straggling into the House through the remainder of the month other members in the following order: Andrew Moore of Virginia, Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, William Smith of Maryland, Josiah Parker of Virginia, George Gale of Maryland, Theodoric Bland of Virginia, James Schureman of New Jersey, and Thomas Scott of Pennsylvania. The most distinguished of them all was Elias Boudinot, forty-nine years old, Commissary-General of the prisoners during the Revolution, one of the presidents of the old Congress, and widely known at the beginning of the present century as a philanthropist and the President of the American Bible Society.

On Wednesday, the 1st of April, the House of Representatives formed a quorum and immediately proceeded to the transaction of business, the most important of which was the counting



OLD CITY HALL, WALL STREET, 1776. (FROM "VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

of electoral votes for President and Vice-President of the United States.[1] George Washington of Virginia was the unanimous choice for President, having received sixty-nine, or the total number of votes cast. The next highest number, or thirty-four votes, were cast for John Adams of Massachusetts, and he was declared elected Vice-President of the United States. The electoral votes of ten States only were cast for the first President and Vice-President. North Carolina and Rhode Island, as has been before stated, would not ratify the Constitution. New York, owing chiefly to Governor Clinton's Anti-Federalism, had neglected to appoint Federal electors. None of New York's representatives were in the House at the counting of the electoral votes, nor were her senators in their seats at the time of the inauguration. The State Senate of New York appointed in January General Philip Schuyler and Robert Yates as senators, but the Assembly would not agree, and in July James Duane was substituted for Yates. Finally Philip Schuyler and Rufus King were elected to represent the State of New York in the Senate.



VIEW OF THE FEDERAL EDIFICE IN NEW YORK. (FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

Only one man was thought of to carry the notice of election to Mount Vernon, and he was Charles Thomson. Several messengers were suggested to go to Braintree in Massachusetts, the home of the Vice-President; but the question was left to the Senate, who selected Sylvanus Bourne, "a young man of handsome abilities."

While these gentlemen are on their way let us look at the new Federal Hall occupied by Congress. The building stood on historic ground. The Common Council of New York presented a petition to the provincial authorities in 1699 asking that the old fortifications on Wall street and the bastions which had been erected upon them might be torn down in order that a new City Hall could be speedily built. The stones from the bastions were immediately appropriated in building the second City Hall of New York. On Broad street, nearly opposite, stood the whipping-post, cage, and pillory. Up to the end of the last century the old City Hall was the center of political life. The building served as the municipal and Colonial Court House, the debtors' and county jail, and the capitol of the province. It also contained the public library. Here in 1735, at the trial of John Zenger, was established the freedom of the American press. The protest against the Stamp Act was here made in 1765, and on the same spot was also read to the people of New York, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence. The Continental Congress sat here. Here, in the last years of the old Congress, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL. D., visited the building and wrote a description worth quoting:

Congress chamber is an apartment in the second story of the City Hall. This Hall is a magnificent pile of buildings in Wall street, at the head of Broad street, near the center of the city. It is more than



CUSTOM-HOUSE, WALL STREET, BUILT ON SITE OF FEDERAL HALL IN 1831. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

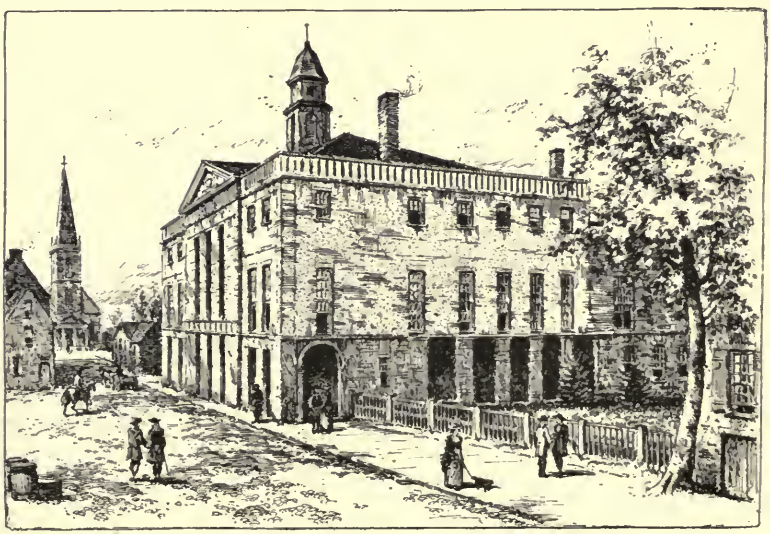
[1] April 6.



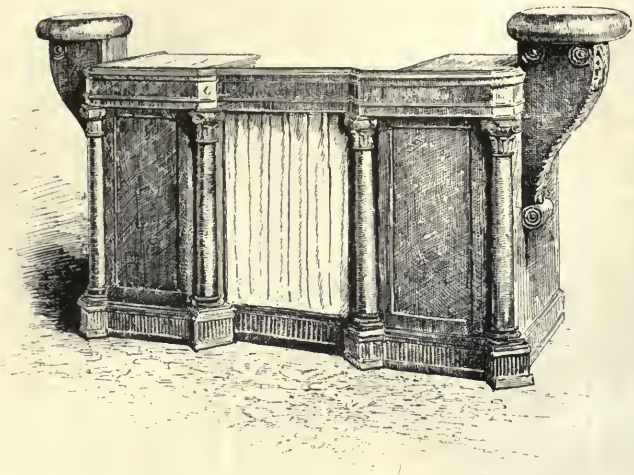
VIEW OF FEDERAL HALL, 1797. (FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)

twice the width of the State House in Boston, but I think not so long. The lower story is a walk; at each corner are rooms appropriated to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City and the City Guards. Between the corner rooms, on each side and at the ends, it is open for a considerable space, supported by pillars. In front is a flight of steps from the street, over which is a two-story piazza, with a spacious walk, which communicates with Congress chamber at the east end, and with the chamber where the Mayor and Aldermen hold their courts at the west end.

After the city of New York had been selected by the old Congress for the meeting of the new Congress, it was at once determined to transform the old City Hall into the new Federal Hall. A number of wealthy gentlemen advanced the thirty-two thousand dollars needed for repairs, and the architect chosen was a French officer of engineers, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the architect of St. Paul's Church and of some of the public buildings at Washington. The jail prisoners were removed to the "new jail in the park." The transformation of the building was eagerly watched and its progress duly recorded in the newspapers of the day. When thrown open for the inspection of the public, a short time before the inauguration, it was seen to be an imposing structure. The arched basement on Wall and Nassau streets formed a promenade for citizens. There were seven openings to the basement in Wall street. The four heavy Tuscan columns in the center extended to the second story, or grand balcony, where the inauguration oath was administered. These col-



"A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CITY HALL IN NEW YORK, TAKEN FROM WALL STREET." (FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)



DESK IN FEDERAL HALL USED BY WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.

umns supported four high Doric pillars, over which, in the pediment, were ornamental figures and a great American eagle carrying thirteen arrows and the arms of the United States. Within the building were the Representatives' room, the Senate Chamber, the committee rooms, audience room and antechambers, a library, and a marble-paved hallway extending from the bottom to the top of the building and roofed by a glass cupola so that a strong light might be thrown down upon the lobby adjoining the Senate Chamber.

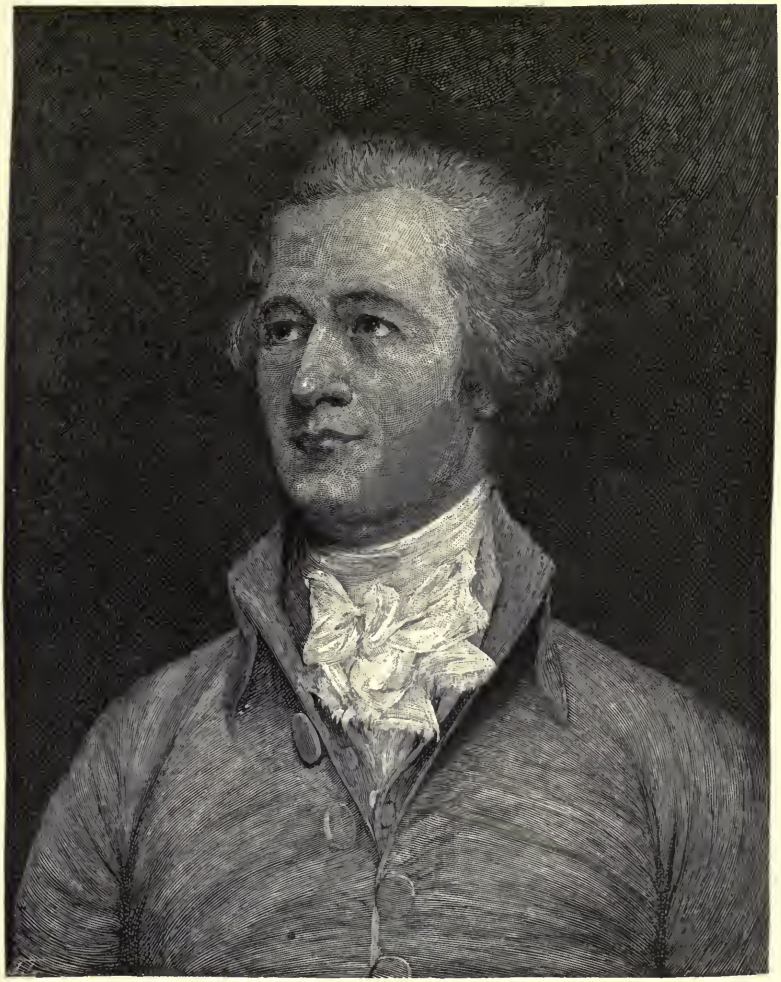
The Senate Chamber was forty by thirty feet and fifteen feet high, with fireplaces of American marble of "as fine a grain as any from Europe." On the ceiling were a sun and thirteen stars.

The Representatives' room, or Federal Hall proper, was 61 feet deep, 58 wide, and 36 high, and contained four fireplaces. On the Broad street side were two galleries for spectators; at the north end was the Speaker's chair, and arranged in circular form in the room were seats for the fifty-nine representatives. The most elegant and most talked-of ornament of the building was the eagle on the outside. The day it was reared, a troop of horse, a company of grenadiers, and a company of light infantry attended, so memorable was the occasion. On the 22d of April news was sent from New York to the Salem *Mercury* as follows: "The Eagle in front of the Federal State House is displayed. The general appearance of this front is truly august." After Congress had begun the transaction of business the building was crowded with visitors, so eager were all to inspect this wonderful structure. It might be added that after Congress moved to Philadelphia, Federal Hall was altered to receive the courts and the State Assembly, and was taken down in 1813 to make way for buildings which in turn gave way to the old Custom-house and to the United States Sub-Treasury building of to-day.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 7, the day after the counting of the votes, Sylvanus Bourne "set out in a packet-boat, with a fair wind and a brisk gale, for Boston," bearing official notification of election to John Adams and letters and dispatches to gentlemen and newspapers in Massachusetts. Late Wednesday evening the packet, under the command of Captain Fairbanks, arrived at Warwick Neck in Rhode Island, and by traveling overland the rest of the journey Sylvanus Bourne was able to reach Braintree at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, making the journey from New York in fifty hours — express time indeed one hundred years ago. The following Monday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. Adams started for New York, not forgetting to take with him an elegant suit of broadcloth manufactured in Hartford in which to make his appearance as Vice-President of the United States. A troop of horse came out from Boston to serve as escort, and in returning through Dorchester with Mr. Adams the party was saluted with a "Federal discharge" of artillery. On the arrival of the procession at the fortification gates of Boston the bells began to ring, and a large body of gentlemen on horseback met Mr. Adams and accompanied him to the residence of Governor Hancock, where a collation was served. Here there was another discharge of artillery, and the citizens "with loud huzzas" testified their appreciation of "the great republican virtues"



WASHINGTON'S WRITING-TABLE, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON. (FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1792; NOW OWNED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, N. Y.)

of John Adams. At half-past one the Vice-President entered his carriage and continued his journey under military escort. The procession was indeed imposing, and included an advanced corps of uniformed horse, a hundred and fifty gentlemen on horseback, the Middlesex Horse, the Roxbury Blues, forty carriages containing the governor, the French and Dutch consuls, the President of Harvard College, and other gentlemen of distinction. At Charlestown he was welcomed with another "Federal discharge" of cannon, and in passing through Cambridge, Watertown, Sudbury, and other towns he received proofs of the highest consideration. Though a part of the procession that started at Boston dropped off at Cambridge, and other parts at points beyond, the military escort, with frequent changes, accompanied Mr. Adams, under orders of the governor, through the counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The next day, Tuesday, April 14, Mr. Adams passed through Worcester, where he received the customary salute of eleven guns and dined at the United States Arms. On Wednesday he left Springfield behind him, and on Thursday reached Hartford, where "an escort of the principal gentlemen in town, the ringing of bells, and the attention of the Mayor and Aldermen of the Corporation marked the Federalism of the citizens and their high respect for the distinguished patriot and statesman." At 6 o'clock Friday morning President Stiles and the professors and tutors of Yale College, the clergymen, and a large body of the citizens of New Haven assembled at the State House steps and went up the Hartford road six miles to meet Mr. Adams and escorted him into town amid the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. Though Mr. Adams tarried but a short time in New Haven, he was presented at the City Tavern with the "diplomatic freedom" of the city by Pierrepont Edwards, Esq., who

PLAN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



From the Original Copy published 1789.

For D.T. Valentine's Manual 1857, by C. Bayward, Esq. 120 Water St. N.Y.

the previous day at a meeting of citizens had been especially commissioned to prepare the diploma. The same escort accompanied the Vice-President three miles out of New Haven. He was attended by the Light Horse of Westchester County from the Connecticut line to King's Bridge, and here he was met by more troops, many members of Congress, and citizens in carriages and on horseback, who amid the firing of salutes escorted him to the house of Hon. John Jay at 52 Broadway, near the corner of Exchange Place, where he arrived about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 20. But John Adams's permanent residence in New York was the celebrated mansion located on Richmond Hill,[1] afterwards the residence of Aaron Burr at the time he killed Alexander Hamilton, and subsequently bought by John Jacob Astor. The mayor and corporation called to congratulate the Vice-President the morning succeeding his arrival in town. He was next waited upon by Caleb Strong of Massachusetts and Ralph Izard of South Carolina, who in behalf of the Senate escorted him to the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office. "I was in New York," said John Randolph of Virginia forty years afterwards, "when John Adams took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect I was a schoolboy at the time, attending the lobby of Congress when I ought to have been at school. I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President for coming too near the arms emblazoned on the scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage." Senator Langdon of New Hampshire, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate, met the Vice-President on the floor of the Senate, and after congratulating him conducted him to the chair, where the Vice-President delivered his inaugural address.

Meanwhile Charles Thomson had been executing a commission vastly more important than that performed by Sylvanus Bourne. A native of Ireland, a school-teacher in Philadelphia, a friend of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Thomson was now living the fifty-ninth of his ninety-four years. In 1774, when he was elected Secretary of the Continental Congress,—which office he held for fifteen consecutive years,—he had just married a young woman of fortune,[2] who was the aunt of President William Henry Harrison and the great-great-aunt of President Benjamin Harrison. He left New York Tuesday morning, April 7, and on Thursday evening he was in Philadelphia. Friday morning he continued his journey, passing through Wilmington the same day and reaching Baltimore on Sunday evening. Monday morning, April 13, he left Baltimore and arrived at Mount Vernon at half-past twelve o'clock Tuesday afternoon, being more than a week in making the journey from New York. After Mr. Thomson had presented to the President-elect the certificate of election which the President of the Senate had given him and had made a formal address stating the purpose of his visit, Washington at once replied, accepting the appointment, and said:

> I am so much affected by this fresh proof of my country's esteem and confidence that silence can best explain my gratitude. While I realize the arduous nature of the task which is imposed upon me and feel my own inability to perform it, I wish that there may not be reason for regretting the choice; for indeed all I can promise is only to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal.
>
> Upon considering how long time some of the gentlemen of both Houses of Congress have been at New York, how anxiously desirous they must be to proceed to business, and how deeply the public mind appears to be impressed with the necessity of doing it speedily, I cannot find myself at liberty to delay my journey. I shall therefore be in readiness to set out the day after to-morrow, and shall be happy in the pleasure of your company; for you will permit me to say that it is a peculiar gratification to have received this communication from you.

And yet Washington's correspondence during the fall and winter preceding his inauguration shows how reluctant he was to accept the Presidency. To Benjamin Lincoln he wrote: "I most heartily wish the choice to which you allude may not fall upon me. . . . If I should conceive myself in a manner constrained to accept, I call Heaven to witness that this very act would be the greatest sacrifice of my personal feelings and wishes that ever I have been called upon to make."[3] To Samuel Hanson he said: "The first wish of my soul is to spend the evening of my days as a private citizen on my farm."[4] To Lafayette he said: "I shall assume the task with a most unfeigned reluctance and with a real diffidence, for which I shall probably receive no credit from the world."[5] To Benjamin Harrison he wrote: "Heaven knows that no event can be less desired by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with a desire to reconcile contending parties as far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life."[6] "My movements to the chair of government," he wrote, finally, to Henry Knox,[7] "will be accompanied by feelings not

[1] Near Lispenard's Meadows, corner Varick and Van Dam streets.

[2] Thomson was the father-in-law of Elbridge Gerry.

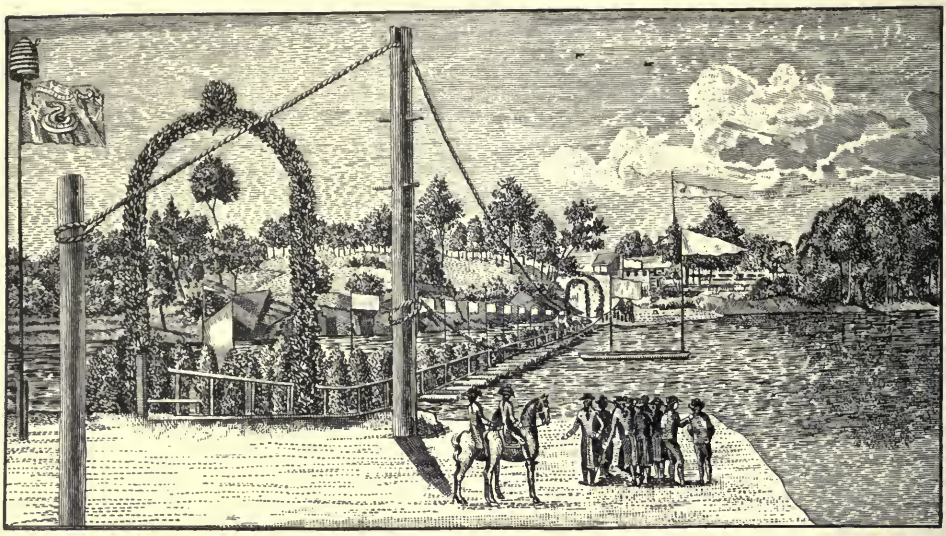
[3] Washington used almost the same language to Governor Trumbull in a letter dated Mount Vernon, December 4.

[4] January 18.

[5] January 29.

[6] March 9.

[7] April 1.



PREPARATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT GRAY'S FERRY, APRIL 20, 1789. (FROM "COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. . . . Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

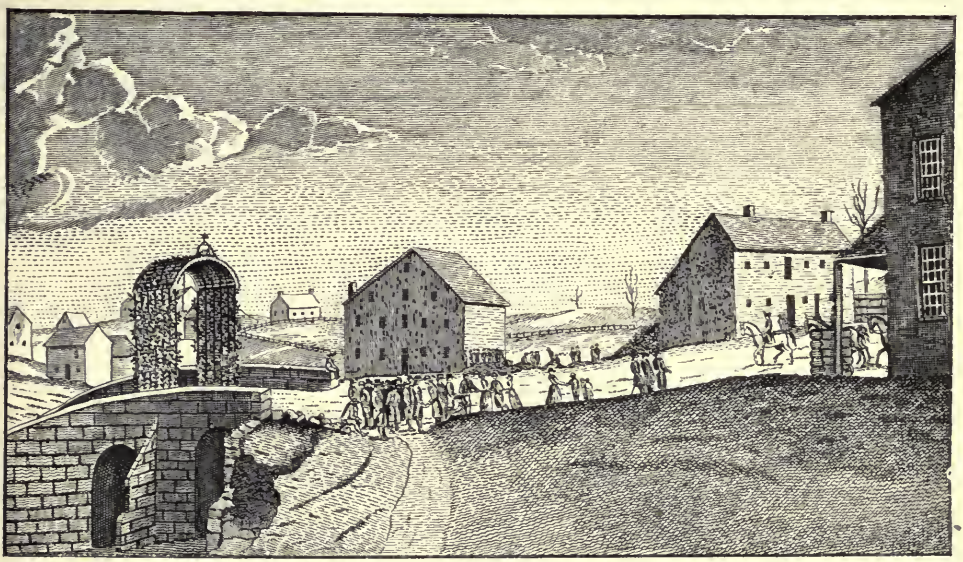
The correspondence was brought to a close by Hamilton, who insisted that Washington's acceptance was indispensable and that circumstances left no option. Having paid a visit of farewell as "the last act of personal duty" to his aged mother at Fredericksburg, and having borrowed five hundred pounds of a gentleman at Alexandria to discharge all his personal debts and another hundred pounds to help defray "the expenses of his journey to New York," Washington was ready to leave his home on the Potomac on Thursday the 16th of April. "About 10 o'clock," as he wrote in his diary, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." [1]

Washington had scarcely left his home before he was met by his neighbors and friends of Alexandria, who escorted him into town and gave him an early dinner at Mr. Wise's tavern. The thirteen toasts that were drunk at the dinner seemed to tell the history of the times. "The King of France," "The Federal Constitution — may it be fairly tried," "The Memory of those Martyrs who fell in Vindicating the Rights of America," "American Manufacturers," "American Ladies — may their manners accord with the spirit of the present Government," were a few of the sentiments expressed. "Farewell," said the mayor in behalf of the people of Alexandria. "Go and make a grateful people happy — a people who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this recent sacrifice for their interests." Washington's emotions could with difficulty be concealed. "Unutterable sensations," said he in closing his reply, "must then be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid you all, my affectionate friends and kind neighbors, farewell."

From Alexandria to Georgetown the President was attended by his neighbors and friends and even by children — a company that did "more honor to a man" (so reads a letter of the day from Georgetown) "than all the triumphs that Rome ever beheld; and the person honored is more illustrious than any monarch on the globe." The gentlemen of Georgetown met Washington on the banks of the Potomac and

[1] Martha Washington left Mount Vernon May 19 with her two children. At Baltimore she was met by a body of citizens on horseback, and in the evening she was serenaded and fireworks were discharged in her honor. Seven miles from Philadelphia she was met by ladies in carriages, and a collation was served at Gray's Ferry. Amid the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon she was escorted into Philadelphia in the same carriage with Mrs. Robert Morris, whose guest she was while in Philadelphia. The President met Mrs. Washington at Elizabethport, N. J., in the same barge that was used by him on April 23. As the party approached New York they were saluted with a discharge of thirteen cannon.

accompanied him north until they met the gentlemen from Baltimore. Some miles out of Baltimore the next day a large body of citizens on horseback met the Presidential party, and "under a discharge of cannon" Washington was conducted "through crowds of admiring spectators" to Mr. Grant's tavern. At 6 o'clock he received an address of welcome and was accorded a public reception. Instead of a dinner, for which it was impossible to arrange on such short notice, an invitation to supper was accepted. He retired at a little after 10 o'clock, and at half-past five the next morning, Saturday, he left Baltimore, as he had entered it, amid the firing of artillery. After being conducted seven miles north he alighted from his carriage and insisted that his mounted escort should return home.



RECEPTION OF WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 21, 1789. ("COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

He was met on the borders of Delaware on Sunday by a company from Wilmington, where instead of illuminating the houses, as some wished, even if it was Sunday evening, "the decoration of a vessel in the Delaware opposite to Market street was substituted." Before leaving Wilmington the next morning Washington received an address from the burgesses and common council of the borough. Delaware saw its guest to the Pennsylvania line.

Philadelphia had been preparing a royal welcome. The State authorities had appropriated a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a military escort. Thomas Mifflin, President of the Supreme Executive Council of the State, Richard Peters, Speaker of the Legislature, and the old City Troop of Horse of Philadelphia proceeded as far as the Delaware line. Other troops followed, and early Monday morning, when Washington was met, he received the customary salutes and congratulations and was escorted into Chester, where all breakfasted and rested two hours. On leaving Chester, Washington ordered his carriage to the rear of the line and mounted a beautiful white horse. Charles Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, also on horseback, were near him. As the procession advanced it received large accessions, including a body of Philadelphia citizens, at whose head was the patriot and soldier General Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the North-west Territory.

At Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill, the point next reached, the scene was indeed imposing. The most elaborate preparations had been made. Triumphal arches decorated with laurel and other evergreens; on one side eleven flags with the names of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution; other flags with mottoes like "The Rising Empire," "The New Era," "Don't Tread on Me!" "May Commerce Flourish"; boats in the river gayly trimmed with flags; the cheering of the assembled thousands as the illustrious Washington came down the hill about noon to the ferry — all made the scene a memorable one. When Washington passed under one of the arches a wreath of laurel was lowered upon his brow by Angelica Peale, the young daughter of the artist of the Revolution, Charles Willson Peale.[1] At least twenty thousand people lined the road from Gray's Ferry

1 Related in 1858 to Benson J. Lossing by Miss Peale's brother, Rembrandt Peale.

General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments to the Matrons and young Ladies who received him in so noval & grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. — The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot. The elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion — and the innocent appearance of the White-robed Choir who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions on his remembrance as, he assures them will never be effaced. —

Trenton April 21st
1789

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO THE LADIES OF TRENTON, NOW OWNED BY MRS. CALEB S. GREEN OF TRENTON, N. J.

to Philadelphia, and everywhere the President was saluted with "Long live George Washington!" "Long live the Father of his People!" The procession swelled as he approached the city. There were three regular discharges of thirteen rounds each from the artillery. Salutes were also fired from the beautifully decorated ship *Alliance* and a Spanish merchantman moored in the river. As the procession moved down Market street the bells of Christ Church were rung. Amid unbounded joy Washington was conducted to the historic City Tavern on Second above Walnut street, where a banquet was given him. At the tavern, where were gathered in 1774 the members of the first Continental Congress, now came, besides distinguished citizens, "all the clergy and respectable strangers in the city" to honor the man they loved. "A band of music played during the whole time of the dinner," says one of the newspaper accounts. Three of the fourteen toasts were to "His Most Christian Majesty, our great and good Ally,"[1] "His Catholic

[1] Louis XVI., King of France.

Majesty,"[1] and "The United Netherlands." Nearly every institution in the city presented Washington with an address before he left town at 10 o'clock the next morning.

The city troops intended to escort him to Trenton; but as the morning was rainy, Washington insisted upon declining that honor, for he would not drive in his carriage while the troops on horseback were exposed to the rain. The clouds, however, broke about noon, and at 2 o'clock the party were taken across the Delaware River at Colvin's Ferry. At the Trenton landing he was met by a distinguished party of citizens, a troop of horse, and a company of infantry, and escorted amid the booming of cannon and the huzzas of the people into Trenton village. Horses were provided for Washington and his suite. A memorable sight greeted the procession at the bridge at Assunpink Creek, over which Washington had retreated during the Revolutionary War to fall on the British forces at Princeton. A triumphal arch twenty feet wide and supported by thirteen columns, all entwined with evergreens, was raised over the bridge, upon which was inscribed in large gilt letters: "The Defender of the Mothers will also Protect their Daughters."

Over this inscription on a square ornamented with evergreens and flowers were those historic dates, "December 26, 1776–January 2, 1777," and on the summit was a large sunflower designed to express the motto, "To you alone."[2] The evening before the ball that had just been given at Princeton, the ladies — among whom was Mrs. Annis Stockton, widow of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and sister of Elias Boudinot — had determined to greet in a beautiful and affectionate manner President Washington. The ladies stood at the end of the bridge which Washington first approached, and in front of them were their daughters, in white dresses decorated with leaves and chaplets of flowers. Six of them held baskets of flowers in their hands. When the President was near, the ladies sang the following ode:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more!
Welcome to this grateful shore!
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers.
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

During the singing of the last two lines the ground in front of the President was strewn with flowers by the young ladies. Washington stopped his horse. The scene was truly beautiful, and many were affected to tears.

Washington dined at Samuel Henry's City Tavern in Trenton, and drove to Princeton late in the afternoon to spend the night, it is supposed, with the President of the college, the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, not forgetting to write a note of thanks to the young ladies of Trenton.

At 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 22, Washington left Princeton under military escort and took the old road to New Brunswick,[3] where he was met by the war governor, William Livingston,[4] who drove with him to Woodbridge, where Wednesday night was passed. Thursday, April 23, was an eventful day to Washington. At Bridgeton his military escort was augmented, and as he approached Elizabethtown, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, he received "a Federal salute from the cannon" and stopped at the public-house of Samuel Smith, where he received the congratulations of the town and the committee of Congress. Here he breakfasted, and then waited upon the congressional committee at the residence of Elias Boudinot, chairman of the committee. From Dr. Boudinot's house, he proceeded to Elizabethtown Point under a large civic and military escort, which included companies from Newark and vicinity. At Elizabethtown Point Washington stepped aboard a magnificent barge which had been made to convey him up the bay to New York. The boat cost between two hundred and three hundred pounds and was rowed by thirteen masters of vessels dressed in white uniforms and black caps ornamented with fringes. Commodore James Nicholson[5] was commander and Thomas Randall acted as cockswain. In the President's barge and the six others accompanying were the congressional committee, John Langdon, Charles Carroll, and William Samuel Johnson of the Senate, Elias Boudinot, Theodoric Bland, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Egbert Benson, and John Lawrence of the House; Chancellor Livingston; John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, and Walter Livingston, Commissioners of the Treasury; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General; Colonel Nicholas Fish, Adjutant-General of the forces of New York State; Richard Varick, Recorder of the city; and other dignitaries. A discharge of artillery was given on the em-

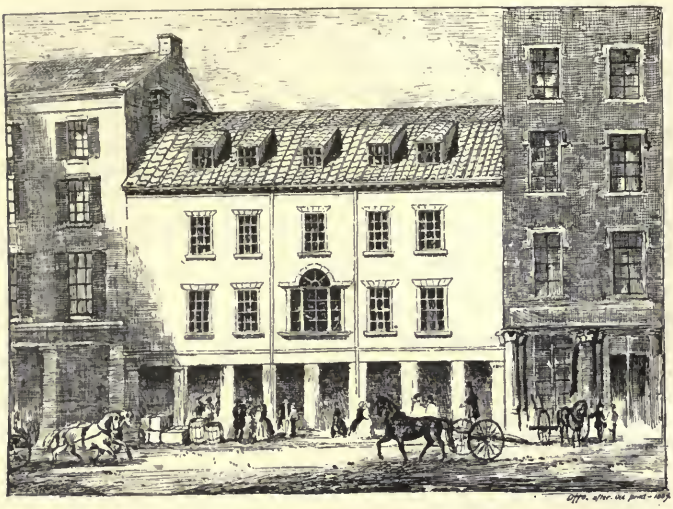
1 Charles IV., King of Spain.

2 This same arch was placed in front of the State House when Lafayette visited Trenton in 1824, and part of the arch is still preserved.

3 Washington had intended to spend Tuesday night at Trenton and Wednesday night at New Brunswick. [Letter written by Washington to committee of Congress, dated Philadelphia, April 20, 1789.]

4 Own cousin to Chancellor Livingston.

5 Father-in-law of Senator William Few of Georgia.



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON, IN PEARL STREET OPPOSITE CEDAR STREET — WASHINGTON'S QUARTERS ON ASSUMING COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN NEW YORK. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

barkation of the President at 12 o'clock. But better than the accounts given in the newspapers is the letter descriptive of the sail up New York harbor to the foot of Wall street, written the next day by Elias Boudinot to his wife:

You must have observed with what a propitious gale we left the shore and glided with steady motion across the Newark Bay, the very water seeming to rejoice in bearing the precious burden over its placid bosom. The appearance of the troops we had left behind and their regular firings added much to our pleasure. When we drew near to the mouth of the Kills a number of boats with various flags came up with us and dropped in our wake. Soon after we entered the bay General Knox and several other officers in a large barge presented themselves with their splendid colors. Boat after boat, sloop after sloop, gayly dressed in all their naval ornaments, added to our train and made a most splendid appearance. Before we got to Bedloe's Island a large sloop came with full sail on our starboard bow, when there stood up about twenty gentlemen and ladies, who with most excellent voices sung an elegant ode, prepared for the purpose, to the tune of "God Save the King,"[1] welcoming their great chief to the seat of government. On its conclusion we saluted them with our hats, and then they with the surrounding boats gave us three cheers. Soon after, another boat came under our stern and presented us with a number of copies of a second ode, and immediately about a dozen gentlemen began to sing it, in parts, as we passed along. Our worthy President was greatly affected with these tokens of profound respect. As we approached the harbor, our train increased, and the huzzaing and shouts of joy seemed to add life to this brilliant scene. At this moment a number of porpoises came playing amongst us as if they had risen up to know what was the cause of all this happiness.

We now discovered the shores to be crowded with thousands of people — men, women, and children; nay, I may venture to say tens of thousands. From the fort to the place of landing, although near half a mile, you could see little else along the shore, in the streets, and on board every vessel but heads standing as thick as ears of corn before the harvest. The vessels in the harbor made a most superb appearance indeed, dressed in all their pomp of attire. The Spanish ship-of-war the *Galveston* in a mo-

[1] New York "Packet," May 1: "Ode sung on the arrival of the President of the United States. Tune, 'God Save, &c.' Composed by Mr. Low:

. . . . . .

Far be the din of arms.
Henceforth the Olive's charms
Shall war preclude;
These shores a head shall own
Unsullied by a throne:
Our much loved Washington,
The Great, the Good."

The New York "Packet" said regarding the singing: "The voices of the ladies were as much superior to the flutes that played with the stroke of the oars in Cleopatra's silken-corded barge as the very superior and glorious water-scene of New York bay exceeds the silvery Cydnus in all its pride."

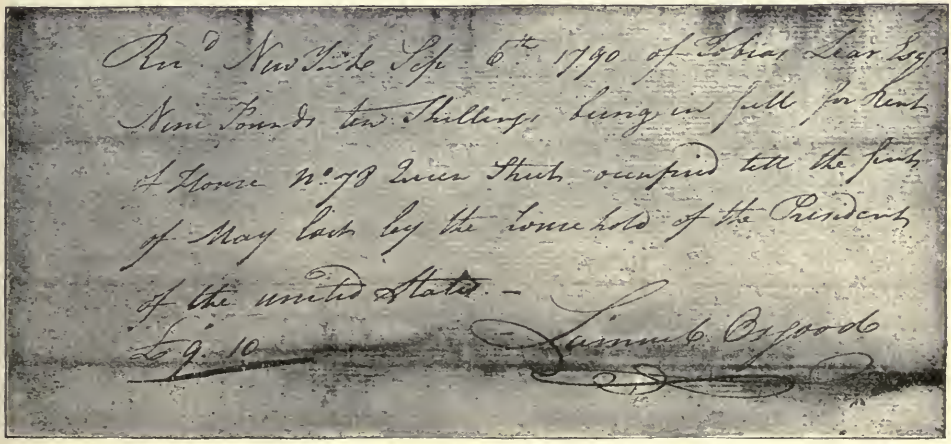


WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, FRANKLIN SQUARE. (FROM A PICTURE MADE IN 1856.)

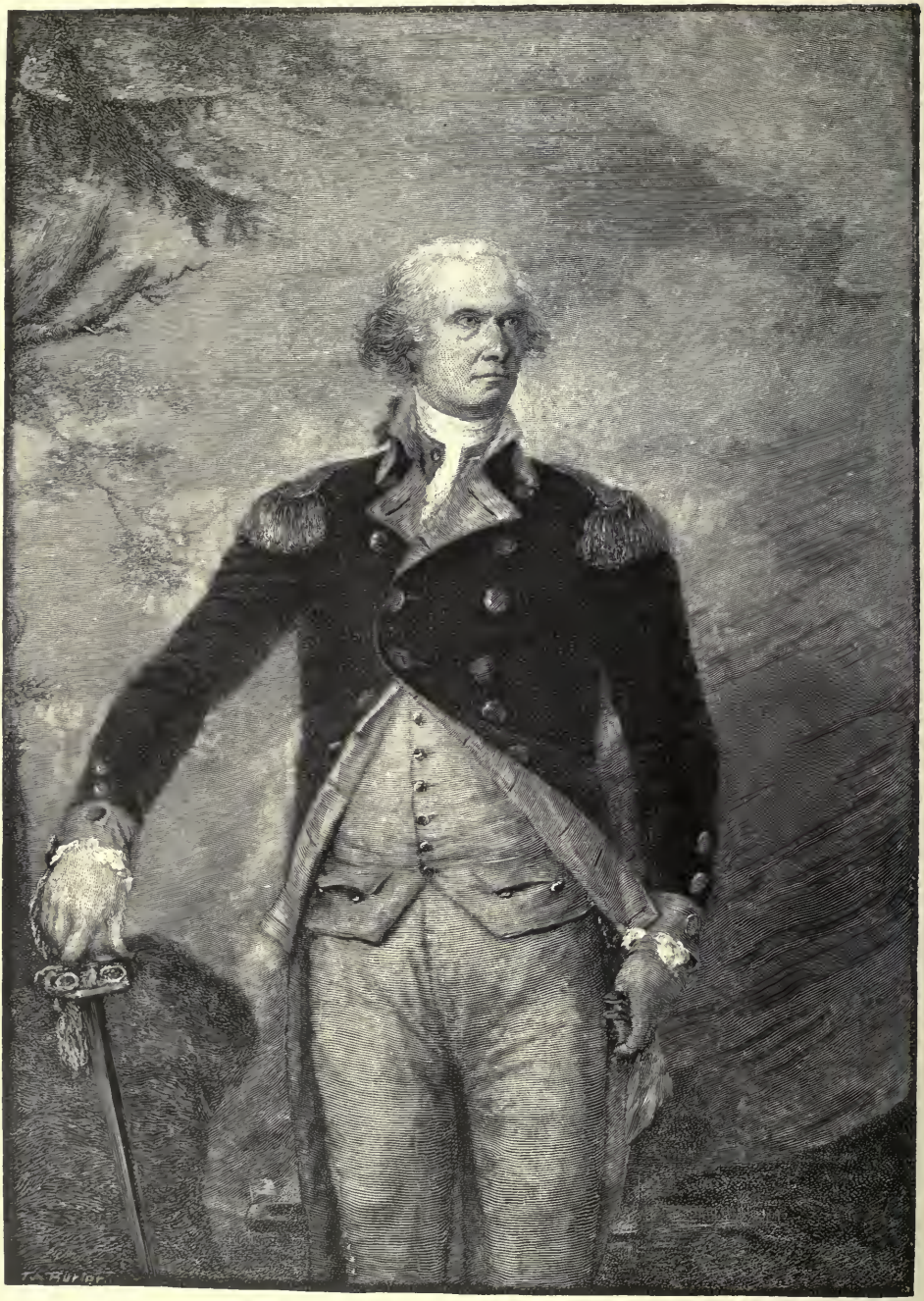


McCOMB HOUSE, ON BROADWAY — WASHINGTON'S SECOND RESIDENCE. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

ment, on a signal given, discovered twenty-seven or twenty-eight different colors, of all nations, on every part of the rigging, and paid us the compliment of thirteen guns, with her yards all manned, as did also another vessel in the harbor, the *North Carolina,* displaying colors in the same manner. We soon arrived at the ferry stairs, where there were many thousands of the citizens waiting with all the eagerness of expectation to welcome our excellent patriot to that shore which he regained from a powerful enemy by his valor and good conduct. We found the stairs covered with carpeting and the rails hung with crimson. The President, being preceded by the committee, was received by the governor and the citizens in the most brilliant manner. He was met on the wharf by many of his old and faithful officers and fellow-patriots, who had borne the heat and burthen of the day with him, who like him had experienced every reverse of fortune with fortitude and patience, and who now joined the universal chorus of welcoming their great deliverer (under Providence) from all their fears. It was with difficulty a passage could be made by the troops through the pressing crowds, who seemed incapable of being satisfied with gazing at this man of the people. You will see the particulars of the procession from the wharf to the house appointed for his residence in the newspapers. The streets were lined with the inhabitants, as thick as they could stand, and it required all the exertions of a numerous train of city officers, with their staves, to make a passage for the company. The houses were filled with gentlemen and ladies, the whole distance being about half a mile, and the windows to the highest stories were illuminated by the sparkling eyes of innumerable companies of ladies, who seemed to vie with each other in showing their joy on this great occasion. It was half an hour before we could finish our commission and convey the President to the house prepared for his residence. As soon as this was done, notwithstanding his great fatigue of both body and mind, he had to receive the gentlemen and officers to a very large number, who wished to show their respect in the most affectionate manner. When this was finished and the people dispersed, we went (undressed) and dined with his Excellency Governor Clinton, who had provided an elegant dinner for us. Thus ended our commission. The evening, though very wet, was spent by all ranks in visiting the city, street after street being illuminated in a superb manner. I cannot help stat-



RECEIPT GIVEN BY OWNER OF HOUSE ON FRANKLIN SQUARE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON IN 1789–90.



GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON. (FROM A PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1791; IN GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

ing now how highly we were favored in the weather. The whole procession had been completely finished and we had repaired to the governor's before it began to rain. When the President was on the wharf an officer came up, and addressing him said he had the honor to command his guard, and that it was ready to obey his orders. The President answered that, as to the present arrangement, he should proceed as was directed, but that after that was over he hoped he would give himself no farther trouble, as the affection of his fellow-citizens (turning to the crowd) was all the guard he wanted.

As the barge drew up to Murray Wharf, near the Coffee House, about 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, cannons were again fired, the bells

of the city began to ring and continued for half an hour. Washington was dressed in a plain suit, consisting of blue coat and buff waistcoat and breeches.

Miss Quincy, looking out of a window in a store on the wharf, wrote:

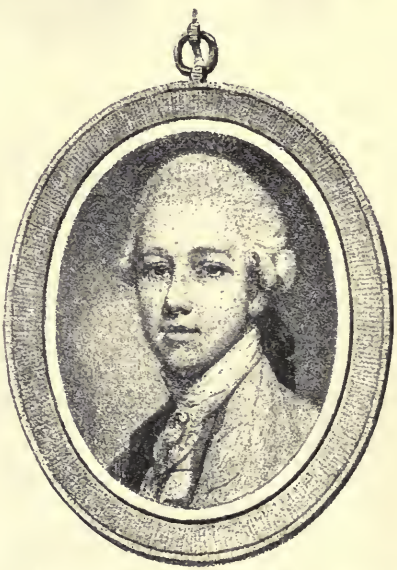
> Carpets were spread to the carriage prepared for him, but he preferred walking through the crowded streets and was attended by Governor Clinton and many officers and gentlemen. He frequently bowed to the multitude and took off his hat to the ladies at the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw flowers before him, and shed tears of joy and congratulations. The whole city was one scene of triumphal rejoicing. His name in every form of decoration appeared on the fronts of the houses,[1] and the streets through which he passed to the governor's mansion were ornamented with flags, silk banners of various colors, wreaths of flowers, and branches of evergreens. Never did any one enjoy such a triumph as Washington, who indeed "read his history in a nation's eyes."

The procession, headed by Colonel Morgan Lewis, consisted of music, a troop of horse, artillery officers off duty, the grenadiers that served as a guard of honor to the President, the governor and officers of the State, the congressional committee, the Mayor and Corporation, the clergy, the French and Spanish ambassadors, and citizens. The whole passed through Queen street,[2] by Governor Clinton's house at the foot of Cedar street, and stopped at the Franklin House, which had been fitted up as a residence for Washington.[3] From 7 till 9 o'clock in the evening, while Washington was dining with a distinguished company at Governor Clinton's house, the city was brilliantly illuminated. The day had indeed been a glorious one. On all sides was heard the expression, "Well, he deserves it all!" and many who were in the crowd said that "they should now die contented, nothing being wanted to complete their happiness, previous to this auspicious period, but the sight of the Savior of his Country."[4] It had been "a day of extravagant joy."

Of the 23d of April Washington wrote in his diary:

> The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board, the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing.

In turning for a moment to the two houses of Congress it should be said that after counting the electoral votes on the 6th of April they at once plunged into the business of preparing rules and orders for themselves, in discussing the tariff,[5] in making a beginning towards or-



RALPH IZARD. (FROM "CORRESPONDENCE OF RALPH IZARD," FRANCIS & CO. 1844.)

1 "God Bless your Reign," etc.

2 Now Pearl street — in 1789 a mile and a half in length, and with buildings from four to six stories high. It was considered a remarkable fact at that time, as the Rev. Manasseh Cutler wrote, that the sides of Queen street within the posts were "laid principally with free stone, sufficiently wide for three persons to walk abreast." (Cutler's Life, Vol. I., p. 306.)

3 This house was owned by Samuel Osgood, one of the Treasury Commissioners, and was until 1856, when the building was taken down, at the junction of Cherry and Pearl streets on Franklin Square. The Franklin House had been occupied by the President of the old Congress, but had been fitted up by order of the new Congress for Washington. For particulars regarding Osgood see "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Vol. II., p. 330. Washington occupied in 1790 a house on Broadway, near Bowling Green, which had been used by the French ambassador and was called the McComb House, and subsequently the Mansion House and Bunker's Hotel.

Washington's Diary, February 1, 1790: "Agreed on Saturday last to take Mr. McComb's house, lately occupied by the Minister of France, for one year from and after the first of May next, and would go into it immediately if Mr. Otto, the present possessor, could be accommodated; and this day sent my secretary to examine the rooms to see how my furniture could be adapted to the respective apartments."

Colonel John May's Journal, April 22, 1788: "Went to see a pile of new buildings, nearly completed, belonging to a Mr. McComb, by far the finest buildings my eyes ever beheld, and I believe they excel any on the continent. In one of the entries I traveled up five flights of stairs — the rail continuous from top to bottom. I still left one flight unexplored."

4 "Gazette of the United States," April 25.

5 The tariff was discussed in the Congress of 1781, but the subject became a most important question in



FRAUNCES TAVERN, ON BROAD AND PEARL STREETS. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL," 1854.)

ganizing the judiciary, in arranging for a house for the President, and in preparations to receive him and the Vice-President in New York. Each day brought new members into Federal Hall. From the second day of April, the day after a quorum had been formed, until the last day of the month, the House of Representatives received nineteen new members, ten of whom it is necessary to mention by name only. Lambert Cadwalader of New Jersey, Isaac Coles of Virginia, Joshua Seney and Benjamin Contee of Maryland, Ædanus Burke,[1] Daniel Huger,[2] and William Smith of South Carolina, Peter Sylvester and John Hathorn of New York, and Jonathan Grout of Massachusetts. Of the other nine, however, something more should be said. Two were noted Pennsylvanians: George Clymer, fifty years old, a signer of the Declaration, and a framer of the Constitution of the United States; and Thomas Fitzsimmons, born in Ireland, forty-eight years old, and a member of the old Congress and of the Constitutional Convention. One of the most distinguished men from the South was Abraham Baldwin of Georgia, thirty-five years old, graduate of and tutor in Yale College, chaplain in the Revolution, lawyer, founder and president of the University of Georgia, member of the Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention, and afterwards United States senator. The remainder in the list of representatives who were present at the inauguration of Washington were George Partridge of Massachusetts, forty-nine years old, graduate of Harvard, delegate to the Continental Congress; John Lawrence of New York, born in England thirty-nine years before, lawyer, soldier during the entire Revolution, member of the old Congress; Egbert Benson of New York, forty-two, graduate of Columbia College, member of the Continental Congress, and first president of the New York Historical Society; Thomas Sinnickson of New Jersey, a man of classical education and a captain in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; James Jackson of Georgia, native of England, thirty-one years old, Revolutionary soldier, lawyer, and afterwards United States senator; and William Floyd of New York, fifty-five, a member of the old Congress for nine years, and one of the immortal band of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Six senators made their appearance in the Senate Chamber in the interval between the formal organization and the inauguration of Washington: Ralph Izard of South Carolina, Charles Carroll and John Henry of Maryland, George Read of Delaware, Tristram Dalton of Massachusetts, and James Gunn of Georgia. Of these it should be said that Henry was a Princeton graduate, member of the old Congress, and governor of Maryland; and Read was a lawyer of fifty-five, who enjoyed the distinction, as a delegate of the Congress of 1774, of having signed the petition to George III., as a member of the Congress of 1776, the Declaration, and as a member of the Federal Convention of 1787, the Constitution. Izard, educated at Christ College, Cambridge, was forty-seven. While in England he endeavored without success to impress upon the British ministry

1785 in Virginia and Maryland, in connection with the navigation of the Potomac. The discussion of the question led to the Annapolis Convention in 1786, which resulted in the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The first Congress under the Constitution discussed at length the tariff question under the leadership of Madison. To Madison is due the greatest credit for following up the question to the logical result of forming a new government out of the United States. The tariff was chiefly discussed in the new Congress by Madison, Sherman, Fitzsimmons, Boudinot, Bland, Lee, White, Thacher, Tucker, Hartley, and Lawrence. [N. Y. "Packet," April 10, 1789; "James Madison," by Sidney Howard Gay, pp. 54-62.]

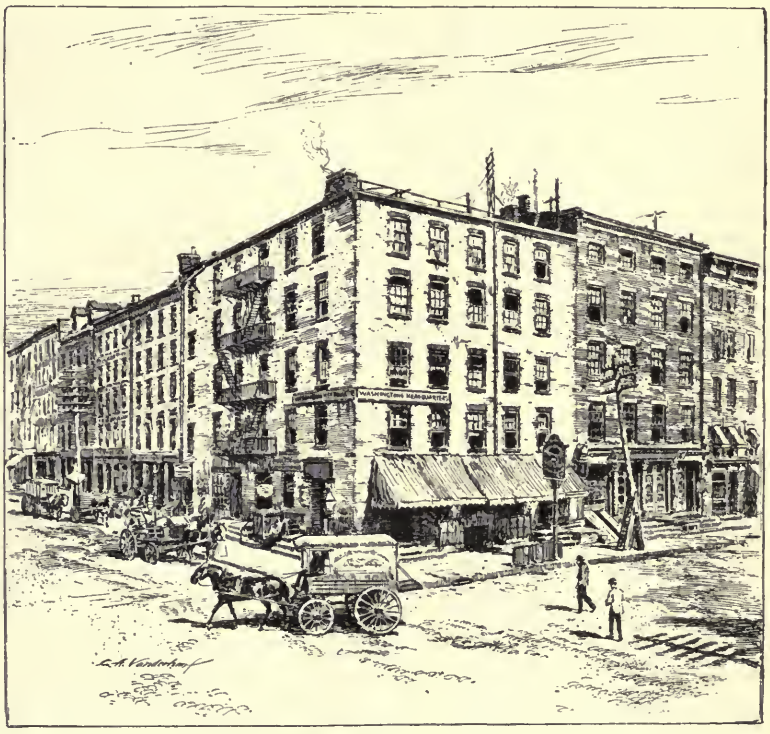
1 Burke was born in Ireland in 1743, and was widely known on account of a pamphlet he wrote against the Society of the Cincinnati.

2 Member of the Continental Congress.

the folly of the policy towards the American colonies. He always refused the honor of a presentation at court, because he would have been obliged to bow the knee, which he never would do, he said, to mortal man. While in Europe he was appointed by the Continental Congress commissioner to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. When the agent of South Carolina was sent abroad to purchase ships of war, Ralph Izard pledged the whole of his ample fortune as security for payment.[1]

It was a proud distinction of the first Congress under the Constitution that one of its members was Charles Carroll of Carrollton — fifty-two years old, educated at several universities in Europe, the wealthiest man in the colonies at the breaking out of the Revolution, the great advocate of liberty, the survivor of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence.[2]

On the very day that Washington arrived in New York a discussion took place in the Senate regarding the manner of receiving the President. Thereupon John Adams asked what title should be used in addressing the Chief Magistrate — "Mr. Washington," "Mr. President," "Sir," or "May it please your Excellency."[3] A committee was appointed to confer with the House on the subject and also on the subject of the inauguration ceremonies, and the joint committee decided that the title should simply be, "The President of the United States." The Senate disagreed, and the new committee reported in favor of the title, "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties." The Senate accepted the report and the House rejected it, and the agitation of the subject was allowed to drop.[4]



FRAUNCES TAVERN IN 1889.

1 Izard married in 1767 the beautiful Alice De Lancey, niece of the lieutenant-governor of the Province of New York, and while in America was in the habit of spending his winters in South Carolina and his summers in New York.

2 He died in 1832, aged 95.

3 "James Madison," by Gay, pp. 129–134.

4 The question of titles, however, as Madison wrote to Jefferson, "became a serious one in the two houses. J. Adams espoused the cause of titles with great earnestness. His friend R. H. Lee, although elected as a republican enemy to an aristocratic Constitution, was a most zealous second. . . . Had the project succeeded, it would have subjected the President to a serious dilemma and given a deep wound to our infant Government." And Senator William Grayson of Virginia wrote to Patrick Henry, New York, June 12, 1789 (*vide* Lyon G. Tyler's "Letters and Times of the Tylers," Vol. I., p. 169): "Is it not still stranger that John Adams, the son of a tinker, and the creature of the people, should be for titles and dignities and pre-eminences, and should despise the herd and the ill-born? It is said he was the *primum nobile* in the Senate for the titles for the President, in hopes that in the scramble he might get a slice for himself."

A letter by John Armstrong to General Gates, dated New York, April 7, 1789 (Griswold's "Republican Court," pp. 122, 123), says: "All the world here are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President in his approach and on his arrival. Even Roger Sherman has set his head at work to devise some style of address more novel and dignified than 'Excellency.' Yet, in the midst of this admiration, there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions. It repre-

The arrangements for the inauguration proceeded rapidly. In the preliminary report of the congressional committee of arrangements, offered on Saturday, the 25th of April, it was declared that the President should be formally received by both houses in the Senate Chamber on Thursday, the 30th of April, and that both houses should then move into the Representatives' Chamber, where the oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York. Two days later the place for taking the oath was changed to the "outer gallery adjoining the Senate Chamber," and it was decided that the President, the Vice-President, and both houses should proceed after the ceremony to St. Paul's Church to hear divine service.

The idea of holding services in St. Paul's Church created considerable discussion. Senator William Maclay of Pennsylvania said in his journal, on the Monday before the inauguration:

> A new arrangement was reported from the joint committee of ceremonies. This is an endless business. Lee offered a motion to the chair that after the President was sworn (which now is to be in the gallery opposite the Senate Chamber) the Congress should accompany him to St. Paul's Church and attend divine service. This had been agitated in the joint committee, but Lee said expressly *that they would not agree to it.* I opposed it as an improper business, after it had been in the hands of the joint committee and rejected, as I thought this a certain method of creating a dissension between the houses.

The question of holding services on the day of the inauguration had been agitated by the clergymen in town.[1] When Bishop Provoost was applied to on the subject he replied, so Ebenezer Hazard wrote, that the Church of England "had always been used to look up to Government upon such occasions, and he thought it prudent not to do anything till they knew what Government would direct. If the good bishop never prays without an order from Government," added Hazard, "it is not probable that the kingdom of heaven will suffer much from his violence." It must have been a relief to Bishop Provoost, therefore, when Congress agreed to the services in St. Paul's Church.[2]

Meanwhile Washington had been waited upon by the two houses of Congress, who offered him their congratulations. Similar congratulatory calls were made by other bodies, including the Chamber of Commerce, whose members met at the Coffee House at half-past eleven o'clock one morning, and proceeded to the presidential mansion, where they were introduced by John Broome, the president of the Chamber.

The long-expected day was now at hand. The copestone was about to be placed on the structure the foundations of which had been laid thirteen years before. It was the 30th of April, 1789, and the first President of the United States was to take the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution. Crowds were pouring into New York. "For nearly a fortnight," wrote Griswold, "the taverns and boarding-houses in the city had been thronged with visitors, and now every private house was filled with guests, from all parts of the Union, assembled to witness the imposing ceremonial which was to complete the organization of the Government. 'We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do,' wrote Miss Bertha Ingersoll to Miss McKean; 'Mr. Williamson had promised to engage us rooms at Fraunces's,[3] but that was jammed long ago, as was every other public house; and now, while we were waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's in Maiden Lane till after dinner, two of our beaus are running about town, determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be opened for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches.'"

With a discharge of artillery at sunrise from old Fort George near Bowling Green began the ceremonies of the day. At 9 the bells of the churches rang for half an hour, and the congregations gathered in their respective places of worship "to implore the blessings of Heaven upon their new Government, its favor and protection to the President, and success and acceptance to his Administration." The military were meanwhile preparing to parade, and at 12 o'clock marched before the President's house on Cherry street. A part of the procession came

sents the General mounted on an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy Humphreys [Colonel David Humphreys, aide-de-camp, who accompanied Washington from Mount Vernon to New York] leading the jack, and chanting hosannas and birthday odes. The following couplet proceeds from the mouth of the devil:

> "'The glorious time has come to pass
> When David shall conduct an ass.'"

1 The Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, Presbyterian, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Episcopal bishop, and the Rev. Dr. William Linn, Presbyterian, and afterwards Low Dutch, were made chaplains of Congress. Dr. Provoost was Bishop of New York from 1787 to 1801.

2 The Senate agreed to the St. Paul's service April 27, and the House April 29.

3 Fraunces Tavern, built in 1710. In this house was instituted in 1768 the New York Chamber of Commerce, with John Cruger as president, and the same place was Washington's headquarters in 1783. Here, too, Washington bade farewell to his officers, December 4, 1783. The building is still standing at 101 Broad street, corner of Pearl street.



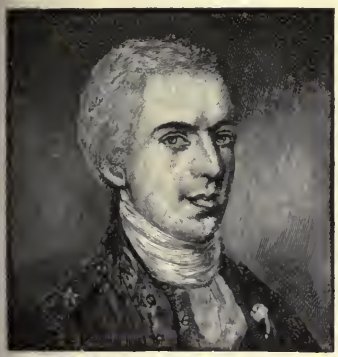
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



C. THOMSON. (LENT BY DR. T. A. EMMET.)



JOHN ADAMS. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



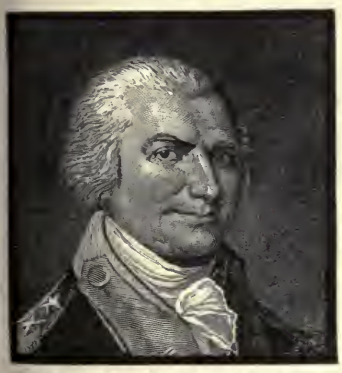
SAMUEL WEBB. (LENT BY GEN. A. S. WEBB.)



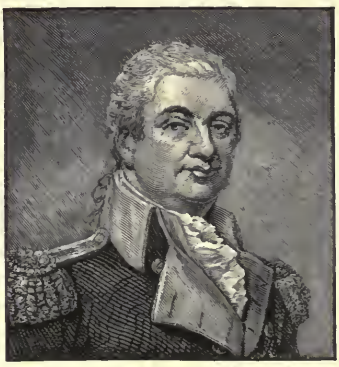
NICHOLAS FISH. (LENT BY HON. HAMILTON FISH.)



PHILIP SCHUYLER. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



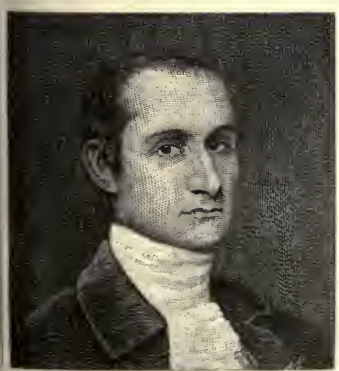
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



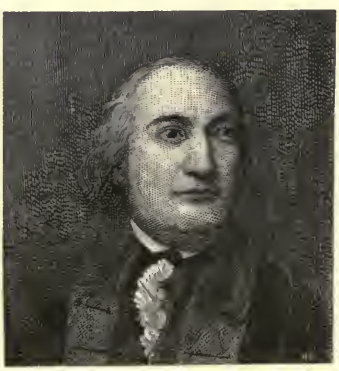
HENRY KNOX. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



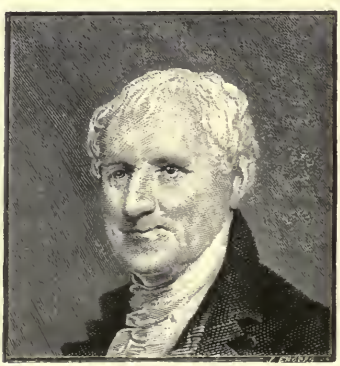
MORGAN LEWIS. (PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



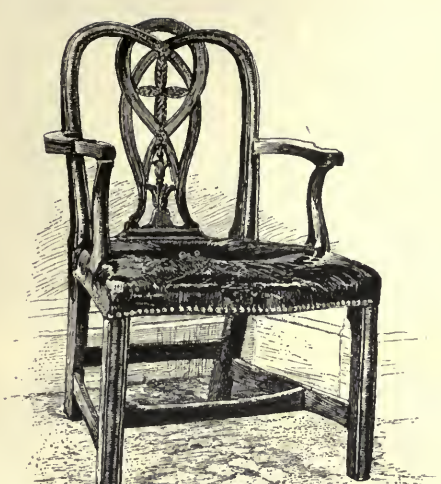
JOHN JAY. (PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT, 1788. PRESENTED TO N. Y. HIST. SOC. BY JOHN PINTARD, 1817.)



STEUBEN. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



EGBERT BENSON. (AFTER ENGRAVING BY CHARLES SENT FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, N. Y. HIST. SOC.)



CHAIR USED BY WASHINGTON AT HIS INAUGURATION, NEW YORK CITY. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. B. SOUTHWICK.)

direct from Federal Hall. Following Captain Stakes with his troop of horse were the "assistants"— General Samuel Blatchley Webb,[1] Colonel William S. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Fish,[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, Major L'Enfant, Major Leonard Bleecker,[3] and Mr. John R. Livingston. Following the assistants were Egbert Benson, Fisher Ames, and Daniel Carroll, the committee of the House of Representatives; Richard Henry Lee, Ralph Izard, and Tristram Dalton, the committee of the Senate; John Jay, General Henry Knox, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, Walter Livingston, the heads of the three great departments; and gentlemen in carriages and citizens on foot. The full procession left the presidential mansion at half-past twelve o'clock and proceeded to Federal Hall via Queen street,[4] Great Dock, and Broad street. Colonel Morgan Lewis[5] as Grand Marshal, attended by Majors Van Horne and Jacob Morton as aides-de-camp, led the way. Then followed the troop of horse; the artillery; the two companies of grenadiers; a company of light infantry and the battalion men; a company in the full uniform of Scotch Highlanders with the national music of the bagpipe; the sheriff, Robert Boyd, on horseback; the Senate committee; the President in a state coach, drawn by four horses, and attended by the assistants and civil officers; Colonel Humphreys and Tobias Lear,[6] in the President's own carriage; the committee of the House; Mr. Jay, General Knox, Chancellor Livingston; his Excellency the Count de Moustier, and his Excellency Don Diegode Gardoqui, the French and Spanish ambassadors; other gentlemen of distinction, and a multitude of citizens. The two companies of grenadiers attracted much attention. One, composed of the tallest young men in the city, were dressed "in blue with red facings and gold-laced ornaments, cocked hats with white feathers, with waistcoats and breeches and white gaiters, or spatterdashes, close buttoned from the shoe to the knee and covering the shoe-buckle. The second, or German company, wore blue coats with yellow waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters similar to those already described, and towering caps, cone shaped and faced with black bear skin."

When the military, which amounted to "not more than five hundred men," and whose "appearance was quite pretty," arrived within two hundred yards of Federal Hall, at 1 o'clock, they were drawn up on each side, and Washington and the assistants and the gentlemen especially invited passed through the lines and proceeded to the Senate Chamber of the "Federal State House." The building had been

1 Aide-de-camp to Generals Putnam and Washington, Colonel 3d Connecticut Regiment, and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. After the Revolutionary War, General Webb settled in New York and lived at 25 Broadway, and "was a leader of fashion and one of the most elegant men of the day." David S. Jones told the late James Watson Webb that one of his "amusements as a boy was regularly and daily to watch Gouverneur Morris and General Samuel Webb make their appearance about midday from the fashionable barber shop of the city, near Courtlandt street, and with powdered hair and hats in hand commence their daily walk on the fashionable lounge which extended from Courtlandt street to Morris street on the west side of Broadway, the front of old Trinity being the point of attraction where the loungers most lingered." [Reminiscences of General Samuel B. Webb, by his son J. Watson Webb. Privately printed.]

2 He was Major of the 2d New York Regiment and brigade inspector, and "possessed to a high degree the confidence of Washington, Schuyler, Lafayette, and Hamilton, and with the army the character of an excellent disciplinarian and a gallant soldier." (John Schuyler's "The Society of the Cincinnati of New York," p. 202.) The inscription on the tablet to his memory in St. Mark's Church, New York City, is:

"NICHOLAS FISH,
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army of the American Revolution.
Born August 28, 1758; Died June 20, 1833.
The Faithful Soldier of Christ and of his Country."

Colonel Fish was the father of Hon. Hamilton Fish.

3 In battles of Long Island and Princeton, and at surrender of Yorktown.

4 Now Pearl street.

5 Born October 16, 1754; died April 7, 1844. A graduate of Princeton, student in the law office of John Jay, Revolutionary patriot, and afterwards governor of New York. He was present at the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration in 1839, when the oration was delivered by John Quincy Adams, and the ode, sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," was written by William Cullen Bryant.

6 The President's private secretary.

crowded since 10 o'clock, and when the Senate met at half-past eleven all was excitement. The minutest details were considered matters of gravest moment. In the most solemn manner John Adams said: "Gentlemen, I wish for the direction of the Senate. The President will, I suppose, address the Congress. How shall I behave? How shall we receive it? Shall it be standing or sitting?" Then began a long discussion. Richard Henry Lee had been in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords and before the King, and the result of his information was that "the Lords sat and the Commons stood on the delivery of the King's speech." Then Ralph Izard, who had also visited Parliament, made this "sagacious discovery, that the Commons stood because they had no seats to sit, on being arrived at the House of Lords." John Adams replied that he had been in Parliament too; but "there was always such a crowd and *ladies along*, he could not see how it was." Then the Senate drifted off into a discussion as to the manner of receiving the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and during the discussion the Speaker and the House arrived at the Senate door. Confusion reigned. Members left their seats. When Lee rose to speak again he could not be heard. At last the lower House entered the Senate Chamber, and there the two houses sat for an hour and ten minutes. The delay was owing to the Senate committee, "Lee, Izard, and Dalton, who," said Senator Maclay, "had staid with us until the Speaker came in, instead of going to attend the President." At last the joint committee of the two houses, preceded by their chairman, introduced Washington, who advanced between the senators and representatives, bowing to each. He was at once conducted to the chair by John Adams. On the right were the Vice-President and the Senate, and on Washington's left the Speaker and the House of Representatives. The Vice-President then said that "the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States were ready to attend him to take the oath required by the Constitution, and that it would be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York." The President replied that he was ready to proceed, and was immediately conducted to the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, which looked out upon Broad street.

Miss Eliza Quincy wrote:

> I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and the roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the center of it was placed a table with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this, on a crimson velvet cushion, lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, where at the appointed hour Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, who was to administer the oath, by John Adams, Vice-President, Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. By the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance on the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome. His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the



ROGER SHERMAN. (AFTER AN ETCHING BY A. ROSENTHAL OWNED BY THE CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, FROM A PAINTING BY EARLE IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

> front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an armchair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed in profound silence. After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath, according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the table. Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible and raised it to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The President again bowed to the people, and then retired from a scene such as the proudest monarch never enjoyed.

Besides Adams, Clinton, and Livingston, who stood near Washington on the balcony, were Roger Sherman and Richard Henry Lee, Generals Henry Knox and Arthur St. Clair, Baron Steuben[1] and Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, and in the rear the senators, representatives, and other distinguished officials. Alexander Hamilton viewed the cere-

[1] President and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati.



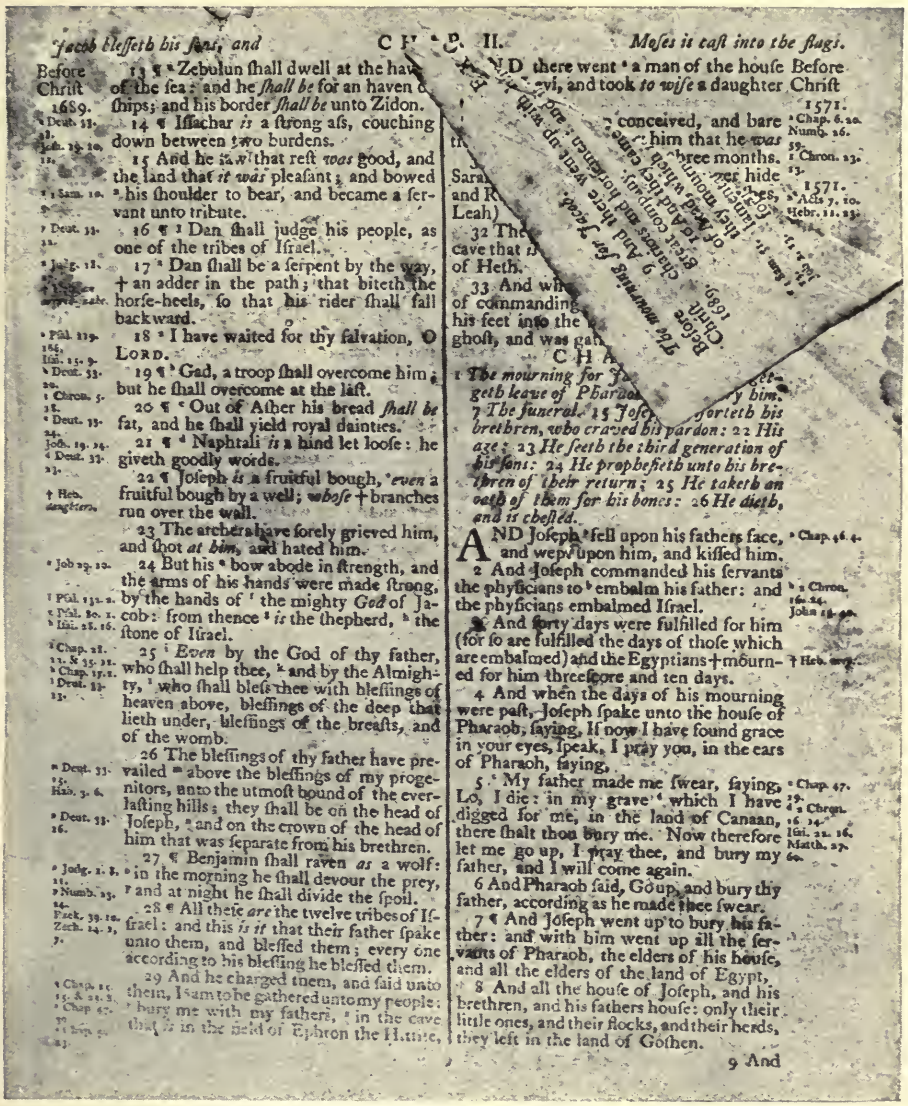
PAGES UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH ON INAUGURATION

mony from his residence opposite, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets.

Washington was dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth manufactured in Hartford, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, and "with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and plain silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day and worn in a bag and solitaire."[1] Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, thirteen years before, was dressed in a full suit of black cloth and wore the robe of office.[2] Just before the oath was

[1] Irving's "Life of Washington," Vol. IV., p. 474. Irving told Dr. Francis and Rufus W. Griswold that he remembered as a boy of six looking from the corner of New and Wall streets upon the inauguration scene. (Griswold's "Republican Court," p. 142.) John Randolph of Virginia, then a boy of sixteen, was also present, and afterwards wrote, "I saw the coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789." See also Dunlap, "School History," Vol. II., p. 263. Regarding the clothes of the President, the following is taken from the New York "Journal and Weekly Advertiser" of May 7, 1789: "The President on the day of his inauguration appeared dressed in a complete suit of homespun clothes, but the cloth was of so fine a fabric and so handsomely finished that it was universally mistaken for a foreign manufactured superfine cloth."

[2] The ancestor of the Livingstons in this country was John Livingston, a preacher of the Reformed Church of Scotland, who was banished in 1663 for non-con-



Jacob blesseth his sons, and CHAP. II. Moses is cast into the flags.

Before Christ 1689. 13 ¶ Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea: and he *shall be* for an haven of ships; and his border *shall be* unto Zidon.
14 ¶ Issachar *is* a strong ass, couching down between two burdens.
15 And he saw that rest *was* good, and the land that *it was* pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.
16 ¶ Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel.
17 Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse-heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.
18 I have waited for thy salvation, O LORD.
19 ¶ Gad, a troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last.
20 ¶ Out of Asher his bread *shall be* fat, and he shall yield royal dainties.
21 ¶ Naphtali *is* a hind let loose: he giveth goodly words.
22 ¶ Joseph *is* a fruitful bough, *even* a fruitful bough by a well; *whose* branches run over the wall.
23 The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot *at him*, and hated him.
24 But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the mighty *God* of Jacob: from thence *is* the shepherd, the stone of Israel.
25 *Even* by the God of thy father, who shall help thee, and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb.
26 The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors, unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.
27 ¶ Benjamin shall raven *as a* wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.
28 ¶ All these *are* the twelve tribes of Israel: and this *is it* that their father spake unto them, and blessed them; every one according to his blessing he blessed them.
29 And he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers, in the cave that *is* in the field of Ephron the Hittite,

Before Christ 1571. ND there went a man of the house of Levi, and took *to wife* a daughter conceived, and bare him that he *was* three months. her hide Sara and R Leah) 32 The cave that of Heth. 33 And wh of commanding his feet into the ghost, and was ga

CHA

The mourning for Ja… geth leave of Pharao… y him. 7 The funeral. 15 Jose… forteth his brethren, who craved his pardon: 22 His age: 23 He seeth the third generation of his sons: 24 He prophesieth unto his brethren of their return: 25 He taketh an oath of them for his bones: 26 He dieth, and is chested.

AND Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him.
2 And Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father: and the physicians embalmed Israel.
3 And forty days were fulfilled for him (for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed) and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days.
4 And when the days of his mourning were past, Joseph spake unto the house of Pharaoh, saying, If now I have found grace in your eyes, speak, I pray you, in the ears of Pharaoh, saying,
5 My father made me swear, saying, Lo, I die: in my grave which I have digged for me, in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me. Now therefore let me go up, I pray thee, and bury my father, and I will come again.
6 And Pharaoh said, Go up, and bury thy father, according as he made thee swear.
7 ¶ And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt,
8 And all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house: only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen.
9 And

DAY. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY.)

to be administered it was discovered that no Bible was in Federal Hall. Luckily Livingston, a Grand Master of Free Masons, knew that there was one at St. John's Lodge in the City Assembly Rooms near by,[1] and a messenger[2] was dispatched to borrow the Bible, which is

formity with prelatical rule. He died at Rotterdam in 1672. A son named Robert emigrated from Holland, settled in Albany in 1675, and became lord of Livingston Manor. A grandson of the last named was Robert R. Livingston, a member of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765. Robert R. Livingston's eldest son was Chancellor Livingston, a graduate of King's (Columbia) College, law partner of John Jay, under the Crown recorder of New York City, delegate to Congress in 1776, Chancellor of the State of New York from 1777 to 1801, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederation from 1781 to 1783, Minister Plenipotentiary to France at the time of the cession of Louisiana by France to the United States in 1803, and the originator, with Fulton, of steam navigation, which resulted in the launching of the *Clermont* on the Hudson in 1807. Livingston was called by Franklin "the Cicero of America." He died February 26, 1813. The two statues which the State of New York is entitled by Congress to have in the Capitol at Washington are those of Governor George Clinton and Chancellor Livingston. See "Biographical Sketch of Robert R. Livingston," read before the New York Historical Society, October 3, 1876, by the President, Frederick De Peyster.

1 Where the Boreel building now stands on Broadway.

2 This messenger was Major Jacob Morton, the Grand Secretary of the Masonic Fraternity of New York State, and also, as above stated, aide-de-camp to the Grand Marshal, Colonel Morgan Lewis. [Statement of Colonel Ehlers, Grand Secretary of Masonic Fraternity, New York State.]

to-day the property of St. John's Lodge No. 1, the third oldest Masonic lodge in the United States.[1]

Secretary Otis of the Senate held before him a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. "You do solemnly swear," said Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." "I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred Book, and with the deepest feeling uttered the words, "So help me God!" The Chancellor then proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"[2] The instant discharge of thirteen cannon followed, and with loud repeated shouts and huzzas the people cried, "God bless our Washington; long live our beloved President!" The President bowed to the people, and the air again rang with acclamations. Washington, followed by the company at the balcony, now returned to the Senate Chamber, where he took his seat and the senators and representatives their seats. When Washington arose to speak all stood and listened "with eager and marked attention."

Said Senator Maclay, who heard the inaugural address:[3]

> This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of dancing-masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plain manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper; for I feel hurt that he was not first in everything.

Fisher Ames, who also heard Washington's address, wrote:

> It was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention — added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I, Pilgarlic, sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified as addressing those whom she would make her votaries.

1 The Bible is bound in red morocco with gilt ornamentation and edges and silver clasps, and is 11 inches high, 9 wide, and 3½ thick. On the obverse and reverse covers are two inscriptions very nearly alike, the first of which is as follows:

GOD SHALL ESTABLISH
ST. JOHNS LODGE CONSTITUTED
5757
REBUILT AND OPENED
NOVEMBER 28 5770.
OFFICERS THEN PRESIDING
JONATHAN HAMPTON M
WILLIAM BUTLER S W
ISAAC HERON J W

The reverse cover is shown with first page of this article. The binding may be by Roger Payne.

The Bible was published in London by Mark Baskett in 1767 and contains a large picture of George II., besides being handsomely illustrated with biblical scenes. The page of the Bible which Washington kissed is also indicated by the leaf being turned down. A copperplate engraving explanatory of the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis is on the opposite page. On one of the fly-leaves is the following description of what was done on April 30, 1789 — written so indistinctly that it is almost impossible to photograph it:

On Sacred | A picture of Stuart's Washington. | This Volume,

On the 30th day of April, A. M. 5789,
In the City of New York,
was administered to
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
The first President of the United States of America,
The Oath!
To support the Constitution of the United States.

This important ceremony was
Performed by the most worshipful Grand Master of
Free and Accepted Masons,
Of the State of New York,
The Honorable
Robert R. Livingston,
Chancellor of the State.

Fame stretched her wings and with her trumpet blew:
"Great Washington is near — what praise is due?
What title shall he have?" She paused — and said:
"Not one — his name alone strikes every title dead."

2 Captain Van Dyck was stationed in Broadway at the head of Wall street with orders to fire the salute as soon as the waving of the signal-flag from Federal Hall indicated that the oath had been administered. At the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration Captain Van Dyck was living, and gave the following account of the firing of the salute to the editor of the New York *Spectator*, who said, in his issue of April 30, 1839:

> Captain Van Dyck still survives, and we had the pleasure of a call from the veteran on Saturday. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, and has been an officer in the Custom-house twenty-five years, the duties of which he yet discharges. He mentioned to us that when Colonel Lewis gave him the order for the salute, he inquired, "But who is to pay for the glass I shall break?" "I will," replied the colonel. At the discharge of every gun, the captain says he could hear the jingle of the glass from the shattered windows. At the corner of the streets (Broadway and Wall) was a silversmith's shop owned by a Mr. Forbes, having large bow windows. From these the panes jingled merrily. Mr. Forbes ran into the street and implored the captain to desist firing, but, of course, to no purpose. The captain gave him a rebuke, which sent him back to his shop. "Who," he demanded, "would refuse a salvo of artillery on such an occasion, for a few paltry squares of window glass?" and from that day afterward the captain says he heard no more of the broken glass.

3 Madison helped Washington prepare his inaugural speech, and the reply to that speech by the House was also drawn by Madison. (See Rives's "Life and Times of James Madison," and Washington's letter to Madison, dated May 5, 1789.)



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, FROM CHURCH STREET.

Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect.

After delivering his address, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Speaker, the two houses of Congress, and all who attended the inauguration ceremony, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church. The same order was preserved as in the procession from the President's house to Federal Hall. The military "made a good figure" as they lined the street near the church. The services in the church were conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York.

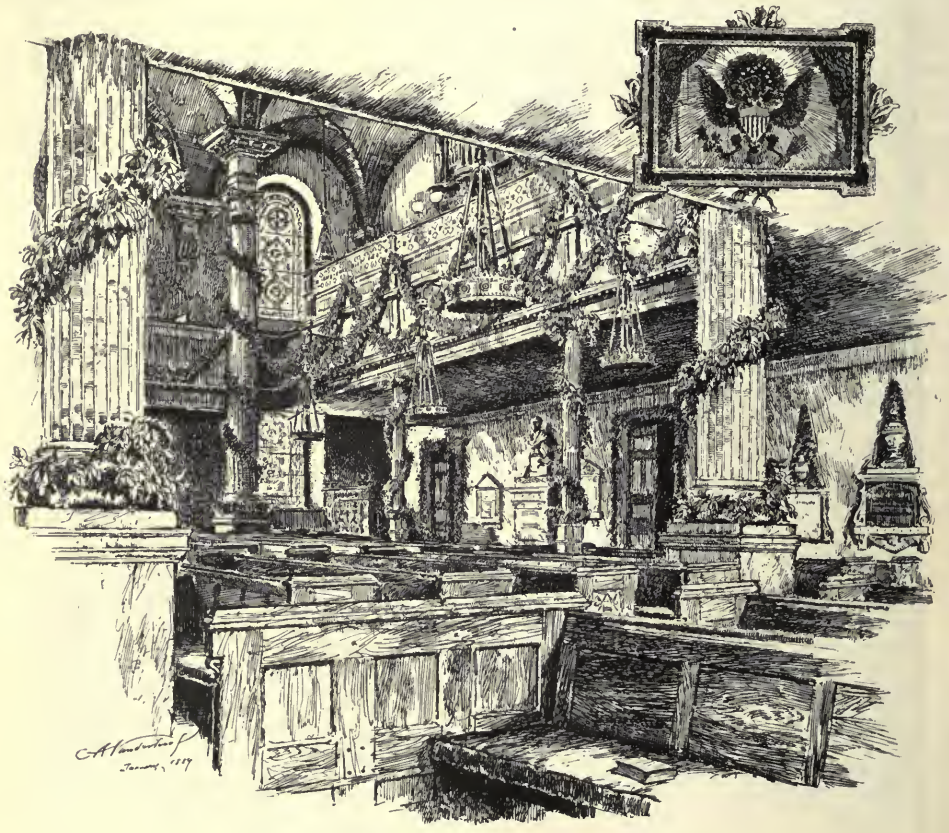
Said Fisher Ames, in the letter already quoted:

> I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you, that after making all deductions for the delusion of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspired to keep up the awe I brought with me.

After prayers had been read and the "Te Deum" sung, Washington entered the state coach and was escorted home.

That evening there was a gorgeous display of fireworks, provided through private subscriptions. There were illuminations of private residences and transparencies in front of the theater on John street, and at Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane. The ship *Carolina* in the harbor, which at sunset had discharged thirteen cannon, formed a beautiful pyramid of stars. But the largest crowds were gathered in the lower part of Broadway, where were the residences of Senator Izard, Chancellor Livingston, and the French and Spanish ambassadors. From Livingston's house the fireworks were watched by Washington, who had driven there with Colonel Humphreys and Secretary Lear. Colonel Sebastian Bauman, who as commander of the State Regiment of Artillery had been busy through the day, superintended the fireworks from Fort George, opposite Bowling Green. With a flight of thirteen rockets and the discharge of thirteen cannon the fireworks began and ended. In the two-hours' interval was a display of fire-trees, tourbillions, Chinese fountains of fire, crackers, serpents, paper-shells, cascades, Italian candles, and fire-letters in memory of the day. But listen to Colonel John May, whose letter to his wife describes the illuminations of the evening:

The Spanish ambassador's house was illuminated so as to represent Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, Sun, Moon, Stars, and Spanish Arms, etc. The French ambassador also illuminated handsomely. Federal Hall also presented a fine appearance. The likeness of our hero, illuminated, was presented in the window of a house at a little distance — the best likeness I have yet seen of him; so much like him that one could hardly distinguish it from life excepting for the situation, over a beer-house, a place he never frequents. The best thing of all was a picture of the United States, the President at full length the central figure; on his right, Justice; over his head, Fortitude; on his left, Wisdom. High over his head were two female figures in gay colors and supporting on their arms the American Eagle. The fireworks were brilliant and greeted with tumultuous applause.



WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

At 10 o'clock Washington returned home on foot, "the throng of people being so great as not to permit a carriage to pass through it."

On the morning after the inauguration the

President received calls from Vice-President Adams, Governor Clinton, John Jay, General Henry Knox, Ebenezer Hazard, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, the French and Spanish ambassadors, "and a great many other persons of distinction." But Tuesday and Friday afternoons, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, were appointed by the President for receiving formal visits. He discouraged complimentary calls on other days, and particularly on Sunday. The ball which it was intended to give on the evening of Inauguration Day was postponed that the wife of the President might attend. But when it was learned that she would not arrive in New York until the last of May, it was decided to give the ball on the evening of Thursday, May 5.[1] It was a brilliant assembly. Besides the President, Vice-President, many members of Congress, the governor and the foreign ministers, there were present Chancellor Livingston, John Jay, General Knox, Chief-Justice Yates of New York State, James Duane (the mayor), Baron Steuben, General Hamilton, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Lynch, the Marchioness de Bréhan,[2] Lady Stirling and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Temple, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Provoost, the Misses Livingston, and the Misses Bayard. About three hundred were present. It is related that the President, who had danced repeatedly while Commander-in-Chief, danced in the cotillon and the minuet at this ball. "The company retired about 2 o'clock, after having spent a most agreeable evening. Joy, satisfaction, and vivacity was expressed in every countenance, and every pleasure seemed to be heightened by the presence of *a Washington*."

Washington's correspondence at the beginning of his presidency shows how strong was his conviction of duty, and how great were the difficulties surrounding him. But modesty, fidelity, and patriotism were virtues too strong to be resisted. The nobility of his character overcame all obstacles. "The cares and labors of the President," said Fisher Ames, "were incessant; his exhortations, example, and authority were employed to excite zeal and activity for the public service; able officers were selected only for their merits, and some of them remarkably distinguished themselves by their successful management of the public business. Government was administered with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence. Though it has made many thousand malcontents, it has never by its rigor or injustice made one man wretched."

Clarence Winthrop Bowen.

1 The ball was given in the City Assembly Rooms, which were "in a large wooden building standing upon the site of the Old City Hotel," or at 115 Broadway, where the Boreel building now is.

2 Sister of Count de Moustier, the French minister, who was now living in the McComb house on Broadway, where the week following (May 14) a ball was given in honor of Washington.

[Previous articles on kindred subjects in this magazine are "New York in the Revolution" (January and February, 1876), by John F. Mines, author of the charming series signed "Felix Oldboy" recently published in the "Evening Post" of New York; "The Stuart Portraits of Washington" (July, 1876), by Miss Jane Stuart; "A Little Centennial Lady" (July, 1876), "My Lord Fairfax of Virginia" (September, 1879), "The Home and the Haunts of Washington" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Old New York and its Houses" (October, 1883), by Richard Grant White; "The New York City Hall" (April, 1884), by Edward S. Wilde; and "Mount Vernon As It Is" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. A few of the most appropriate pictures from these articles and a portrait of Martha Washington from "St. Nicholas," in addition to much new material, are printed in the following articles.—EDITOR.]



WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON AFTER THE REVOLUTION.



MOUNT VERNON — SOUTH FRONT.

THERE are two seasons of the year when the hilly shores of the lower Potomac River become an earthly paradise wherein, till summer heats return to coax him from his lair, the serpent of malaria lies torpid and restrained from active demonstration. One of them is the late autumn, after frost has set the woods afire and filled the pale red globes of the tricksy persimmon with luscious sweetness. Then the sleepy sun lingers upon the landscape loath to leave, and life is a delight. The other "time of joyance" is in early spring, when the swelling slopes on each side the broad silver river are first reclad in verdure. Who that has ever known it can forget the jubilee of Nature in Virginia's woods in April — the self-assertion of every growing thing in whose green veins the sap is running; the riotous blossoming of trees and shrubs close of kin to Virginia's soil, and nurtured accordingly by the Virginian climate; the singing of innumerable birds?

Viewed from the high ground around Mount Vernon, and from the openings in the wood-road along which, just a century ago, Washington was wont to take his daily gallops, the scene that met his eyes was as fair as man could ask to look upon. Many acres of the wide, rolling country were his own, and for years had known his care. Hither, while in camp or afield, throughout the turmoil of the war, his fancy had continually turned. All the poetry of his self-contained nature went out to these familiar haunts. None of the more grandiose scenery in Western solitudes, nothing he had seen while in command of the army, had disturbed his dream of Mount Vernon sitting like a queen enthroned on grassy hilltops, her feet laved by the beautiful Potomac.

As is inevitable to the survivor of early associations, there was an element of sadness in these rides of the spring of 1789. Every rock and tree spoke to him of old pleasures of the chase, with old friends, neither to be recalled. Truly there had been seen in the county no such sport as that before the war, the memory of which, while under fierce fire at Princeton, made Washington, at sight of the enemy in full retreat downhill, put spurs to horse and, uttering the view halloo of the Fairfax hunt, leap over a stone wall, crying out exultingly, "A perfect fox-chase!"

Good to look at still when in the saddle was

he whom Lafayette thus described, long after the brave knight was dust: "Our beloved chief, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks at Monmouth amid the shouts of the soldiers, and I thought I had never seen so superb a man." Jefferson, too, spoke of him in a letter to Dr. Walter Jones as "the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback."

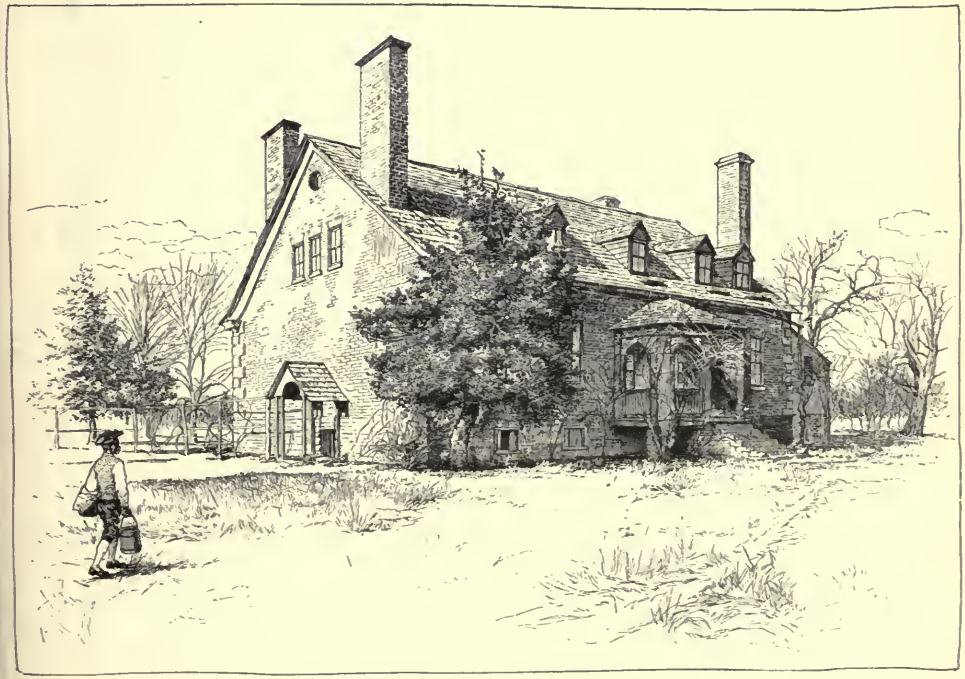
Although somewhat faded was the huntsman's bravery of blue and scarlet worn in the gala-days of yore, the man inside of it sat with the old ease upon his fiery "Blueskin"—Will Lee, on "Chinkling," closely following. These two rode straight forward, over brake and brier, from sunrise, when the gray fox of Virginia was unkenneled, till—no matter what hour—the fate of her ladyship was settled, and her followers drew rein before one house or the other of their belongings, to seek pot-luck. Custis says that Washington required of a horse "but one good quality, and that was to *go along*. He ridiculed the idea that he could be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs."

The hounds used in these latter days of chase were a pack sent, in 1785, to Mount Vernon by Lafayette. A fierce, big-mouthed, savage breed, absurdly disproportioned to their prey, were the French dogs, built to grapple with the stag in his death-agony or with the maddened boar. Mrs. Washington never fancied having such monsters near the house, and after one of them, Vulcan by name, was discovered in the act of carrying off a ham, just out of the oven, their reign was short. The general soon after "parted with" his pack!



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX, OF GREENWAY COURT. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING AT WASHINGTON LODGE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.)

Other causes there were for the decline of hunting. Time and war had lessened the number of the riders. The stalwart old lord of Greenway Court, chief leader in the chase, who knew not fatigue in saddle or weariness in sport, had been laid these eight years back under a great stone in Winchester church chancel. It would need more than the music of horn and hounds to break the sleep he slept. Of the other Fairfaxes, Washington's constant comrades, only Bryan was left, and that good gentleman was getting on in life, and was making up his mind to take orders in the Church. I found but recently a pleasant letter to him,



GUNSTON HALL, RESIDENCE OF GEORGE MASON.



WASHINGTON'S SURVEY OF HIS FARMS, MADE BY HIMSELF SEPTEMBER 20, 1799, THREE MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH. (IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)

dated 1786, sent with willow cuttings from Mount Vernon, and discoursing upon the death of a litter of hound puppies, of which one had been promised to Bryan Fairfax.

But the friend most missed of all was the one who in boyhood had slept under the same blanket side by side with him by light of stars or before wigwam fire in the Shenandoah wilderness—George William Fairfax, whose father had been as a father to him, who had married Sally Cary, the lady of Washington's first love, the true "low-land beauty" of his boyish sighs. Fairfax, a loyalist in sympathy, had gone with his wife, before the actual clash of arms, to England, where, taking possession of an estate in Yorkshire coming to him by inheritance, he had resided until his death, in 1787. Washington's deep regret at the severance of their families tinges many of his letters of the time. Belvoir House—the old mansion, built by the sturdy colonel, who, except his uncle's son, the lord of Greenway Court, was the only Fairfax to settle in America in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, and at whose lips Washington had learned his first lessons of how a soldier may serve his country—had been destroyed by fire in 1783, after the departure of its owners to live in England. Its melancholy ruin faced the master of Mount Vernon whenever he looked from his river portico southward across Dogue Creek, which like a glistening ribbon ran between. In a letter written in the last year of his life to his old love, Sarah Fairfax, then at Bath in England, Washington dwells upon the principal circumstances of the twenty-five years of his career since their parting, and ends with these words: "None of these events, nor all of them put together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir." [1]

Of Washington's other neighbors, the most important one still living within easy reach of Mount Vernon was George Mason of Gunston Hall, a patriot of the finest type, the author of that noble paper "The Virginia Bill of Rights," and who in the intervals of distinguished service in the Continental Congress returned to his home on the Potomac. To this old manor-house of the Masons, built, in 1739, of Scotch brick brought to the colony as ballast in empty tobacco-ships, and richly ornamented inside with wood-carvings, the Washington family was accustomed to resort for tea-drinkings and "dining-days," returned in kind before the week was out.



MRS. HERBERT'S HOME IN ALEXANDRIA. (THE OLD CARLYLE HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA.)

To the lover of old times and houses it may be of interest to know that Gunston Hall still

[1] This letter is published in Sparks's "Writings of George Washington."

Here I may say, in answer to repeated inquiries upon the subject of Belvoir, that the house was never rebuilt. The property descending to my grandfather, Thomas, eldest grandson of William Fairfax, and afterwards ninth lord, was for reasons unexplained to his children forsaken in favor of his other places, Ashgrove and Vaucluse. Clements Markham, Esq., the English historian, who is a connection of the family of Fairfax, visited the ruins of Belvoir a year or two ago, and wrote to me of it as follows: "All was a tangle of brushwood and fallen trees, but such an enchanting view over the river! There were some heaps of bricks and a poor old fig-tree in the clearing, which, I suppose, was once the garden." Among these heaps of bricks was found, about twelve years ago, an antique fire-back of wrought iron, bearing the Fairfax monogram, which was transferred to the house of a member of the family, Colonel Arthur Herbert of Muckross, in Fairfax County. It is to be regretted that such a relic of colonial days as old Belvoir is no longer standing, to tell its own story of the early life of Washington.

stands, although no longer in possession of the Mason family. The ancient tobacco-fields that surround it are now blossoming with the April snow of apple, peach, and pear trees; and some of the Potomac boats stop at Gunston Landing, below Alexandria, to take on to Washington the excellent milk, cream, and poultry for which Fairfax County farmers are renowned. Indeed, this business is a survival of the days when Washington set his neighbors a good example by running a market cart between Mount Vernon and the town. "These old Alexandrians," says Parson Weems, "filled their coach-houses with gilt carriages and their dining-rooms with gilt glasses, and then sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny-cake," because nobody had been found to furnish supplies for the market.



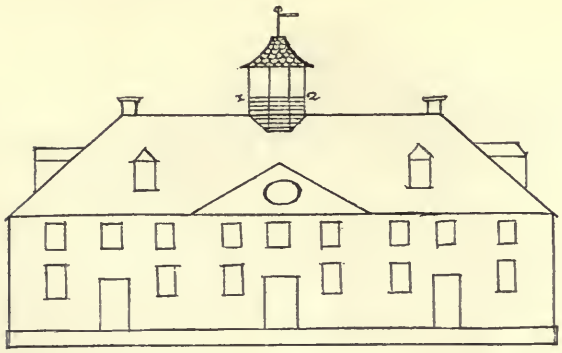
VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON. (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 18, 1798, BY I. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.)

Good reason had M. Brissot de Warville, the traveler and author (the "brisk little Frenchman" who became chief of the Girondists and died by the guillotine in 1793), to cry out in astonishment at the general's success in farming, when he went the rounds of Mount Vernon in the autumn of 1788. The estates were then at the highest pitch of improvement they ever attained, crops of wheat, tobacco, corn, barley, and buckwheat "burdening the ground." What excited the Frenchman's chief surprise was that every barn and cabin, grove and clearing, field and orchard, passed daily beneath the eye of the master. All the busy life of the negro world was regulated by his personal directions to overseers and bailiff. No item was too insignificant to bring before his notice. The minutest contract for work agreed upon was put into writing. How curious, for example, the agreement with Philip Barter, the gardener, found among Washington's papers, wherein Philip binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill his duties on the place, if allowed four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

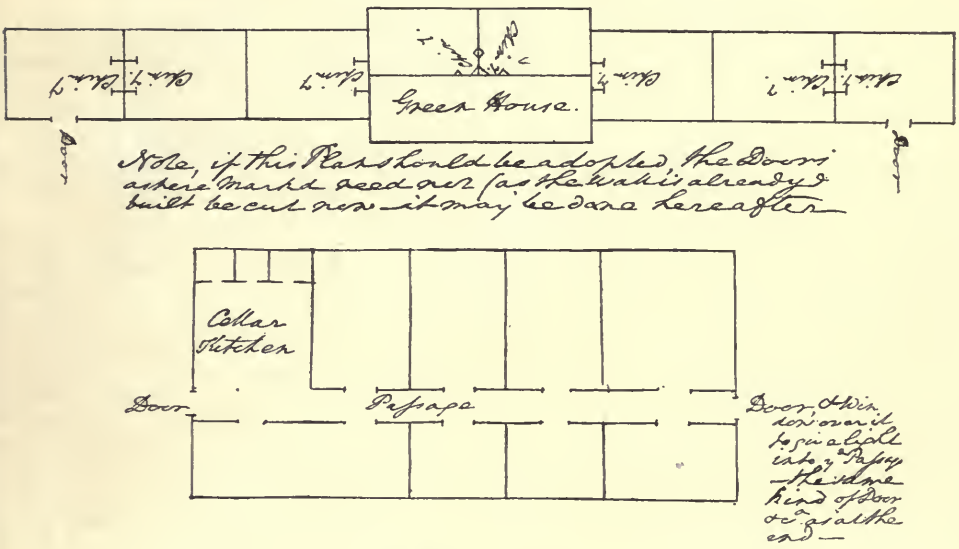
his
PHILIP BARTER, X
mark.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Witness:
GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,
TOBIAS LEAR.

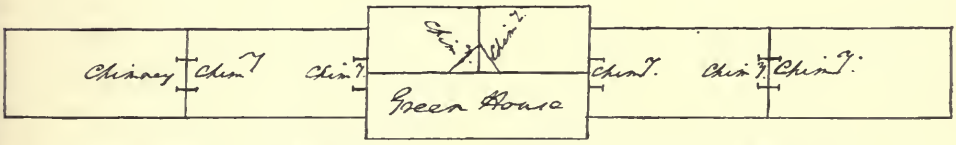
And now, forgetting, as did he, the leader world renowned, we may follow the Virginian squire, riding from mill to smithy, quaffing when thirsty the water of his favorite "gum spring"; stopping to note, here, the growth of a chestnut from the Monongahela, there, one



Plan N°. 1.



Plan N°. 2



ORIGINAL SUGGESTION BY GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS ARCHITECT FOR DESIGN OF MOUNT VERNON.
(OWNED BY S. L. M. BARLOW, ESQ.)

of "Dickey" Lee's honey-locusts from Chantilly. Here his eye lights on the slant of a cabin roof soliciting repairs; now it is a furrow running crooked under a careless negro's hand; again, with a boy's agility, he dismounts to put in place a rail fallen from a "snake" fence.

In barn-yard, kennels, stables, there is continual interest. He makes experiments in breeding mules with the jacks sent him by the King of Spain; and Washington's letter of "homage to his Catholic majesty" for this "gift of jackasses," sent through the Prime Minister of Spain in 1785, has a diverting ring. So also has the correspondence between Gouverneur Morris and Washington in 1788, when Morris writes from Morrisania to announce that he will forward to Mount Vernon, if acceptable, a couple of Chinese pigs, "and in company with the pigs shall be sent a pair of Chinese geese, which are really the foolishest geese I ever beheld; for they choose all times for setting but in the spring, and one of them is



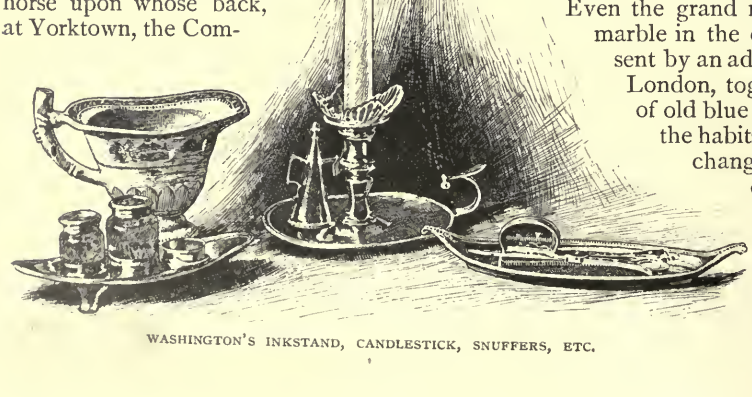
TEA-SET OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

now [November] actually engaged in that business." To which Washington responds, "You will be pleased to accept my thanks for the *exotic animals* which you are meditating to send me."

In the summer of 1788 we find Washington endeavoring to capture or buy a healthy family of opossums to export alive to his friend Sir Edward Newenham ("exotic animals" these must have proved to the English climate); George Fairfax proposes to send him English deer; Lafayette had forwarded the boar-hounds already mentioned. Washington's care of his horses is too well known to need mention here. One ceremony of his daily round — for, rain or shine, he made the circuit of his farms, between twelve and fifteen miles — was, in season, never omitted by the chief. It was to lean over the fence around the field wherein a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, was grazing luxuriously in the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford. At the sight of him the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing to arch his neck beneath his master's hand. This was "Nelson," the war-horse upon whose back, at Yorktown, the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The war ended, "Nelson's" work was over. Turned out to graze in summer, in winter carefully groomed and stabled, he lived to a good old age, but by his master's strict command was never again allowed to feel the burden of a saddle.

These stories are familiar enough to dwellers in and about Alexandria, who, as the common saying goes, were "brought up on" General Washington. My own early views of the great man and his family were tinged with familiarity through hearing them discussed across the table as if they still lived within driving distance. Some of the features of Mount Vernon life here revived were depicted by my grandmother and great-aunts, whose mother, Mrs. Herbert of Alexandria, was often asked, after the liberal fashion of the State, to fetch a coach-load of her offspring for a "staying visit" to the Washingtons.

In the happy years when Washington had settled down, as he believed and hoped, "to pass an unclouded evening after the stormy day of life," the house was greatly altered. Restored and extended, Mount Vernon was filled with trophies and souvenirs of its owner's glory. Even the grand mantelpiece of Italian marble in the chief parlor had been sent by an admirer of the general in London, together with two vases of old blue Indian porcelain. But the habits of his family were unchanged, remaining always on the unostentatious old Virginian lines. After an early breakfast Madam Washington, a stout, kindly dame, wearing in



WASHINGTON'S INKSTAND, CANDLESTICK, SNUFFERS, ETC.

winter homespun, in summer a gown of crisp white dimity, went to her store-room. "My dear old grandfather,"[1] writes Miss Mildred Lee, "used to tell me, when I ran in from play with a dirty frock at Arlington, that his grandmamma, Mrs. Washington, wore always one white gown a week, and that when she took it off it was as spotless as the day she put it on."



IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

A mob-cap covering her gray hair, and key-basket in hand, the wife of Washington must have offered a pleasant picture of the days when housekeepers were not ashamed to weigh their own supplies, and butcher's books and lounging grocer's boys were not. In their stead were seen the black cook and her myrmidons, smiling, goggling, courtesying, holding their wooden pails and "piggins" to receive the day's allowance. If there were a "sugar loaf" to crack, a tall glittering monument like an aiguille of the Alps, emerging stainless from its dark-blue wrapper, it was the mistress of the house who brought her strength to bear on it; there were "whips" and "floating-islands" and jellies to compound; and to "tie down" the preserves was no small piece of work.

The rites of the store-room at an end, it was Mrs. Washington's practice to retire to her closet for the exercise of private devotions. Afterwards the house was opened to visits from the "quarter." Disputes were settled, eggs and chickens bought at the valuation of the seller, advice and medicine given to a succession of grown-up children — a family, varying in hue from tawny brown to the black of darkness visible, the care of whose health and welfare, however onerous, was accepted as naturally by generations of Southern housewives as was the responsibility for their own flesh and blood.

This business of reception went on intermittently during the morning hours; but it is not to be supposed that Madam Washington sat with idle hands the while. Scattered about the room were black women engaged in work that must be overlooked: Flavia cutting out innumerable garments of domestic cotton for "quarter" use, Sylvia at her seam, Myrtilla at her wheel — not to mention the small dark creatures with wool betwigged, perched upon crickets round about the hearth, learning to sew, to mend, to darn, with "ole miss" for a teacher. During the late war Mrs. Washington's boast had been that she had kept as many as sixteen wheels at a time whirring on the plantation. A favorite gown had been woven by her maids, of cotton, striped with silk procured by raveling the general's discarded stockings, and enlivened by a line of crimson from some worn-out chair-covers of satin damask.

[1] The late G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington House.



G. W. P. CUSTIS WHEN A BOY. (FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

In the intervals Madam was at leisure to chat with her guest about patterns, chickens, small-pox, husbands, and such like. The management of growing children was also a fruitful theme. There were the general's two Washington nephews, who had been put to school to Mr. Hanson in Alexandria. George had but lately run off to Mount Vernon, showing his stripes and vowing he 'd be flogged by no schoolmaster. Little Washington, her own poor dear Jackey Custis's son, was as good as good could be; but Nelly—*girls*, you know! (Lovely Eleanor Custis, scarcely less beautiful in old age as Mrs. Laurence Lewis, was living, until just before the war between the States, near Berryville, in Clarke County, Virginia.) Mrs. Washington was greatly exercised because Miss Nelly preferred running in the shrubbery and mounting half-broken colts to practicing five hours a day upon the harpsichord. The anxious lady would ask Mrs. Herbert's advice as to the best method of inducing music where restless nature proved reluctant. Miss Nancy, doubtless, was more amenable; though, to be sure, Nelly was but a child yet, and was less wont to pout and cry than when first set to the spinet. And oh! *had* Nancy learned to make a shirt?

When these ladies did not drive out in the afternoon, their custom was to take a discreet walk in the shrubbery. At the right time of the year they would gather rose leaves to fill the muslin bags that lay in every drawer, on every shelf; or sprays of honesty (they called it "silver shilling") to deck the vases on the parlor mantelpiece. After reading a bit out of the "Tatler," the "Sentimental Magazine," or the "Letters of Lady Montagu," they would take their forty winks—the beauty-sleep of a woman Southern born.

Everybody looked forward to the evening, when the general sat with them. This was the children's hour, when, by the uncertain twinkle of home-made candles, lighting but dimly the great saloon, while their elders turned trumps around the card-tables, the young people were called upon to show their steps, to strum their pieces, to sing their quavering little songs. The curled darling of the house was "Master Washington." Lafayette, during his last visit to America, told Mr. G. W. P. Custis he had seen him first on the portico at Mount Vernon in 1784—"a very little gentleman, with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand!) was all, my dear sir, you could well do at the time!"

All old Alexandrians remember kindly the master of Arlington House, simple and trustful, as chivalrous and as hospitable as a Spaniard of high degree, entertaining his guests with presents of the relics they admired. His reverence for his adoptive father amounted to a cult. He was fond of poetry and of painting, at times embellishing with heroic scenes so many yards of canvas that, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family piece, there was hardly room for it indoors. Mr. Custis was possessed of the true Southern gift of easy eloquence, and his orations on the birthday of Washington were events in Alexandria. His granddaughter tells me that she remembers his gentleness to all within his household and his devotion to cats, having frequently seen the old gentleman "sit on the edge of his chair to allow Pussy undisputed possession." Most of the Washington souvenirs used for the illustration of this paper were carried away by the Lee family in their hasty departure from Arlington at the outbreak of our war; what else they had — furniture, books silver, china, prints, trunks of letters, Mrs.

Washington's wardrobe, etc.—became the spoils of war. Beautiful Arlington, as everybody knows, is now a vast graveyard for soldiers of the Union. The home and property of Washington's adopted son have passed — forever, and bitterly regretted — from his heirs.

In Grandmamma Washington's eyes this youngster was a paragon. The girls were glad when he was under notice, since it deferred their own dread hour of exhibition. Our great-aunt said she had never recovered from her alarm at being perched by Mrs. Washington upon a cross-stitch tabouret and bid to sing "Ye Dalian God" to the general, who gravely nodded time. Ah, me! the lapse of years! Hard it was to identify the "Miss Nancy" who romped and ran over corridors and lawns with Nelly Custis in the stern-visaged, hawk-eyed old lady — Miss Nancy still — who lived in the ancient brick house in King street, Alexandria, where her young relatives must needs leave their posies outside the street-door because their great-aunt could not abide the scent of any flower. Miss Herbert was a picturesque figure in the ante-bellum days of Alexandrian society; a social autocrat, kindly, despite her severity of mien. She had removed to live at Vaucluse, a few miles out of town, and shortly after the beginning of the war in 1861 was, with her sister and their servants, notified that the place would be used as a site for Union fortifications. When the time came to vacate the house, the old lady sat dumb and stricken in her chair, heedless of all entreaties to arouse herself to action. In this chair she was finally carried between two soldiers, and not ungently placed in the vehicle waiting at the door to conduct the sisters to a place of safety with friends in Alexandria. She died in Alexandria at an advanced age not long after this event.



G. W. P. CUSTIS. (PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

The chapter of Nelly Custis's relations with her adoptive father is a perfectly rounded whole, of which Washington's biographers have made less than it deserves. No one born among her Virginian relatives and the descendants of her contemporaries in Fairfax County could fail to be impressed with the softening and inspiring influence of her lovely life. Her niece, Mrs. Lee of Arlington, spoke of her as beautiful in face and form, tender and loving in disposition, and of a quick and active wit. However careworn or apparently unapproachable Washington might be, Nelly could always win a smile from him. Standing on tiptoe to hold the button of his coat, she would pour out her girlish confidences about balls and beaus, gowns and ribbons. His letter to her on the occasion of her first ball at Georgetown is Chesterfieldian in its stilted courtesy, yet practical enough in the matter of how "Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster," having caught her "hare," shall serve him. "When the fire is beginning to kindle," says he, "and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character — a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live," etc. All of these questions would seem to have



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY LAFAYETTE.



MRS. LAURENCE LEWIS (NELLY CUSTIS). (FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

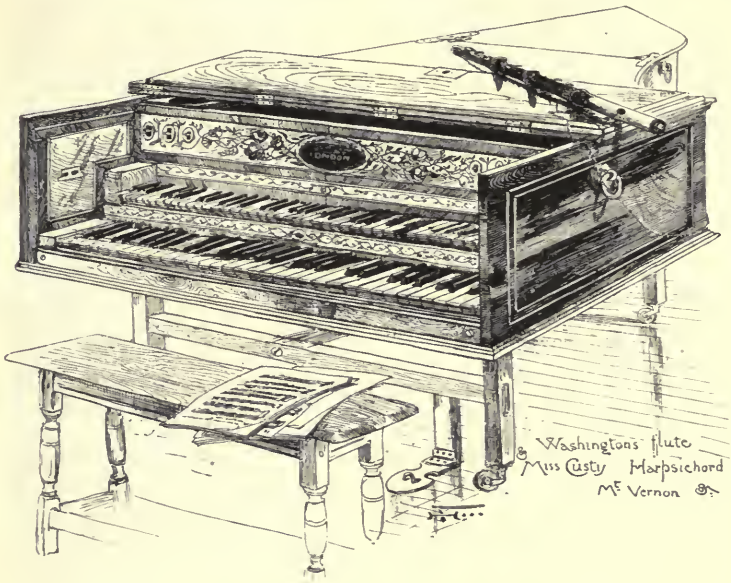
been satisfactorily solved by the young beauty when she gave her hand to Laurence Lewis, son of Washington's sister Elizabeth. At their wedding, on February 22, 1798, Nelly pleaded with the general to grace the day by wearing his "grand embroidered uniform." To this request the chief, though smiling, shook his head, compromising with his tyrant by bestowing on her the splendid military plume given him by General Pinckney, as well as the harpsichord still standing now at Mount Vernon. When the hour came the tall majestic figure emerged from his bedroom clad in the old, worn Continental blue and buff, and Nelly, clinging to his neck, told him she loved him better so. Thus equipped he stood behind the bride, and at the appointed moment gave the pretty, blushing creature, with her wild-rose cheeks and dark and liquid eyes, into the keeping of his trusted nephew Laurence.

To assure his nephew of his devise to him by will of two thousand acres of land, on which he might at once (in September, 1799) begin to build, thus providing for the young couple a home near Mount Vernon, was one of the last acts of business in Washington's life. At his death, in the following December, his favorite Nelly, with her newborn babe beside her, lay in her chamber at Mount Vernon. There is no record as to whether the general had the pleasure of taking the child in his arms before he

lay down to his eternal sleep.[1] Such aspects of the character of Washington — the remembrance of his "dearest Patsey's" miniature, worn through life around his neck; of the love, passing a brother's, that he bore for Greene, for Knox, for Lafayette, for Nelson, for Robert Morris, for George Fairfax — incline one to think twice before accepting the modern creed that his was a heart of ice.

I do not purpose to enter into details about what we in the South call "family company" at Mount Vernon. As well attempt to impose upon an unoffending public a table of Virginian genealogy. Friends may come and go, but cousins go on forever in our State. Kinsmen there were who rode up to the gate, hallooed for grooms, and stabled their steeds with unshaken confidence in their own acceptability. Second cousins once-removed unpacked their bandboxes in the spare chambers. Pretty Dandridges and Custises and Washingtons put on their patches before the high-swung mirrors. Occasionally was seen there Mrs. Fielding Lewis, Washington's "Sister Betty," a lady so like her illustrious brother that it was a family jest to throw around her a military cloak, put a cocked hat on her head, and file by, saluting her as "general." Her son Laurence it was who married Nelly Custis; and her great-grandson Colonel Edward Parke Custis Lewis is the present minister of the United States to Portugal.

A life-long visitor at Mount Vernon had been that favorite divine and witty comrade, the Rev. Lee Massey of Pohick Church. He had succeeded Parson Green, first rector of Truro Parish, one of those card-playing, horse-racing representatives of the colonial Church over whom Bishops Meade and Johns, from the stronghold of their own pure religion and undefiled, used to lament in later days. Mr. Green had, nevertheless, his corner at the firesides of Mount Vernon, Belvoir, and Gunston, and, could Thackeray have captured him, would be now a fly in amber embalmed in the pages of "The Virginians"! Parson Massey was of finer metal far; he had been ordained in London by Lord Bishop Porteous, was handsome, cultivated, and eloquent. He married a lady noted for the exuberance of her temper; and his success in converting her into a Patient Griselda won him applause among the husbands in Virginia. However tempted any of these gentlemen might feel to challenge the soundness of his doctrine in the pulpit, none were heard to demur to Mr. Massey's well-known domestic maxim that "a bride should be taken down while she wears her wedding-slippers." Parson Massey's follower in the pulpit of Pohick was the Rev. Charles Kemp, a worthy man and an excellent scholar, of whom, unfortunately, sad traditions still hover around the county, showing him to have been over-fond of the cup compounded of French brandy and that



[1] The mother of Mrs. Laurence Lewis and of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, who was the girl bride of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, married Dr. Stuart of Virginia soon after her first husband's death. She had two older daughters, married respectively to Mr. Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, and to Mr. Peter. All of these ladies, with their husbands, were frequently at Mount Vernon.



MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN SPARKS'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON," AFTER A PAINTING BY WOOLASTON.)

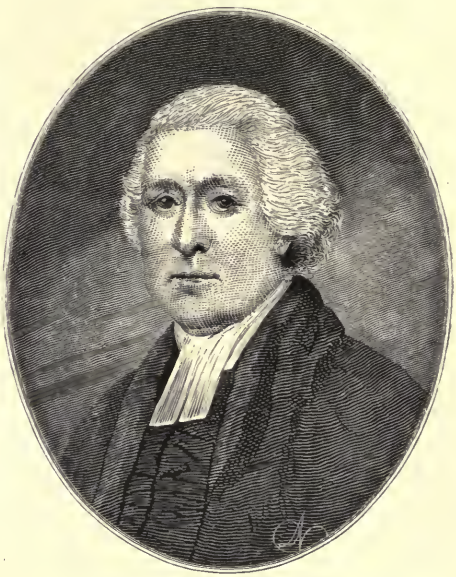
plant said to flourish best on the grave of a good Virginian — in other words, mint-julep. A sad lapse from clerical dignity caused the retirement into private life of poor Mr. Kemp, who proved a better pedagogue than preacher, successfully thereafter birching Latin and Greek into a couple of generations of F. F. V.'s. Ere this event, however, the Washingtons had betaken themselves to be parishioners of Christ Church in Alexandria, and were sitting under the hour-glass pulpit in which the Rev. Bryan Fairfax preached the sermons, now in their tawny old age more revered than read by his descendants. Mr. Fairfax was esteemed by the county ladies to have a very pretty taste in literature. He had made several translations in verse from the French tongue, and had written an Oriental love-tale in a series of letters to Usbek from his friend Nessir in Ispahan. This romance, handed about in manuscript among the elect, the good gentleman would, if urged, read aloud to the circle at Mount Vernon — his daughter, Miss Sally, snuffing the candles and leading in the claque. Parson Fairfax, when in 1798 he went to England to make good his claim to be the eighth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, is thus described by one of his cousins at Leeds Castle: "He was a portly, handsome man, wearing a full suit of purple, the custom of the clergy of Virginia." The Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, and his son Thomas were the last visitors to Mount Vernon who are mentioned in the general's diary but a few days before his short and fatal illness; they returned to lead the procession of mourners to the tomb.

But of all the clericos, particularly welcome to the young people were the meteoric appearances at Mount Vernon of the Rev. Mason Weems, whose arrival was sure to set house and plantation in a grin — poor, dear Parson Weems, whose claim upon the title-page of his quaint "Life of Washington, with curious anecdotes, equally honorable to himself and exemplary to his young countrymen," to style

himself "rector of Mount Vernon Parish" is gently but firmly demolished by Bishop Meade. First seen in the neighborhood of Alexandria as a book-peddler for a Philadelphia firm, driving his own chaise and fiddling at every stopping, by nothing was he so much pleased as when he could set roadside groups to capering. Once, hidden behind the calico curtain of a puppet show, the parson supplied the music for Punch and Judy. Weems was the ideal of a strolling preacher, having been actually ordained to be a clergyman.[1] The joy of Cuff and Cupid, some of his exhortations were alarmingly apt to plunge white hearers into mirth unquenchable. The black people fairly reveled in seeing him wag his pow, in pulpit or out of it. Although not always to be trusted as an historian of their proceedings, he was on terms of good-fellowship with the clergy and the gentry of the State. In addition to the "Washington," which contains the original story of the cherry-tree and the hatchet,—as well as that long religious conversation between little George and the gentleman frequently apostrophized with "High, pa!" on the subject of his name sown in cress upon the garden bed,—the "fiddling parson" published a "Life of Marion," also "The Drunkard's Mirror." He was a great interpreter of dreams, and could tell fortunes by coffee-grounds and cards. At the time of the French Revolution he parted with his pig-tail, and imported the tune of "Ça ira," to play upon his fiddle before the cross-roads audiences. Despite his eccentricity, Mr. Weems was recognized to be a good and self-denying man. Madam Washington, who in an adapted epitaph is by him extolled to the skies as his benefactress, was unfailingly kind to the queer gentleman — always contriving to give him a double spoonful of egg sauce when it fell to her to carve the chickens.

A sharp contrast to the country folk were the foreign visitors who from time to time brought letters of introduction to Mount Vernon. These courtiers, exhaling perfume, taking snuff with womanish finger-tips, putting their heels together for a bow, smirking, eulogizing, amused the Virginians mightily. After the Revolution there were frequent arrivals of statesmen and diplomatists from home and from abroad, though a journey to Virginia from New York in those days was as much of an enterprise as jumping aboard a Cunarder to make a three-days' visit at an English country house would now be. There came even "a celebrated authoress and champion of liberty," Mistress Catharine Macaulay Graham, who "crossed the Atlantic on purpose to testify in her own person her admiration of the character and deeds of Washington." We cannot but suppose the day of her advent at Mount Vernon to have been one of those occasions when, leaving Mr. Lear and the ladies to serve as chorus to his praiseful guest, Washington went early to his bed.

Most callers, of course, were from Alexandria, once Belhaven, now a prosperous commercial center — its citizens, to quote Washington, "Federal to a man." The town was well sprinkled with the general's old officers, who took delight in fighting the battles of the Revolution over again and again while puffing their pipes of the choice Virginian leaf, on chairs atilt in the Mount Vernon portico. The rising lawyer of the place was Colonel Charles Simms, who, having fought with credit as an officer of the 6th Regiment of the Virginia line, and marrying, while in camp at Valley Forge, the daughter of a Tory sire, Major Douglas of Trenton, had chosen Alexandria as his home. Rapidly becoming one of the leading jurists of the State, Colonel Simms already held several positions of honor; he was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a pall-bearer at the funeral of Washington.

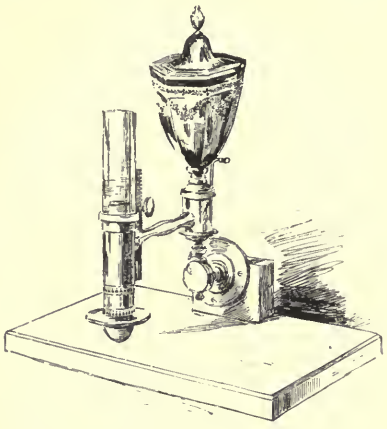


BRYAN, EIGHTH LORD FAIRFAX.

Colonel William Payne, also late of the Continental army, "a cub in size, but a lion at heart," as he is styled by Weems, was the same little gentleman who years before, in an election contest over a seat in the House of Burgesses,— in which Washington supported George William Fairfax, Payne another,— had knocked down Colonel Washington in the market-place of Alexandria. The latter was in the wrong, and next day apologized to his doughty assailant.

[1] See the chapter in the life of Mason L. Weems told in "The Critical Period of American History," by John Fiske, p. 83.

Of a pleasant scene, long after this event, we have the naïve recital, quoted by Weems as coming from Payne. It was immediately after the war, when the conquering hero had returned to live at Mount Vernon, that his old adversary resolved to pay him his respects. "As I drew near the house I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow



WASHINGTON'S LAMP, NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

I had given him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me at the door with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. 'Here, my dear,' said he, presenting me to his lady—'here is the little man you have so often heard me talk of—and who, in a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honor him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian'; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with a something in her eyes which showed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever."

Payne continued to be Washington's warm friend through life, was often at Mount Vernon,—where it is recorded that he played chess with the ladies,—and at the funeral of Washington was selected to be a pall-bearer.

Still another ex-soldier living in Alexandria was Major Henry Piercy, late aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and at his side in every battle but the final assault at Yorktown, having been, the day before, carried wounded from the field. The gallant Piercy, having allied himself with Mary Burroughs, the charming grandniece of Lord Sherlock, made with his wife an important addition to the society of the town. He too had the right to wear the golden eagle on his heart.

Other friends were the Dulanys of Shuter's Hill, the Johnstons of West Grove, good Dr. Craik and his daughters, the Hunters, Dades, Ramsays, Fitzhughs, Wests, Stuarts, Dr. Dick's family, and a score besides.

The society of Alexandria, always conservative, had not in 1788–89 parted with its aristocratic flavor. The Fairfaxes, though withdrawn perforce into their Tory shell, had stamped strongly upon the place they helped to found certain outward fashions of the Georgian court. The Washingtons, Masons, Carlyles, and other patriotic families had not seen fit to dismiss their Old World habits, and still clung to the hair-powder and silk stockings, outriders and fine equipages, imported a trifle after date from England. Long years after the new century was well advanced, such waifs and strays of past grandeur continued to be seen in Alexandria. These eyes have beheld there, just before our war, stopping the way in front of the principal haberdashery of King street, Cinderella's chariot, pumpkin-colored, high-swung, an ancient negro in rusty livery seated upon the box, and all plentifully splashed with Fairfax County mud—to recall it now is like touching the key of a leathery old spinet!

During these years of quiet many minor schemes engaged Washington's attention. Through Lafayette he promised her Imperial Majesty to secure a vocabulary of certain Indian tribes on the frontier, but besought the great lady to have patience with the time consumed in getting it. On February 8, 1787, he inclosed to R. H. Lee the plan of the Countess of Huntingdon to evangelize the Indians of the Western territory, a voluminous manuscript, sent through Sir James Jay, which Washington apologizes for *not copying*, on the ground that he is much pressed in correspondence. It is to be feared the good countess got little comfort from her Indians, whatever she may have derived from the courtesy of Lee and Washington.

Although his reading was chiefly military or agricultural, Washington dipped now and then into belles-lettres. The same faithful Dickey Lee to whom once, in childish round-hand, he had written, "I am going to get a whip-top, and you may see it and whip it too," has left a letter wherein Washington acknowledges a certain "packet," regretting that his "want of knowledge of the language" prevents him from forming an opinion of his own about the "dramatic performances" of "Monsieur Serviteur le Barbier."

The general's charities were of the least conspicuous yet most judicious character. Careful in minute expenditure, he was never known to turn a deaf ear to the county poor—and their number was not small—who begged of him audience. For their use he kept a granary on the estate filled with corn, and a boat with seine moored in one of his best her-

ring-fisheries. Governor Johnson cites an example of his secret bounty to a number of miserably poor mountaineers in the neighborhood of one of the "Virginia Springs," to whom the baker of the place was ordered to supply a daily dole of bread without revealing the giver's name, which was found out, quite by chance, to be that of Washington. His foundation of the school for boys in Alexandria, mentioned in his will, was a boon heartily appreciated then, and even now, by his townspeople.

No sketch of Washington's home life should omit mention of his servants. Chief among these, dean of the corps in point of dignity and right of precedence, was Bishop, the English soldier who had been Braddock's body-servant at the fatal Monongahela, and was by him dying commended to the care of Washington. Bishop literally grew gray in the service of Mount Vernon, marrying there, and living in a house on the estate till his death, at the age of eighty-odd years. As he got on in life, the ex-militaire became something whimsical: more than once Washington fell upon the too transparent device of bidding him seek elsewhere for a master if not satisfied with him. But the old fox held his own; and to his retreat choice bits continued to be sent from the house-table, while all visitors made a point of paying their respects to him. Bishop will be remembered as the go-between of Cupid in the humble capacity of holding Washington's horse while the smitten colonel tarried at Mr. Chamberlayne's house in conversation with the widow Custis. He was also present at the colonel's marriage by the Rev. Dr. Mossom, January 6, 1759, in old St. Peter's Church, New Kent; and at the festivities after that event, at the White House, on the Pamunkey River, in the counties of King William and New Kent. He was esteemed too old to follow his master in the Revolution, and by that time, indeed, had settled into life quarters at Mount Vernon.

Billy, or Will, Lee, the mulatto ex-huntsman of the Fairfax County chase, pompous and alert, stood behind his master's chair at meals. Off duty, it was his pride, especially with military visitors, to assume an easy air of intimacy with the executive proceedings of the Revolutionary War. He had transient glory at Monmouth as commander of a mounted corps of officers' valets, and in the heat of the battle had brought a laugh to the lips of Washington. Billy, exploiting his volunteers and taking observations of the enemy through his master's telescope until suddenly put to flight by an uncivil British shot, was irresistible. He survived Washington many years, was freed and provided for by his master's will, but lived on at Mount Vernon, making shoes but enriched by the fees of visitors, until his death from the effects of too much to eat and to drink.

Daddy Jack, the fisherman, was a characteristic feature of a Virginian plantation. He was an aged negro, as gray of tint and as dry in texture as the lichen on a dead tree. His claim to be "mos' a hund'ed, chile," was accepted without question. Jack told many weird stories of his début in life as the son of an African king, with chapters of fire and bloodshed, in which his father's fall before the sword and his own capture and forced voyage to America were touched with lurid tints. Time out of mind the old fellow had done nothing but sit in his canoe moored in the bright water of the Potomac, off the Mount Vernon landing, with his nose upon his knees, fishing or dozing, according to his fancy. When the cooks were ready to prepare the fish course at a meal, they were wont to go down to the bank and call out until answered, "Daddy Ja-ack! Oh! Daddy Jack!" Sometimes the old fellow would turn upon his persecutors with the cry, "Wot you all mek such a debbil of a noise for, hey? I warn't 'sleep; only noddin'!"

A concomitant of African Jack was dusky Davis the hunter, whose business it was to supply the table of the chief with game. Birds, squirrels, wild turkeys, "molly cotton-tails," the wily 'possum, *bonne bouche* of negro banquets, fell abundantly before Tom's destroying musket, a relic of the war. As for canvas-back ducks, so many of them yielded up the ghost in their feeding-grounds along the river that the larders of Mount Vernon were overstocked. Of the household only the general remained constant to this dainty, which he cooked in a chafing-dish and ate with hominy and a glass of good Madeira. Old Tom Davis, weather-beaten and hearty, carrying his gun and pouch, his body wrapped with strings of game, his dogs at heel, was long a familiar spectacle of the woods on the estate.

"Black Cary," a negro, freed by the terms of Washington's will, lived to the reputed age of a hundred and fourteen years in the city of Washington. This old fellow's stock in trade was, naturally, his past connection with the family at Mount Vernon. He levied tribute on the strength of it, exacting from his own race the deference paid to a king in exile. So long as he was able to limp about, his habit was to put on ancient military finery, and wearing a huge cockaded *chapeau-bras*, ally himself with every procession led by a brass band. His funeral was famous in the chronicles of African aristocracy in those parts, where "colored" funerals are pageants. Others of the scattered freedmen of Washington's personal estate have been reported to be in activity, inside or out

of dime museums, ever since the century set in. The chief's admirable care for his servants is fully shown by his will and other writings. No master could have been more provident for their future, more considerate of their daily wants.[1]

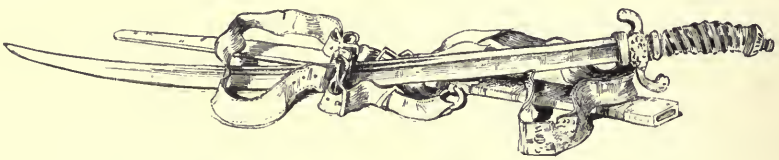
To stop and parley with his faithful henchmen formed one of the pleasures of his daily ride. The sovereign of a system genuinely feudal was the master of one of those great eighteenth-century plantations in Virginia. Happy he who, like Washington, could induce the intolerable curse of slavery to wear the semblance of a blessing.

Thus, surrounded by friends who loved them and dependents whose lives they continually brightened, it made little difference to sober people in the afternoon of life, like the general and his wife, that society about their home had lost something of pre-revolutionary sparkle. Already the ebb-tide of Virginia's glory had set in, and the class inspired by Jefferson, whom the ladies of Mount Vernon scrupled not to call "those filthy Democrats," had begun their work of image-breaking in the stronghold of colonial aristocracy. Such as it was, Washington's State was knit into the fibers of his heart.

So, when a century has lapsed, her sons and daughters look tenderly upon Virginia wrapping around her poverty and sorrow the tattered remnants of a glorious past; and in her behalf a noble voice has spoken to all Americans in these words:

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
What shall we give her back but love and praise,
As in the dear old unestrangëd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him.

Constance Cary Harrison.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD, NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.



WINDOW OF THE KENNEDY HOUSE, NO. 1 BROADWAY, FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK IN 1789.

IN the metropolis—which, however, it behooves us to remember, was then but a plain and sober-sided little town, unable to conceal the ravages of repeated fires and lying in chief part below the present City Hall—every house was packed with visitors; the finest gentlemen and most "elegant females" of the land were content to squeeze themselves into mouse-holes for the privilege of the inauguration week in town. "We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do," pattered a charming Miss Ingersoll in a letter to her gossip, Miss Sally McKean in Philadelphia, who was

[1] It was once reported in the army that certain captured dispatches from the general were found upon the person of a runaway slave belonging to him. Somebody mustered courage to ask Washington if this was true. "Sir," said the chief, coldly, "I never had a slave run away from me."



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

afterwards the wife of the Spanish marquis and minister, D'Yrujo.

Another enthusiast confides to her absent family, "I have seen him! And I should have known at a glance that it was General Washington. I never saw a being that looked so great and noble as he does. I could fall on my knees before him, and bless him for the good he has done this country."

To eyes accustomed from boyhood, like Washington's, to open daily upon the shining reaches of a river, there was comfort in the beautiful bits of water view from the east windows of the residence provided for him in what is now Franklin Square. Opposite were seen the April-clad shores of Long Island, and, farther away, laughed the bright waters of a peerless bay.

The President of the United States and Mrs. Washington request the Pleasure of

_____

Company to Dine, on _____ next, at __ o'Clock.

_____ 179

An answer is requested.

The furniture and fittings of the President's new home were, with the recent additions, an improvement upon those belonging to Mrs. Osgood (she that was widow Franklin), whose first husband, a rich Quaker, had built the house.[1] Handsome but simple, they were afterwards supplemented by pictures, vases, silver, and curtains sent round by packet from Mount Vernon. Six days after the President's installation in his rural dwelling occurred the imposing ceremonies of the inauguration. No heart could have asked for a broader smile than that bestowed by the rising sun of the 30th of April.

A week after the inauguration, on May 7, was held the ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the east side of Broadway, near Wall street. Here pretty pages offered to dames and damsels upon entering — so tradition says — a fan of Paris make, its ivory frame containing a profile likeness of the President, and here Washington was seen to dance two cotillons and a minuet. A week later, on May 14, was given Count de Moustier's fête, to be absent from which would have been to argue one's self a nobody, or at very least a Tory. For this ball the inventive genius of the hostess, the count's sister, Madame la Marquise de Bréhan, was fully taxed. The little French lady, described by General Armstrong as "a singular, whimsical, hysterical old woman, whose delight is playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," was no great favorite with the New York dames, who laughed at her and ate her dinners after a fashion that has not gone out of vogue. But her decorations were enchanting. People wandered about gaining peeps of fairyland till the quadrilles were danced, and then began a scene bewildering in its beauty, where the red, red rose of France and the bluebells, symbolizing the color of Columbia, were blended with scarlet regimentals and uniforms of buff and blue, cerulean gauzes, and floating scarfs of rosy tulle. Eight gentlemen, in French and American uniforms, danced with eight ladies, typifying the countries of Washington and Lafayette. It is rather amusing to read, as a pendant to this opening revelry, that the supper, served from a long table running from end to end of the room, and displayed upon shelves covering the inner wall, consisted of "cakes, oranges, apples, wine of all sorts, ice-creams, etc., and highly lighted up." And also, that the



RICHMOND HILL, FIRST RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

[1] The house referred to had been the residence of Walter Franklin. [See cut, page 818, and note, page 821.] The gardens occupied the space now called Franklin Square. The Franklins were a well-known family in the early history of New York: one of them was married to De Witt Clinton, another to George Clinton; they were Quakers, and the progenitors of Rear-Admiral Samuel Rhoads Franklin and his brother, General W. B. Franklin.

We are indebted to Admiral Franklin for the following letter, written on the day of General Washington's inauguration:

NEW YORK, 30th of the Fourth Month, 1789.

Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington; an elegant barge decorated with an awning of satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E. Town [Elizabethtown] last fourth day [Wednesday] to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee house wharf, with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of Light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive him; they paraded through Queen street in great form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honour to my aunts and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired? The evening after His Excellency arrived, there was a general illumination took place, except among friends (Quakers) and those styled Anti-Federalists. The latters' windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed, which, it is expected, is to be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace. . .

Write soon to thy affectionate cousin,

SARAH ROBINSON.

KITTY F. WISTAR.

"height of the jollity" was "at 10 o'clock!"[1]

In the absence of Mrs. Washington the arbiter of the President's domestic arrangements was the invaluable Samuel Fraunces, who forsook other dignities to assume that of steward of the household. On May 7, 1789, the "New York Packet" contained an official announcement from this personage, warning all shopkeepers that to "servants and others employed to secure provisions for the household of the President of the United States monies will be furnished for the purpose," and that no accounts were to be opened with any of them. That the first President could not claim entire immunity from the minor ills of life we find in his advertisement for a cook and a coachman, which held the columns of the "New York Packet" during at least three weeks:



MRS. JOHN ADAMS AT THE AGE OF 22. (AFTER A PAINTING BY BLYTHE.)

A Cook is wanted for the Family of the President of the United States. No one need apply who is not perfect in the business, and can bring indubitable testimonials of sobriety, honesty, and attention to the duties of the station.

A Coachman, who can be well recommended for his skill in Driving, attention to Horses, and for his honesty, sobriety, and good disposition, would likewise find employment in the Family of the President of the United States.

"Fraunces," writes Washington to Lear, after removal to Philadelphia, whither the ex-boniface did not accompany him, "besides being an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners, and giving aid in dressing them, prepared the dessert and made the cake." But Fraunces, despite these accomplishments, was not so great an economist as the President desired to see him. Goaded by the criticisms of the anti-Federalists upon his taste for splendor, Washington mounted his first establishment in New York upon what seem to us very simple lines. No more servants were kept than were absolutely required by the family. The old abundant living of Mount Vernon, where fish, flesh, and fowl were yielded by Nature at his doors, became a thing of the past. The purchase by Fraunces at the Fly Market of an early shad for the sum of two dollars was the occasion of a stern rebuke from the President, who on ascertaining the price of the dainty ordered the steward to carry it from his table. Custis remembered how, on such occasions, faithful "black Sam,"[2] bound by every tie of regard to the chief,—his daughter Phœbe having during the war, as was believed, saved Washington's life by the exposure of a plot to poison him,—with swelling heart and tearful eyes used to withdraw into an anteroom declaring that at any cost he would continue to keep up the credit of the house by "serving his Excellency's table as it ought to be." Judge Wingate's description of Washington's dinner of ceremony on the day following Mrs. Washington's arrival in New York sets forth a frugal feast, the chief's own share of which was limited to the uninspiring diet of a slice of plain boiled mutton. After this, one

[1] To do our predecessors justice in the matter of providing, I may quote an account, found in an old newspaper, of the programme for a New York ball. The invitation, printed upon the back of a playing-card, as was a common practice, ran: "Mrs. Johnson—At Home—December 12—An Answer—Quadrilles at ten." Soon after the assembling of the guests, black waiters appeared bearing trays with "tea, coffee, hot milk, plum, pound, and queen cake, bread and butter, and toast." Next a fresh relay of "spoons and empty plates go jingling round," and "green sweetmeats with preserved ginger" were consumed. Lemonade and wine were drunk; then came a course of "peaches, apples, pears, with sangaree and wine." At this period gentlemen resorted to the card-tables, and certain ladies to the piano, to delight the audience with "Ye Shepherds fond" or selections from the Italian operas. Again the waiters, with "pyramids of red and white ice-cream, with punch, and liqueurs, rose, cinnamon, parfait amour." Then was formed the first cotillon, at the close of which "dried fruits, almonds, raisins, nuts, and wine" were passed. After an interval all too short, "bon-bons, mottoes, confitures, sugar-plums" appeared, and—last act of this woful tragedy, which, till now, had been what is innocently called in the Colorado vernacular a "lap-party"—the guests were summoned to "a *full* supper of sandwiches, tongues, hams, chickens, and pickled oysters."

[2] So called because of his dark complexion.



LADY KITTY DUER. (FROM A PAINTING BY LAWSON, IN POSSESSION OF THE REV. DR. BEVERLEY R. BETTS.)

can better understand the precautionary measures taken by the French minister, Count de Moustier, who had been present at the presidential banquet, when the superfine gourmet was subsequently bidden to accept the hospitalities of the Vice-President at Richmond Hill.

In the center of the table sat Vice-President Adams, in full dress, with bag and solitaire, his hair frizzed out on each side of his head as you see it in Stuart's old picture of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count de Moustier, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. Here too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. De Moustier, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count could dine, when at length his own body-cook, in a clean white-linen cap, a clean white tablier, and a brilliantly white damask serviette flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one I can attest the truth of the story and the excellence of the pâté.[1]

After a fortnight of May weather had somewhat eased the heaviness of the roads, Mrs. Washington set out from Mount Vernon in her carriage with her Custis grandchildren, Eleanor and Washington, to join the President. The otherwise tedious journey was made pleasant all along the route by expressions of love and loyalty. The contrast between her husband's early and late experience at Trenton was not more strongly marked than that of Mrs. Washington at Philadelphia. Here, when in the earliest days of the war she had tarried on her way to join her husband at Cambridge, so outspoken was the feeling against Washington in certain quarters that a ball to be given by the grandees of the place was postponed to avoid including her. Now the world was in her sling. Escorted by military and caressed by friendship, she passed through the town. At Elizabethtown Point the President came to meet his family, with the same pleasure-barge and crew used for his own reception. More music, more flowers, more cannon, more salvos of applause. On the morning after Mrs. Washington's installation in the Franklin house, Cherry street was crowded with fine chariots, horses, and liveries, the elect of fashion hastening to bow and courtesy before the modest Virginian, whose heart was in the highlands of her beloved Potomac. For in verity the good lady did not enjoy her eminence and the constraints of grandeur. There is a naïve and somewhat pathetic letter from her to Fanny Washington,

[1] From "The Talisman" of 1829, a now rare annual, edited by an imaginary "Francis Herbert," and chiefly written by Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and Robert C. Sands.

wife of the general's nephew Lund (left at Mount Vernon as manager), in which occur the following passages:

I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place; indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate, and stay at home a great deal. . . . I send to dear Maria a piece of chêné to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown I made just before I left home, of worked muslin; as I wish to make a petticoat for my gown of the two aprons. . . . I send my dear Fanny a watch of newest fashion, such as Mrs. Adams, the Vice-President's lady, uses. It is of Mr. Lear's choosing, of flat gold, made by Lepine in Paris.

On all public occasions, whether driving with the President in her coach of cream and gold with the six horses and various outriders, or in receiving their friends at home, Mrs. Washington's thorough breeding was successful in concealing her distaste for the new estate; but, for aught we can decipher to the contrary, her "Friday evenings" were a trifle dull.

Mrs. Adams, the second lady in command of official precedence, was a bright, cheery, tactful woman, with a quick sense of the ridiculous and a ready gift of adaptation to her surroundings. Her letters from New York and Philadelphia about her accommodations and acquaintances are exceedingly good reading. She was at this time forty-five years old, not handsome, but of winning personality. Her home in New York was at Richmond Hill, the Jephson country-seat on Greenwich road, which had been occupied by Washington during the war and was subsequently an abode of Aaron Burr.[1]

Easily the sovereign of matters social in New York since the birth of the Republic had been Mrs. John Jay, formerly Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, wife of the first Chief-Justice appointed by Washington for the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Jay's important relations



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON, WIFE OF JOHN JAY.
(FROM A MINIATURE MADE IN PARIS, 1782–3.)

[1] In the "Francis Herbert" reminiscences of this beautiful spot Mr. de Viellecour, rambling about New York in 1827, comes upon "a house of public entertainment," at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, which he identifies as the mansion of Richmond Hill, once standing on an eminence a hundred feet in height, overlooking the Hudson River and the Jersey coast. "The old gentleman seemed much disappointed to discover the present view confined to the opposite side of Varick street, and ragged boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. 'Well,' said he, 'the view is gone, that 's clear; but I can't understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly.'

"I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the corporation," adds Mr. Herbert, "by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which, I presumed, this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbors, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down, without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren.

"'This is wrong,' said the old gentleman. 'These New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and in depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations.'"



MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF SAMUEL BORROWE TAKEN FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF JAMES W. BEEKMAN.)

to public affairs, his wife's influential family, their abundant acquaintance with the ways of high society abroad, their wealth and hospitality, made all eyes look to them for leadership. Their town house in lower Broadway, a three-story dwelling substantially built of hewn stone, more than any other of its class should have caught and held the perfume of the old New York régime. In its pleasant rooms again and again assembled all the gay and gallant folk whose names we are here recalling from the shadows of a century that deepen as they fall. For some years before the National Constitution gave to Americans a President, Mr. Jay had been Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an office entailing upon him the continual exercise of hospitality to the diplomats and the members of Congress in New York. Of his wife, at thirty-three (in 1789), in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty, two pictures remain. One, with the tour and wreath of roses, reproduced on page 855, is from a miniature taken in Paris, and the other is a profile from a portrait by Robert Edge Pine, with the gypsy hat and milkmaid simplicity of dress made fashionable among *grandes dames* by Marie Antoinette. Like that hapless sovereign, too, Mrs. Jay had the wonderful complexion described by Mme. Vigée Lebrun as her "despair" in attempting to portray the queen. ("Brilliant is the only word to express what it was; for the skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow," wrote Mme. Lebrun about her royal sitter's coloring.) Mrs. Jay was said indeed so to resemble Marie Antoinette as to be once mistaken for her by the audience of a theater in Paris, who



FRAGMENT OF BROCADE WORN BY MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN AT THE DE MOUSTIER BALL, APRIL, 1789. (OWNED BY MISS EFFIE BEEKMAN BORROWE.)

on the entrance of the American beauty arose to do her homage. Through the courtesy of her grandson, the Hon. John Jay, I have examined the list in Mrs. Jay's own handwriting of persons invited to her suppers and dinners in 1787 and 1788, with the dates of the several entertainments, and the groups of guests present upon each occasion. This list may be regarded as a sort of Almanach de Gotha of the young Republic. Among Mrs. Jay's friends were Lady Catherine Duer and Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lord Stirling; Mrs. Clinton, wife of the governor; Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Rutherfurd; Mrs. Cortlandt; Mrs. Kissam; Lady Christiana Griffen; Miss Van Berckel, the pretty daughter of the Dutch minister; Mrs. Ralph Izard; Mrs. Abigail Adams Smith; the Rensselaers; the Livingstons; Mrs. John Langdon; Madame de la Forest; Mrs. Rufus King; Mrs. Elbridge Gerry; Mrs. John Kean, born Susan Livingston, grandmother of the late Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Mrs. Thomson, wife of the venerable Secretary of Congress; the admirable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Lady Temple, formerly Miss Bowdoin of Massachusetts.[1] Mrs. James Beekman, *née* Keteltas, the sweet face in whose portrait is enframed in an odd little Puritan cap of gauze, worn sometimes with the evening dress of those times, was a belle of the De Moustier ball. By her great-great-granddaughter in New York is treasured the bit of old brocade here reproduced, a width of Mrs. Beekman's gown on that occasion.

Indispensable to the organization of every community seems to be an "original," upon whom the others may descant. In that capacity flourished portly Mrs. Knox, wife of the general and war secretary. Her sayings and doings were as much a part of tea and dinner table gossip as they would be if she lived today and belonged to the "four hundred."

And now for the town itself which was the home of our first President. To glance at the New York of 1789 through the spectacles of a newly arrived and, we suspect, disgruntled traveler, who had probably not yet ceased aching from his journey, I quote the letter of Governor John Page, a Virginia congressman:

> This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets are badly paved, dirty and narrow, as well as crooked and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs[2] and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall in Wall street is also elegant.

Scattered about the city, and at wider intervals in the wooded region of the upper portion of the island, were dwellings of stone, brick, and stucco, with balustraded roofs and massive timbers of English oak, the coat of arms of the owner above his door. Most of these homes, built by wealthy colonists, stood near the water, their gardens sloping to the river's edge. Such was the Walton house, the pride of old New York, until lately standing in Franklin Square, overtopped and jostled, in its dingy age. The Beekman house, till recently seen near Fiftieth street and First

[1] Of the men upon these lists I note Madison, Burr, Chancellor Livingston, Steuben, Paul Jones, Brissot de Warville, De Moustier, Gardoqui, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Lee, General Henry Lee of Virginia, Schuyler, Morris, George Mason, Butler, Armstrong, Alsop, Duer, Rutledge, Clarkson, Cadwalader, Duane, Richard Harrison, Kemble, Varick, Van Horne, De Peyster, Bronson, Gansevoort, Varnum, Provoost, Walton, White, and Sedgwick, besides the husbands of the ladies mentioned, and others whose names are still familiar in New York drawing-rooms.

[2] The late Mr. Gouverneur Morris told a story of a parade of disconsolate Whigs through the principal streets of New York, a part of the obsequies of President William Henry Harrison in 1841, when the ranks of the mourners, among whom Mr. Morris was, were charged upon by a stray hog — even then a not uncommon apparition in fashionable thoroughfares — just as the procession turned into Park Row. The upsetting of several of the elect and the general panic created by the invader were effectual in banishing the gloom of the occasion.

avenue, was an excellent specimen of early colonial architecture, and brimful of historical romance. During the occupation of New York by the British Lord Howe selected this house for his headquarters, and here the patriot Nathan Hale was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. On leaving, the family had hastily buried valuable silver and china in the garden, but some of Mrs. Beekman's gowns, etc., were left hanging in her wardrobe. These Lord Howe himself locked up, handing the key to a servant who had remained. When Mrs. Beekman returned, a few years afterwards, she found everything as she had left it, and some of her possessions thus preserved have descended to the daughters of her line, together with Chelsea and Bow shepherdesses that spent the years of British occupation under-ground. Here pretty Mrs. James Beekman served President Washington with lemonade made of fruit gathered in his presence from her famous lemon trees. Near the Beekman house, sometimes called "The Mount," Hale is said to have been hanged upon a butternut tree, that marked the fifth mile from Whitehall. The house was occupied in 1780 as headquarters by Baron Riedesel, whose wife described it as a delightful residence. There André passed his last night in New York. This old landmark was demolished about 1874, and its drawing-room mantelpiece, set with blue Dutch tiles, may be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society in Second avenue, New York. The Kennedy house, at No. 1 Broadway, was built by a captain in the Royal Navy, who married a member of the De Peyster family and became afterwards eleventh Earl of Cassilis. The De Peyster house in Pearl street, a substantial dwelling built of stuccoed brick, is better known as Washington's headquarters in the Revolutionary War. The Murray house, called Belmont, on the "Middle Road," now Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street (hence Murray Hill), was screened from view by groves and avenues and surrounded by famous gardens. At Thirty-fourth street and Second avenue stood the Kip mansion, near which were the country-seats of the Wattses and the Ketteltases. Far away in the remote country the English manor-house of Colonel Thorne was built, in the present region of Ninth avenue and Ninety-second street.

Of the old Rutgers house, situated near Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, we read an amusing story of a wedding-party in 1788. One of the guests, a gentleman who was to take a packet sailing for Wilmington at daylight, remained at the house till the unprecedented hour of 11 o'clock at night, then, with a servant to show him the way through an adjacent huckleberry swamp, set forth to reach his lodgings; but losing the path, and the moon going down, he wandered all night amid thorns and briers, emerging at dawn with his clothes nearly torn off.

A favorite drive led along Second avenue, where, over a tell-tale little brook that listened and then ran away to blab to the East River, at our present Fifty-fourth street, was the Kissing Bridge. At this point the etiquette of Gotham's forefathers exacted of the gentleman driving the "Italian chaise," or sleigh of highest fashion, "a salute to the lady who had put herself under his protection!" The "fourteen-mile round," mentioned in the diary of Washington as the extent of his "exercise with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach between breakfast and dinner," followed the "Old Boston road" to McGowan's Pass. Thence the horses turned into the Bloomingdale road, skirting the Hudson, where a friend's house, here and there, invited to rest and sangaree. Sometimes Mrs. Washington's coach took the easterly direction, to the old Morrisania house, where Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Morris (Miss Elliot of South Carolina) lived, their windows looking upon the boisterous cross-currents of the Harlem Kills.

Lacking Tuxedo and the Country Club, the swells of 1789 were quite content to take their winter outings in sleighs with jingling cow-bells, bringing up at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road, where the orchestra, black Cæsar with his grin and his three-stringed fiddle, was waiting. Shaking off straw and furs, wraps and pattens, the ladies had no sooner swallowed cups of tea than they were whisked into line for the Virginia reel, over against a row of cavaliers arrayed with back-seam coat-buttons coming beneath their shoulder-blades, who cut the pigeon-wing in square-toed pumps. Then what life, what joyous frisking!

Truth compels me to add that hot tea was not the only beverage on draught. Imagination reels beneath the variety of potent drinks on record, although the company broke up in time to reach town by 9 o'clock, after which hour no self-respecting young woman would for worlds be seen abroad! Punch, more sparingly sipped in the presence of the fair sex, was brewed for men-folk in a mighty china bowl. An old club-man thus depicts the masculine symposia at certain taverns of repute: "Into the punch went old Jamaica, cognac, refined sugar, lime-juice, water from the old tea-water pump" (the resort of the town, that stood in Chatham street), "and a few slices of Seville oranges floating on the top. It was brought in by the landlord, who, to show that the mixture was not drugged, would pause upon the threshold, holding up the bowl, and bawling out, 'Gentlemen, here's your very agreeable

health!' take a long, strong pull himself. Landlord Simmons, who kept the porter-house at the corner of Wall and Nassau, was our greatest hand for mixing drinks. He taught the art to Davy King (father-in-law of our worthy Niblo), who kept a porter-house in Sloat Lane."

Of a fine afternoon President Washington was often seen, with the rest of the upper classes, taking his walk upon the Battery, his tall commanding form, the secretaries walking a little back of him, everywhere recognized by people who stood silently aside, as if to give passage to a king. For, despite his efforts towards republican simplicity, Washington's Old World ideas of ceremonial fitted him like a glove. He could no more brook familiarity than could his associates presume to offer it.

Other walks were in the sequestered region now between Astor Place and Ninth street.

> In those days [writes a correspondent of the "New Mirror," styling himself "The Last of the White Cravats"] a young buck put on his spencer, hat, and gloves, and, stick in hand, set out from Bowling Green after dinner, for a walk as far as old Captain Randall's octagon country-seat, perched on a high hill, with nothing else in view (now Broadway and Eighth street), reaching home about the time the muffin-man took his basket off his shoulders, and rang his bell for tea.

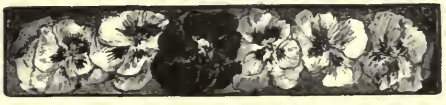
This was the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account of "a party at the Misses Whites," those "ladies so gay, so fashionable, with such elegant figures, who lived in a yellow two-story house next door but one to William street." At this party, whither he was accompanied by "Sir William Temple and Harry Remsen," White Cravat describes his own attire:

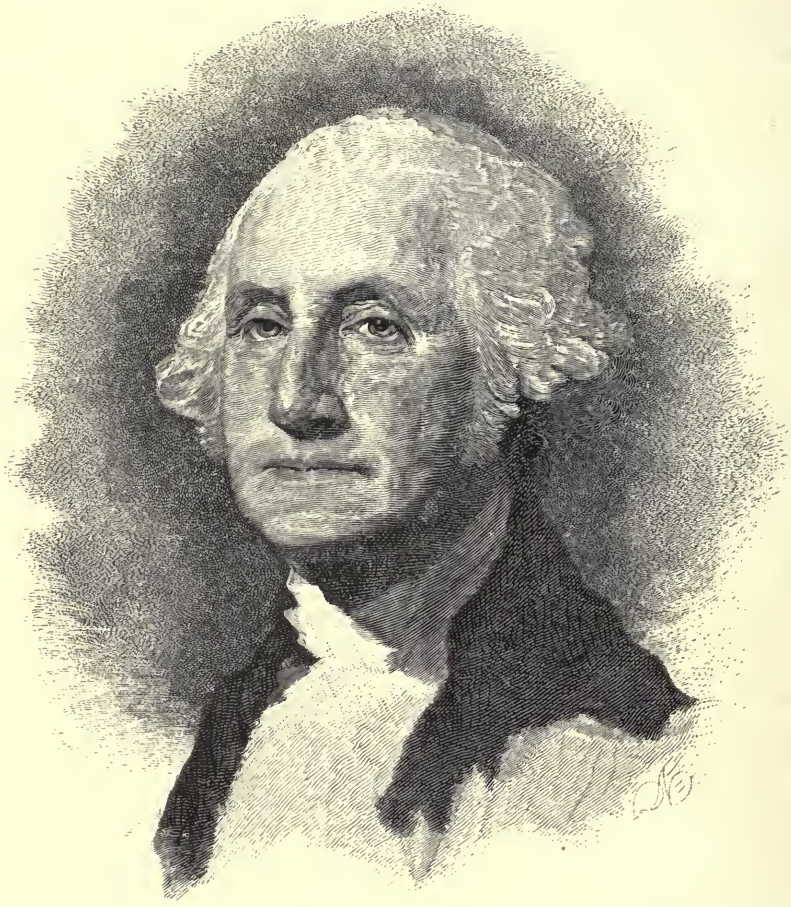
> A light-blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, a ponderous white cravat with a "pudding" in it — and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room. I remember to have walked a minuet with much grace with my friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats; and, singularly enough, I caught cold that night from drinking hot port-wine negus and riding home in a sedan-chair with one of the glasses broken.

In the neighborhood of old Fort George, and on Pearl street, were clustered a number of the aristocratic families who before the Revolution had been accustomed to give the *pas* in fashion, such as the De Lanceys, Livingstons, Morrises, Bayards, De Peysters, Crugers; but for some years Wall street, where abode Winthrops, Whites, Ludlows, Verplancks, and Marstons, had been running an even race with Pearl, getting ahead in the end, and holding precedence till Park Place claimed the laurels. Cortlandt street gained luster from the residence there of Sir John Temple, Colonel and Lady Kitty Duer, Major Fairlie, and Colonel and Mrs. Crawford, once Mrs. Robert Livingston. In Wall street was to be found the very desirable boarding-house of Mrs. Daubenay, or Dabney, the great resort of Southern members of Congress. Broadway had been a pleasant bowery street until the great fire of 1776 swept through it, leaving desolation in its wake. Where the darkling walls of the Tombs prison now frown back at beholders was the beautiful fresh-water pond known as "The Collect," upon whose crystal sheet early generations of New Yorkers fished in summer and skated in winter. This pond, lying at the foot of a hill a hundred feet in height, was reputed bewitched and bottomless, and credited with conveying bodies cast into it to fathomless recesses known to eerie monsters of the deep. Here, when it was locked in ice, there was no holding back to see the populace amuse themselves, but highest fashion led the way on runners. William IV., then a princeling on his travels, learned to skate on The Collect, under the guidance of the "mons'ous fine women" whose daughters were the "buds" a few years later on. In common with many another shattered myth, alas! Yankee progress has demolished belief in the sorcery of The Collect, by digging canals and laying bare its depths. Thanks to the perfect drainage of the spot, there is now said to be no abode in all New York so desirable for a health resort as our present city prison!

Few are the landmarks of Washington's New York to greet our eyes to-day, but his memory abides here as a thing of yesterday.

Constance Cary Harrison.





GEORGE WASHINGTON. (FROM THE ATHENÆUM PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART.)

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THIS may appear to many a trite subject to discuss at this comparatively late day, and it is a trite subject; but it is hoped that the manner of its presentation at this time will take it out of that category. In some respects there may be no new and important facts presented, but many so-called facts, and misleading facts too, will be omitted. Tuckerman was the first to write upon the theme in a comprehensive manner, but his monograph is more from the artist's standpoint than from the historian's. Mr. W. S. Baker touched upon the subject in his work on the engraved portraits so far only as was necessary for the elucidation of his title theme. Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnston issued a superb quarto volume in 1882 with the same title as this article, but it was so crude and ill digested and filled with errors that its value is *nihil*. The most recent contribution to the general subject is in the latest published volume of Mr. Justin Winsor's "Critical History of America"; but the editor who prepared the notes placed too much reliance upon Miss Johnston's statements to make his notes much better than her volume. It will be the aim in the present article to sift facts from fancies and to give, as fully as can be in the limited space allotted, a comprehensive study of the subject.

It would seem as though it should not be necessary to define what is meant by an original portrait; yet so much confusion exists in the writings of others upon this subject from not clearly comprehending at the start the meaning of the term that it may be better to begin by its definition. An original portrait is one painted

from life, where the artist and the sitter have been opposite to each other and the result is a complete picture. A replica is a copy of the original picture by the same artist who painted the original; and it is often very difficult, nay, sometimes impossible, to determine which is the original and which the replica. To the practiced critical eye there is usually a freedom about an original not found in the replica, and which in turn assumes rigidity in the mere copy by another hand. In the present paper it will be the endeavor to treat of only the authenticated original portraits of Washington, and these, so far as satisfactorily ascertained, are, in their chronological order, by Charles Willson Peale, Pierre Eugene du Simitière, William Dunlap, Joseph Wright, Robert Edge Pine, Jean Antoine Houdon, James Peale, John Ramage, Madame de Bréhan, Christian Gülager, Edward Savage, John Trumbull, Archibald Robertson, Giuseppe Ceracchi, Williams, Walter Robertson, Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, James Sharpless, and Charles Balthazar Julien Févre de Saint-Memin.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

To this artist belongs the distinction of having painted the first and earliest portrait of Washington that we know. It is the not unfamiliar portrait in the costume of a Virginia militiaman, and was painted at Mount Vernon in 1772, when the subject had just turned his fortieth year. It is a three-quarter length, facing left, and the costume is a blue coat, faced with red, with bright metal buttons having the number of the regiment (22d) cast upon them, and dark red waistcoat and breeches. He wears the cocked hat usually called the Wolfe hat, with sash and gorget, this last article now the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The face is smooth and unusually young for forty years of age. The picture is now in Virginia, the property of a member of the Lee family. During the artist's sojourn by the banks of the Potomac, while he was painting this large canvas, he painted a miniature of Washington for Mrs. Washington, which differs considerably from the larger picture. After this Peale painted Washington from life on several occasions; indeed, it is claimed that Washington sat to him fourteen different times. In the summer of 1776 he painted a half-length for John Hancock, which it is believed that patriot subsequently presented to the Count d'Estaing, and is now probably in France. In the fall of 1777 Peale again painted a miniature for Mrs. Washington, and in the spring of 1778, at Valley Forge, he began another portrait of Washington from life, this time a full-length, which was continued at New Brunswick a day or two after the battle of Monmouth, in which the artist had participated, and was finished in Philadelphia. This picture was ordered by Congress, but no appropriation being made to pay for it, it remained in the artist's hands, and is, we believe, the one purchased at the sale of the Peale Museum effects by Mr. H. Pratt McKean of Philadelphia, in whose possession it now is. Of this full-length Peale made several copies, each with more or less variation as to detail. In 1779 Washington sat to Peale for a portrait for the State of Pennsylvania, which the artist subsequently engraved in mezzotinto.[1] The original portrait was destroyed by some vandals who broke into the State House, Philadelphia, where it hung, and irretrievably defaced it.

During the sittings of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States Washington records in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or metzotinto by." Where this original now is we do not know, but the engraving was made and published the same year, and is a very interesting study. In 1795 Peale painted his last portrait of Washington from life, now preserved in the Bryan Collection at the New York Historical Society. On the occasion of this sitting Peale's sons Rembrandt and Raphael and his brother James each made studies of the *pater patriæ*. It will be seen from this rapid survey of the work of this one artist what an interesting iconography we have from the easel of one man; and although Peale's delineations of Washington's features do not give us the ideal or traditional portrait, yet his known fidelity as a draughtsman commands respect and recognition for his work.

DU SIMITIÈRE.

This gentleman was a native of Switzerland, but early in 1776 adopted Philadelphia as his home, where he made that unique and very remarkable collection of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary broadsides and manuscripts now belonging to the old library company and so well known to historical students. He was endowed with considerable artistic talent, and a series of thirteen profile portraits of illustrious Americans from his "Drawings from Life" was published in London in May, 1783. Among them was a characteristic head of Washington, preserved only through the engraving. This was most probably drawn in the winter of 1778–79, Washington having passed the greater portion of that season in Philadelphia;

[1] This print is exceedingly scarce. An inferior impression is fortunately preserved, however, in the Huntington Collection at the Metropolitan Museum.

but whether in color or crayon, with pencil or paint, is unknown, as no original can now be traced.

DUNLAP.

THE well-known author of the "History of the Arts of Design in the United States" when a mere lad of seventeen secured from Washington and Mrs. Washington each a sitting when the headquarters were at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey. This was in the autumn of 1783, and the result was a crude pastel picture of no artistic or delineative value, which a score of years ago was owned by Dr. Samuel C. Ellis of New York.

WRIGHT.

AMONG the most interesting of the generally unfamiliar portraits of Washington are those by Joseph Wright, oftentimes improperly dubbed the Quaker artist, who was a son of Mrs. Patience Wright, celebrated in her day as a successful modeler of profile likenesses in wax. Wright, when about sixteen, accompanied his mother to London, where he was instructed in art by West and Hoppner, and after remaining ten years returned, late in 1782, to this country, bringing a letter to Washington from Franklin. Wright presented himself to Washington at the Rocky Hill headquarters contemporaneously with Dunlap, and here he painted his first portrait of the Commander-in-Chief. This is a particularly valuable likeness for the reason that while it is strangely unlike the accepted portraits of Washington it has received from Washington himself most unmistakable signs of approval. Soon after the original study — which is now in Philadelphia — was made Washington ordered two enlarged copies from the artist, one of which he sent to Count de Solms, a distinguished officer in the Prussian service, who solicited it to place in his gallery of military characters, and the other he presented to his friend Mrs. Samuel Powel,— Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Willing of Philadelphia,— and it is now in the custody of her descendants at Newport, Rhode Island.[1]

This last is a full half-length in military costume, cut off below the knees, and giving the face in full view. It is signed, "J. Wright, 1784." One marked characteristic of these Wright portraits is the short cut hair. They have not very great artistic merit, but their historical interest is perhaps greater than any other portrait of Washington from having received from him, as already said, the stamp of his approbation. Wright *stole* a later portrait of Washington during the President's attendance upon service at St. Paul's Chapel, while residing in New York during his presidency. This drawing was in profile, and from it the artist made an etching and had it printed on small cards, which, although probably very plenty at the time, have become exceedingly scarce. There is a profile portrait painted by Wright, evidently from the same head, belonging to the McKean family, Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. W. Bowen has another — a most interesting and important portrait of Washington by Wright; but whether it is an original, as it would inherently indicate, cannot be positively settled.

This last named picture would seem to have given to Savage the pose and accessories for his familiar large mezzotinto plate. Wright evidently was in favor with Washington, for he submitted to having made by him a plaster cast of his features, and upon the founding of the United States Mint, Wright was appointed the first designer and die-sinker. He died of yellow fever, when epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793.

PINE.

THIS distinguished English artist came to this country in 1783–84, for the purpose of painting portraits of eminent men of the Revolution with a view of representing in several large paintings the principal events of the war. In 1795 he painted Washington at Mount Vernon, which original picture is now in the National Museum at Philadelphia; a replica belonged to the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a weak and unsatisfactory portrait, while good as a work of art.

HOUDON.

THIS great French sculptor, who shared with his English contemporary Nollekens the reputation of being the best portrait sculptors of modern times, came to America in 1785 expressly for the purpose of modeling Washington. He remained two weeks at Mount Vernon, during which time he made a cast of the face, from which a bust was modeled, and took minute measurements of the person of Washington. The result is the typical Washington perfected by the genius of the French sculptor, and it sustains a noble ideal. The statue is in Richmond, Va.

JAMES PEALE.

THIS gentleman was a younger brother of Charles Willson Peale and had great merit as a miniature painter. In 1788 he made his first portrait of Washington, representing him with flowing hair and a contour not unlike that in Houdon's bust. This miniature belongs to the

[1] Engraved on wood for THE CENTURY, November, 1887.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL, NOW IN THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

artillery company Washington Grays, and is in the keeping of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. In 1795, when his brother was having his last sitting from Washington, he was accorded the opportunity of another study, and the portrait in the Lenox Library, New York, was the result.

RAMAGE.

October 3, 1789, Washington in his diary records: "Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." This artist was an Irishman, and the principal miniature painter in New York from 1777 until his death, which occurred soon after he painted the miniature of Washington. All trace of this interesting portrait is unfortunately lost.

MADAME DE BRÉHAN.

This lady, who was a sister to the French minister, was an amateur of no mean ability. She painted on copper, in blue and white, a profile of Washington, who mentions it in his diary under the same date as the last extract: "Walked in the afternoon, and sat about 2 o'clock for Madam De Brehan to complete a miniature profile which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." The head was laureated, and Washington was so delighted with it that he distributed prints from it among his friends.

GÜLAGER.

This man was a Dane and very little of the artist, as exhibited in his portrait of Washington. It was painted from life at Portsmouth, N. H., on November 3, 1789, and now belongs to a lady in Rhode Island.

SAVAGE.

Originally a goldsmith, Savage soon turned his attention to painting and engraving, and became an admirable mezzotinto and stipple engraver. In 1789–90 Washington sat to him for a portrait for Harvard University, where it now hangs in Memorial Hall. Savage's portrait is nearer Houdon's bust than any other portrait of Washington and has intrinsic evidence of being a good likeness; especially is this the case with the large mezzotinto plate previously mentioned.

TRUMBULL.

Next to Peale, Washington accorded Trumbull the greatest and most frequent facilities to study his features and form. This self-sacrifice on the part of Washington to these two men was doubtless owing to the military relation that had existed for so long between them, and therefore it is that the *military* portrait of Washington is Trumbull's. In 1790 was painted the whole-length portrait of Washington in full uniform standing by a white horse, for the city of New York, and now in the City Hall—an engraving of it appears on the previous page. Two years later was painted the full-length portrait now in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale University, and which the artist considered the best of the portraits of Washington that he painted. The following year the bust portrait in civil dress, in the Trumbull Gallery, and the military picture for Charleston, S. C., were painted from sittings especially given for the purpose. In 1794 Trumbull painted a small cabinet or miniature portrait on panel, now in the National Museum in Washington. It is interesting, but not satisfactory, having too much dash in it for the dignified President.

THE ROBERTSONS.

Archibald Robertson is the Scotch artist who carried from David, Earl of Buchan, to Washington the gift of the celebrated box made from the wood of the oak tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after his defeat at Falkirk. Mr. Robertson arrived in New York in December, 1791, and Washington sat to him on the 13th for a miniature, from which a large picture was painted for the Earl of Buchan.

Walter Robertson was an Irishman and no relative, it is thought, to the preceding. He came to this country with Stuart in 1793, and the next year painted a miniature of Washington, which, from the engraving of it, could have borne little or no resemblance to the subject, notwithstanding the statement of Robert Field, who made a contemporaneous engraving of it, that it "is as good a likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." Its dissimilarity to the other portraits, together with the statement of Field, would indicate pretty clearly that it was from life.

CERACCHI.

Ceracchi came to this country with the idea of executing a monument to Liberty, which he designed should be one hundred feet high, have statues of the most prominent heroes of the war, and cost thirty thousand dollars. Towards carrying out his intention he modeled and cut the busts of Washington, Hamilton, Clinton, and others, which, although severe and classical, are fine specimens of the statuary art.

WILLIAMS.

A painter by this name persecuted and persisted until he succeeded in 1794 in obtaining a sitting from Washington for a portrait

now in the possession of Washington Lodge No. 22 of Alexandria, Virginia. It is a miserable picture in every respect.

WERTMÜLLER.

THIS artist was a Swede and a painter of considered merit. He painted Washington in Philadelphia in 1795, of which portrait he made several replicas; but which one is the original it is not possible to state with any certainty.

STUART.

THE household Washington of the world is Stuart's Washington. Why it is so, it is indeed difficult at this day to say, for it admittedly lacks the strength of this artist's best work and fails as a true portraiture to satisfy the student of Washington's character. It is essentially an ideal head, and Stuart became so imbued with his ideal Washington that there are several portraits of prominent men painted by him at this period that are strongly tinctured with similar characteristics. Stuart painted Washington from life three times. Of these three portraits there are sixty-one known replicas, and they have been engraved more than two hundred times. The first, and by all question the most satisfactory Stuart's Washington, was painted in Philadelphia in 1795. It presents the right side of the face. Soon after it was painted it was taken to England and became the property of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, from which circumstance it is known as the Vaughan Washington. It now belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia. The second portrait was painted in 1796, and is the full-length known as the Lansdowne portrait. Whether the Lansdowne picture or the one belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is the original is a mooted question, with the odds against the Lansdowne picture. The third and last portrait of Washington painted by Stuart from life is the famous Athenæum head, so well known that our space will not admit of further criticism or comment. It is from this head that Stuart painted most of his replicas.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

As already mentioned, when Washington gave his last sitting to the elder Peale all the members of the family took advantage of the opportunity to gain sketches. Subsequently Rembrandt Peale had two other sittings, and the result was a very weak, poor picture, closely resembling his father's last portrait. The well-known Rembrandt Peale portrait of Washington is a composite picture, and not an original from life.

SHARPLESS.

SHARPLESS was a crayon draughtsman who came to this country in 1794 and made profile portraits in pastel of many prominent men. In 1796, being in Philadelphia, Washington sat to him, and Sharpless's portrait of Washington is the best-known profile likeness of the subject. The artist made many copies of the original, which he sold for fifteen dollars apiece.

SAINT-MÉMIN.

As Charles Willson Peale was the first to delineate the features of George Washington, so Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin was the last, and their works are equally esteemed and valuable. Saint-Mémin was a Frenchman who came to this country to introduce the physiognotrace, an invention of Chrétien by which an accurate profile outline could be obtained and subsequently reduced to any required size by the use of the pantograph. These reduced profiles were etched on copper and finished with the graver. In November, 1798, when Washington was in Philadelphia organizing the army for the threatened war with France, Saint-Memin secured a sitting, and the profile then made is the last portrait from life of the Father of his Country. It is very strong and necessarily correct. The original life-size drawing on pink paper in black crayon did belong to the late Mr. Brevoort of Brooklyn.

THUS is brought to a close this bare record of all the known authentic original portraits of Washington. Any one perusing these pages will readily understand how much easier it would have been and how much more entertaining it might have become had space permitted of amplification instead of curtailment; but it will also be recognized that the subject is sufficient for a small volume rather than a contribution to a popular magazine. The epoch, however, that we have now reached could not be allowed to pass without marking it by the preservation of some such register as is here given.

Charles Henry Hart.



A CENTURY OF CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION.



HEN Major William Jackson, Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, set off to lay the signed copy of the Constitution before the Continental Congress, he bore with him a letter from Washington and a copy of three resolutions passed by the Convention. One of these resolutions set forth the wish that, when nine States had ratified the new plan of government, the Congress should name three days: on one, electors were to be chosen in the ratifying States; on another, the electors were to meet and vote for President and Vice-President; on the third, proceedings were to begin under the Constitution. When therefore on July 2, 1788, the President of the old Congress informed the members present that nine States had ratified, he reminded them also that it thus became their duty to carry out the resolution of the Convention and fix the three required dates. After much delay and much debate the first Wednesdays in January, February, and March, 1789, were chosen.

The first Wednesday in March fell on the 4th of the month, and on that day the Constitution under which we now live became the supreme law of the land. Though the conventions of eleven States had then ratified, but three had done so unanimously. To thousands of well-meaning men in every State the new plan was offensive because it was too costly; because it was to be a government of three branches instead of a government of one; because the power of taxing was vested in Congress; because liberty of the press was not assured; because trial by jury was not provided in civil cases; because there was no provision against a standing army, and none against quartering troops on the people; because religious toleration was not secured; because it began with "We, the people," and not with "We, the States"; because it was not only a confederation, which it ought to be, but a government over individuals, which it ought not to be. In the conventions of eight States the men holding these views made strong efforts to have the Constitution altered to suit their wishes. In Pennsylvania, in Connecticut, in Maryland, the "amendment mongers," as the Federalists called them, failed. But in five conventions they did not fail, and in these the ratifications were voted in the firm belief that the changes asked for would be made. When Washington was inaugurated the amendments offered numbered seventy-seven. But Congress was too busy laying taxes, establishing courts, and forming departments to give any heed to the fears and dreads of a parcel of countrymen. Nor was it till the legislature of Virginia protested that the House of Representatives found time even to hear the amendments read. The language of the protest was of no uncertain kind.

The members were reminded that the Constitution was very far from being what the people wished. Many and serious objections had been made to it. These objections were not founded on idle theories and vain speculations. They were deduced from principles established by the bitter experience of other nations. The sooner Congress recognized this fact, the sooner it would gain the confidence of the people and the longer the new government would last. The anxiety which the people felt would suffer no delay. Whatever was done must be done at once, and as Congress was too slow to do anything at once, the Virginia legislature asked that a convention be called to propose amendments and send them to the States. For a while it seemed as if the protest from Virginia would share the same fate as the amendments from the States. Is the Constitution, it was asked, to be patched before it is worn? Is it to be mended before it is used? Let it be at least tested. Let us correct, not what we think may be faults, but what time shows really are defects. So general was this feeling that the House would have done nothing had not Madison given notice that he intended in a few weeks to move a series of amendments which would, he hoped, do away with every objection that had been lodged against the Constitution by its most bitter enemies. His amendments were nine in number. Out of them Congress made twelve. The first, which fixed the pay of Congressmen, and the second, which fixed the number of the members of the House of Representatives, were rejected by the States. Ten were ratified, and December 15, 1791, they were declared to be in force.

But the framers of the amendments were doomed to disappointment. Their work did not prove to be enough. And while the States were still considering it, the "mongers" were clamoring as loudly as ever for something more. Congress had begun to exercise its powers. The exercise of its powers had produced heart-burnings and contentions and warm disputes. The question of constitutional right had been often raised, and before the Government was two years old the people were dividing

into two great parties — the loose constructionists and the strict constructionists; the men who believed in implied powers and the men who believed in reserved powers; the supporters of a vigorous national government and the supporters of State rights.

It might seem, at first sight, that this diversity of opinion was but another phase of that general diversity of opinion which is to be found in all communities on all kinds of subjects — on art, on music, on dress, on religion, on etiquette. But the history of the past hundred years goes far to show that the constitutional opinions held by any set of men, at any particular time, and in any particular place, have been very largely determined by expediency. The people, the Congress, the legislatures of the States, the political conventions, the Presidents, the Supreme Court, have each in turn interpreted the Constitution. Now the dispute has been over the powers of Congress, now over the nature of the Constitution itself, now over the manner and meaning of its ratification. Now the contending parties have tormented themselves with such questions as, Is it a compact, or an instrument of government? Was it framed by the people, or by the States? Is there a common arbiter? May the States interpose? May the General Government coerce? May a State secede? Yet the cases are few indeed where the answers to these questions have rested on great principles and not on expediency.

The contest began in 1790 over the powers of Congress. The State debts were assumed. A national bank was started. The first excise was laid, and a round tax was put on carriages. Every one of these measures touched the interests of a section or a class. The debts of the Eastern States were larger than the debts of the Southern States. The bank stock was held by Northern men to the exclusion of Southern men. Whisky was the staple of western Pennsylvania. The cry of partial legislation was therefore raised, and the legislatures of Pennsylvania, of Maryland, of Virginia, and of North Carolina denounced the assumption act as unconstitutional and infamous. The people of western Pennsylvania rose in open rebellion against the whisky tax. The carriage-makers, pleading that the carriage tax was direct and therefore unconstitutional, took their case to the Supreme Court. Even the President had doubts as to the right of Congress to charter a national bank, and called for the opinions of his Cabinet. The great leader of the Federalists and the great leader of the Republicans replied, and each for himself laid down rules for constitutional interpretation.

Hamilton approved of the bank, set forth the loose construction view, and declared the powers of Congress to be of three sorts — express powers, implied powers, and resultant powers. Express powers were, he said, such as are clearly stated in the Constitution and are well understood. The implied powers were not indeed so well understood, yet they were just as clearly delegated. Nowhere did the Constitution say Congress shall have power to tax whisky, Congress shall have power to tax rum. Yet the existence of that power could not be doubted, nor could it be doubted that it was merely a particular power implied from the general power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports, and excises. Resultant powers were such as resulted from the total grant of powers.

Jefferson disapproved of the bank, set forth the close construction view, and would admit but two kinds of powers — those expressly granted, and those absolutely necessary (not merely convenient) to carry out the powers expressly given.

The loose constructionists prevailed. The bank charter was signed. The whisky insurrection came to nothing. The Supreme Court decided against the carriage-makers, and the close constructionists, defeated and angry, fell back on their last resource, and before the first session of the Second Congress ended five constitutional amendments, defining the powers of Congress, appeared in the Senate. One pronounced every tax direct which was not laid on imports, excises, transfers of property, and proceedings at law. Another denied Congress the power to grant a charter of incorporation, or to set up a commercial monopoly of any kind. The third excluded from Congress every man concerned in the direction or management of a bank or moneyed corporation. The fourth went further still and proposed to shut out from the possibility of a seat in either House every man who sat on the board of directors, or filled a clerkship, or owned a share of stock of the Bank of the United States. The fifth proposed that the judicial power of the United States should be vested, not only in one Supreme Court and such inferior courts as Congress might ordain and establish, but in such State courts as the Congress should deem fit to share it.

The fifth amendment was aimed full at the Supreme Court. On the bench of that court sat John Jay, the Chief-Justice, and James Wilson, Iredell, Cushing, Rutledge, and Blair, the five associate justices. But little business had come before them, yet they had handed down two decisions which seemed to every strict constructionist to threaten the ruin of republican government. One declared that the tax on carriages was not direct, and the other asserted the right of a citizen to sue a State. At this even the friends of loose construction took fright, and once more expediency became the

cause of action. The good people of Massachusetts were at that very moment being sued by an alien and a subject of Great Britain, and the legislature, alarmed by the decision of the court, bade its senators, and requested its representatives, to spare no pains to have the Constitution amended. The instructions were obeyed, the eleventh amendment went out to the States in 1794, and in 1798 became part of the Constitution.

With this amendment the Supreme Court drops from the constitutional discussions for a time, and the behavior of the President takes its place. In 1792 France declared war on Great Britain. In 1793 Genet landed on our shore, and the day seemed not far distant when the United States would be called on to make good the promise of the old treaty of 1778. The Administration was for neutrality, and Washington issued a proclamation to that effect. This course was the only wise and safe one. But it was a Federal measure. As such it had to be opposed; and raising the cry of unconstitutionality, for want of a better reason, the Republicans denounced the President in every Democratic newspaper and in every Democratic society the land over. He had, they claimed, violated the Constitution. He had usurped the powers of Congress. To proclaim neutrality was to forbid war. To forbid war included the power to declare war, and the power to declare war had been expressly delegated to Congress. The constitutionality of the act was defended by Hamilton in his letters of "Pacificus." What could be said against it Madison gave in the letters of "Helvidius."

Hardly had this dispute subsided when a new one arose. The President and the Senate had ratified the ever-memorable treaty of 1794, and the House had been called on to vote the money necessary to put the treaty in force. But the House was then in Republican hands. The Republicans were determined to defeat the treaty, and sought to do so by refusing to vote the money needed. This the Federalists resisted as unconstitutional. The treaty-making power was, they held, confined to the President and the Senate. The duty of the House was to vote the money and be still. A great debate followed, in which the right of the House to share in making treaties, the place of treaties with respect to the Constitution and the laws, the proper subjects of treaties, were examined with a keenness which makes the debate profitable reading at the present day.

Offensive as the English treaty was at home, it was doubly so abroad. The French Directory suspended the old treaty of amity and commerce, recalled their minister, sent the American minister out of France, insulted the X. Y. Z. commissioners, and brought on the quasi-war of 1798 and 1799. Never since the days of the Stamp Act had the country been so enraged. Numbers of Republicans quit their seats in Congress and hastened home, and the Federalists, thus left in control, passed the Alien Enemy Act, the Alien Friends Act, the Naturalization Act, and the Sedition Bill, and opened a new era in our constitutional history. From 1789 to 1798 the discussions had been confined to the text of the Constitution. The Supreme Court had defined the meaning of certain phrases. Congress had wrangled over the exercise of certain powers. States had declared certain acts unconstitutional. Madison, Hamilton, and Jefferson had laid down rules for a correct interpretation. But now a new step was taken, and in the resolutions of 1798 and 1799 the very nature of the Constitution was defined by the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia. The substance of the Kentucky resolutions is that the Constitution is a compact; that to this compact each State has assented as a State; and that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. The substance of the Virginia resolutions is the same, save that in them the right of judging and interposing is given, not to a single State, but to "the States," by which is to be understood another Federal Convention.

This definition made, they declared the alien and sedition laws void and of no force, and called on the co-States for an expression of opinion. Delaware and Rhode Island, and Massachusetts and New York, and Connecticut and New Hampshire and Vermont alone replied. Each one of the seven declared that no State legislature ought to judge of the constitutionality of laws made by the General Government, and each gave that power solely to the Supreme Court. Such was their opinion in 1799; but the time was soon to come when four of the seven would abandon this doctrine and when they in turn would defy the authority of Congress, pronounce some of its acts unconstitutional, and declare others null and void. To these answers both Virginia and Kentucky made reply, and in the reply of Kentucky was laid down the statement that when the General Government is guilty of any infraction of the Constitution a nullification of its acts by the sovereign States is the rightful remedy.

At this time the new century opened. The Presidential election of 1800 was held and Adams was defeated. The two parties changed places, and with the change of place came a change of opinions. To the minds of all true Republicans the experience of ten years had shown four serious defects in the Constitution: the manner of electing the President was bad;

the Senate was too independent a body; the Supreme Court was breaking down State rights; the powers of Congress were not well defined. These defects were thought to be most serious and became during the next ten years the cause of a new batch of proposed amendments.

The most prolific source of such was the contested election of 1801. Twelve times the proposition to change the constitutional provision for electing President and Vice-President came before House and Senate. Some recommended that a separate ballot for President and Vice-President should be cast by the electors. Some were for choosing the electors by the district system; some for declaring no man eligible to the Presidency for more than four years in any term of eight; some that a person who has been twice successively elected shall not be eligible for a third term till four years have passed, and then only for one term more. From 1800 to 1804 the tables of the House and Senate were never free from such propositions. Then, after four years of reflection, the twelfth amendment went out to the States and was adopted; and the next session the whole matter was up again for amendment.

The attack on the judiciary began with the repeal of the Judiciary Law passed by the Federalists in 1801. Under this act sixteen new judgeships were created and filled by men who, the Constitution declared, should hold their places during good behavior. But the Republicans, asserting that abolishing the office was not by any means removing the man, repealed the law and swept the "midnight judges" out of place. This done, they took one step more and impeached the Federal judges Pickering and Chase. Pickering, a raving lunatic, was removed. Chase, the most hated Federalist alive, was not removed. He had escaped, in the opinions of the Republicans, because the Constitution required judges to be impeached, and because, on his impeachment, Federal senators from Republican States voted for acquittal. But his enemies hoped to reach him and others in time, and promptly brought in three constitutional amendments. Again and again it was proposed that judges of the Supreme and all other courts of the United States should be removed by the President on the joint address of both houses. The legislatures of Kentucky and Pennsylvania and Vermont asked that the judges of the Supreme Court and all other courts of the United States should hold office for a term of years, and in this Massachusetts joined. Another proposition, made by Pennsylvania, was that in cases of impeachment a majority vote be enough to convict. Another plan gave power to each State legislature to recall any senator elected by it at any time. The legislature of Pennsylvania, recalling the Sedition Law so fearlessly administered by Chase, proposed that the judicial power of the United States should not be construed to extend to controversies between a State and the citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State and the citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.

It would have been well for Pennsylvania could the amendment have passed; for her governor was to be engaged in a bitter contest with the Supreme Court, and her troops were to be drawn up around the home of the Rittenhouse heirs to prevent the marshal serving a mandamus: a committee of her legislature was formally to resolve that in a government such as that of the United States, where there are powers granted to the General Government and rights reserved to the States, conflicts must arise from a collision of powers; that no provision is made by the Constitution for determining such disputes by an impartial tribunal; and that to suffer the Supreme Court to decide on State rights is simply to destroy the Federal part of our government. The court triumphed. But the legislature was not discouraged, and it framed an amendment to the Constitution providing for the creation of an impartial tribunal to decide such disputes, and called for an expression of opinions by the co-States. Virginia answered, and in 1810 asserted what in 1798 and 1799 she had denied, that there was a common arbiter, and that that common arbiter was the Supreme Court. But Pennsylvania was still unconvinced, and in 1811 her legislature plainly affirmed the Virginia and Kentucky doctrine of 1798.

But the Republican States were not the only ones with constitutional grievances. The Federal States found grievances in the purchase of Louisiana and in the long embargo. There is not in the Constitution an express grant of power to buy land from foreign countries. Up to 1803 a Republican would, therefore, have flatly denied that such a purchase could legally be made. But the Republicans were now in power. The purchase was most desirable, and they proceeded to defend it by arguments drawn from the "general welfare clause," from the treaty-making power, from the war power; and they voted money to buy Louisiana.

The last of men to oppose such a purchase should have been the Federalists. But they were then in opposition, and became in turn most strict constructionists. They declared the treaty with France unconstitutional because the treaty-making power gave no right to acquire soil; because the ports in Louisiana were to be more favored than ports elsewhere; because the President and the Senate had regulated trade

with France and Spain, a right the Constitution expressly declared to belong to Congress; and because from this territory new States were to be admitted into the Union. New England looked with dread on the admission of such new States, and to keep down their votes in the House of Representatives Massachusetts proposed a constitutional amendment, asking that henceforth representation and direct taxes be apportioned according to the number of free inhabitants. The resolution was read, was ordered to lie for consideration, and for eleven years seemed to be forgotten. It was a protest, and was not intended to be anything more. Seventeen States then formed the Union. The assent of thirteen was therefore necessary to amend the Constitution. But as eight States tolerated slavery, no amendment could pass without the assent of at least four slave States; and to suppose that four slave States would consent to cut down their representation at the request of Massachusetts was never seriously thought of for a moment. It was in truth but a protest, and the first of a series of protests which during eleven years continued to come from the Federal States of New England.

The next expounding of the Constitution grew out of the embargo and the exercise of the war powers of Congress during the war of 1812. No express power to lay an embargo can be found in the Constitution. But the Republicans had cast away much of their doctrine of strict construction, deduced the right from the power to regulate commerce, passed the laws of 1807 and 1808, and heard their constitutional right so to do denied by the very men who in 1794 had been instrumental in passing an embargo. To explain this was easy. The Federal embargo of 1794 was laid, it was said, for a short time, and was a regulation of commerce. The Republican embargo of 1807 was for an unlimited time, and was a destruction of commerce. Congress had power to regulate commerce, therefore the Federal embargo of 1794 was constitutional. Congress had no power to destroy commerce, therefore the Republican embargo of 1807 was not constitutional. This interpretation the legislature of every Federal State, and the people of every Federal county and town, accepted and asserted, and piled the table of the Tenth Congress high with addresses and memorials all declaring that the embargo acts were oppressive, unconstitutional, null, and void. But the only reply to such remonstrance was an act, to them more infamous still — the "Force Act" of 1809.

Since the days of the Alien and Sedition laws power so vast had never been bestowed on the President. Indeed what the Alien and Sedition acts were to Virginia and Kentucky in 1798 that was the Force Act to New England in 1809. With one voice the Federalists denounced them, and with one consent asserted the doctrine of State interposition. The people of Boston voted them repugnant to the true intent and meaning of the Constitution, and petitioned the legislature to interfere and save the people from the ruinous consequences of the system. From Portland came a call to adopt such measures as in 1776 were used "to dash in pieces the shackles of tyranny." The people of Hallowell declared that when those delegated to make and execute laws transcend the powers given them by a fair construction of the instrument whence their powers come, such a law is null; they voted the Force Act such a law, and petitioned the legislature to interfere and stop the career of usurpation. The New Haven meeting described the act as repugnant to the Constitution, oppressive, and a violation of the constitutional guarantees that "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed," nor "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects" violated. Delaware pronounced the act "an invasion of the liberty of the people and the constitutional sovereignty of the States." A committee of the legislature of Massachusetts, to which the petitions were referred, reported that the embargo acts were oppressive, unjust, unconstitutional, and not legally binding on the citizens of the State. They too recommended interposition, but interposition in the form of an act to protect the citizens against unreasonable, arbitrary, and unconstitutional searches of their dwellings. And now the Republicans gave way, and in 1809 the embargo was lifted.

The third decade of our history under the Constitution covers the war of 1812. A week before the war was formally declared General Dearborn, by order of the President, issued a call on the States for militia. In most of the States the call was promptly obeyed. But in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island the troops were flatly refused. There were, in the opinions of the governors, but three purposes for which the militia of a State could be called out by a President, and these three were: to repel invasion, to execute the laws, to suppress insurrection. But the laws were everywhere executed. There were no insurrections to put down. No enemy had invaded the soil. The call was therefore unconstitutional. This interpretation was approved in Massachusetts by the judges, in Rhode Island by the Council, and in Connecticut by the Assembly, which now in turn put forth a definition of the Constitution and the rights of the States under it. In this she declares that the State of Connecticut is a free, sovereign, and independent State; that the United States are a confederacy of

States; that we are a confederated and not a consolidated republic; and that the same Constitution which delegates powers to the General Government forbids the exercise of powers not delegated, and reserves them to the States respectively.

Two years now passed by, and New England was again aflame. The cause was the refusal of the Government to defend the coast, and the desperate efforts of the two secretaries to get troops and sailors for the war. The need of men for the army and the navy brought before Congress the conscript plan of the Secretary of War, the impressment plan of the Secretary of the Navy, the bill to enlist minors without the consent of their parents or guardians; and Connecticut bade her governor, if they passed, call the legislature together that steps might be taken to preserve the rights and liberties of the people and the freedom and sovereignty of the State. The refusal of the General Government to defend the coast of New England drew from the legislature of Massachusetts the call for the Hartford Convention. To it came delegates from the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, chosen by the legislatures, and delegates from two counties in New Hampshire and one in Vermont, chosen by conventions of the people. Their duty was to devise and suggest for adoption, by the respective States, such measures as they might deem expedient, and if necessary provide for calling a convention of all the States to revise the Constitution.

They deemed it expedient to propose seven amendments to the Constitution. They would have had representatives and direct taxes apportioned according to the number of free persons. They would have had no new States admitted into the Union without consent of two-thirds of both houses of Congress; no embargo laid for more than sixty days; no President ever reëlected, and no two consecutive Presidents from the same State. They would have cut off naturalized citizens from seats in Congress and civil offices under the authority of the United States. They would have made a two-thirds' vote of both houses necessary to lay a commercial restriction or to pass a declaration of offensive war.

These in time were duly laid before Congress, where they were buried under a host of other amendments. The old proposition to remove judges by joint address of both houses had come up three times; to elect the President by district system, six times. There, too, were others: to shorten the term of senators; to give Congress and the States concurrent power to train the militia; to prevent increase of pay of Congressmen till after one election had intervened; to declare that if any citizen of the United States shall accept, or receive, or retain, or claim any title of nobility or of honor, or shall, without leave of Congress, accept any present, any pension, any office, any emolument of any kind, from emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, he shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and be incapable of holding office. Strange as it may seem, this last proposition passed each house, was approved by the President, went out to the States, and may be found in copies of the Constitution printed in Madison's term, as article 13th of the amendments. When the House in 1817 called on the President for an explanation, it came out that twelve States had ratified, that thirteen would have put it in force, and, supposing the thirteen would surely be obtained, the amendment had been inserted in the copies of the Constitution ordered printed by Congress.

More curious still was an amendment providing for the abolition of the Vice-Presidency, the yearly election of representatives, the triennial election of senators, and the choice of President by lot. The senators were to be parted into three classes, one of which was to go out each year. These retiring senators, called up in alphabetical order, were, in the presence of the House of Representatives, to draw each a ball from a box. One ball was colored, the rest were white; and the man fortunate enough to draw the colored ball was to be President for a twelvemonth.

Mingled with these were a few propositions which began to show the first results of the war. Congress was to have power to lay a duty of ten per cent. on exports, build roads and canals in any State with the consent of the State, and establish a national bank with branches. From the President was to be taken all power to approve or disapprove bills. To Congress was to be given power to appoint heads of all departments, fill all vacancies in the judiciary, and appoint all office-holders under the Government of the United States.

In nothing is the spread of the loose construction idea so well shown as in the feeling of the Republicans towards the National Bank. In 1791 they denounced it. In 1811 they refused to recharter it. But now in 1816 they reprinted the arguments of Hamilton to prove the constitutionality of a bank, and passed the charter of the second bank, which Madison, the opposer of banks, signed, and which the Supreme Court, in 1820, declared constitutional. But while the question of constitutionality thus disappeared, the ancient hatred remained. It was still to the popular mind a "moneyed monopoly," an "engine of aristocracy," a great monster "trampling on the vitals of the people."

The charter of the bank marked, for a time,

the limit of broad construction. This limit reached, a reaction followed, and with the opening of the fourth decade began a new contest over State rights. Ohio had taxed two branches of the Bank of the United States, and when the bank resisted had sent her officers to break open the vaults and carry off the tax money by force. The bank entered suit against the officers in the circuit court of the United States and won it, and Ohio in her turn affirmed her belief in State rights and nullification. She protested against the decision of the court as a violation of that amendment of the Constitution which declares that a State may not be sued. She protested against the doctrine that "the political rights of the separate States that compose the American Union, and their powers as sovereign States, may be settled and determined by the Supreme Court." She "approved the resolutions of Kentucky and Virginia," and called on each State for an expression of opinion. None replied. But eight soon followed her example. The first was Kentucky; and from her in 1822 came a constitutional amendment proposing that in all suits to which a State was a party an appeal should lie to the Senate; for in Kentucky, too, the circuit court had been busy, and had swept aside the infamous legislation known to history as the "relief laws."

New York came next. In 1824 the United States set up a claim to the right to require boats navigating canals to take out licenses and pay tonnage duty, and a resolution appeared in the New York Assembly declaring that the State must interfere in defense of her citizens. The Federal courts in 1822 declared unconstitutional the South Carolina acts according to which any free negro sailor who came into the ports of the State could be imprisoned until he sailed again. Governor Wilson when stating this decision to the legislature called on the members to preserve the sovereignty and independence of their State, and told them it would be better "to form a rampart with our bodies on the confines of our territory" than to be "the slaves of a great consolidated government." The legislature replied that the law of self-preservation was above all laws, all treaties, all constitutions, and would never be shared with any other power.

In 1824 Congress passed the "Woollen Bill," and Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi made haste to declare that the tariff, and the internal improvements for which they believed the tariff laid, were not authorized by the plain construction, true intent, and meaning of the Constitution. Each defined the Constitution as a compact into which each State had entered as a sovereign State. Each asserted that no common arbiter was known, and that each State therefore had the right to construe the compact for itself. Each then proceeded to construe it, and declared that the power to lay import duties was given for the purpose of revenue and revenue only, and that every other use of it was a palpable usurpation of power not given by the Constitution.

To these resolutions Congress gave no heed, and in 1828 passed the "tariff of abominations." Then the indignation of the South burst forth. On the day the news reached Charleston and Savannah, every British ship in the harbors pulled down its flag to half-mast. For months not a public dinner was given in the South but the diners drank destruction to the American system and prosperity to State rights. In scores of towns the sky was reddened by burning effigies of Henry Clay.

In the midst of this commotion Senator Foote of Connecticut moved that the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire whether it be expedient to limit for a while the sale of lands to such as had already been offered and were then subject to entry; and so brought on the Webster-Hayne debate. There was nothing in the motion of a constitutional nature, but the tariff, and the acts of South Carolina on the tariff, were the topics of the hour and could not be kept from the discussion. During three days the Senate and the crowd that packed the chamber heard the Constitution expounded as it was never expounded before. The Virginia doctrine of 1798 pronounced the Constitution a compact between sovereign States, denied that any common arbiter existed, and asserted the right of interposition by "the States." But the Carolina doctrine as now set forth by Hayne was the Kentucky doctrine of 1798, and asserted the right of nullification by a single State; and asserted that right, not as a revolutionary right existing on the ground of extreme necessity, but as a sovereign right existing under the Constitution.

Thus set forth nullification became a favorite doctrine, and in 1830 was adopted by Massachusetts, and in 1831 and in 1832 by Maine. William, King of the Netherlands, had rendered his decision on the disputed North-east boundary, and had traced out a line which, had it been accepted, would have deprived both Maine and Massachusetts of large tracts of land. But Massachusetts notified the General Government that it would be well not to accept the decision, as any act purporting to carry it out would be "wholly null and void, and in no way obligatory" on their government or people. Maine declared she would never consent to give up an acre of her territory on the recommendation of any foreign power. The decision of William was not accepted, and no chance

was given the States to carry out their threats. But the hour was at hand when another State, for another reason, was to make the test.

The "Southern movement" of 1828 and 1829, the burning effigies, the toasts, the remonstrances, the resolutions, the boycotts, had all been lost upon the tariff-men. The threat of nullification, the threat of interposition, the threat of resistance, had been made by so many States, in so many parts of the Union, that they had lost all terrors. Virginia and Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and New York, and North Carolina, and South Carolina, and Mississippi, and Alabama, and Georgia, and Massachusetts, and Maine had each made them, and it was well known that more than one State had made them never intending to carry them out. The tariff-men therefore, quite undismayed, laid the great tariff of 1832. But the threat of one State was not idle; and November 19, 1832, a convention of South Carolina delegates declared the tariff laws no longer binding on her people.

And now the States were called on to make good their threats, and one by one proved wanting. A year before, the legislature of Maine had declared, "Maine is not bound by the Constitution to submit to the decision which is or shall be made under the convention." But she now declared nullification to be "neither a safe, peaceable, nor constitutional remedy." Massachusetts had declared that any law to carry out the decision of the King of the Netherlands would be "wholly null and void." But she now declared that while she would resist a law she would not nullify. The legislature of Ohio in 1820 had expressly adopted the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1800. But there, too, opinions had changed; and Ohio now declared that the doctrine that a State has power to nullify a law of the General Government is revolutionary and "calculated to overthrow the great temple of American liberty."

But it is needless to recall the long resolutions passed by the States; the proclamation of Jackson; the great debate in the Senate between Webster, Calhoun, and Clay; the offer of Virginia to mediate; the call of Georgia for a Southern convention; the Force Act passed by Congress; or the compromise measures which persuaded South Carolina to repeal her ordinance of November, 1832. It is enough to know that each party held to its principles while it gave up its particular acts. The tariff of 1832 was altered, but the constitutionality of the protective tariff was not given up. The ordinance of nullification was repealed, but the right to nullify and secede was not disavowed. Then was the time to have secured such a disavowal. The States had committed themselves against the doctrine and could not have refused a constitutional amendment forbidding it. But no such amendment was offered.

Of the amendments that were offered in the House and Senate, one proposed to give Congress power to build roads and canals; another, to carry on internal improvements for national purposes; a third, that money used for building roads and digging canals should be apportioned according to population. A fourth related to the bank; for the charter of the second National Bank, in 1816, again brought up the question of constitutionality, and Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana demanded that an amendment be added forbidding the charter of any bank except for the District of Columbia. But the amendment which was always present, which was rejected and tabled and postponed, sent to special committees, to the Judiciary Committee, to the Committee of the Whole, passed in one house and rejected in another, yet never for a session absent from the journals, related to the manner of electing the President. The extension of the franchise in some of the States, and the rapid growth of what Benton called the "demos krateo" in all the States, had greatly strengthened the belief that the people, and the people alone, should choose the President. From 1820 to 1825, therefore, the old amendment for a choice of electors by districts was urged over and over again.

For twenty years the Presidents had been natives of Virginia, and for twenty-four years ex-Secretaries of State. But against these a revolt now took place. They also became the cause of proposed constitutional amendments. No man was to be eligible to the Presidency who had been a Congressman within two years, or held any office under the Government within five years of the day of election. The States were to be arranged in four classes and a President to be taken out of each class in rotation.

With such idle schemes Congress went on amusing itself till the memorable election of 1824. Then the electoral college a second time failed to make a choice, and a second time a President was chosen by the House of Representatives. This time the man of the people was beaten, the will of the people was said to have been defied, and senators, representatives, and State legislatures joined in one demand that the college of electors be swept away.

Hardly had the election been decided in the House when Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina proposed that the election of President should never be made by Congress; that there should be a direct vote of the people by districts, and that the man who carried a majority

of the districts should be President. Buchanan was for giving the choice in contested elections to the State legislatures. Hayne was against all intervention of Congress. Dickerson was against a third term, and the Senate sent his amendment to the House. Phelps was for going back to the old custom abolished by the twelfth amendment. Sloane was for a per capita election throughout the United States. Benton, from the Senate committee, reported in favor of a popular vote in districts; the abolition of the electoral college; a majority of districts necessary to a choice, and when no majority a reëlection as before; if no choice then, a choice by the Congress. So vital had the question become, that in the four years of Mr. Adams's presidency thirty-three amendments concerning it were offered in the House and Senate. Then, wearied with it all, a member urged giving Congress power, after 1830, to propose amendments every ten years and no oftener. But the manner of election was not changed. Jackson was chosen in the old way; the dread which the Democrats had of the electoral college ended, and the dispute over the manner of electing was changed to a dispute over the length of term. Jackson, in his message to Congress, asked for a definite limit, and more amendments followed. Some would give him no more than two terms; some, one term of four years; others, one term of five. Again nothing was done, and again the President returned to the subject in his message in December, 1836. The select committee reported on it and were discharged, and the proposition came up regularly each session, only to be thrust aside by others more pressing.

On March 4, 1829, Jackson began what his enemies have called his "reign," and the amendments offered during his terms were prompted more by the bitter hatred the Whigs felt towards him than by any public necessity. He removed men from office by hundreds; and the Whigs retaliated by offering an amendment that all tenure of office not otherwise provided for by the Constitution should be regulated by Congress. He demanded that Duane should withdraw the deposits from the Bank of the United States. Duane refused, was removed, and for this the Whigs retaliated with an amendment that the Secretary of the Treasury should be chosen annually by the joint vote of House and Senate and should nominate, and by and with the advice of the Senate appoint, all officers whose duty it was to disburse the revenues. Jackson gave five members of Congress places in the Cabinet. Three more he sent to foreign courts. Four more he made comfortable with collectorships, appraiserships, and district attorneyships, and to stop him the Whigs proposed a third amendment. By it senators and representatives were not to be eligible to any office in the gift of President or Secretary of the Treasury during the term for which they were elected to sit in Congress, nor for two years thereafter. But the great constitutional question was the right to abolish slavery.

The Missouri Compromise had stirred up Benjamin Lundy, Benjamin Lundy had stirred up Garrison, and Garrison in turn had roused the antislavery feeling of the North. Hundreds of antislavery societies had sprung into existence, and from these petitions, signed, it is said, by 34,000 names, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, came pouring in. Once more the interests of a section were attacked. Once more expediency produced the charge of unconstitutionality. Congress had no power to abolish slavery anywhere. To ask it to abolish slavery was to ask it to do an unconstitutional act, and petitions making such requests were themselves unconstitutional and ought not to be received. A motion that the House of Representatives would not receive any petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was sent to a committee. From that committee, in May, 1836, came a report that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery in any of the States; that it ought not to interfere with it in the District of Columbia; and that all "petitions, memorials, resolutions, or papers, relating in any way or to any extent whatever to the subject of slavery or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon."

Thus was the Constitution violated. Thus was the famous "gag rule" enacted. Thus was begun the glorious contest waged by John Quincy Adams in behalf of the right of petition. Thus was slavery brought up for settlement under the Constitution.

On March 4, 1837, Andrew Jackson quit office; Martin Van Buren began what the Whigs called "Jackson's Appendix," and during four years the amendments offered were Whig amendments setting forth old Whig principles. The President was to have one term. Congressmen were to be ineligible to offices in the gift of the President for two years after the close of the term for which they were elected to serve in Congress. Judges of the Supreme Court were to serve for seven years and no longer. With these came up from time to time other amendments expressive of the moral sense of the community. The collector of the port of New York went off a defaulter for $1,500,000; Congressman Cilley was murdered in a duel.

Shocked at such enormities, the whole community cried out for reform, and two constitu-

tional amendments promptly appeared in Congress. Embezzlers were to be forever disfranchised. Duelists were to be forever shut out from office-holding under the Government of the United States.

But all of these were overshadowed by the great constitutional question of the hour — the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. In the two years which had elapsed since the "gag rule" was passed a great moral awakening had begun. Slavery, as well as duelists and embezzlers, was growing hateful, and the antislavery movement had entered the political field to stay. The legislature of Massachusetts pronounced the "gag rule" unconstitutional, and asserted that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. So did Vermont. Connecticut repealed the "black code." From a few hundred in 1835, the antislavery societies rose to two thousand in 1837. The abolition petitions which reached Congress in the early months of 1838 are said to have borne signatures traced by three hundred thousand hands. Then was it that Calhoun brought in five resolutions defining the powers of Congress and the States over slavery. Then was it that Mr. Clay moved eight more on slavery, the slave trade, and the petitions. Then was it that Mr. Atherton moved yet another five, drawn up by the Democratic caucus, declaring that the Government of the United States was a Government of limited powers and had no jurisdiction over slavery in the States; that petitions to abolish slavery in the District and the Territories were part of a plan indirectly to destroy slavery in the State; that as Congress could not do indirectly what it could not do directly, these petitions were against the true intent and spirit of the Constitution, and that they ought, when presented, to be laid on the table without being debated, printed, or referred. One by one they were adopted, and hardly were they adopted when a member moved an explanation. The States were not associated on principles of unlimited submission. The Federal Government was a Government of limited and specific powers derived from the people of the States, and the House of Representatives in adopting the "gag rule" had but fulfilled its constitutional duty and in no way infringed the right of petition or the freedom of debate. Then was it that John Quincy Adams moved the first antislavery constitutional amendment. Save Florida, no slave State should ever again be admitted into the Union. On July 4, 1842, hereditary slavery was to cease and all negroes born after that day to be forever free. On July 4, 1845, there was to be an end made to slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

A week later the first half-century under the Constitution ended. The second half opened with a lull in constitutional discussion. During two years not an amendment was offered. There began a new threshing of the old straw. The term of the judges, the term of the President, the manner of electing him, the exclusion of Congressmen from office, were repeatedly made the subjects of proposed amendments. There was a long debate on the constitutionality of the protective tariff. There was a renewal by Massachusetts of the old demand that representation and direct taxes be apportioned according to the number of free inhabitants, and of the old question of the constitutionality of a bank.

The great Whig victory of 1840 turned over the administration of affairs to the loose construction party. But the death of Harrison in 1841 gave it back again to the strict constructionists; for such Tyler had always been and such he always remained. Still the Whigs were not dismayed, and one by one brought forward their promised reforms. They repealed the Sub-Treasury Act, and Tyler signed the bill. But he vetoed, as unconstitutional, the bill to establish "The Fiscal Bank of the United States," and the bill to establish a "Fiscal Corporation."

For this, Whig voters burned him in effigy all over the Union. For this, the Whig caucus read him out of the party, and in an earnest address to the people called for a lessening of the executive power by limiting the veto, by restricting the President to a single term, and by giving the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury to Congress. The people gave the address small heed; but the great Whig leader did, and in December, 1841, moved three constitutional amendments. Henceforth a majority vote was to be enough to pass a bill over the veto; henceforth the Treasurer and the Secretary of the Treasury were to be appointed by Congress, and no Congressman given any office during the term for which he had been elected. Clay defended his amendments with all the eloquence and skill of which he was master. Calhoun attacked them with more than common zeal and the Senate laid them on the table. But the end was not yet. The last reduction provided by the compromise tariff was to take place June 30, 1842. The Whigs passed a bill suspending this reduction till August 1, 1842, and Tyler sent it back with his "I forbid." Unable to override the veto, the Whigs passed a new tariff act, and this also Tyler sent back with his "I forbid."

The House took up the message which accompanied this veto — the "ditto veto," as it was nicknamed by the Whigs — and sent it to a committee of thirteen. John Quincy Adams

was the chairman and wrote a report which ended with another call for the constitutional amendment proposed by Clay, for a limitation of the veto. The report accomplished nothing; but the question at issue was by no means dead, and appeared in both the Whig and Democratic platforms of 1844.

The custom of laying constitutional "planks" in a party platform was brought in by the National Republicans in 1832. Those were the days when nullification was rife, when the Supreme Court was defied, when the outlay of public money on internal improvements was still thought unconstitutional. But such was not Republican doctrine; and in their platform, the first ever framed by a national convention, they boldly declared for internal improvements, and pronounced the Supreme Court the only tribunal for deciding all questions arising under the Constitution and the laws.

As this was the first, so for eight years it was the last party platform. Then, in the campaign of 1840, the Democrats imitated the Republicans of 1832, framed their first party platform and in it laid down the party views on the Constitution. The Federal Government was declared to be one of limited powers. These powers were derived solely from the Constitution and were to be construed strictly. Such a construction gave to Congress no power to make internal improvements, to assume State debts, to charter a bank, nor to meddle with the domestic institutions of the States. In these principles neither time nor experience wrought any changes, and for twenty years they were regularly reaffirmed by every Democratic convention. Four years later the men who nominated Clay drew up three resolutions, which must be considered as the first Whig platform, and in them demanded one term for the President and a reform of executive usurpations, which every true Whig understood to mean the constitutional amendments supported by John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

But the election was contested on very different grounds. It was under the cries of "The reannexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon," "The whole of Oregon, or none," "Fifty-four forty or fight," that the Democrats entered the campaign. It was under such cries as "Texas or disunion," "Give us Texas or divide the spoons," that they won it. The treaty of annexation had failed in the Senate on constitutional grounds. Some denied the right to acquire foreign soil in any manner. Some objected to annexing it by treaty: to remove their scruples annexation by joint rule was proposed, only to be resisted by those who claimed that annexation by treaty was the only constitutional method of procedure. A compromise followed, and Tyler was left to submit to Texas the joint rule or open negotiations for a new treaty, as he saw fit. He submitted the joint rule and gave the country Texas. Then came the war. The war gave us new territory; the new territory had to be governed, and the attempt to set up territorial governments in California, New Mexico, and Utah brought up the question whether those governments should be slave or free.

On the one hand were the Free-soilers, holding two definite theories of the status of slavery under the Constitution. Slavery in the State was, they held, a purely domestic institution. State laws created it. State laws protected it, and these laws the Federal Government could not repeal. For slavery in the States, therefore, the Federal Government was not to blame. But for the existence of slavery in the Territories the Federal Government was to blame; for over the Territories the States had no authority and the Congress all authority. But the Constitution expressly denied to Congress power to deprive any man of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Congress had, therefore, no more power to make a slave than to make a king; no more power to set up slavery than to set up monarchy. The Congress must prohibit slavery in the Territories, in the District of Columbia, and wherever else its authority was supreme.

On the other hand were the Democrats, resisting the Wilmot proviso, resisting the exclusion of slavery from the Territories; demanding the fulfillment by the North of the constitutional obligation to return fugitive slaves; asserting the doctrines of popular sovereignty and non-interference, and threatening disunion if every demand were not conceded. Non-interference meant the constitutional right of every slaveholder to take his slaves to any State or any Territory and be secure in their possession, and the constitutional duty of Congress to do nothing tending directly or indirectly to hurt slavery even "in its incipient stages." Popular sovereignty meant the right of the people in a Territory to determine for themselves when they framed their State constitution whether they would or would not have slavery.

By 1850 these two doctrines had become so well defined that an attempt was made to fasten them on the Constitution. One amendment proposed that the Constitution should never be amended so as to abolish slavery without consent of each State in which slavery existed. By another resolution the Committee on the Judiciary were to frame an amendment setting forth that the people of each separate community, whether they do or do not reside in the Territories, have a right to make their own domestic laws and to establish their own domestic government.

Again the proposed amendments were

thrown aside; but the doctrine of popular sovereignty triumphed. By the compromise of 1850 it was applied in the organization of Utah and New Mexico, and in them slavery was established. By the act of May 22, 1854, it was again applied in the organization of Kansas and Nebraska, and in Kansas slavery was desperately resisted. When that dreadful war was over, Clay was dead; Webster was dead; the old Whig party was dead; the Free-soil party had given place to the Republican party; the Dred Scott decision had been made, and the Democratic party was rent into two sectional factions holding two very different views on "sovereignty." The Southern wing, led by Breckinridge and Lane, still held to the old form of "popular sovereignty," and still declared that when the settlers in a Territory, having an adequate population, form a State constitution, the right of sovereignty begins; that they then have the right to recognize or prohibit slavery, as they see fit, and must then be admitted as a State with their constitution free or proslavery, as they wish; still held that the government of a Territory is provisional and temporary, and that while it lasts all citizens of the United States have equal rights to settle in the Territories without their rights or property being impaired by congressional action. The Northern wing, led by Douglas, proclaimed the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," the right of the people while still in the territorial condition to determine through their territorial legislatures whether they would or would not have slavery.

The Republicans, on the other hand, asserted the normal condition of the Territories to be that of freedom, and denied the authority of Congress, of the territorial legislatures, of territorial constitutional conventions, and of any individual to give legal existence to slavery in the Territories. In 1860 this doctrine triumphed, and the Southern States at once began to carry out the threats so often made, and one by one seceded.

Then came up for final settlement two questions, many times discussed in vague or general language: May a State secede? May the Federal Government coerce? The answer of Buchanan to these questions is given in his message to Congress in December, 1860. He admitted, as all men must admit, that revolution is a "rightful remedy" for tyranny and oppression. He denied that secession was a constitutional remedy for anything. But he asserted that the Constitution gave no power to coerce a State when it claimed to have seceded. He admitted that the Constitution did give the power to enforce the laws of the Union on the people of a so-called seceded State; but he asserted that he was powerless to do so because he could not comply with the terms of the law of 1795, which provided for putting that power into effect. Having laid down these principles, he fell back on the old remedy and urged an "explanatory constitutional amendment." This amendment was to declare, not that secession was unconstitutional, not that the General Government might coerce, but that the right of property in slaves was recognized in every State where it then existed or might exist; that this right should be protected in the Territories so long as they remained Territories; and that all State laws hindering the return of fugitive slaves were unconstitutional, null, and void.

The hint was taken, and men of all parties made haste to lay before Congress a vast mass of propositions and amendments. One was for urging the States to call a constitutional convention. Jefferson Davis was for declaring by amendment that property in slaves stood upon the same footing as other kinds of property and should never be impaired by act of Congress. Andrew Johnson had a long list of six more. Mr. Crittenden, a senator from Kentucky, offered seven. From the House Committee on the State of the Union came seven. From the Peace Conference came seven. All were compromises. The slave States had complained that they were not given equal rights in the Territories. They were now given rights; and the public domain was parted by the old Missouri Compromise line of 36° 30′. In the Territories north of the line there was to be no slavery; in the Territories south of the line slavery was to be protected. The slave States had demanded "popular sovereignty." They were now given popular sovereignty, and the Territories both north and south of 36° 30′ were to be suffered, when they formed State constitutions, to set up or prohibit slavery. The free States had complained of the acquisition of territory for the purpose of spreading slavery. The Federal Government was now forbidden to acquire any territory in any way, save by discovery, without the consent of a majority of the senators from the States where slavery was not allowed and of a majority of the senators from the States where slavery was allowed. The free States had demanded the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; but this was refused, and in future neither the Constitution nor any amendment was to be so construed as to give Congress power to meddle with slavery in the States, nor to abolish it in the District without the consent of Maryland. The free States had demanded that the slave trade between the States be stopped, and this was granted. The slave States had demanded a better enforcement of the fugitive-slave law: this too was granted,

and the States were to have power to pass laws to enforce the delivery of fugitive slaves to legal claimants. All these amendments, and all the provisions of the Constitution touching slavery, were never to be changed without the consent of each State. But the day for compromise was gone. Congress would not accept them, and March 2, 1861, sent out to the States a short amendment in their stead, providing that Congress should never abolish nor meddle with slavery in the States. Maryland and Ohio alone ratified it. The war made it useless, and in February, 1864, it was recalled, to be followed in February, 1865, by an amendment which the States did accept and which abolished slavery in the United States forever. Then began the days of reconstruction, and when March 30, 1870, came, two more amendments had been added to the Constitution.

With these the amending stopped; but the rage for amendment went on burning with tenfold fury. State sovereignty was gone; Federal sovereignty was established. The National Government, not the State Government, was now looked up to as the righter of wrongs, the corrector of abuses, the preserver of morals; and individuals, societies, sects, made haste to lay their grievances before Congress and ask to have them removed by constitutional amendment. The change which the war has produced in this respect is most marked and curious. During the nineteen years which have passed since 1870, three hundred and ten amendments have been offered. Many of these, it is true, have in one form or another tormented Congress for ninety years; but among them are others which indicate nothing so plainly as the belief that the Government is now a great National Government and that its duty is to provide in the broadest sense for "the general welfare" of the people. To Congress, therefore, have come repeated calls for constitutional amendments, forbidding special legislation; forbidding the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors; forbidding bigamy and polygamy; forbidding the repeal of the pension laws; giving Congress power to pass uniform marriage and divorce laws, and power to limit the hours of labor; giving women the right to vote; giving the States power to tax corporations; and for amendments abolishing and prohibiting the convict-labor system and acknowledging the existence of a God.

John Bach McMaster.

SIXTY AND SIX; OR, A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Fons, delicium domus.— MARTIAL.

LIGHT of the morning,
Darling of dawning,
Blithe little, lithe little daughter of mine!
While with thee ranging
Sure I 'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six years like thine.
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down over the lea;
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic,
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Floating and ringing
Thy merry singing
Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds.
List to the play of it!
That is the way of it;
All 's in the music and naught in the words —
Glad or grief-laden,
Schubert or Haydn,
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,
Like an evangel
Some baby angel
Brought from sky-nursery stealing away.

Surely I know it,
Artist nor poet
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours.
Sorrows, what are they?
Nearer or far, they
Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers.
Years, I am glad of them!
Would that I had of them
More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine.
Age, I make light of it!
Fear not the sight of it,
Time 's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:[1]

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

PART II.

THE SITUATION DEVELOPED.

I.

IT was two months or more after Milly came that Mrs. Dansken began to fancy the situation was becoming strained. The weather was now extremely cold; the ice on the water-cask of a morning was so thick that it was necessary to cut it with a hatchet. In doing this Milly had cut her hand, and again there was an uprising on the subject of the water-pitchers. Mrs. Dansken was immovable and logical, as usual.

Had it ever occurred to the young men to inquire how the little woman who did their washing managed to get her tubs filled this winter weather with the "ditch" half a mile from her cabin? It had not occurred to Mrs. Dansken to make active inquiries on this subject herself. She considered it was none of her business; nor was it the business of her young men to concern themselves how their water-pitchers were filled. Both were paying to have these things done without inquiries. But for the sake of consistency, would they tell her how they could put on a clean shirt without thinking of the woman who washed it — a little woman, not half so big as Milly, and an old woman at that? "As for the little scratch Milly has given herself — well, it is n't the fashion to speak of such things, but you should see Mrs. Murphy's wrists! If you can only accept service that costs nothing, you 'll certainly have to wash your own shirts."

After breakfast Strode handed to Mrs. Dansken an unopened pot of vaseline.

"What 's this for?" she asked.

"For the wrists it is not the fashion to mention."

"Oh, I gave her some myself. Even a hard-hearted person like me can spare a little vaseline. Pray keep it, or give it to Milly. If we should take up a contribution for her wounds, she might anoint herself from head to foot, like a Fijian bride."

This time, decidedly, there was temper shown on both sides. But the little washerwoman told Mrs. Dansken with tears of gratitude, when she came with her weekly basket, how kind the young men had been — how they had sent a man to dig a little channel from the main hydraulic mining ditch to her cabin, so that now she had the water at her door.

Mrs. Dansken knew that this tapping of a main ditch meant considerable trouble as well as money, but she did not attempt to sully the widow's gratitude by casting doubts upon the motives of her benefactors. It was Mrs. Dansken's opinion that one motive was as good as another, so long as the result was the same.

As Christmas drew near, the subject of gifts was mooted. The young men made sarcastic allusions to the rules of the house, and asked if their oath would permit them to remember the waitress, as well as the cook. "As a waitress, certainly," they were informed. How were they to make it sufficiently understood that the remembrance applied to the waitress to the exclusion of the girl?

"Easily enough," Mrs. Dansken explained, with gravity equal to their own. Let the remembrance take the form of a general gift from them all to Milly, not from each one of them to Miss Robinson.

It might be difficult, the young men objected, to unite on a single gift that should represent them all.

Would they find it difficult to unite on a gift for Ann?

The session broke up with something of the old hilarity; only Mrs. Dansken insisted that the gift should be appropriate. The term was allowed, without discussion of its application to a gift for Milly. But an opportunity was not long delayed for further elucidation of Mrs. Dansken's views on this subject.

A few of her guests, among them Frank Embury, were in the habit of knocking occasionally at the door of the sitting-room where she betook herself to wrestle with her accounts, or make over her dresses, or hold consultations with Ann. She had drawn closer in these days to the older woman, and liked a quiet talk with her on matters which had been their own before the stranger had come into the house.

[1] Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.

Frank knocked and entered with a pile of books under his arm; they slid to the floor as he took a seat. Mrs. Dansken was careful not to look at them too closely, thinking they were for herself. Frank saw that she thought so, and this made it more difficult for him to say that they were for Milly.

Mrs. Dansken recovered herself, and looked at the books with the most amiable interest. "Is this the general gift?" she asked, wondering not a little at the choice of a modern edition of Miss Austen's novels.

"No," said Frank. "It is something I thought of doing on my own account; or, rather, of getting you to help me to do."

"You wish me to help you give these books to Milly Robinson?"

"Yes — that is, they are submitted first, of course, to the public censor of gifts."

Mrs. Dansken did not like to be called names, though she could sometimes give them to others with great facility.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, "really it seems almost perverse of you to insist upon this sort of thing! These are books you could give your sister. Why do you wish to give her books?"

"I don't wish to give her poor ones. That 's the kind she seems to be reading now."

"Dear me! How do you know what she reads?"

"Oh, I happen to know," said Frank.

"But these are books entirely over the head of a girl like Milly. Have you ever read Miss Austen?"

Frank owned that he had not.

"I have n't either, but I 've got an idea she is a sort of fad nowadays, like old miniatures and paintings on velvet."

"Oh, I don't think she 's a fad. My sisters were reading her in an old edition that belonged to one of my aunts — board covers and paper labels and jolly rough edges."

"Well, your sisters may come naturally by their Miss Austen in board covers. I don't mean she would be a fad for everybody. 'Pride and Prejudice!' 'Sense and Sensibility!' Now, Frank, do you suppose when Milly Robinson has got through one of these books — which I doubt if she ever does — she will have the faintest idea what even the title means?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Frank, sulkily. He was not so confident himself about his choice, which was one reason for indulging ill-humor now that it was being criticised.

"Oh, well, give her the books if you want to," said Mrs. Dansken, relenting in amusement at his disgust. "She will be the chief sufferer."

"I wanted you to give them to her."

"Well, I shall not! She 'd think I was making fun of her."

"Then keep them, and read them yourself," said Frank, maliciously.

"No, you must take this admirable female back, and get something of Mrs. Whitney's — no, Mrs. Whitney writes about high-toned servant girls. I 'm afraid she would be demoralizing. Are n't Grace Aguilar's books read a good deal by young girls?"

"By young servant girls, do you mean?"

"I 'm afraid we would not make much of a committee on books for girls, Frank," said Mrs. Dansken, forgiving him entirely now that she had made him lose his temper. "Don't you know any books that are safe and easy to understand?"

"That is the kind I read," said Frank. "I 'm afraid the 'Weekly Light of Home' is n't very safe."

"Is that what Milly reads?"

"I think so, sometimes."

"Well, I must look after her reading, for your sake. But I wish you would tell me how you came to know so much more about it than I do?"

"It 's not much that I know. You could easily get the inside track of me there."

Mrs. Dansken seemed struck by this expression. "The inside track! Yes, of course, there are two ways of getting there. Don't you suppose I know that my way is n't the true way? Frank," she exclaimed in a burst of harassed confidence, "if I could only be fond of the girl, as I am of crabbed old Ann — if I could make her like me and trust me, as Ann does! Well, I should know all about her then — more than any of you could know. But I cannot do it. Good people, I think, have no likes or dislikes." (Mrs. Dansken always spoke of good people with toleration as a race by themselves, alien in some sense to the rest of humanity.) "I would like to make Milly believe that I like her, but she has her intuitions. I would get rid of her, if I could possibly get on without her. I hate to acknowledge what a difference she has made in the house. And yet, there are days — oh, well, this is all 'nerves,' don't you know? Did you ever find yourself nursing an antagonism? You have no idea how it occupies the mind. It 's as exciting as the first stages of a love affair."

"How queer women are about their business relations," said Frank. "They are so personal. Men never think whether they like each other or not. They get on together all the same."

"So do I get on. Don't I get on most beautifully? I 've never had a word with Milly — and yet there are mornings when I wake up and think, I 've got to go down-stairs and say, 'Good-morning, Milly!' and look at her without meeting her eyes. She never looks at

me!—Well, I wish I had the house clear of her and the work just as hard as it was before."

"Mrs. Dansken, you are certainly morbid."

"I told you I was. I 've let myself go. Do you see anything uncanny about her, Frank? Honestly, apart from all our badgerings, does she seem to you a nice girl?"

"I don't know anything about her, Mrs. Dansken, or about girls anyway. You know they are all mysteries to us."

"'They,' 'us'!" said Mrs. Dansken, in great irritation. "I 'm not asking you about Milly Robinson as a *parti*."

"Do you mean, do I think she would steal the spoons?" shouted Frank.

"There are things in this house besides spoons that do not belong to a girl in Milly's position."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Dansken! Have we any of us any position that we can hold all alone? Are we blocks of stone in a quarry, set up alongside of one another?"

"Frank, I wish you had a block of stone in place of that soft heart of yours."

Frank blushed angrily. "Yes, when people talk about other people's soft hearts, they generally mean their soft heads."

Mrs. Dansken laughed outright at this; and before Frank carried the estimable Miss Austen away, the quarrel was made up.

"Superintend her education, if you want to," were Mrs. Dansken's parting words. "I shall not interfere. I won't have it on my conscience that if I 'm not good myself I keep others from being good."

In spite of the little taunt, Frank understood that Mrs. Dansken meant to trust him in all that concerned Milly. He was too young a philosophizer about women to be able to conclude how much of her confession was a true mental record and how much had been evolved in the excitement of controversy and self-revelation. His own simple judgment in the matter was, that if she would stop thinking that she felt thus and so about Milly, she would cease to feel so.

For several days after Mrs. Dansken's talk with Frank, in which she had let her aversion see the light of day, she felt its hold relax. She refrained from watchfulness; she did not refer to Milly as the Sphinx, or the Phenomenon, or the Perfect Treasure: she spoke of her by name, quite simply and humanly, without any exhibitory adjectives. She looked her antagonism in the face and saw only a pretty girl in an attitude of set, despondent passivity, and of continuous hard work. She could not accuse herself of having failed in her part of the agreement under which Milly had been glad to come; nor had Milly, on her own part, ever complained or protested.

Why, then, should Mrs. Dansken have dreaded to meet the girl on the stairs, or alone in her bedroom, engaged in these intimate services we call menial, which are assuredly as difficult to accept as to render in a forced relation?

II.

On Christmas morning, after a late breakfast, the tree was lighted in the darkened parlor, and the family gathered around it. Ann and Milly came in after the others had assembled, and stood a little apart, but not together.

Two of the young men gathered the fruits of the tree and gave them into Mrs. Dansken's lap as she sat in the most prominent place in the room and called the names attached to the gifts. She had not meant to watch the effect of the young men's "remembrance" upon Milly; but when the cumbersome box was handed to her, containing a muff and cape of long dark fur, which Mrs. Dansken had selected, thinking of the color of Milly's hair, curiosity as to how the girl would demean herself overcame her. The manner of accepting a gift is one of the tests of breeding, even more than the manner of giving, since the passive part is always the hardest.

"From the young gentlemen, Milly," said Mrs. Dansken. "Won't you open it?" she added, as the girl took the box and held it awkwardly, looking discomposed rather than happy.

Milly sat down — there was no chair very near — and bungled with the string. One or two of the young men looked at her, but most of them found something to take their attention elsewhere. Ann regarded Milly's part with toleration, holding her own present on her arm — a fur-lined mantle, of a quality of silk superior to that of her mistress's, as the latter had playfully remarked, adding that she should have to borrow Ann's cloak when she wished to be fine.

"Do cut this string, somebody," Mrs. Dansken demanded on behalf of Milly. She looked at Frank Embury, who immediately looked away. The string was cut and the cape unfolded from its paper wrappings.

"Now let us put it on you, Milly," she said. "We must show them how it becomes you. I feel responsible, because I chose it." She was helping Milly to disburden herself of her gratitude, if it were that which oppressed her. More likely, in Mrs. Dansken's opinion, the girl was sulking because she had thought Ann's present handsomer than her own.

Milly submitted to be dressed in her costly gift before the eyes of the givers. There had been nothing from Milly to the young gentlemen. As a matter of course the liberty to give

belonged to them. Her part was to accept and be thankful. She stood up, looking embarrassed and sullen, and said, without raising her eyes, that she was very much obliged to the gentlemen. And then suddenly she looked at Frank Embury. His eyes met hers with an inexplicable expression of humility, of apology: Milly may have understood what the look meant.

Mrs. Dansken saw it, but in her mood of forbearance she would not permit herself to take alarm.

There was a dance that evening in the parlor of No. 9. Ann, who had exhausted her energies on the Christmas dinner, had been dismissed to bed. At 10 o'clock a waiter from the Clarendon knocked at the kitchen door with a parcel of cakes and a form of ices. The mistress, on the alert in the midst of the lanciers, signaled to Embury.

"Go and help Milly," she whispered. "Show her how to dump the cream."

Frank took this command as a recognition of the new compact between them, as well as a concession to the spirit of the day. But he gave her an arch look of inquiry, as if to ask, "Do you really mean it?" Appealing glances from other partnerless youths, propping the walls of Mrs. Dansken's parlor, signified their desire to be of use, but were laughingly parried.

As the dance went on, subdued sounds of voices and steps and the quiet tinkle of silver could be heard behind the dining-room curtain. An occasional bumping of plates betrayed to the housekeeper's ear the unpracticed masculine touch. Mrs. Dansken was tired of her vigils. "What business is it of mine?" she asked herself. "Let nature have its way." But nature's ways are wild ways, under conditions that are not legitimate—when the wives usurp the young girls' places in the dance, and the young girl of the house has no friends in it, and no partisans, except the young men of the house. Mrs. Dansken had created this situation, had set it on wheels, confident that she could steer it safely and make profit to herself out of it. But the vigilance of suspicion is never so sure or so untiring as the vigilance of love. Mrs. Dansken's way was the way of all expedients, by which we hope to avoid the consequences of some fundamental ill-adjustment in our plans.

At 11 o'clock, when the supper was over, the mistress said: "You may go to bed now, Milly; I shall not call you till half-past seven to-morrow."

No mistress, not the most forbearing, could have liked to be smiled at in the way that Milly smiled whenever Mrs. Dansken tried to be, as she called it, "nice" to the girl. At such times Milly herself was not nice, nor pleasant to look at, for all her prettiness. The impression blotted all the back pages of Mrs. Dansken's mental record of the girl; she seemed to have been always smiling in that unpleasant way, without raising her eyes.

Milly locked the silver-drawer, put the key in its place, and returned to the kitchen. Here she remembered that she had not her kindlings for the morning fires, and taking an old shawl from its nail behind the door, she wrapped her head and shoulders in it and went out.

The night was clear and piercingly cold. Her breath made a little cloud before her in the moonlight as she crossed the trodden space between the kitchen and the wood-shed. At the door of the shed she encountered Mr. Embury with his hands full of light-wood and shavings sifting dust over his evening trousers.

"I heard you say that you had forgotten your kindlings; and it 's so late, you know, and so horribly cold—"

Certainly the thing he was doing, waiting upon Mrs. Dansken's waitress, called for an apology, even to the waitress herself.

He was bareheaded. The wind was blowing up the short locks from his forehead. He looked very kind and handsome, but, as he felt, very much out of place.

Milly held out her apron. "Run in; run in, quick!" he commanded. "You 'll freeze to death!"

She laughed excitedly as she ran before him into the kitchen and closed the door upon them both. It occurred to Frank that he had never heard her laugh before—he had never heard, in the camp, a girl's laugh that was innocent.

Milly drew out from behind the stove a box into which Frank noiselessly deposited the kindlings. The kitchen lamp, not smoking, as kitchen lamps are apt to, but burning clean and clear, showed the state of his trousers.

"Shall I slip upstairs and get your clothes-brush?"

"No," he said, beating himself with his hands.

"Let me sweep you off, then? I 've a clean broom in the closet here."

He stood up, laughing, to be swept down. "How about this?" he said, glancing at the spillings of his handful of kindlings on the floor. "Ann will know you never did that." Instinctively, and without being at the least pains, he was as secret as if he had spent his life in kitchen conspiracies.

"I 'll sweep it all up," said Milly. "I 'm sure I 'm much obliged," she added; and although she looked at him as if she expected him to say good-night, Frank noticed that she seemed happy and at ease.

"It 's late for you to be up. You must be

very tired," he said, lifting one foot to the stove hearth and leaning his arm on his knee, in an attitude for conversation.

Milly softly lifted one of the covers of the stove and stirred the coals into a glow. The kitchen, with its lamp turned low, and its one cold, moonlighted window at the dark end, took on a look of extreme comfort and seclusion.

"'Most always I 'd rather sit up than go to bed," said Milly, reflectively.

"Don't you get awfully sleepy with no one to talk to evenings?"

"Yes, no one but Ann: I suppose it 's because she is almost always sick, but she 's awful cross. She wants the whole bed. I wish she had it. I 'd a good deal sooner sleep on the floor, if it was n't so cold."

Frank did not know what to say to this; there was an appalling frankness about it as a revelation of the undercurrent of life in the house. A sudden irruption of male voices and footsteps from the parlor into the dining-room brought him to a sense of his own position. Milly looked at him in undisguised alarm. She made haste silently to cover the light of the stove; and as she blew out the lamp and slipped into the pantry, a young man, hitherto unpracticed in hasty retreats into back regions of his friends' dwellings, found himself cooling his hot face in the moonlight among Mrs. Dansken's wash-tubs and water-barrels, reflecting upon the fact that of all the men in the house he had got himself chosen as the worthiest of its mistress's confidence.

For several days after the episode of the kindling-wood Frank's behavior to Milly took on a tone of extreme loftiness. He had scarcely spoken six words to the girl before that evening, except such as Mrs. Dansken might have indorsed from her own point of view; yet the change in his manner was felt by Milly as distinctly as if he had tapped her on the head by way of enforcing it. She resented the young man's accession of dignity and copied it faithfully, so far as the negations of their intercourse permitted the one who served to copy the manner of the one who was served.

From his attitude of dignified reserve Frank lapsed suddenly into an extreme fit of homesickness. Visions of his cousin, of the marshes and the shore, swept in upon him in a great wave of bitterness that obliterated the tide-marks left by the restless risings and fallings of his spirit. He was honestly sure of his case; so sure and so unhappy, and so lonely in his unhappiness, that one day when he took his landlady out on the Soda-springs road for a sleigh-ride, and they had plunged along for a mile or more in silence, he was moved to unburden himself. It was a natural but most unfortunate incident of his friendship with Mrs. Dansken, confirming her, as it did, in his present faith and perfect openness, his sorrow and preoccupation, and convincing her later of his duplicity.

There is no untruthfulness so confounding as that which a perfectly sincere nature occasionally can perpetrate. Frank came home from this ride intrenched in Mrs. Dansken's confidence, and in his own belief in the incurableness of his old love. In his pity for himself he was very tender, very lenient, to the sufferer. He felt he was entitled to all that woman's friendship can do for one whom love for a woman had blighted. And if he was tender with himself, he did not forget to be tender towards others. He felt very old and beneficent when he thought of Milly. He decided that he would forget all about that ridiculous scene in the kitchen, and, above all, cease to visit his annoyance with himself upon her. Had he been more than simply helpful, as a man should be to women, in all circumstances? Would he not do the same thing again if it came in his way?—with this difference: he would not retreat among the wash-tubs, and leave poor Milly to think he was ashamed to be seen in her company. If his breeding could not support such a situation as that, what was breeding good for?

Mrs. Dansken held out her hand to him when they parted after their ride, at the foot of the hall stairs. Because it was a pretty hand, and because its owner had been kind to him in ways he could never return, he stooped and kissed it. As they stood in this attitude, as becoming to a tall young man with a charming profile as to a little woman with a pretty white hand, the dining-room door opened and Milly Robinson appeared, with a freshly ironed tablecloth upon her arm.

"Excuse me," she said, avoiding Mrs. Dansken's stare of inquiry.

"Well, what is it?"

"The wash is n't home yet, Mrs. Dansken, and this is the last tablecloth in the drawer, and it 's got a slit in the middle."

"Put one of the table-scarfs over it—the one with the poppies."

"I thought you did n't want them used every day," said Milly, stung by the insinuation that the interruption had been needless.

"It is n't every day we have a slit in the tablecloth," the mistress retorted, sharply.

Frank was shaking with laughter as he went along the hall to his room; but between the two women there was no merriment.

III.

THERE was another dance at No. 9, this time an impromptu one, an evening or two later.

Ann and Milly, who were not on duty, were supposed to be in bed and asleep. Ann was asleep, but Milly, restless with the sound of the music, had crept up the staircase, past the door of the parlor, where all went merry as a marriage-bell, and seated herself on one of the upper steps, with her head against the partition wall, listening with benumbed attention to the soft tread of feet keeping time to the continuous beat of the music.

She roused as the piano stopped: there was a discussion of some sort among the dancers, and Embury, who was obliging and quick on his feet, shot out of the parlor-door and up the stairs in quest of Blashfield's banjo.

In his charge upon the staircase he had very nearly tumbled over Milly before he perceived her, crouched on the steps in shadow. He passed her, as she rose, with a look of surprise and a hasty apology, fumbled about in Blashfield's bedroom, seized the banjo, and found himself face to face with Milly again, in the dusk upper hall.

"I did n't mean to go bowling into you like that," he said. "I did n't know you were there."

"I was listening to the music," Milly explained, looking at him earnestly, as if to compel his attention.

"Are you fond of dancing?" Frank asked, kindly.

Milly did not answer: she hesitated as if she had something more to say. Frank smiled at her encouragingly.

"You won't speak of it in there, will you?"

"Speak of what, Milly?"

"You won't say I was sitting on the stairs? She 'd ask what was I doing there, before them all; she 'd think I was listening."

"Milly, you ought to know there is no one in this house thinks such things of you as that."

"She does," said Milly. "She thought I was listening that time in the dining-room. You were all talking so loud — I could n't help it. I heard her say she was my enemy, and so she is! I would n't stay here if I had any place to go to."

"Child, you have n't an enemy in this house. Mrs. Dansken was only joking. Don't you know her way? I must have a little talk with you some time, but not now — I must go back now," said Frank, distracted at the possibility of a relief sent out from the parlor for the recovery of himself and the banjo, and forgetting his resolve to face whatever contingency might arise in his championship of Milly.

"Is anybody keeping you?" asked Milly, bridling.

"Yes, you are keeping me — you poor — sweet —" The banjo softly boomed against the banister. Milly released herself, and Frank was left alone at the stairhead, with the astonishing consciousness upon him that he had just kissed Milly Robinson. He was never able to explain to himself how he came to do so; but the fact remained, and also the fact that he must return to the parlor with that kiss added to the other suppressed entries in his account with Mrs. Dansken. And besides his account with Mrs. Dansken, there was his account with Milly. How is a young man to make a girl who is relegated socially to a sphere below his own believe that a kiss given in secret and accompanied by words of endearment is merely a token of respectful sympathy?

For several days he thought about Milly continually, seeking opportunities to speak with her, and shirking them when they came. Her conscious looks alarmed him. He had a foreboding that he should get himself into further trouble if he recurred to that meeting on the stairs; yet to let it pass without a word seemed like assuming that Milly was accustomed to being treated in that way, and expected no apology.

His cheeks burned when he thought of Mrs. Dansken's probable comments on such a situation; and when he thought of his cousin, the girl he used to know so well, but who was now estranged from him in ways she could never dream of, he knew it was not the decrees of parents that had put that distance between them. He was restless and miserable. The attraction of his thoughts to Milly increased in proportion as he blamed himself for his conduct towards her. The idea that he had wronged her, and that he owed her some reparation, came to have a charm for him. He dwelt upon it, and at last came the inevitable talk with Milly.

There was more than one talk perhaps before Frank found himself in a position which made it necessary for him to bring his case again before Mrs. Dansken. The submission of Miss Austen was a trifle to this, he knew; and his heart was thumping as he knocked at the door of the little sanctum where judgment awaited him. He took a long breath, and went in.

It was about a week before the evening of the next Assembly Ball. Mrs. Dansken was preparing a dress for the occasion, out of material furnished by one that she had laid aside some years before as "too young." Her Leadville season had been so reassuring that she had been led, urged by economical reasons as well, to reconsider certain resolutions as to colors and styles. The woman who hesitates on a point so delicate as this is usually the better for a little unprejudiced advice from some near member of her own family. There was no

such person to come to Mrs. Dansken's assistance; the dim, side light upon her mirror was delusive; she was actually embarked upon the venture of a nile-green silk and was ripping the breadths of the train when Frank came with his troubles to her door.

She blushed a little over her finery as she admitted him, but he was much too self-absorbed to know whether she was making a ball-dress or a shroud. She wondered what the young man had upon his mind now. Could he have had bad news from home? — had the family relented, as she had freely assured him they were certain to do? He did not look particularly happy.

"Are you very busy?" he began, frowning absently at the gay disorder about him. "There 's a little thing I want to speak to you about."

It is not a little thing, Mrs. Dansken concluded, as she looked at him; but she smiled encouragingly, and deposited her lapful of silks upon the sofa.

His eyes followed her anxiously about the room. "It 's the forbidden topic, Mrs. Dansken; but you said you would trust me about Milly, you know — and of course that puts me on my honor."

Frank found it difficult to say these words. Some of us may know the impulse of self-mortification that impelled him to urge them upon himself, and he had his intentions to support him.

"It 's not her education this time; it 's her amusements. She has n't any, you know," he added, as Mrs. Dansken did not speak.

"Has n't she?" said Mrs. Dansken, curtly. "I 'm very sorry, but I did not promise to amuse my waitress when I engaged her."

"You did not promise to amuse your boarders, but you have done much more for us than feed and shelter us."

Mrs. Dansken flushed. No woman likes to be reminded by a man that she has been kinder to him perhaps than was necessary.

"Then be modest about your privileges," she said, "and don't be trying to instruct me in my duty to others."

"I had no such idea, Mrs. Dansken; I only want your permission — I want to give Milly a good time myself. Just one good time, such as any other girl might have."

Mrs. Dansken sighed. "How do you propose to give it to her — from your superior station above her? In that case I don't think she will enjoy herself."

"Of course not. I don't mean to be superior. It 's going to be partly my good time."

"It 's going to be, is it? Then why do you come to me?"

"You know why, Mrs. Dansken."

"But you have already smashed our contract all to pieces."

"You absolved us from that first contract. You said I should do as I pleased," said Frank.

"It seems you *have* done as you pleased. Now if you will tell me *what* you have done —"

"You make it very difficult. If I tell you why I wish to do this, you will say I am instructing you."

"You need not tell me all the whys. I want to know what you have been about."

"I have asked Milly to go with me to the Assembly Friday night."

"Then all I have to say is, you have made a precious fool of yourself!" But this was not all she had to say, by any means; for presently she added more gently, feeling that she had lost ground at the outset in losing her temper, "Frank, it is simple madness."

"But listen to me, Mrs. Dansken. Here is a young girl who goes nowhere —"

"She has every Wednesday afternoon to go where she pleases," Mrs. Dansken interjected.

"But the fact is, she goes nowhere. Where could she go, in a place like this, with no friends?"

"Is it my fault that she has been here nearly a year and has n't a friend in the place?"

"It may not be her fault either."

"It 's not my fault and it 's not my business; still less yours, Frank Embury! I don't say I have done my perfect duty by Milly; I 'm not perfect in any capacity; but as to your duty, there is n't the slightest question. From this moment you are to leave that girl alone!"

Frank looked the anger he felt. Mrs. Dansken could not know what had led to his inviting Milly to the ball; her unmitigated view of it only made him feel prouder and more apart from all such poor, low constructions. But, for Milly's sake, he must temporize. He knew he could not afford to dispense with the countenance of an older woman for the girl he sought to distinguish. So he shut down upon his wrath and pleaded with all the ingenuity he was master of, and with all the power of his charming looks — never more needed nor in a more unhappy cause.

"Let us talk it over in the abstract, for the sake of the humanities —"

"For the sake of the fiddlesticks! I don't wish to hear any more of this missionary talk. You know perfectly well that if Milly Robinson was not a stunning-looking girl you would n't be seen with her at the Assembly. But don't you see, Frank, — of course you see, — that only makes it the worse for her?"

Mrs. Dansken too was condescending to plead, from the force of her alarm for Embury. It was the soft-hearted, headstrong boy she feared for, not the girl, with her curious, pas-

sive force, that drew to her everything that she wanted, without an effort of her own. She had not the least anxiety for Milly; but she knew that she could only reach Milly's champion through the girl he was crazily befriending.

"It is one of the things that cannot be done, Frank," she patiently explained; "because when it is done it cannot be undone. Nothing can ever be as it was before between you and Milly after you have had one dance together. And what is to come next? How do you propose to get back into real life after this masquerade?"

Some access of excitement altered the expression of Embury's face. His brilliant eyes looked away from the cogent common sense of Mrs. Dansken's argument. She was not sure that she had touched the right string, but she kept on, striking more or less at random. "And how do you propose to ask her? If you ask her as a young lady, she must have a chaperone; if you ask her as my servant, she must come to me for permission to go, and I shall certainly refuse."

"But tell me why, Mrs. Dansken. Is it truly for Milly's sake, or is it that theory of yours that we are all in danger of spoiling our little futures?"

"There are plenty of reasons before we come to your future. There are the rules of the Assembly, after you have demoralized all my rules. Every gentleman is allowed to ask two ladies — not two persons the other members may not care to meet."

Frank made a movement of impatience.

"Don't listen to my words; listen to my meaning. I can't stop to choose my words. Now I 'd just as soon dance with Milly, or with Ann either, as to wipe dishes or make beds with them; but I 've no business to make things awkward for the others. You 'll find the St. Louis ladies are particular whom they dance with. I 'm hardly up to the mark myself. The woman who works for her living must expect to rank below the woman who has got a husband to work for her."

"Why do you say those things? You know they are not true."

"They are perfectly true. I have n't enough prestige to make Milly go down with the others, if I were to try. I might take her to the Assembly under my wing and say, 'Here is a nice little girl who does my chamber work. I 've brought her to have a good time, because she has nowhere else to go.' Do you think they would help her to enjoy herself? She would be the stray chicken in the hen-yard; they 'd peck her all to pieces. And there is sense in it too. You can easily see if each one of you is allowed to use his private judgment as to what constitutes a lady, in the sense of a partner, why, there are other young persons in the place: you must see I 'm not narrow about this. It is simply one of the things all the world knows is impossible. Milly is all right as she is; she is n't having a very good time, but it is only six months since her brother died —"

"Ten months," Frank corrected.

"And she is saving money to go to her friends, and they are the ones to look after her. She will have plenty of time to amuse herself after she is done with this place. But take her and set her up in a position that antagonizes everybody — why, she 'll be attacked right and left. This is what would happen if I undertook to set her up; but if you should try it, Frank Embury, she will be lost. And whatever comes of it you will have to see her through."

"I intend to see her through. I have asked her as I would ask any girl, and I will not insult her by backing out, on account of the sneers of the women. There 's no sense, nor justice, nor kindness in it."

"Justice and kindness you 'll find are luxuries, my child. Minding one's own affairs is the main business of life — and paying one's debts, and keeping one's promises."

Embury was hard hit this time, but he was past wincing.

"Just to show you, Frank, how these things work: I 'm not in the least angry with you, who really deserve it, but I have lost every bit of faith I ever had in that girl."

"For Heaven's sake, what has she done?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but I feel it is her fault, all the same. It 's the fatal twist in the situation. You 'll find it will meet you at every turn."

"Suppose she refuses to go. How will the situation strike you then?"

"Has she refused?"

"She has n't accepted."

"Oh, she means to go. If she did n't, she would have told you. It was really very clever of her to reserve her answer."

"I don't know why you call it clever. I thought it rather a pitiful acknowledgment that she was not her own mistress."

"Is that what she said?"

"She said nothing."

"Ah, she has a talent for saying nothing. She is a very deep young person. Her friends, if she has any, are not anxious about her, I think; she has not received a letter since she came."

"Do you bring that up against her?"

"I 'll bring up anything against her I can possibly think of, to keep you out of this mess you are getting yourself into. It will all come upon *her* in the end. If you had picked out the right girl, — any girl who was possible, — we

should all be too glad to give her our blessing. We should be enchanted with a real young girl, an *ingénue*, in the camp at last. But she must be the genuine thing. We are not going to be imposed upon. Women are always the judges of women, and men who have any sense accept their judgment. They scold and they sneer at us, but they expect us to keep society in order, while they do as they please outside."

Mrs. Dansken's philosophy was often unpleasant to Frank, but in his present temper it was revolting.

"This may be true, Mrs. Dansken, but I don't see how it applies to Milly Robinson. Is there anything in her appearance that would not do for an *ingénue?*"

"Her appearance is the whole trouble."

"Or her story."

"Oh, her story! What do I know — it 's *her* story. I traced it as far as — "

"Mrs. Dansken, I swear I cannot stand this!"

"Of course you can't. You are young Romance, with a touch of modern philanthropy, and I am middle-aged Common Sense, without any philanthropy at all; but it 's Milly who is going to be the victim."

Mrs. Dansken did not believe that Milly would be the victim, but she thought it well to say so. "But what nonsense this is! To put it plainly, one of my boarders has been meddling with one of my servants."

It was the fate of this facile talker often to say the word too much, and to make it the word that stings.

"You have been very kind to me, Mrs. Dansken," Frank began, in a tone of lofty forbearance.

"I 've been very fond of you, but you need n't spare me on that account. Be as furious with me as you like, but let that girl alone. Promise me you will, Frank. You can't think how serious I am. I have a hard way of putting things, I know, but I am frightened for you both. It is n't possible you can be so innocent as not to see what I mean."

"Mrs. Dansken, I suppose you know we fellows all have our record here in the camp. We are pretty well known for what we are. Well, I 'm not ashamed of my record. If I take a girl to a dance where there are ladies it will be because she is a nice girl, and she will be none the worse, in the eyes of the men at least, for any little attention I may show her."

"Oh, my dear, it 's too pathetic to hear you talk! You are a lamb — a pair of lambs, if you will — going to the sacrifice. It 's perfectly idiotic, but it is the pitifulest thing I ever heard of. And I have got to stand by and see it done! Look here, Frank," she continued, with a change of tone, seeing that he was unmoved. "You say Milly has not told you yet if she means to go. If she does go, if she accepts, I shall know how to place her. *She* has no illusions, you may be sure, as to how she will be received. If she goes to that ball with you, she deserves whatever she may get."

In the upper hall, after dinner, Mrs. Dansken found Frank standing by the frosty window, a figure of expectation or of despondency, she wondered which.

"Will you listen to one word more?" she ventured.

"As many as you like," said Frank, so civilly that she knew his impatience had cooled into resentment.

"If you will let me, I will speak to Milly; kindly, gently as I know how. I will tell her you have spoken to me about her going, and that I have discouraged it for her own sake."

Frank smiled his disbelief in Mrs. Dansken's influence with Milly — the girl for whom she had confessed she entertained an aversion.

Mrs. Dansken felt the smile and the implication keenly. "That will let you out," she continued — but now she had lost faith in this her last appeal; "and if I can't make her see what a mistake it would be for her, it will be because she does not wish to see. If she is the nice girl we hope she is, wild horses could not drag her there; and if she is n't,— if she is a brazen, pushing thing,— surely, Frank, you cannot wish to take her! If you had the record of an angel you could n't carry it through."

Frank was himself anxious as to what he was doing, and how it was going to end. He would not for pride's sake have had Mrs. Dansken know how purely by accident, as it seemed, and without the least intending it, he had got so far on this path of perilous kindness. If a happier word could have been spoken it might have helped him in this moment of indecision. But the slip could not be recalled — the allusion to his boasted record, the intimation that he desired his release, and the epithets awaiting Milly's decision.

Is there any better thing that breeding can do for us than to develop our sympathies so surely and on such fine lines of divine instinct that we cannot make mistakes in these delicate dealings with those whom we are brought into relations with? The habit of thinking kindly, the quality of gentleness and precision in speech, are trifles perhaps, but trifles are occasionally decisive — since it is not enough to be in the right, and to have stern common sense on our side, when it comes to influencing passionate and stubborn young hearts in moments of precipitation.

Frank hardened his heart and Mrs. Dansken hardened her own; and as she hardened she lapsed into coarseness as well.

"I believe you are bent upon nothing but your own selfish pleasure and your triumph over the other men."

Frank turned and went into his room and shut the door in her face. He did not appear at dinner, nor in the parlor until late that evening, and then he came in looking cold and pale, but refusing a seat by the fire and taking a book so far from the light that he could not possibly have been able to read it.

Mrs. Dansken had been mentally prefiguring a scene there was little likelihood of her having a chance to enact, or of wishing to do so should the chance present itself. But here was the opportunity, and here was the audience, without which a dramatic presentation would fail of its effect. Her imaginary climax suddenly took possession of her, with all the force of a calculated decision. There sat the foolish fellow she had flattered with her confidence, who had given her his in return, who had made her believe, unbeliever as she was, in the sincerity of his pure, young grief. She knew the force of her arguments better than the quality of her words; nothing, she believed, could have withstood them but a deliberate courting of consequences.

She spoke up in her ringing voice and in a strain of high sarcasm, informing upon the culprit who had stolen a march upon them all and made good his intentions before declaring them. But as her voice began to shake she abandoned sarcasm for a plain statement of the case, in a silence that gave to her words the force of a tribal judgment.

"You know we agreed, about Milly Robinson, that if any of you fellows found he could n't keep faith with me, he was to let me know; and if he broke his word innocently, and it came to be found out, he was to have warning." As Mrs. Dansken recapitulated the terms of that famous agreement, it sounded very silly and unreal, like child's play — like vulgar child's play; but there was no amusement in the faces set towards her own.

She was white with despair at the thing she was doing. "And if he persisted, after he was warned," she went on, "we said, you know, that he was to be 'fired out.'" She laughed weakly, but the laugh was all her own. In the silence of these grave faces it had the effect of a sob. "But what shall be done," she went on, "with one who was released from all his promises because I was ashamed to let him promise anything, I trusted him so? He said himself he was upon his honor; and he asks me now if he may take my waitress to the Assembly, and if I will introduce her."

"No, Mrs. Dansken; I never asked you that. The girl I take to the Assembly shall need no introduction more than you do yourself. And you may consider my room vacant, if you please, after to-morrow."

"Is this to punish me?" she asked, rather wildly — "a pecuniary punishment, for a mercenary woman who was once your friend, Mr. Embury."

Frank was at the door. He looked at her in utter amazement, made her a bow, and left the room.

IV.

Milly had said nothing to her mistress, and Mrs. Dansken was still in doubt as to the girl's intentions, when Frank, the next morning, was moving out of the house.

The late friends did not refuse to "speak." That would have been too childish; and there were practical topics on which silence would have been inconvenient, not to say ridiculous, as it would have called for the intervention of a third party; but they were brief and sadly cold with each other.

Mrs. Dansken hung about on various pretexts while the packing was going on, feeling that she had been extreme, and hoping the boy would relent. Middle age is often hard, but it is not so hard as youth when it comes to a collision.

Frank was taking down his pipe-rack from the space it had decorated on the parlor wall, and the pipes were hanging at all sorts of critical angles, while his eyes sought a place to rest the rack upon.

Mrs. Dansken suffered a little heart-break at the sight of each bare space where one of his "things" had been. He was a young fellow possessed of many "things," not always kept in the most perfect order, which borrowed very quickly a suggestion of his own personality. Mrs. Dansken could tell his belongings without looking at them, his books and odd gloves and silk mufflers, when she picked them up about the house. His hats were a portrait of him, his old slippers would have been a sort of fetish to one who held him dear. In his sweetly imperious way he had required a good deal of waiting upon, but he would be missed when he left the house, Mrs. Dansken knew, but not for the trouble he had made. More and more she felt how lovable, how human, he was, how helplessly drawn towards humanness in others; and as the time for his departure came and she marked his excitement, that was not all triumph, she was more sure than ever that some occult reason lay at the bottom of his lunacy.

There was never an emptier place than Frank's at dinner that evening. The household to a man were on the side of the offender. Mrs. Dansken felt that she was in disgrace at the head of her own table. It was so like men, as

she said to herself— or, rather, it was so like boys; and, unhappy as she was, she found some comfort in the characteristic unfairness of the situation.

But she did not greatly care; her dream of leadership had vanished. She wished for her sensible old ally, Hugh Williams, that she might take counsel with him, and be scolded by him, as usual. He had gone three days before to one of the new camps to examine a mine, and would not be back until Friday. She sat down that evening and wrote him a long letter, setting her anxieties before him. A reply would be impossible, but she trusted he might get her news in time to hurry home and use his influence with his partner.

Frank had begun to realize for what stakes he was playing, with the pretty partner whom fate and his own rashness had set before him. The silly counters had been removed, and in their place were risks he could not pretend to ignore. But the excitement of the game had gone to his head.

He was obliged to take his departure without seeing Milly, owing, he believed, to Mrs. Dansken's diplomacy; but it was the girl herself who had quietly defeated his efforts to speak to her and to get her answer. He knew her list of outside errands, and the time of her comings and goings. On Monday and Thursday evenings she went to the Tent Bakery, to fetch a certain kind of breakfast-roll promulgated on those days. The bakery was at the extreme end of Harrison Avenue on the same side as Mrs. Dansken's, close to the new bridge that was then being built across the hydraulic ditch. It was not half-past five o'clock, but the workmen had left the bridge; Frank did not know for what reason, but he mentally noted the deserted look of the place.

At the hour which had been the gayest and happiest in the landlady's parlor Frank took his station on the bridge and watched for Milly. He had not long to wait before he saw her coming. She had a brown veil bound tightly over her hat; he would have liked to see her face, and her beautiful pure color in the winter cold, yet the veil was well. He caught the rich burnish of her low-knotted hair as she whisked into the bakery. The bakery was crowded; it was a long time before she came out. In a moment he was at her side. She seemed not much surprised to see him. He took her warm parcel from her, and asked her, in a tone of command, to go back with him to the bridge. He marched off with the bundle of rolls and she followed him.

"How late is it?" she inquired as they reached the bridge.

"It is n't half-past five," said Frank, without consulting his watch.

"Won't you look, please?"

"It is n't necessary. I want only five minutes, Milly, for your answer. You are going with me Friday night?"

"No, I never said I 'd go."

"But you mean to go?"

"I could n't go, any way at all. You ought to know that, Mr. Embury."

"And is this all you have to say to me, Milly?"

Apparently it was, for Milly was silent. Frank felt that he would like to take her by her pretty shoulders and shake her, just to wake her up, now that matters had come to a crisis. "Milly— oh, do take off that veil! How can a man talk to a brown veil?"

Milly's lips closed on a little fold of the veil, and then expanded. She did not wish to smile, but she could not help it. These new, peremptory ways of his were even more fascinating to her trampled vanity than his humilities and explanations had been.

"I know your cheeks are the color of that light on the mountains," he went on with wild irrelevancy. "Oh, if you would look at me, Milly!" This was undisguised love-making, Frank knew well; and making love, even to a brown veil, and with a bundle of rolls warming the inside of his arms, came easy to his temperament. (There could be no question as to the angle of his nose, which M. Coquelin considers decisive in this rôle.) The boyish, reckless side of his nature had now got the upper hand of him; he considered that he had paid the price of his escapade, and he would not now be balked of whatever excitement there might be in it.

"Come over the bridge a little way, Milly. See, here is the plank."

"I 've got to get home, Mr. Embury; and I could n't go to the ball, not if you were to keep me here all night."

"Oh, stop that eternal Mr. Embury! Why did n't you tell me so before?"

Milly did not answer. "You said nothing. I thought of course you meant to go. You have cheated me, Milly."

"You are so quick— I can't ever talk to you."

"I am quick because you are so slow. But I like your slowness; it 's sweet, if you 'll only give me what you make me wait for. I consider that you have as good as promised; I shall hold you to it."

"Not if it lost me my place?"

"You will not lose your place. Mrs. Dansken told me herself that she could n't get on without you." Frank gave this information unhesitatingly, regardless of the way in which he had gained it.

"She never told *me* that much," said Milly.

"She would n't give me the satisfaction. I 'd like to go, if it was only to show her I 'm not the dirt under her feet."

"Oh, no, not for that; but to dance with me. You need not mind Mrs. Dansken, or any of the women."

"I can't go, and I never meant to go, Mr. Embury, whatever you may think. I 've got my reasons."

Frank hesitated, thinking of the brother with whose memory Milly might be shyly keeping faith, through all his obtrusive blandishments. He felt rebuked and drew away from her, out of respect for the modest grief he had been wounding.

"Could n't you tell me what the trouble is? I did n't mean to tease you, but I did want you to have this one good time."

"It 's my clothes," said Milly, reluctantly. "I 've got nothing I 'd look fit to be seen in."

Frank laughed. His respectful mental distance from Milly instantly decreased, and he said gayly, "Oh, we 'll fix that all right, if that 's all."

"But Mrs. Dansken 's got all my wages for two months back, and I won't go to her — not for a penny!"

"Of course not. I will send you a dress, Milly. I can't send you a bouquet, because there are no flowers to be had; but you shall have the prettiest dress in Leadville, and it won't cost more than the flowers a girl carries sometimes to a party in New York. I speak of it so you won't mind taking it."

"I could n't take it from you, Mr. Embury. She 'd know I never bought it."

"You are in the cruelest position that ever a girl was in in this world, and I intend to set you right, to put you where you belong. Who are they, I should like to know, setting up to tell us whom we shall dance with! A man dances with the girl he chooses, as a general thing. I have chosen you, dress or no dress. But we will see about the dress. I shall be here Thursday, at the same time. I shall expect you. Now run home with your parcel!"

Frank had got to the point of believing that the Old World and all its traditions were wrong, for the sake of proving that he himself was in the right. He even persuaded himself that it was a romantic and touching thing that he should be clothing his partner out of his own pocket for the dance. He went about his purchase with shy ardor, wishing that he had studied the details of a girl's evening costume more thoroughly; for he was resolved that nothing should be wanting to complete Milly's triumph, and his own.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.



THERE is probably no country in the world where the police power occupies a wider field, plays a more important part, or touches the private personal life of the citizen at more points than it does in Russia. In a country like England or the United States, where the people are the governing power, the functions of the police are simple and clearly defined, and are limited, for the most part, to the prevention or the detection of crime, and the maintenance of order in public places. In Russia, however, where the people are not the governing power, but hold to that power the relation of an infant ward to a guardian, the police occupy a very different and much more important position.

The theory upon which the Government of Russia proceeds is, that the citizen not only is incapable of taking part in the management of the affairs of his country, his province, or his district, but is incompetent to manage even the affairs of his own household; and that, from the time when he leaves his cradle and begins the struggle of life down to the time when his weary gray head is finally laid under the sod, he must be guided, directed, instructed, restrained, repressed, regulated, fenced in, fenced out, braced up, kept down, and made to do generally what somebody else thinks is best for him. The natural outcome of this paternal theory of government is the concentration of all administrative authority in the hands of a few high officials, and an enormous extension of the police power. Matters that in other countries are left to the discretion of the individual citizen, or to the judgment of a small group of citizens, are regulated in Russia by the Minister of the Interior through the imperial police. If you are a Russian, and wish to establish a newspaper, you must ask

the permission of the Minister of the Interior.[1] If you wish to open a Sunday-school, or any other sort of school, whether in a neglected slum of St. Petersburg or in a native village in Kamchatka, you must ask the permission of the Minister of Public Instruction.[2] If you wish to give a concert or to get up tableaux for the benefit of an orphan asylum, you must ask permission of the nearest representative of the Minister of the Interior, then submit your programme of exercises to a censor for approval or revision, and finally hand over the proceeds of the entertainment to the police, to be embezzled or given to the orphan asylum, as it may happen.[3] If you wish to sell newspapers on the street, you must get permission, be registered in the books of the police, and wear a numbered brass plate as big as a saucer around your neck. If you wish to open a drug-store, a printing-office, a photograph-gallery, or a book-store, you must get permission. If you are a photographer and desire to change the location of your place of business, you must get permission. If you are a student and go to a public library to consult Lyell's "Principles of Geology" or Spencer's "Social Statics," you will find that you cannot even look at such dangerous and incendiary volumes without special permission. If you are a physician, you must get permission before you can practice, and then, if you do not wish to respond to calls in the night, you must have permission to refuse to go; furthermore, if you wish to prescribe what are known in Russia as "powerfully acting" medicines, you must have special permission, or the druggists will not dare to fill your prescriptions.[4] If you are a peasant and wish to build a bath-house on your premises, you must get permission. If you wish to thresh out your grain in the evening by candle-light, you must get permission or bribe the police. If you wish to go more than fifteen miles away from your home, you must get permission. If you are a foreign traveler, you must get permission to come into the Empire, permission to go out of it, permission to stay in it longer than six months, and must notify the police every time you change your boarding-place. In short, you cannot live, move, or have your being in the Russian Empire without permission.

The police, with the Minister of the Interior at their head, control, by means of passports, the movements of all the inhabitants of the Empire; they keep thousands of suspects constantly under surveillance; they ascertain and certify to the courts the liabilities of bankrupts; they conduct pawnbrokers' sales of unredeemed pledges; they give certificates of identity to pensioners and all other persons who need them; they superintend repairs of roads and bridges; they exercise supervision over all theatrical performances, concerts, tableaux,

[1] Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff (In-no-kén-tee Kooznet-sóff), one of the wealthy mining proprietors whom we visited in the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk (Krassno-yársk), has been trying at intervals for years to get permission to establish there a weekly newspaper. All his petitions have been denied, notwithstanding the fact that there are only four newspapers in Siberia, and of that limited number one has recently been gagged for eight months by an order of suspension. The citizens of Nerchinsk, in Eastern Siberia, have been trying to get a newspaper in their town ever since I passed there in 1886, but without avail. They have the necessary capital and the requisite brains, but they cannot get the indispensable permission. The editor of the "Siberian Gazette" in Tomsk told me that the Minister of the Interior had repeatedly refused to allow him to publish his paper three times a week instead of once — for what reason nobody could find out.

[2] Many of the ladies whom I found in exile in Siberia had their first collision with the authorities as a result of undertaking without permission to open schools, or to teach a few peasant children in some private house. An instructive illustration of the obstacles thrown by the Government in the way of people who try to establish private schools in Russia may be found in the well-known Russian magazine "Annals of the Fatherland" for February, 1881, p. 145. The story there told is too long to be quoted here, but it is very characteristic of Russian police methods.

[3] The order giving the police control over charitable entertainments was embodied in a circular letter sent by the Minister of the Interior to provincial governors in August, 1882. By that letter notice was given to all whom it might concern that concerts and other entertainments for charitable objects would be permitted only upon condition that the tickets should be sold and the proceeds turned over to the beneficiaries by an agent of the police, or under the direct personal supervision of such an agent. The reason assigned for this order was, that evil-disposed persons were giving concerts or getting up entertainments, ostensibly for some worthy object of charity, but really for the benefit of political prisoners, exiles, or revolutionists. An abstract of the Minister's letter was printed in the St. Petersburg "Eastern Review" for August 26, 1882, p. 14.

Nothing of a public nature in Russia seems to be too trivial for state regulation. While we were in Siberia some of the cultivated people of the town of Krasnoyarsk undertook to organize a small musical society. They were obliged to lay their plans before the Minister of the Interior, obtain his permission, and then submit to him for examination and approval their constitution and by-laws. ("Eastern Review" for November 6, 1886, No. 45, p. 4.) Even scientific bodies, like the geographical societies of Irkutsk and Omsk, are subjected to more or less vexatious control. For example, they may elect a presiding officer, but such officer cannot serve until his election shall have been approved and confirmed by the all-powerful Minister of the Interior; they may publish their proceedings, but not until such proceedings shall have been submitted for censorial supervision to the provincial governor.

[4] Chemists and apothecaries, both in the cities and in the provinces, are furnished by the police with a complete list of names of all physicians who have the right to prescribe "powerfully acting" medicines, such as anæsthetics, narcotics, and poisons. If a doctor's name is not on this list, the chemists dare not fill his prescription for any drug that might be used by a "terrorist" for the attainment of illegal ends. (See "Eastern Review" for June 30, 1883, No. 27, p. 15.)

theater programmes, posters, and street advertisements; they collect statistics, enforce sanitary regulations, make searches and seizures in private houses, read the correspondence of suspects, take charge of the bodies of persons found dead, "admonish" church members who neglect too long to partake of the Holy Communion, and enforce obedience to thousands of multifarious orders and regulations intended to promote the welfare of the people or to insure the safety of the state. The legislation relating to the police fills more than five thousand sections in the Svod Zakónof, or collection of Russian laws, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the peasant villages, away from the centers of education and enlightenment, the police are the omnipresent and omnipotent regulators of all human conduct — a sort of incompetent bureaucratic substitute for divine Providence.

In order to give the readers of THE CENTURY an idea of the nature and infinite variety of the transactions regulated in Russia by the Government through the police, I will quote, almost at random, the titles or subjects of a few of the circular letters of instruction sent by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of various Russian provinces between 1880 and 1884.[1] They are as follows:

1. To regulate religious instruction in secular schools.
2. Concerning measures to be taken to prevent horse-stealing.
3. Concerning a list of dramas that are unconditionally permitted to be put on the stage.
4. To prohibit the sale of Shimanski's pills.
5. To prohibit peasants from cutting young birch trees with which to decorate churches and houses on holidays.
6. Prescribing the manner in which the censor shall supervise the reports and accounts of private societies.
7. Concerning a removal of the restrictions upon the transportation of rendered tallow.
8. Concerning personal identification-marks in the passports of Jews.
9. To regulate the use of mineral waters by sick or wounded officers of the army.
10. Concerning an order for the sale of all grain by weight instead of by measure.
11. Setting forth the circumstances under which and the times at which the police and other employees of the Ministry of the Interior can wear white linen covers on their caps.
12. Concerning the question who has the right to collect subscriptions in the Empire for the holy places in Palestine.
13. To abolish the long chains used for the purpose of chaining together marching criminals in gangs of six.
14. To regulate printing on the paper of cigarettes.
15. Concerning the prohibition, at meetings of provincial assemblies and town councils, of the expression of such opinions or judgments as may, from their nature, lie outside the limits of the jurisdiction of such bodies.
16. Concerning an order prohibiting the emigration of dissenters to the Trans-Caucasus.
17. Concerning regulations for the proper construction of houses in peasant villages.
18. To control and regulate the transportation of animal bones.
19. To regulate advertisements of medicines.
20. Forbidding the use of all school-books and appliances of instruction not approved by the Minister of the Interior and the ecclesiastical authorities.
21. Concerning the proper method of measuring the legs of recruits for the army.
22. Concerning meetings of school-teachers.
23. Prescribing the manner in which permission shall be obtained for concerts, readings, theatrical performances, and other public entertainments.
24. To require printers to send to the Department of Police copies of all newspapers, magazines, and almanacs printed by them.
25. To prevent the sale of quinine that is not of good quality.
26. To regulate the censorship of price-lists, printed notes of invitation, and visiting-cards.
27. Concerning the construction of water-closets according to the removal or barrel system.
28. Providing for the censorship of the seals, rubber stamps, and cards of private individuals and business corporations.
29. To regulate begging for ecclesiastical institutions and for the holy places in Palestine.
30. To regulate the sale by apothecaries of certain "cosmetics" — namely, soap, starch, brilliantine, tooth-brushes, and insect-powder.

These are only a few of the countless thousands of orders, directions, and regulations that come within the jurisdiction of the imperial police. Of course they are not all carried into effect. The enforcement of such a multitude of prohibitions and restrictions, affecting every province of human life, is beyond the power of any one man or any set of men; but whether they are enforced or not, they operate constantly as a bar to individual enterprise, a network to restrain every free impulse, and a clog upon all human activity.

It is difficult for Americans to realize that such relations can exist between the people of a country and the Government as those shown by these circulars to exist in Russia. Imagine a governor of New York State issuing an order requiring all the citizens of that State to send in their seals, rubber stamps, and visiting-cards for censorial supervision. Or imagine a Postmaster-General writing a circular letter to the

[1] All of these circulars have been printed by the Ministry of the Interior, and can easily be obtained by any one who reads Russian and takes an interest in Russian methods of government. I have copies of them all, and if I do not give their dates and numbers and explain the significance of the most remarkable of them, it is simply for want of space.

governors of all the States prescribing rules for the regulation of the sale of soap, starch, brilliantine, tooth-brushes, and insect-powder! Such an extension of the powers of government is to us almost inconceivable, both on account of its tyranny and on account of its preposterous absurdity; and yet such regulations are not regarded in Russia as anything extraordinary, and one sometimes finds the police engaged in work that is even more remarkable than the regulation of the sale of tooth-brushes and insect-powder. I have in my possession the original report of a Russian police pristav, written upon a printed form, in which the officer notifies his superior that, in compliance with instructions of such and such a date, he has called upon such and such persons, who are named, and has "admonished" them that they must partake of the Holy Communion, "upon penalty of an administrative calling to account [pod opaseniem v' protivnom sluchae kazennaho vziskania]." This document bears in capital letters at the top of the first page the words "Ukase [oo-káz] of his Imperial Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias." In the newspaper "Sibir" (See-béer) for July 10, 1883, it is stated, as a matter of news, that the police authorities of the city of Irkutsk have just received orders to admonish all persons who have been neglectful of religious duty, and to oblige them to partake of the sacrament. The use of the police power as a means of compelling indifferent or backsliding Christians to partake of the Holy Communion — the sending of an armed man in a blue uniform to drag another man to the table of the Prince of Peace, and to compel him to eat and drink the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ — is something that has not often been seen, I think, outside of Russia, since the dark ages.

It is my purpose in the present paper to sketch hastily the organization of the body of officials upon whom devolve such extraordinary duties as these, and then to bring together as many illustrations as I may have room for of this peculiarly Russian method of government by the police power.

The police of Russia may be divided into four great classes — namely, first, the rural police, comprising the uriadniks (oo-riád-niks), appointed by the state, and the sotski (sóte-skee) and desiatski (day-sýat-skee), elected by the peasants; second, the common metropolitan police of the cities, whose duties do not differ materially from those of our municipal police; third, the detective and secret police; and fourth, the gendarmes. This classification is not strictly accurate. There are two or three different kinds of gendarmes, and the secret police and detectives should be subdivided. For my purpose, however, these four classes will suffice.

The secret police and the gendarmes were until recently under the control of what was called the "Third Section" of the Tsar's chancellery, and were organized as an independent department of state police, dealing exclusively with political offenses and offenders. When, however, the "Third Section" was abolished, all the police in the Empire were put under the direction and control of the Minister of the Interior. Statistics with regard to the numerical strength of the several classes of Russian police are not obtainable, and all estimates must necessarily be very untrustworthy. According to the well-informed Russian newspaper "Golos," the amount of money appropriated in 1882 for the police of the Empire was 12,000,000 rubles. If it be assumed that the average pay of the police is 300 rubles a year per man, 12,000,000 rubles a year would pay about 40,000 men. The numerical strength of the entire force is probably much greater than this, but how much greater I am unable to say. There is the same uncertainty with regard to the numerical strength of the rural constabulary elected by the peasants themselves, and known as "sotski" and "desiatski." On the 1st of May, 1886, the "Official Messenger" published a complete list of all the cities, villages, and settlements in European Russia where intoxicating liquor was sold at retail. The number was 268,928. In every settlement where intoxicating liquor was sold there would probably be at least two rural constables, and, if so, the 268,928 settlements would have a constabulary amounting in the aggregate to more than half a million men. The "uriadniks," or rural police appointed by the Government, are said to number between 5000 and 6000. They are organized into "stans," or stations, each of which comprises a district of greater or less extent and is under the direction of a "stanavoi (stan-a-vóy) pristav," or district chief. Every group of two or three stans is under the control of an ispravnik (iss-práv-nik), and next above the ispravnik comes the governor of the province. In Siberia the organization is practically the same, except that the police districts are much larger, and an officer called "zasedatel" (za-sed-át-el) takes the place of the stanavoi pristav. The uriadniks, or rural state police, are supposed to wear uniforms, and are armed with sabers and revolvers. The salaries paid them are extremely small — from fifty to a hundred dollars a year for a private, and from two hundred to three hundred dollars a year for a stanavoi pristav, or chief of a district. It is, of course, very difficult, if not impossible, to get honest and capable men to serve for such salaries, and the natural result is that the rural police represent the worst elements of the whole population. A large proportion of them are ig-

norant and stupid, while those who have brains are generally dishonest, and use the innumerable and vexatious orders of the Ministry of the Interior merely as a means of extorting money from the peasants. For example: the Minister of the Interior, with the best intentions in the world, issues an order directing that the straw-thatched roofs of peasants' houses shall have poured over them, at intervals during the summer, a thick mixture of clay and water, so as to render them less inflammable and diminish the danger of fire from sparks. The rural police officer whose duty it is to notify the peasants of this new regulation waits until the most active period of the spring sowing or the summer harvesting, when every man is needed in the fields, and then summons all the peasants in the village, reads the order to them, and insists upon immediate compliance with it. The peasants cannot suspend their sowing or their harvesting in order to go in search of clay to smear the roofs of all the houses in the village. Compliance with the order would use up two or three days' time. They therefore promptly ask the stanavoi how much he wants. The stanavoi says that if he lets them off from this roof-smearing he runs great risk. The order is imperative, and if the higher authorities find out that he has not enforced it at once he will have to answer for his neglect of duty with his head. Still, he appreciates, he says, the situation: he sees what a hardship it is for them to leave their fields and go to mixing clay and water at this critical time; and he is disposed to sacrifice himself in order that they may not suffer loss. If the householders of the village will make up a purse for him by contributing twenty kopecks apiece, so that he will not be left penniless if the higher authorities discharge him for not enforcing their orders more promptly, he will let them off from the roof-smearing until after the sowing or the harvest. The purse is made up, the peasants return to their fields, while the stanavoi goes to the village dram-shop to celebrate a good stroke of business, and try to think of some other old order of the Ministry of the Interior that he can revive and hold as a club over the peasants' heads the next time he wants money.

But this is not the only way in which the rural police extort money from the peasants, strangle individual enterprise, and help to keep the country in an impoverished condition. Just before Mr. Frost and I passed through the Siberian province of Yeniseisk (Yen-is-sáy-isk) half a dozen peasant farmers in a village near the town of Minusinsk (Min-oo-sinsk) entered into an agreement to hire a barge, float their wheat, amounting to some thousands of bushels, down the Yenisei (Yen-is-sáy) River to the northern part of the province where wheat is not grown, and there sell it directly to the consumers, thus making all the profit themselves, instead of dividing it up with two or three middle-men. The plan was a good one, and would have benefited both the producers and the consumers had it not been for the sudden interference of the police power. There is in almost every Russian village a small capitalist or speculator — often a Jew — who, with the aid of a corrupt police officer, squeezes the peasants in their times of need and makes money out of their distress. Such local capitalists are called by the peasants "kulaks" (koo-láks), the word "kulak" meaning a clenched fist. In the Siberian village of which I speak there was a speculator of this kind, and he soon heard of the plan of the principal farmers of the settlement to float their wheat two or three hundred miles down the river and sell it on their own account. He at once went to the zasedatel, or chief police officer of the district, told him about this scheme of the farmers, and said to him: "Now, my dear Ivan Nikolaievitch, you and I might just as well make some money out of that wheat."

"How?" inquired the police officer with interest.

"Why," replied the kulak, "these peasants cannot go more than thirty versts away from the village without the permission of the police indorsed on their passports. Suppose that, for some one of many good reasons that will doubtless suggest themselves to a man of your intelligence, you should not be able to give them such permission; suppose that there is a new order requiring permits to be made out on separate forms, and that the blank forms have not yet come; or suppose that you have sent the passports of these men to the capital of the province for renewal and that they have n't yet been returned. In such a case the peasants could not leave their homes without being arrested at the first place where they stopped. They would therefore have to dispose of their grain to me at my own price; you and I would float it down the river and sell it on joint account. It would be a good thing for both of us."

The plan seemed to the zasedatel to be a feasible one, and after the details had been carefully arranged it was successfully carried into effect. When the peasants came to the police officer to get permission to go into the northern part of the province they were put off from time to time on one pretext or another until, at last, becoming disheartened, they sold their grain to the kulak for what he chose to give for it. Of course, the result of this transaction was not only the virtual robbery of both the

producers and the consumers of that wheat, but the permanent discouragement of productive enterprise in all that region. The peasants, satisfied from bitter experience that they were helpless as against the police, would say to one another, "Why should we work hard early and late in order to raise grain for sale? The police won't let us go to a market with it; and if we finally have to sell it to some kulak or mir-eater [1] for half its value, how are we any better off?" This sort of thing, with infinite variations in detail, goes on constantly all over the Empire; but it is especially prevalent in Siberia, where the police are even less under control than in European Russia, and where the general level of official character is low. Mr. Krassin, the amiable ispravnik who entertained Mr. Frost and me in Tiumen, and who gave us permission to inspect the Tiumen forwarding prison, has since that time been arrested, has been tried upon the charge of extorting money from the peasants in his circuit, has been found guilty, and has been sent to Eastern Siberia as a convict. The peasants who were called as witnesses for the state at the time of his trial testified as follows: "Everybody takes money from us — district secretaries and zasedatels and ispravniks, whoever they may be and whenever they get a chance. We 're used to it; all of us know that every ispravnik will make us pay when he can. We don't complain of it; we 're used to it; we would n't have said anything about it this time if it had n't been found out." [2] This testimony is very characteristic of the Russian peasant, and it seems to me an almost pathetic illustration of his utter helplessness under the yoke of the Russian bureaucratic system. He is used to oppression, he is used to extortion, it has always been so, it is a visitation of God, and there 's nothing to be done. Nobody knows how much money is taken from the peasants in this way by highway robbers in police uniform, but the aggregate amount must be enormous. The ispravnik K—berg in Yeniseisk boasted that his extortions from the peasants in his circuit amounted to 20,000 rubles ($10,000) a year.[3]

On our way through Siberia, Mr. Frost and I made the acquaintance, in a small village near Irkutsk, of a district secretary, or "piser" (pees-er, from the verb *pees-at*, to write), whom for the purposes of this narrative I shall call Ivanof (Ee-ván-off). After we had become fairly well acquainted, and while we were discussing one day the prevalence of official corruption in Siberia, Mr. Ivanof said to me frankly, "Mr. Kennan, I take money from the peasants. I know very well that it is dishonorable, but what am I to do? I receive a salary upon which it is impossible for me to live; my superior officer, the chief of the district police, takes bribes; his superior, the ispravnik, takes bribes; the governor of the province takes bribes; and if I should refuse to take bribes I should either be arrested as a revolutionist in disguise [4] or should be kicked out for setting myself up to be a more honorable man than his Excellency the Governor."

Some of the methods resorted to by the rural police for the purpose of extorting money from the peasants are extremely ingenious and original. Some time before we passed through the town of Tiumen in Western Siberia, the zasedatel for that district received information that the body of a dead man had been found in the woods on the outskirts of a peasant village about ninety versts away, and that the man had apparently been murdered. It is the duty of the zasedatel, under such circumstances, to go at once to the place where the body has been found, investigate the case, and remove the corpse to the village dead-house, to await the arrival of the district surgeon, whose duty it is to make a post-mortem examination. The zasedatel started at once for the village. The district surgeon happened at the time to be absent from home on duty, but an order was left for him to follow the zasedatel as soon as he should return. The police officer, upon reaching his destination, inspected the dead body and the place where it lay, and then, pending the arrival of the district surgeon, ordered it removed to the village. He was aware when he left Tiumen that there was in this village no dead-house, and he had already conceived the idea of using the corpse as a means of extorting money from the inhabitants. He therefore ordered it to be taken to the house of one of the most prosperous peasant farmers in the place, whose daughter, he had heard, was about to be married. The ghastly burden

[1] The Russian village commune is called by the common people "mir" (meer), and the petty speculators who, with the aid of the police, squeeze the peasants in the manner above illustrated are popularly known as "mir-eaters," "fists," or "blood-drinkers."

[2] "Siberian Gazette," No. 49, p. 1477; Tomsk, December 7, 1886.

[3] "Annals of the Fatherland," p. 160; St. Petersburg, May, 1882.

[4] After the failure of the so-called movement "to the people," described in the first of this series of papers, many enthusiastic and well-educated young Russian liberals and revolutionists sought and obtained positions under assumed names as volostnoi (vol-ost-nóy) pisers, or district secretaries, with the hope of accomplishing something for the peasants in this way by instructing them in their legal rights, and defending them to some extent from mir-eaters, blood-drinkers, fists, and other rural extortioners. These amateur secretaries were almost invariably detected and arrested as a result of their persistent refusal to drink vodka and take bribes. Mr. Ivanof's reference was to this historical fact, with which I was familiar.

was borne on an extemporized litter of pine boughs to the well-to-do peasant's door, and deposited on the ground in full sight of the windows, while the police officer went in and announced to the horror-stricken peasant proprietor that, as there was no dead-house in the village, he should have to put the body in the peasant's house until the district surgeon should come to make the post-mortem examination.

"Akh! Bozhemoi!" ["Good Heavens!"] exclaimed the peasant, "I can't keep the body of a murdered man for two or three days in my house; my daughter is going to be married day after to-morrow!"

The zasedatel, in his gravest official tone, said that he was very sorry, but that he must do his duty. This was a very serious case: the man had been murdered, no one knew who he was, and the body must be kept in a place of safety until it could be identified and a post-mortem examination made. It might prove to be a serious matter for the whole commune, and the peasant would have reason to be thankful if nothing worse happened to him than the bringing of the body to his house.

The poor peasant was in despair. He knew that the police officer had power to bring that bloody corpse into his house—that, in fact, there was a sort of legal warrant for it; and he also knew that if he offered forcible resistance to the police he might have to pay for it with months of imprisonment, if not with hard labor at the mines. He therefore implored the zasedatel to have the murdered man taken somewhere else, and intimated that he would rather pay fifty rubles than have his daughter's wedding postponed, and all his children frightened into raving maniacs by the presence of that disfigured corpse in the house at night. This suggestion of payment was all that the police officer wanted. He changed his tone a little, admitted that it *was* a particularly hard case when a man had a daughter about to be married, and intimated that if the peasant showed a disposition properly to appreciate the favor, he (the police officer) *would* take the body somewhere else. They soon came to an understanding as to terms,—I think they compromised on thirty rubles,—and the zasedatel took the body to the house of another well-to-do peasant. Here he went through the same comedy, extorted fifteen or twenty rubles more, and then, encouraged by his success, carried that dead body to all the houses in the village where he thought he could get money enough to make it worth while, and finally, late at night, caused the corpse to be put into an old empty fish storehouse, where he might just as well have put it in the first place.

In talking about this case afterwards with peasants in other parts of Siberia, I learned that it was by no means an exceptional or an unusual thing. I heard of one instance where the same dead body was used to "work" two or three villages in succession. Great numbers of runaway criminal exiles die, freeze to death, or are killed in Siberia every year, and the finding of the dead body of an unknown man in the neighborhood of a village is a common occurrence. In one village the peasants told me that they never reported the finding of a dead body to the police officer of their district. It always cost them money in some way when they did, and they therefore either buried it quietly and said nothing about it, or carried it at night to the outskirts of some other village and let it be found there. The "Eastern Review" reports a case in which a dead body was put into a prison cell with living prisoners and kept there until it became so offensive that the other occupants of the cell were ready to pay for its removal.[1]

The methods of obtaining money that are practiced by police officials are not all so ghastly and repulsive as this, although many of them are quite as original. I knew one case where a district chief of police, in the midst of the wheat harvest, notified thirty or forty peasants to come to the police office on important business the following day at 2 o'clock. They obeyed the order and found the zasedatel dressed in full uniform, with three or four huge quarto volumes of the Svod Zakónof, or collection of Russian laws, lying on the table in front of him. He said to the peasants that he had received orders from the higher authorities to instruct the people of his district in the laws of the Empire, and that he had called them together for the purpose of reading to them regulations that the Gossudar (Gos-soo-dár) desired every true Russian to know. He then opened one of the big quartos, read unintelligible laws to those unhappy peasants all the afternoon, and notified them to come around the next morning for another lesson. Before bedtime that night the peasants sent a deputation to him to ask how much he would take to let them off from any more laws. He agreed to graduate them all with the degree of LL. D. for twenty kopecks apiece.

Among the many "natural obligations," as they are called, of the Siberian peasants, the most oppressive and burdensome is the road tax, which every man must pay with a certain number of days' work. All over Siberia this obligation is made by the police a means of extorting money. Instead of allowing the peasants in village A to repair the road in the vicinity of that village, so that they can go back

[1] "Eastern Review," No. 38, p. 12; St. Petersburg, September 22, 1883.



PHOTOGRAPH OF SERGE DEGAIEF DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE BY THE POLICE.

and forth from their work to their homes, the extortionate ispravnik orders them to proceed to the neighborhood of village B, distant fifty or a hundred miles, and to go to work there. At the same time he directs the inhabitants of village B to come and go to work in the vicinity of village A. The unfortunate peasants of both villages then bribe the ispravnik with a ruble apiece to let them work near their own homes. If the police officer does not succeed in extorting money from them in this way, he forbids them to leave their place of labor, even after they have finished their stent, until he has inspected their work. He sometimes keeps a hundred men in camp and in idleness at some point on the road for a week or two, unless they pay for permission to return to their homes. All this is done under color of law, and the peasants must either submit or pay.

We heard many funny stories from the political exiles in Siberia with regard to the ignorance shown and the mistakes made by the rural police in dealing with supposed revolutionists. Four or five years ago, just after the assassination of the gendarme officer Sudeikin (Soo-dáy-i-kin) by the terrorist Degaief (Dee-gý-yeff), photographs of Degaief, like the one reproduced above, were sent to every police office in the Empire. On the back was printed an offer of 10,000 rubles' reward for the capture of the assassin, and on the face were six photographs of Degaief, showing how he looked in a cap and without a cap; with a full beard and without a beard; and with a mustache and without a mustache. A hard-drinking and ignorant police officer in a village of Western Siberia, into whose hands a copy of this card fell, arrested four unlucky wayfarers who happened to look more or less like the photographs of Degaief, and committed them to jail; then he went about the village, and to the dram-shop, in a half-tipsy condition, boasting that he had captured four of those accursed Degaiefs, and was going to hold them until he could find the other two, so that he could turn the whole six together over to the higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would get not only the 10,000 rubles' reward, but a cross of honor.

Another police officer, equally ignorant, arrested a scientific man, a member of the Imperial Geographical Society, who had gone into the country to pursue his favorite study

of ornithology. The unfortunate naturalist was accustomed to note down every day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sagacious police officer, in looking over his prisoner's diary, found on almost every page such entries as "June 13—Killed a fine crown snipe this afternoon"; or "June 17—Shot a *silvia hortensis* to-day." Regarding these entries as unmistakable records in cipher of nihilistic murders, the officer sent the captured ornithologist under strong guard to the chief of police of the district, with the note-book as documentary proof that the prisoner was one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the terrorist assassins; the entry with regard to "crown snipe" he said was plainly a reference to the most august family of the Gossudar.

Almost every foreign traveler who has made a serious attempt to study Russian life, and who has gone for that purpose into the country, has been arrested at least once by the rural police. Wiggins, the English navigator, was arrested in Siberia and lay three days in jail before he could establish his identity;[1] Mackenzie Wallace was arrested in European Russia as a spy; Lansdell, the English missionary, was arrested as a distributer of revolutionary pamphlets; and Frost and I were arrested on suspicion merely because we happened accidentally to go three times past a jail in Perm.

Next to the rural police in numerical strength, and far above them in intellect and power, are the secret police and the gendarmes, who are to be found everywhere throughout the Empire, but who are most numerous in the cities. Little is known to the public with regard to their organization, strength, or working methods beyond the facts that they are under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and that their duties relate chiefly to the prevention or the detection of political crime. A large part of their work consists in maintaining supervision over persons who are suspected of sympathizing with the revolutionary movement, or who, to use the official word, are "untrustworthy." Nearly 3000 such persons were under surveillance in European Russia when the present Tsar came to the throne, and there were 1500 or 2000 more in Siberia—the latter political exiles. It must be remembered, however, that these were all persons under *open* supervision; that is, who knew that the police were watching them. There is another large class of men and women who are under secret supervision, and who, of course, are not aware of it.

There came into my hands surreptitiously in St. Petersburg a copy of a blank form to be filled up every month by a police officer who has some one under secret surveillance. It consists of a series of questions covering the life and habits of the person under supervision, which must be answered by the police officer ordered to watch him. It is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF IMPERIAL POLICE.

[Blank Form No. 2. To be filled up and submitted monthly.]

1. Give the Christian name, the paternal name, and the family name of the person under surveillance.

2. Where does he or she live? Give the part of the city, the district, the precinct, the street, the house, and the number of the room.

3. How long has he resided there, and from what previous place of residence did he come?

4. Does he rent separate apartments of his own, or occupy a room in the apartments or house of another? In the latter case, who is the owner or proprietor? Give his name, occupation, and antecedents.

5. Does he live alone, or with some one? In the latter case, with whom?

6. Has he any servants? If so, what are their names? If not, who takes care of his room or rooms? What things has he in his rooms? To whom is his soiled linen given? Name and place of residence of his washerwoman?[2]

7. When and from whom has he received letters, including both common letters and those containing money?

8. Does he have his meals in his rooms, or elsewhere? In the latter case, where?

9. Does he visit any library, and, if so, what one? If possible, state what books he has taken out in the course of the month.

10. How does he spend his time when at home?

11. What are his means of subsistence? If he gives lessons, to whom does he give them? If he occupies a position of any kind, where and what is it?

12. Where did the officer who is now watching him first see him, and under what circumstances? Does he know the officer by sight?

13. At what o'clock does he leave his apartments, and when does he return?

14. Is he paying attention to any woman [or, if the person under supervision is a woman, has she a lover]? If so, who is she [or he], and where does she [or he] live? Where do they meet each other?

15. Who has visited him in the course of the month, and at what times? [If possible, give name or names and place or places of residence.]

16. Has any one at any time spent the night in his apartments, and, if so, what person or persons?

17. Who can certify to the fact that he has met the persons referred to in the foregoing paragraphs?

18. Does he play cards?

19. Has he been seen at any time in a state of intoxication?

This sheet is to be signed by the officer of sur-

[1] I have not seen this statement in print, and I have been unable to verify it, but I allow it to stand on the authority of a well-informed political exile in Siberia.

[2] Articles that it was illegal to have in one's possession were often carried into and out of the rooms of revolutionists in bundles of soiled linen, and conspirators among the women frequently pretended to be washerwomen.

veillance and countersigned by the secret police inspector of the district, and then handed over to the Department for the Preservation of Order and Public Safety.

It would seem to the lay mind that such a report as this, made out and submitted monthly, should enable the chief of police to write the natural history of a suspect with considerable accuracy; but, after all, it does not attain the results expected from it. The subterranean mine in the Little Garden Street in St. Petersburg, which contained eighty pounds of dynamite, was excavated, loaded, and equipped with batteries, wires, and a Ruhmkorf coil by two terrorists disguised as cheese merchants, who were under precisely this sort of supervision. Their shop was even visited and inspected three days before the late Tsar's assassination, and yet the mine was not discovered. It is my opinion that the abilities of the Russian secret police are greatly overrated. I have had as much experience as most foreigners in evading and misleading them, and I have heard the experience of three or four hundred revolutionists who have carried on a contest of wits with them for years. In every city in the Empire there are hundreds of revolutionists whom the police have not been able to discover; hektographed and lithographed copies of forbidden writings — including this very series of articles — circulate from hand to hand throughout the Empire; and I do not think there is a prison in European Russia or in Siberia, with the single exception of the Castle of Schlüsselburg, where the imprisoned revolutionists do not have written communication with their friends outside.

A well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent of the "New York Tribune" recently said, with reference to the Russian police, "I do not believe there is another department in the Empire about which such erroneous impressions exist, and which, especially abroad, is so terribly overrated. There is not another police department in Europe which is so badly organized, so ill-informed, and so utterly incapable as that of the Tsar."

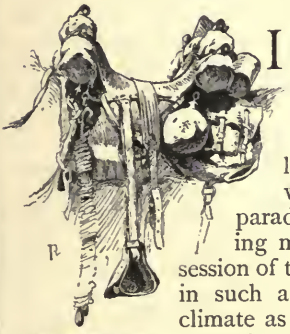
This statement is perhaps too strongly expressed, but I believe it to be essentially true. The Russian secret police are by no means up to their reputation.

And what, after all, is the use of such a system, and such a police? An observer who regards the Russian situation from an American point of view can hardly help thinking that the Tsar, who is a well-meaning man, would have a happier life and a more useful life if he would abandon his policy of repression; call for the resignation of his despotic Minister of the Interior, Count Dmitri Tolstoi; discharge five-sixths of his police and gendarmes, and admit his people to a share in the government of the state. The condition of things could hardly be worse than it is, and a liberal policy, steadily and consistently followed, might make Russia a prosperous and happy country as well as a mighty Empire.

George Kennan.

A SCOUT WITH THE BUFFALO-SOLDIERS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

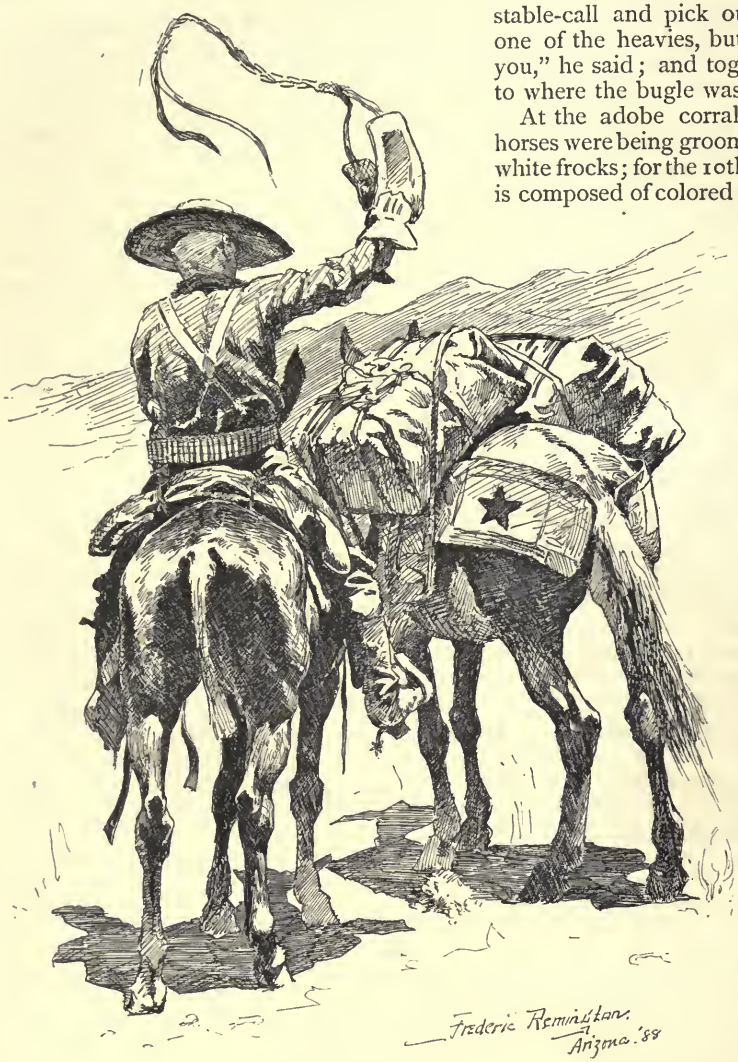


THE GOVERNMENT PACK.

I SAT smoking in the quarters of an army friend at Fort Grant, and through a green lattice-work was watching the dusty parade and congratulating myself on the possession of this spot of comfort in such a disagreeably hot climate as Arizona Territory offers in the summer, when in strode my friend the lieutenant, who threw his cap on the table and began to roll a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "the K. O. has ordered me out for a two-weeks' scouting up the San Carlos way, and I 'm off in the morning. Would you like to go with me?" He lighted the cigarette and paused for my reply.

I was very comfortable at that moment, and knew from some past experiences that marching under the summer sun of Arizona was real suffering and not to be considered by one on pleasure bent; and I was also aware that my friend the lieutenant had a reputation as a hard rider, and would in this case select a few picked and seasoned cavalrymen and rush over the worst possible country in the least possible time. I had no reputation as a hard rider to sustain, and, moreover, had not backed a horse for the year past. I knew too that Uncle Sam's beans, black coffee, and the bacon which every old soldier will tell you about would fall to the lot of any one who scouted



A PACKER AND MULES.

with the 10th Dragoons. Still, I very much desired to travel through the country to the north, and in a rash moment said, "I 'll go."

"You quite understand that you are amenable to discipline," continued the lieutenant with mock seriousness, as he regarded me with that soldier's contempt for a citizen which is not openly expressed but is tacitly felt.

"I do," I answered meekly.

"Put you afoot, citizen; put you afoot, sir, at the slightest provocation, understand," pursued the officer in his sharp manner of giving commands.

I suggested that after I had chafed a Government saddle for a day or two I should undoubtedly beg to be put afoot, and, far from being a punishment, it might be a real mercy.

"That being settled, will you go down to stable-call and pick out a mount? You are one of the heavies, but I think we can outfit you," he said; and together we strolled down to where the bugle was blaring.

At the adobe corral the faded coats of the horses were being groomed by black troopers in white frocks; for the 10th United States Cavalry is composed of colored men. The fine alkaline dust of that country is continually sifting over all exposed objects, so that grooming becomes almost as hopeless a task as sweeping back the sea with a house-broom. A fine old veteran cavalry-horse, detailed for a sergeant of the troop, was selected to bear me on the trip. He was a large horse of a pony build, both strong and sound except that he bore a healed-up saddle-gall, gotten, probably, during some old march upon an endless Apache trail. His temper had been ruined, and a grinning soldier said, as he stood at a respectful distance, "Leouk out, sah. Dat ole hoss shore kick youh head off, sah."

The lieutenant assured me that if I could ride that animal through and not start the old gall I should be covered with glory; and as to the rest, "What you don't know about cross-country riding in these parts that horse does. It 's lucky there is n't a hole in the ground where his hoofs trod, for he 's pounded up and down across this Territory for the last five years."

Well satisfied with my mount, I departed. That evening numbers of rubber-muscled cavalry officers called and drew all sorts of horrible pictures for my fancy, which greatly amused them and duly filled me with dismal forebodings. "A man from New York comes out here to trifle with the dragoon," said one facetious chap, addressing my lieutenant; "so now, old boy, you don't want to let him get away with the impression that the cavalry don't ride." I caught the suggestion that it was the purpose of those fellows to see that I was "ridden down" on that trip; and though I

got my resolution to the sticking-point, I knew that "a pillory can outpreach a parson," and that my resolutions might not avail against the hard saddle.

On the following morning I was awakened by the lieutenant's dog-rubber,[1] and got up to array myself in my field costume. My old troop-horse was at the door, and he eyed his citizen rider with malevolent gaze. Even the dumb beasts of the army share that quiet contempt for the citizen which is one manifestation of the military spirit, born of strength, and as old as when the first man went forth with purpose to conquer his neighbor man.



A HALT TO TIGHTEN THE PACKS.

Down in front of the post-trader's was gathered the scouting party. A tall sergeant, grown old in the service, scarred on battlefields, hardened by long marches,—in short, a product of the camp,—stood by his horse's head. Four enlisted men, picturesquely clad in the cavalry soldier's field costume, and two packers, mounted on diminutive bronco mules, were in charge of four pack-mules loaded with *apperajos* and packs. This was our party. Presently the lieutenant issued from the headquarters' office and joined us. An orderly led up his horse. "Mount," said the lieutenant; and swinging himself into his saddle he started off up the road. Out past the groups of adobe houses which constitute a frontier military village or post we rode, stopping to water our horses at the little creek, now nearly dry,—the last water for many miles on our trail,—and presently emerged upon the great desert.

[1] Soldier detailed as officer's servant.

Together at the head of the little cavalcade rode the lieutenant and I, while behind, in single file, came the five troopers, sitting loosely in their saddles with the long stirrup of the United States cavalry seat, forage-hats set well over the eyes, and carbines, slickers, canteens, saddle-pockets, and lariats rattling at their sides. Strung out behind were the four pack-mules, now trotting demurely along, now stopping to feed, and occasionally making a solemn and evidently well-considered attempt to get out of line and regain the post which we were leaving behind. The packers brought up the rear, swinging their "blinds" and shouting at the lagging mules in a manner which evinced a close acquaintance with the character and peculiarities of each beast.

The sun was getting higher in the heavens and began to assert its full strength. The yellow dust rose about our horses' hoofs and settled again over the dry grass and mesquite bush. Stretching away on our right was the purple line of the Sierra Bonitas, growing bluer and bluer until lost in the hot scintillating atmosphere of the desert horizon. Overhead stretched the deep blue of the cloudless sky. Presently we halted and dismounted to tighten the packs, which work loose after the first hour. One by one the packers caught the little mules, threw a blind over their eyes, and "Now, Whitey! Ready! eve-e-e-e—gimme that loop," came from the men as they heaved and tossed the circling ropes in the mystic movements of the diamond hitch. "All fast, Lieutenant," cries a packer, and mounting we move on up the long

slope of the mesa towards the Sierras. We enter a break in the foothills, and the grade becomes steeper and steeper, until at last it rises at an astonishing angle.

The lieutenant shouts the command to dismount, and we obey. The bridle-reins are tossed over the horses' heads, the carbines thrown butt upwards over the backs of the troopers, a long drink is taken from the canteens, and I observe that each man pulls a plug of tobacco about a foot long from one of the capacious legs of his troop-boots and wrenches off a chew. This greatly amused me, and as I laughed I pondered over the fertility of the soldier mind; and while I do not think that the original official military board which evolved the United States troop-boot had this idea in mind, the adaptation of means to an end reflects great credit on the intelligence of some one.

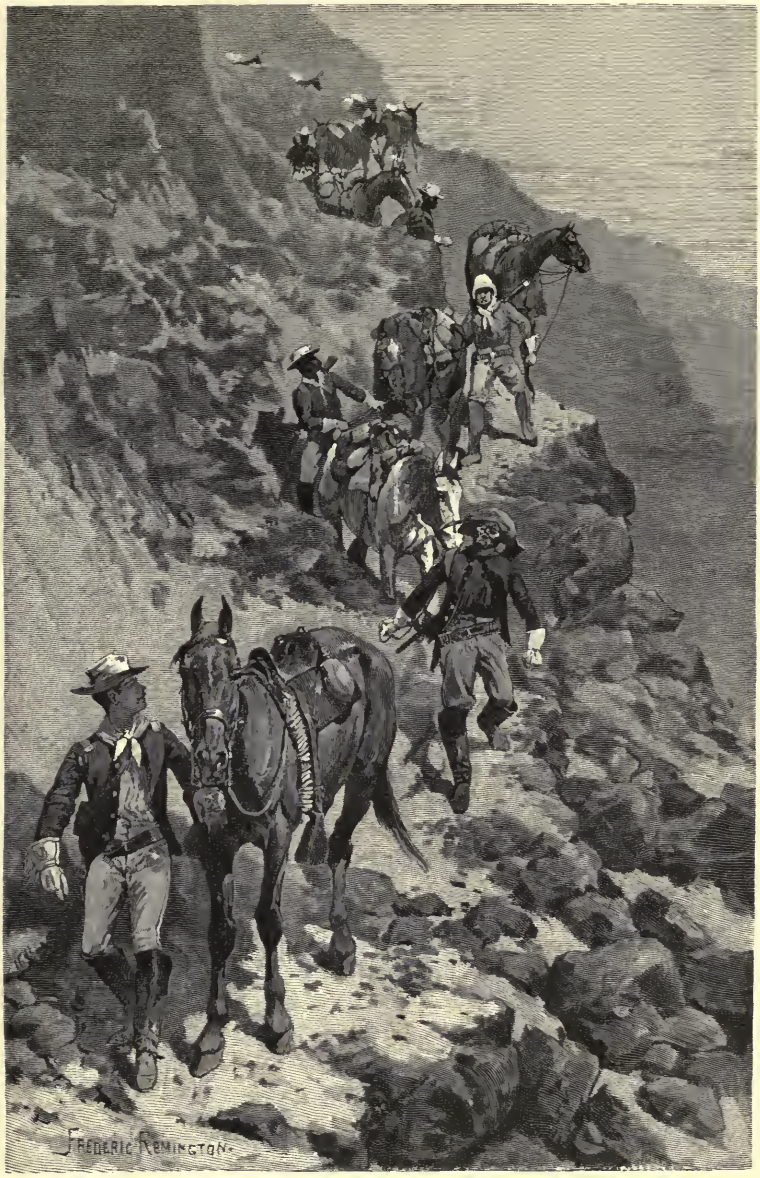
Up the ascent of the mountain we toiled, now winding among trees and brush, scrambling up precipitous slopes, picking a way across a field of shattered rock, or steadying our horses over the smooth surface of some bowlder, till it seemed to my uninitiated mind that cavalry was not equal to the emergencies of such a country. In the light of subsequent experiences, however, I feel confident that any cavalry officer who has ever chased Apaches would not hesitate a moment to lead a command up the Bunker Hill Monument. The slopes of the Sierra Bonitas are very steep, and as the air became more rarified as we toiled upward I found that I was panting for breath.



TROOPER IN TOW.

My horse — a veteran mountaineer — grunted in his efforts and drew his breath in a long and labored blowing; consequently I felt as though I was not doing anything unusual in puffing and blowing myself. The resolutions of the previous night needed considerable nursing, and though they were kept alive, at times I reviled myself for being such a fool as to do this sort of thing under the delusion that it was an enjoyable experience. On the trail ahead I saw the lieutenant throw himself on the ground. I followed his example, for I was nearly "done for." I never had felt a rock that was as soft as the one I sat on. It was literally downy. The old troop-horse heaved a great sigh, and dropping his head went fast asleep, as every good soldier should do when he finds the opportunity. The lieutenant and I discussed the climb, and my voice was rather loud in pronouncing it "beastly." My companion gave me no comfort, for he was "a soldier, and unapt to weep," though I thought he might have used his official prerogative to grumble. The negro troopers sat about, their black skins shining with perspiration, and took no interest in the matter in hand. They occupied such time in joking and in merriment as seemed fitted for growling. They may be tired and they may be hungry, but they do not see fit to augment their misery by finding fault with everybody and everything. In this particular they are charming men with whom to serve. Officers have often confessed to me that when they are on long and monotonous field service and are troubled with a depression of spirits, they have only to go about the campfires of the negro soldier in order to be amused and cheered by the clever absurdities of the men. Personal relations can be much closer between white officers and colored soldiers than in the white regiments without breaking the barriers which are necessary to army discipline. The men look up to a good officer, rely on him in trouble, and even seek him for advice in their small personal affairs. In barracks no soldier is allowed by his fellows to "cuss out" a just and respected superior. As to their bravery, I am often asked, "Will they fight?" That is easily answered. They have fought many, many times. The old sergeant sitting near me, as calm of feature as a bronze statue, once deliberately walked over a Cheyenne rifle-pit and killed his man. One little fellow near him once took charge of a lot of stampeded cavalry-horses when Apache bullets were flying loose and no one knew from what point to expect them next. These little episodes prove the sometimes doubted self-reliance of the negro.

After a most frugal lunch we resumed our journey towards the clouds. Climbing many weary hours, we at last stood on the sharp ridge of the Sierra. Behind us we could see the great yellow plain of the Sulphur Spring Valley, and in front, stretching away, was that of the Gila, looking like the bed of a sea with the water gone. Here the lieutenant took observations and busied himself in making an itinerary of the trail. In obedience to an order of the department commander, General Miles, scouting parties like ours are constantly being sent out from the chain of forts



MARCHING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

which surround the great San Carlos reservation. The purpose is to make provision against Apache outbreaks, which are momentarily expected, by familiarizing officers and soldiers with the vast solitude of mountain and desert. New trails for the movement of cavalry columns across the mountains are threaded out, water-holes of which the soldiers have no previous knowledge are discovered, and an Apache band is at all times liable to meet a cavalry command in out-of-the-way places. A salutary effect on the savage mind is then produced.

Here we had a needed rest, and then began the descent on the other side. This was a new experience. The prospect of being suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of horseflesh as the result of some unlucky stumble makes the recruit constantly apprehensive. But the trained horses are sure of foot, understand the business, and seldom stumble except when treacherous ground gives way. On the crest the prospect was very pleasant, as the pines there obscured the hot sun; but we suddenly left them for the scrub mesquite which bars your passage and reaches forth for you with its thorns when you attempt to go around.



A CAMPFIRE SKETCH.

We wound downward among the masses of rock for some time, when we suddenly found ourselves on a shelf of rock. We sought to avoid it by going up and around, but after a tiresome march we were still confronted by a drop of about a hundred feet. I gave up in despair; but the lieutenant, after gazing at the unknown depths which were masked at the bottom by a thick growth of brush, said, "This is a good place to go down." I agreed that it was if you once got started; but personally I did not care to take the tumble.

Taking his horse by the bits, the young officer began the descent. The slope was at an angle of at least sixty degrees, and was covered with loose dirt and bowlders, with the mask of brush at the bottom concealing awful possibilities of what might be beneath. The horse hesitated a moment, then cautiously put his head down and his leg forward and started. The loose earth crumbled, a great stone was precipitated to the bottom with a crash, the horse slid and floundered along. Had the situation not been so serious it would have been funny, because the angle of the incline was so great that the horse actually sat on his haunches like a dog. "Come on!" shouted the redoubtable man of war; and as I was next on the ledge and could not go back or let any one pass me, I remembered my resolutions. They prevailed against my better judgment, and I started. My old horse took it unconcernedly, and we came down all right, bringing our share of dirt and stones and plunging through the wall of brush at the bottom to find our friend safe on the lower side. The men came along without so much as a look of interest in the proceeding, and then I watched the mules. I had confidence in the reasoning powers of a pack-mule, and thought that he might show some trepidation when he calculated the chances; but not so. Down came the mules, without turning an ear, and then followed the packers, who, to my astonishment, rode down. I watched them do it, and know not whether I was more lost in admiration or eager in the hope that they would meet with enough difficulty to verify my predictions.

We then continued our journey down the mountains through a box-cañon. Suffice it to say that, as it is a cavalry axiom that a horse can go wherever a man can if the man will not use his hands, we made a safe transit.

Our camp was pitched by a little mountain stream near a grassy hillside. The saddles, packs, and *apperajos* were laid on the ground and the horses and mules herded on the side of the hill by a trooper, who sat perched on a rock above them, carbine in hand. I was thoroughly tired and hungry, and did my share in creating the famine which it was clearly seen would reign in that camp ere long. We sat about the fire and talked. The genial glow seems to possess an occult quality: it warms the self-confidence of a man; it lulls his moral nature; and the stories which circulate about a



A STUDY OF ACTION.

campfire are always more interesting than authentic. One old packer possessed a wild imagination, backed by a fund of experiences gathered in a life spent in knocking about everywhere between the Yukon River and the City of Mexico, and he rehearsed tales which would have staggered the Baron. The men got out a pack of Mexican cards and gambled at a game called "Coon-can" for a few nickels and dimes and that other soldier currency—tobacco. Quaint expressions came from the card party. "Now I 'se a-goin' to scare de life outen you when I show down dis han'," said one man after a deal. The player addressed looked at his hand carefully and quietly rejoined, "You might scare *me*, pard, but you can't scare de fixin's I 'se got yere." The utmost good-nature seemed to prevail. They discussed the little things which make their lives. One man suggested that "De big jack mule, he behavin' hisself pretty well dis trip; he hain't done kick nobody yet." Pipes were filled, smoked, and returned to that cavalryman's grip-sack, the boot-leg, and the game progressed until the fire no longer gave sufficient light. Soldiers have no tents in that country, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and, gazing up, saw the weird figure of the sentinel against the last red gleam of the sunset, and beyond that the great dome of the sky, set with stars. Then we fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning the hill across the cañon wall was flooded with a golden light, while the gray tints of our camp were steadily warming up. The soldiers had the two black camp-pails over the fire and were grooming the horses. Every one was good-natured, as befits the beginning of the day. The tall sergeant was meditatively combing his hair with a currycomb; such delight-



MARCHING IN THE DESERT,

ful little unconventionalities are constantly observed about the camp. The coffee steamed up in our nostrils, and after a rub in the brook I pulled myself together and declared to my comrade that I felt as good as new. This was a palpable falsehood, as my labored movements revealed to the hard-sided cavalryman the sad evidence of the effeminacy of the studio. But our respite was brief, for almost before I knew it I was again on my horse, following down the cañon after the black charger bestrided by the junior lieutenant of K troop. Over piles of rocks fit only for the touch and go of a goat, through the thick mesquite which threatened to wipe our hats off or to swish us from the saddle, with the air warming up and growing denser, we rode along. A great stretch of sandy desert could be seen, and I foresaw hot work.

In about an hour we were clear of the descent and could ride along together, so that conversation made the way more interesting. We dismounted to go down a steep drop from the high mesa into the valley of the Gila, and then began a day warmer even than imagination had anticipated. The awful glare of the sun on the desert, the clouds of white alkaline dust which drifted up until lost above, seemingly too fine to settle again, and the great heat cooking the ambition out of us, made the conversation lag and finally drop altogether. The water in my canteen was hot and tasteless, and the barrel of my carbine, which I touched with my ungloved hand, was so heated that I quickly withdrew it. Across the hot-air waves which made the horizon rise and fall like the bosom of the ocean we could see a whirlwind or sand-storm winding up in a tall spiral until it was lost in the deep blue of the sky above. Lizards started here and there; a snake hissed a moment beside the trail, then sought the cover of a dry bush; the horses moved along with downcast heads and drooping ears. The men wore a solemn look as they rode along, and now and then one would nod as though giving over to sleep. The pack-mules no longer sought fresh feed along the way, but attended strictly to business. A short halt was made, and I alighted. Upon remounting I threw myself violently from the saddle, and upon examination found that I had brushed up against a cactus and gotten my corduroys filled with thorns. The soldiers were overcome with great glee at this episode, but they volunteered to help me pick them from my dress. Thus we marched all day, and with canteens empty we "pulled into" Fort Thomas that afternoon. I will add that forageless cavalry commands with pack-animals do not halt until a full day's march is completed, as the mules cannot be kept too long under their burdens.

At the fort we enjoyed that hospitality which is a kind of freemasonry among army officers. The colonel made a delicious concoction of I know not what, and provided a hammock in a cool place while we drank it. Lieutenant F—— got cigars that were past praise, and another officer had provided a bath. Captain B—— turned himself out of doors to give us quarters, which graciousness we accepted while our consciences pricked. But for all that Fort Thomas is an awful spot, hotter than any other place on the crust of the earth. The siroccos continually chase each other over the desert, the convalescent wait upon the sick, and the thermometer persistently reposes at the figures 125° F. Soldiers are kept in the Gila Valley posts for only six months at a time before they are relieved, and they count the days.

On the following morning at an early hour we waved adieus to our kind friends and took our way down the valley. I feel enough interested in the discomforts of that march to tell about it, but I find that there are not resources in any vocabulary. If the impression is abroad that a cavalry soldier's life in the South-west has any of the lawn-party element in it, I think the impression could be effaced by doing a march like that. The great clouds of dust choke you and settle over horse, soldier, and accouterments until all local color is lost and black man and white man wear a common hue. The "chug, chug, chug" of your tired horse as he marches along becomes infinitely tiresome, and cavalry soldiers never ease themselves in the saddle. That is an army axiom. I do not know what would happen to a man who "hitched" in his saddle, but it is carefully instilled into their minds that they must "ride the horse" at all times and not lounge on his back. No pains are spared to prolong the usefulness of an army horse, and every old soldier knows that his good care will tell when the long forced march comes some day, and when to be put afoot by a poor mount means great danger in Indian warfare. The soldier will steal for his horse, will share his camp bread, and will moisten the horse's nostrils and lips with the precious water in the canteen. In garrison the troop-horses lead a life of ease and plenty; but it is varied at times by a pursuit of hostiles, when they are forced over the hot sands and up over the perilous mountains all day long, only to see the sun go down with the rider still spurring them on amid the quiet of the long night.

Through a little opening in the trees we see a camp and stop in front of it. A few mesquite trees, two tents, and some sheds made of boughs beside an *acequia* make up the background. By the cooking-fire lounge two or three rough frontiersmen, veritable pirates in appearance, with rough flannel shirts, slouch hats, brown canvas overalls, and an unkempt



THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

air; but suddenly, to my intense astonishment, they rise, stand in their tracks as immovable as graven images, and salute the lieutenant in the most approved manner of Upton. Shades of that sacred book the "Army Regulations," then these men were soldiers! It was a camp of instruction for Indians and a post of observation. They were nice fellows, and did everything in their power to entertain the cavalry. We were given a tent, and one man cooked the army rations in such strange shapes and mysterious ways that we marveled as we ate. After dinner we lay on our blankets watching the groups of San Carlos Apaches who came to look at us. Some of them knew the lieutenant, with whom they had served and whom they now addressed as "Young Chief." They would point him out to others with great zest, and babble in their own language. Great excitement prevailed when it was discovered that I was using a sketch-book, and I was forced to disclose the half-finished visage of one villainous face to their gaze. It was straightway torn up, and I was requested, with many scowls and grunts, to discontinue that pastime, for Apaches more than any other Indians dislike to have portraits made. That night the "hi-ya-ya-hi-ya-hi-yo-o-o-o-o" and the beating of the tom-toms came from all parts of the hills, and we sank to sleep with this grewsome lullaby.

The following day, as we rode, we were never out of sight of the brush huts of the Indians. We observed the simple domestic processes of their lives. One naked savage got up suddenly from behind a mesquite bush, which so startled the horses that quicker than thought every animal made a violent plunge to one side. No one of the trained riders seemed to mind this unlooked-for movement in the least beyond displaying a gleam of grinning ivories. I am inclined to think that it would have let daylight upon some of the "English hunting-seats" one sees in Central Park.

All along the Gila Valley can be seen the courses of stone which were the foundations of the houses of a dense population long since passed away. The lines of old irrigating ditches were easily traced, and one is forced to wonder at the changes in Nature, for at the present time there is not water sufficient to irrigate land necessary for the support of as large a population as probably existed at some remote period. We "raised" some foothills, and could see in the far distance the great flat plain, the buildings of the San Carlos agency, and the white canvas of the cantonment. At the ford of the Gila we saw a company of "doughboys" wade through the stream as our own troop-horses splashed across. Nearer and nearer shone the white lines of tents until we drew rein in the square where officers crowded around to greet us. The jolly post-commander, the senior captain of the 10th, insisted upon my accepting the hospitalities of his "large hotel," as he called his field tent, on the ground that I too was a New Yorker. Right glad have I been ever since that I accepted his courtesy, for he entertained me in the true frontier style.

Being now out of the range of country known to our command, a lieutenant in the same regiment was detailed to accompany us beyond. This gentleman was a character. The best part of his life had been spent in this rough country, and he had so long associated with Apache scouts that his habits while on a trail were exactly those of an Indian. He had acquired their methods and also that instinct of locality so peculiar to red men. I jocosely insisted that Lieutenant Jim only needed breech-clout and long hair in order to draw rations at the agency. In the morning, as we started under his guidance, he was a spectacle. He wore shoes and a white shirt, and carried

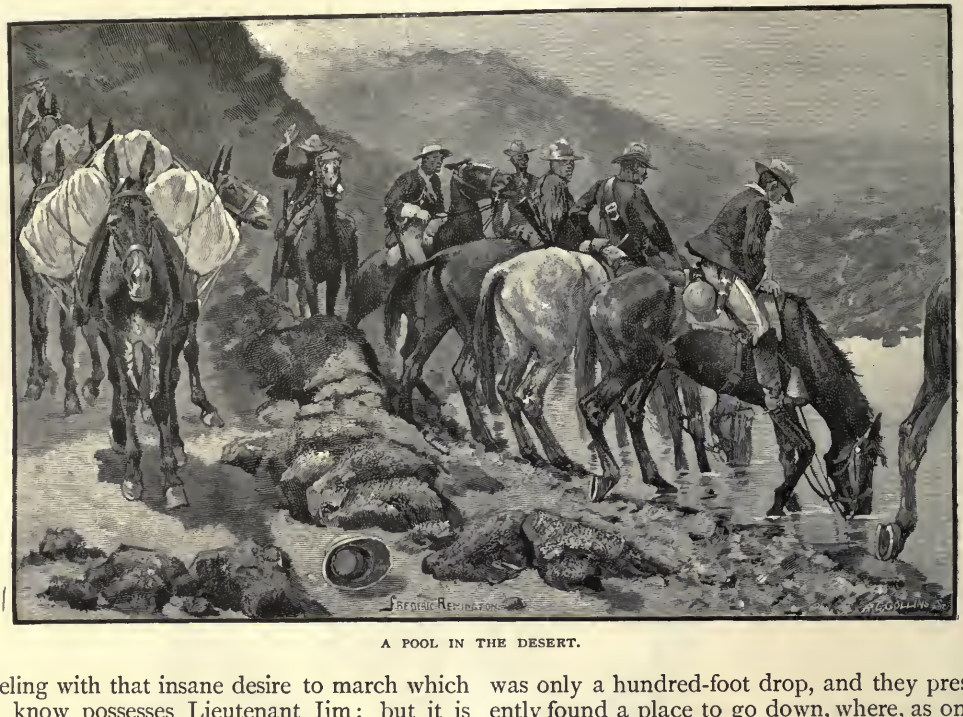
absolutely nothing in the shape of canteens and other "plunder" which usually constitute a cavalryman's kit. He was mounted on a little runt of a pony so thin and woe-begone as to be remarkable among his kind. It was insufferably hot as we followed our queer guide up a dry cañon, which cut off the breeze from all sides and was a veritable human frying one; nevertheless, by the exercise of self-denial, which is at times heroic, he manages to pull through. They say that he sometimes fills an old meat-tin with water in anticipation of a long march, and stories which try credulity are told of the amount of water he has drunk at times.

Yuma Apaches, miserable wretches, come



A PULL AT THE CANTEEN.

ing-pan. I marched next behind our leader, and all day long the patter, patter of that Indian pony, bearing his tireless rider, made an aggravating display of insensibility to fatigue, heat, dust, and climbing. On we marched over the rolling hills, dry, parched, desolate, covered with cactus and loose stones. It was Nature in one of her cruel moods, and the great silence over all the land displayed her mastery over man. When we reached water and camp that night our ascetic leader had his first drink. It was a long one and a strong one, but at last he arose from the pool and with a smile remarked that his "canteens were full." Officers in the regiment say that no one will give Lieutenant Jim a drink from his canteen, but this does not change his habit of not carrying into camp, shake hands gravely with every one, and then in their Indian way begin the inevitable inquiries as to how the coffee and flour are holding out. The campfire darts and crackles, the soldiers gather around it, eat, joke, and bring out the greasy pack of cards. The officers gossip of army affairs, while I lie on my blankets, smoking and trying to establish relations with a very small and very dirty little Yuma Apache, who sits near me and gazes with sparkling eyes at the strange object which I undoubtedly seem to him. That "patroness of rogues," the full moon, rises slowly over the great hill while I look into her honest face and lose myself in reflections. It seems but an instant before a glare of sun strikes my eyes and I am awake for another day. I am mentally quar-



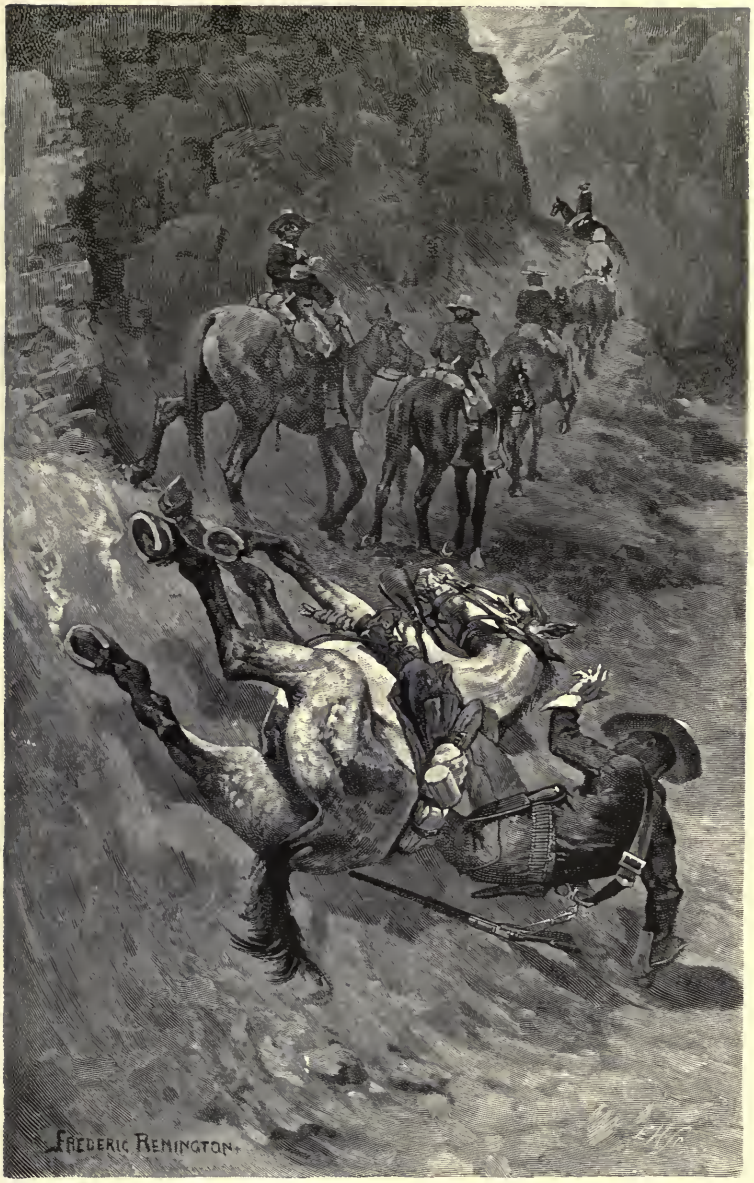
A POOL IN THE DESERT.

reling with that insane desire to march which I know possesses Lieutenant Jim; but it is useless to expostulate, and before many hours the little pony constantly moving along ahead of me becomes a part of my life. There he goes. I can see him now—always moving briskly along, pattering over the level, trotting up the dry bed of a stream, disappearing into the dense chapparal thicket that covers a steep hillside, jumping rocks, and doing everything but "halt."

We are now in the high hills, and the air is cooler. The chapparal is thicker, the ground is broken into a succession of ridges, and the volcanic bowlders pile up in formidable shapes. My girth loosens and I dismount to fix it, remembering that old saddle-gall. The command moves on and is lost to sight in a deep ravine. Presently I resume my journey, and in the meshwork of ravines I find that I no longer see the trail of the column. I retrace and climb and slide down hill, forcing my way through chapparal, and after a long time I see the pack-mules go out of sight far away on a mountain slope. The blue peaks of the Pinals tower away on my left, and I begin to indulge in mean thoughts concerning the indomitable spirit of Lieutenant Jim, for I know he will take us clear over the top of that pale blue line of far-distant mountains. I presume I have it in my power to place myself in a more heroic light, but this kind of candor is good for the soul.

In course of time I came up with the command, which had stopped at a ledge so steep that it had daunted even these mountaineers. It was only a hundred-foot drop, and they presently found a place to go down, where, as one soldier suggested, "there is n't footing for a lizard." On, on we go, when suddenly with a great crash some sandy ground gives way, and a collection of hoofs, troop-boots, ropes, canteens, and flying stirrups goes rolling over in a cloud of dust and finds a lodgment in the bottom of a dry watercourse. The dust settles and discloses a soldier and his horse. They rise to their feet and appear astonished, but as the soldier mounts and follows on we know he is unhurt. Now a coyote, surprised by our cavalcade and unable to get up the ledge, runs along the opposite side of the cañon wall. "Pop, pop, pop, pop" go the six-shooters, and then follow explanations by each marksman of the particular thing which made him miss.

That night we were forced to make a "dry camp"; that is, one where no water is to be found. There is such an amount of misery locked up in the thought of a dry camp that I refuse to dwell upon it. We were glad enough to get upon the trail in the morning, and in time found a nice running mountain-brook. The command wallowed in it. We drank as much as we could hold and then sat down. We arose and drank some more, and yet we drank again, and still once more, until we were literally water-logged. Lieutenant Jim became uneasy, so we took up our march. We were always resuming the march when all nature called aloud for rest. We climbed straight up impossible places. The air grew chill, and in a gorge a cold wind blew briskly down to supply the hot air rising from sands



A TUMBLE FROM THE TRAIL.

of the mesa far below. That night we made a camp, and the only place where I could make my bed was on a great flat rock. We were now among the pines, which towered above us. The horses were constantly losing one another in the timber in their search for grass, in consequence of which they whinnied, while the mules brayed, and made the mountain hideous with sound.

By another long climb we reached the extreme peaks of the Pinal range, and there before us was spread a view which was grand enough to compensate us for the labor. Beginning in "gray reds," range after range of mountains, overlapping each other, grow purple and finally lose themselves in pale blues. We sat on a ledge and gazed. The soldiers were interested, though their remarks about the scenery somehow did not seem to express an appreciation of the grandeur of the view which impressed itself strongly upon us. Finally one fellow, less æsthetic than his mates, broke the spell by a request for chewing-tobacco, so we left off dreaming and started on.

That day Lieutenant Jim lost his bearings, and called upon that instinct which he had

acquired in his life among the Indians. He "cut the signs" of old Indian trails and felt the course to be in a certain direction — which was undoubtedly correct, but it took us over the highest points of the Mescal range. My shoes were beginning to give out, and the troop-boots of several soldiers threatened to disintegrate. One soldier, more ingenious than the rest, took out some horse-shoe nails and cleverly mended his boot-gear. At times we wound around great slopes where a loose stone or the giving way of bad ground would have precipitated horse and rider a thousand feet below. Only the courage of the horses brings one safely through. The mules suffered badly, and our weary horses punched very hard with their foreparts as they went down hill. We made the descent of the Mescals through a long cañon where the sun gets one in chancery, as it were. At last we reached the Gila, and nearly drowned a pack-mule and two troopers in a quicksand. We began to pass Indian huts, and saw them gathering wheat in the river bottoms, while they paused to gaze at us and doubtless wondered for what purpose the buffalo-soldiers were abroad in the land. The cantonment appeared, and I was duly gratified when we reached it. I hobbled up to the "Grand Hotel" of my host the captain, who laughed heartily at my floundering movements and observed my nose and cheeks, from which the sun had peeled the skin, with evident relish at the thought of how I had been used by his lieutenant. At his suggestion I was made an honorary member of the cavalry, and duly admonished "not to trifle again with the 10th Nubian Horse if I expected any mercy."

In due time the march continued without particular incident, and at last the scout "pulled in" to the home post, and I again sat in my easy-chair behind the lattice-work, firm in the conviction that soldiers, like other men, find more hard work than glory in their calling.

Frederic Remington.

A BORN INVENTOR.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.

NANKY GUNNER replaced her rapidly cooling iron before the coals in the great fireplace of her log cabin, took up a fresh one, spit upon its smooth surface, and, satisfied that the abrupt "teest" that saluted her ear indicated the right temperature, faced her visitor across the ironing-board.

"No, I don't reck'n as how it 's posserbul thet airy another sech boy do live on the face of the yarth as our Bill. The parson says as how he es er borned inwenter,— whatever thet may be, w'ich mebbe you knows, I don't,— an' ter let 'im sperriment all he wants ter. Er man named Franklelin, he says, would n't er nev'r diskivered Ermeriky 'ceptin' thet he war er sperrimenter, an' ef Collumbus had n't er sperrimented, folks would n't er known to this day what chain lightnin' 's made outer. Let 'im sperriment, says he, an' let 'im sperriment, says I, an' sperriment he do."

"I 've hearn tell as how Bill 's powerful handy 'bout the house with tools," said Cis'ly Toomer. Dipping her althea mop in the tiny tin box of snuff and restoring it to her mouth, she returned the box to the pocket of her faded calico gown, that was



innocent of hoop, underskirt, or bustle, and drooped her shoulders forward comfortably as she lifted her yellow, pinched face. "Sim says as how he made er wooden leg fur Jedge Loomus' mule w'at ther railroad runned over."

Nanky Gunner laughed until her three hundred pounds of avoirdupois quivered vigorously.

"Fact, Cis'ly. Jedge war erbout ter kill ther critter w'en Bill walks up an' lif's his han', so. 'Ef God hed er wanted thet mule killed,' says he, 'he 'd er let ther train kill it dead.' With thet ther Jedge he laughed. 'Mebbe yer kin mek 'im er wooden leg,' says 'e. 'I kin,' says Bill; an' right thar Jedge 'lowed he might have ther critter an' welcome. Well, sho 'nough, Bill tended thet mule, an' while he war er-tendin' uv 'im he war all time inwentin' er leg; an' bimeby he got ther critter propped up an' ther thingermajig stropped on ter 'im. Well, I never seed sech er sight en all my born days. Ef 't had n' be'n fur sorryin' fur ther critter, I 'd er busted wide open. Ther inwention had er rest fur thet critter's stump, an' er crutch thet caught it somers unner ther shoulder, an' ther strops run all over hit."

"Nanky Gunner, I mus' see thet mule 'fo' I git back ter Putnum — "

"Lor' bless ye, chile, hit 's done dead too long ter talk erbout." Nanky set her iron with a clang upon its ring and began to sprinkle another cotton shirt. "Ye see, Franklelin — thet 's w'at Bill called 'im — Franklelin war used ter wade ther crik down yonder ter ther parstyer; an' once ther crik riz powerful, an' Franklelin he tried ter swim across like he used ter 'fo' ther railroad runned over 'im, an' thet 's why he 's dead — 'cause somehow he could n't work thet ar peg leg edzactly right, an' they do say as how 'e rolled over an' over, tell bimeby he war drowned an' lef' er-lyin' on 'is back 'ith nuthin' er-showin' but thet ar peg leg er-p'intin' up at ther sky. Our Bill war mighty sorryful, but 'e allus 'lowed ef 'e hed er shod thet wooden foot hit would er be'n diffunt."

One of those silences common to country conversations followed the description of poor Franklin's death, and then Nanky Gunner's thoughts rose to the surface.

"I would n't begin ter name ther things our Bill have inwented. Ther yard an' house es mighty nigh full uv 'em. Some uv 'em won't work, ter be sho, but Bill allus knows w'at ails 'em, an' sets 'em by ter fix up w'en 'e gits time. He 's er-inwentin' er spring-bucket now thet 'll slide down hill an' fetch 'er full an' back ther same time — "

"Es 'e inwentin' hit right now?" Cis'ly Toomer's voice was lifted in an impressive whisper.

"Right now."

"Lor', how I 'u'd like ter see 'im er-doin' hit."

Nanky Gunner replaced her iron upon the hearth and waddled out from behind her board. She touched her guest upon the shoulder. "Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered, and motioned her to follow. They passed out across the doorless hall into the other room, the boards groaning under Nanky's tiptoe gait, until they reached the wall by the fireplace. There Nanky placed her eye to a crack and peeped through into a tiny shed-room adjoining, then made way for Mrs. Toomer. A barefooted boy sat on a rough workbench, his elbows on his knees, his cheeks in his hands. His face was freckled, his hair tousled, and his trousers, cotton shirt, and one knit suspender rather dilapidated. Before him was a framework of strings, with two little boxes to represent buckets. The framework extended from the workbench down to the far corner of the room. The boy seemed to be a carved statue, so still was he, and so fixed his gaze.

"Ef ye hed er so much as sneezed," said Nanky Gunner to her companion when they reëntered the first room, "hit 'u'd er be'n gone. Bill war oncst on ther p'int uv inwentin' er thing ter tie on ther calf thet 'u'd keep 'im f'om suckin' whilst I war er-milkin' an' at ther same time keep ther flies off er ole Brindle too, w'en en warks Tom an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet disapp'inted he liked ter cried, but 'e tried ter patch up suthin' anyhow thet 'u'd work; but bless yo' soul, 'e tied hit on ther calf an' ther first hunch 'e made at ole Brindle ther thing tickled her en ther ribs an' she kicked me an' ther bucket erway yonder! Sech er terdo ye never did see. Him, not er-knowin' w'at en ther worl' war ailin' uv th' cow, 'u'd trot up ter suck, an' as soon as ther inwention 'u'd tech 'er en the ribs, she 'd carry on redickelus, er-runnin' an' jumpin' like ther hornets hed 'er. I like ter laugh myse'f ter death w'en I got my win' f'om th' lick she gin me."

"Es Tom er inwenter too?"

"Tom? Lor', no! Tom an' Bill es twins, but ye would n't know they war blood kin. Tom runs ter huntin' an' ther likes, but 'e 'lows Bill 's got more sense en er day than ther w'ole Hepzibah settlemunt got en er ye'r. Hyah comes Pa."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a barefooted man who, walking with the aid of a staff, slowly made his way into the room. He was old and feeble. His bent form was half clad in rough homespun, and he wore no coat. He paid no attention to either woman, but pulled a chair into the hallway and sat down to chew his quid of tobacco.

"Pa es sorter wand'rin' en 'is min'," said Nanky, simply, "an' 'e can't hyah ther bes' en ther worl', nuther. Bill says es how some

these days he 's goin' ter inwent er thing thet er man kin hyah with ef 'e ain' even got er ye'r on 'is head." Nanky set her iron aside and walked to the window.

"Cis'ly Toomer," she said, "did ye ever en all yo' borned life hyah th' win' blow like thet?"

"Oncst," said her visitor, joining her and scanning the heavens anxiously; "an' I hope ter God I 'll never see sech another day. Hit war over en Putnum, time uv ther cycleone—" She stopped short. Beyond the little valley below them stretched a plain two miles wide, dotted here and there with negro cabins. After freedom the slaves, when permitted, rebuilt their cabins near the particular pieces of land they cultivated; and so it was with the great plantation before them. What broke Cis'ly Toomer's sentence was a fearful cloud that swept out of the woods in the distance and seemed to write upon the plain with its long flexible finger. As it passed along it gathered up trees, fences, cabins, cattle, and dust into one vast mass and strewed them over its track. A sudden darkness fell upon the two awe-stricken women—a darkness riven by incessant flashes of lightning that darted through the center of the storm from all quarters. There was no thunder, for the roar of the tempest, as it rolled, was like Niagara in its fall, drowning all other sounds. The wind about the cabin increased to a hurricane; but the cyclone had passed. When this fact became apparent, with blanched faces they made their way to the hall. Grasping his chair with both hands, his eyes riveted upon the ravished plain, his chin still trembling, sat the old man.

II.

After some days Bill resumed work upon his spring-bucket idea. He finally succeeded in getting the model to work by putting a rock in the down bucket; but, for obvious reasons, this was not satisfactory. Then he planned a plank-way from the window forty yards down the hill to the spring, and a car on wheels. At this stage in the evolution of the idea he was interrupted by something new, which consigned the self-acting, labor-saving traveling-buckets to the companionship of his other unfinished contrivances. The cyclone had caused intense excitement. The destruction to life and property and the hair-breadth escapes were absorbing topics, and the reports of other cyclones, gathered from newspapers, were eagerly discussed and magnified. People began to think of cyclone retreats as refuges in stormy times. One day Tom offered to bet the seed cotton in his patch that Bill could fix up something that would puzzle any cyclone in the world; and thus the train was fired in the brain of the family genius. Something was needed that could be reached quickly without exposure to the elements. In the recent storm a negro had taken refuge in a cellar; but the house had fallen in and taken fire, and the negro had lost his life. So the refuge must be apart from the house to insure complete safety. Thus Bill in the solitude of his workshop reasoned.

The rough plan of his water-railroad caught his eye, and an old dairy near the bottom of the hill flashed into his recollection. Then the true plan was perfected in his mind.

The Gunner dwelling was upon the site of one of the great ante-bellum homes that disappeared when Sherman marched through Georgia, and the spacious dairy dug out of the hillside and fronting upon the little ravine that ran down to the spring was a monument to the old family which had dwelt there. Bill's idea was a covered passage leading from a window down the hill and by a sharp curve into the dairy. Burning with the fever of the scheme, he communicated his plans to Tom and secured at once a powerful ally. The two boys picked cotton at forty cents per hundred for a neighboring planter and secured money enough to buy the necessary lumber, and Bill went to work upon the structure. The diameter of the shute was determined by measuring Nanky Gunner's chair-seat, and a week's hard work completed the structure. It was three feet wide and three high, inside measurement. The upper end rested in the window and the lower entered the old subterranean dairy, the rest of the opening there being closed with stout boards and dirt. For a long time Bill debated upon a traveling railway to run down the passage he had constructed, but the idea involved new difficulties, such as pulleys, wheels and ropes, and consequently a considerable outlay of money — something not obtainable, for the boys had bankrupted their resources in the purchasing of lumber. Besides, the fever of the idea was hot upon them. At this juncture Tom offered a suggestion. It was the nearest approach to an invention he had ever made.

"Bill," said he in his hearty way, "folks as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expected ter move erbout in style like they were er-gwine ter er quiltin'. All they wants ter do es ter git up an' git tell the things blows over. Now hit do seem ter me thet ther way ter fix thet ar thing es ter grease them bottom planks thar, an' w'en ther time comes ter be er-movin' jes git en an' scoot down ter ther bottom. Hit ain't gwine ter be much used, an' I reckon we kin stan' hit."

Bill surveyed him admiringly. "Tom," said he, "er inwenter hisse'f cain't beat ye on thet."

And so it was. One day when they had the premises clear they removed the top planks and greased the floorway to the bottom of the hill, until a squirrel would have found it difficult to navigate it. Then they restored the planks, and waited. But no cyclone came. Nanky Gunner surveyed the structure many a day curiously, but she asked no questions. To a neighbor she said once, "I cain't say thet I see edzactly as how ther thing es gwine ter work; but Bill es er inwenter an' he knows. He says thar ain't no use en gittin' skeered uv cycleones an' ther like." It is probably not true that the boys prayed for a storm, but every wind raised hopes in their bosoms, and not a cloud passed but brought suggestions.

"Bill," said Tom one night as they lay awake, "I reckon hit 's all right, but 'pears ter me we hed n't oughter take no chances; we oughter know."

Bill was silent, trying to catch the line of Tom's thought. It was beneath the dignity of an inventor to ask suggestions.

Tom continued: "W'en we war over ter Macon las' ye'r 'ith ther cotton, ye ricolleck how they used ter ring ther bells an' turn out ther thing ter put out fires 'ith w'en ther war n't no fire ter put out? Er feller tole me they war er-practzin' ter know jes w'at ter do ef er sho 'nough fire war ter come erlong. Looks like we oughter practiz fer cycleones. Ye know Grandpa es contrairy, an' Ma es pow'ful hefty—" Bill was all excitement in an instant, and sitting up.

"Tom," said he, "let 's try hit ter-night." But Tom's judgment was cooler.

"Hit won't do ter-night. Thar ain't no win', an' Ma 'u'd never let us practiz on 'er 'lessen she war pow'ful skeered. Wait tell er big win' comes."

Fortune favored the inventors. There came a week of heavy rain and finally one night a terrific wind.

III.

"Nankee-e-e-e-e, Nank Gunner-r-r-r!" The tones were feminine and rang out shrilly in the morning quiet.

Mistress Gunner came to the door of the shed-room, late the haunt of the born inventor. She had been washing clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up, exhibiting short, fat, red arms.

"Howdy, Cis'ly Toomer, howdy. 'Light," she answered back. Cis'ly Toomer guided her thin plow-horse under a tree and slid to the ground. The breeze was swaying some garments hanging on the clothes-line that she had to stoop to avoid as she approached. Nanky wiped her hand upon her apron and welcomed her.

"Come in, come in," she said. "Hearn ye war done gone back ter Putnum. Lemme wring out these hyah shirts an' I 'll be done." She resumed her position at the tub, and from time to time turned her head as the conversation went on. Cis'ly looked about her as she took her seat, and got out her snuff-cup and mop.

"La, Nanky, w'at ye done 'ith Bill's things?"

"Bill," said the woman at the tub, shaking her fat sides a little, "ain't er-inwentin' much these days."

"How come?"

"Well, Cis'ly Toomer, hit 's er long story. Hit all come uv ther cycleone erwhile back an' Bill tryin' ter inwent suthin' ter beat hit."

"La sakes, an' would n't hit work?"

"Work?" Nanky Gunner rested her hands on her tub and looked around quickly. "I reckon ye never seen nuthin' work like hit. Hit mighty nigh worked me an' Pa ter death."

"Nanky, hush!"

"Fact. Hit 's piled up thar behin' ther house now, but hit ain' nuthin' like hit war w'en hit war fixed up an' ready fur cycleones."

She described the invention as it had existed, and as she became conscious of the rapt attention of her visitor, she exerted her full powers.

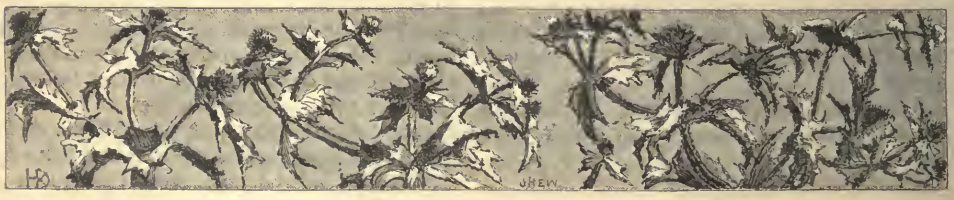
"Now," she continued, "hain't nobody on yarth skeereder 'n me uv win'. One night atter hit hed be'n er-rainin' fur er week an' ther win' war blowin' pow'ful, I war settin' up an' Pa he war en bed er-tryin' ter git ter sleep, w'en I hearn er boomin' en ther a'r outside." She laughed at the recollection, and as she wrung the last drop of moisture from a shirt, faced her visitor. "Ever hyah one uv 'em thar injines w'at burn coal 'stidder wood—boom-m-m?" She imitated the sound as best she could. "Well, they done got ter runnin' 'em on ther railroad out thar back uv ther house, an' ther first one come erlong thet night an' ther boomin' started 'bout ther time hit got en ther big cut. I never war skeered as bad since ther Lor' made me. I run 'cross ther room an' jerked Pa up en bed. 'Git up, git up!' I hollered. Jes then Bill an' Tom come er-runnin' en too, yellin' out, 'Cycleone, cycleone!' loud as they could. I war mighty ready ter drop. 'Save Pa, save Pa!" I hollered. Pa he half knowed w'at war gwine on, an' he hollered, 'Help, help!' an' war gittin' out, w'en ther boys got 'im back uv 'is shoulders an' unner 'is legs an' run 'cross ther room an' shoved 'im foremost inter ther inwention. Pa he hollered, 'Heigh! ho! Nank! Tom!' an' war gone. I got thar jes en time ter see 'is white head go roun' ther ben', an' then I hearn er kerchunk an' Pa holler, 'Hoo–oo–oo–oo!'" Nanky threw the wet garment down in a chair and shook with laughter over the recollection. "I orter hed mo' sense; but la, w'en er woman git skeered bad she ain' got no sense 't all. Ther

injine then war right back uv ther house an' ev'ythin' war jes trimblin'. Bill he yelled out, 'Git en, Ma, git en; hit 's er-comin'!' I did n't wait er minute, but clum up en er cher an' got en. Ther boys gimme er shove, an' down I went 'ith ther candle en my han' berhin' an' me flat er back. I reckon I mighty nigh fill ther w'ole inwention, fur I war techin' ev'ywhar. Skeered? The cycleone war n't nuthin'. Time I got ter ther ben' I war full uv splinters, fur Pa lef' some, an' w'en I slid roun' like er gourd over ther mill-dam an' hit en two foot uv water down thar, I war screamin' ter be hearn er mile. Tom an' Bill like ter not come, hit skeered them so, but ther injine war then er mighty nigh shakin' ther pans offen ther she'f, an' down they come too, kerchunk en ther water. Ye see, they hed stopped up ther ole dairy 'ith planks an' dirt tell it hel' water like er well, an' ther rain hed soaked down. Ther place war dark as pitch, an' w'at 'ith me er-screamin' an' Pa er-settin' over en ther corner hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' hit like ter skeered ther life outer Bill; an' erbout thet time it come ter 'im thet he had n' inwented no way ter git outer ther thing. I war screamin', 'Git me outen hyah, an' open ther do'!' an', 'Oh, Lordy, my back!' till ther boy war mighty nigh crazy."

Cis'ly Toomer had been rolling around in her chair convulsed with laughter. "Nank, how en ther worl' did ye git out?" she gasped.

"Tom clum back up ther spout atter mighty hard work an' took er ax an' busted ther dairy open. Me an' him pulled Pa out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We pick splinters outer hit tell broad day, an' all time 'im er-hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' Pa's back hed er heap er little white scars on hit, an' I reckolleck hearin' tell as how somebody caught 'im en er watermelon patch w'en he war er boy an' filled 'im full uv shot jes as he war crossin' ther fence. I reckon ther splinters sorter brought hit all back ter 'im. He 's mighty wand'rin' en 'is min' nowadays." She took an armful of clothes and went out to the line, where she continued, elevating her voice: "Me an' Bill hed it out en ther shed-room thar, an' w'en I got done 'ith 'im I kicked all ther inwentions ter pieces. 'No more inwentin' en this house,' says I; 'hit 's as much as my life es wuth.' An' I put 'im ter work nex' day. See them two boys over yonner en the cotton by the p'int uv woods?" Cis'ly stood up and shaded her eyes in the direction indicated by Nanky's extended hand. "One uv them es ther 'borned inwenter'"; and Nanky laughed lightly. "But hit ain' gwine ter do no good, not er bit. Hit 's still er-workin' en 'im, an' Tom let out yestiddy thet Bill done inwented er thing thet 'll pick mo' cotton en er day than ten niggers. I reckon time ther cotton es all en I 'll hev ter move them tubs out ther shed-room ergin. Boys got ter hev ther day, yer know, an' Bill es ther baby."

Harry Stillwell Edwards.



MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

ONE who had lately died stood at the gate
Of heaven and waited. A great thunder-cloud
Had followed him like a pursuing fate;
And now it crashed above him, and he bowed
His head as to his doom, and cried aloud,
"My sins, my sins! Alas, too late, too late!"

When lo! an angel form he saw appear,
Who took his hand and gently led him in,
And, looking up, the sky was calm and clear.
Without, the tempest raged with furious din;
But every thunder-peal was changed within
To music, as it reached his spirit ear.

Christopher P. Cranch.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

RETALIATION.—THE ENROLLMENT AND THE DRAFT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

RETALIATION.

THE policy of arming the blacks having been officially announced in the final Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, steps were taken as rapidly as the nature of the case permitted to put the plan into practical execution. Mr. Lincoln not only watched these efforts with great interest, but from time to time personally wrote letters to several of his commanders urging them to active efforts in organizing negro regiments. If a single argument were needed to point out his great practical wisdom in the management of this difficult question, that argument is found in the mere summing up of its tangible military results.

We have seen that at the beginning of December, 1863, less than a year after the President first proclaimed the policy, he was able to announce in his annual message that about fifty thousand men formerly slaves were then actually bearing arms in the ranks of the Union forces. A report made by the Secretary of War on April 2, 1864, shows that the number of negro troops then mustered into the service of the United States as soldiers had increased to 71,976,[2] and we learn further from the report of the Provost-Marshal General that at the close of the war there were in the service of the United States, of colored troops, 120 regiments of infantry, 12 regiments of heavy artillery, 10 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry, making a grand aggregate of 123,156 men. This was the largest number in service at any one time, but it does not represent all of them. The entire number commissioned and enlisted in this branch of the service during the war, or, more properly speaking, during the last two years of the war, was 186,017 men.[3]

This magnificent exhibit is a testimony to Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship which can hardly be overvalued. If he had adopted the policy when it was first urged upon him by impulsive enthusiasts it would have brought his administration to political wreck, as was clearly indicated by the serious election reverses of 1862; but disregarding the impatience and the bad judgment of his advisers, and using that policy at the opportune moment, he made it not only a powerful lever to effect emancipation, but a military overweight, aiding effectually to crush the remaining rebel armies and bring the rebellion as a whole to a speedy and sudden collapse.

One point of doubt about employing negroes as soldiers was happily removed almost imperceptibly by the actual experiment. It had been a serious question with many thoughtful men whether the negro would fight. It was apprehended that his comparatively recent transition from barbarism to civilization and the inherited habits of subjection and dependence imposed upon him by two centuries of enslavement had left his manhood so dwarfed and deadened as to render him incapable of the steady and sustained physical and moral courage needful to armies in modern warfare. Practical trial in skirmish and battle gave an immediate and successful refutation to this fear, and proved the gallantry and trustworthiness of the black soldier in the severest trials of devotion and heroism. Within half a year after Lincoln's order of enlistment the black regiments had furnished such examples of bravery on many fields that commanders gave them unstinted praise, and white officers and soldiers heartily accepted them as worthy companions-in-arms.

The rebel authorities watched the experiment of arming the blacks with the keenest apprehension and hostility. In Mr. Lincoln's order of July 22, 1862, directing military commanders to seize and use property, real or personal, for military purposes, and to employ "persons of African descent as laborers," Jefferson Davis professed already to discover a wicked violation of the laws of war, apparently forgetting that his own generals were everywhere using such persons in military labor. When it was learned that Hunter and Phelps were endeavoring to organize negro regiments, the language employed to express Southern affectation of surprise and protest borders on the ludicrous. "The best authenticated news-

[2] Stanton's Report, April 2, 1864, unpublished MS.

[3] Report of the Provost-Marshal General.

[1] Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

papers received from the United States," writes General Lee, "announce as a fact that Major-General Hunter has armed slaves for the murder of their masters, and has thus done all in his power to inaugurate a servile war, which is worse than that of the savage, inasmuch as it superadds other horrors to the indiscriminate slaughter of ages, sexes, and conditions"; and Phelps is charged with imitating the bad example.[1] Halleck very properly returned this and another letter, as insulting to the Government of the United States. A little later the Confederate War Department issued a formal order:

That Major-General Hunter and Brigadier-General Phelps be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing, or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon at such time and place as the President shall order.[2]

Mr. Davis seems to have cultivated a sort of literary pride in these formulas of invective, for in his sensational proclamation of outlawry against General Butler and all commissioned officers in his command he repeats: "African slaves have not only been incited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war — a war in its nature far exceeding the horrors and most merciless atrocities of savages." In this it was ordered that "negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States"; and that Butler and his commissioned officers, "robbers and criminals deserving death, be whenever captured reserved for execution."[3]

President Lincoln's two proclamations of emancipation excited similar threats. About a week after the first was issued it was made a subject of discussion in the Confederate senate at Richmond, and a Confederate writer recorded in his diary the next day: "Some of the gravest of our senators favor the raising of the black flag, asking and giving no quarter hereafter."[4] When the final proclamation reached Richmond, Jefferson Davis was writing his annual message to the rebel Congress, and he ransacked his dictionary for terms to stigmatize it. "Our detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man is tempered by profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses."[5] This new provocation also broadened his field of retaliation. He now declared that he would deliver "such criminals as may attempt its execution" — all commissioned officers of the United States captured in States embraced in the proclamation — to the executives of such States, to be punished for exciting servile insurrection.

The Confederate Congress, while responding to the full degree of the proposed retaliation, nevertheless preferred to keep the power of such punishment in the hands of the central military authorities, apparently as promising a more certain and summary execution. That body passed a joint resolution, approved by Davis May 1, 1863, which prescribed that white officers of negro Union soldiers "shall, if captured, be put to death or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court," the trial to take place "before the military court attached to the army or corps" making the capture, or such other military court as the Confederate President should designate.[6]

When the Confederate threats regarding negro soldiers were first launched the experiment had not yet been formally authorized by the Government; and as there was no probability that any early capture of such persons would be made by the enemy, no attention was paid to rebel orders and proclamations on the subject. A year later, however, when negro regiments were springing into full organization simultaneously in many places, the matter became one of grave import. As a rule, the black regiments were commanded by white officers, often selected, as was specially the case with the 54th Massachusetts, from the very best material, whose bravery in incurring this additional risk deserved the extra watchfulness and protection of the Government. The most elementary justice required that if it called the black man to do a soldier's duty it must cover him with a soldier's right, and Northern sentiment was prompt in urging the claim. Frederick Douglass has related how he pressed the point upon Mr. Lincoln, and the President's reply:

As to the exchange and general treatment of colored soldiers when taken prisoners of war, he should insist on their being entitled to all privileges of such prisoners. Mr. Lincoln admitted the justice of my demand for the promotion of colored soldiers for good conduct in the field, but on the matter

[1] Lee to Halleck, August 2, 1862. "Rebellion Record," Vol. IX., p. 246.

[2] General Orders, Aug. 21, 1862.

[3] Davis, Proclamation, December 23, 1862. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1862, p. 738.

[4] Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. I., p. 159.

[5] Davis, Annual Message, January 12, 1863. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1863, p. 786.

[6] C. S. Statutes-at-Large for 1863, p. 167.

of retaliation he differed from me entirely. I shall never forget the benignant expression of his face, the tearful look of his eye, and the quiver in his voice when he deprecated a resort to retaliatory measures. "Once begun," said he, "I do not know where such a measure would stop." He said he could not take men out and kill them in cold blood for what was done by others. If he could get hold of the persons who were guilty of killing the colored prisoners in cold blood, the case would be different, but he could not kill the innocent for the guilty.[1]

Nevertheless, in view of the great success which attended the enlistment of black recruits, it became necessary for the Government to adopt a settled policy on the question, and on July 30, 1863, the President issued the following comprehensive order:

It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens of whatever class, color, or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color the offense shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession.

It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy, or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.[2]

It is a gratification to record that the rebel Government did not persist in the barbarous conduct it had officially announced, and that sanguinary retaliation did not become necessary. There were indeed some unimportant instances of imprisonment of captured blacks, as hostages for which, a few rebel soldiers were ordered into confinement by General Halleck, but the cases were not pushed to extremity under executive sanction on either side. Much more serious excesses, however, occurred under the responsibility and conduct of individual officers growing out of mistaken zeal or uncurbed passion; it is probable that most of them went unrecorded. In October, 1862, when the guerrilla outrages in Missouri were in one of their moments of fiercest activity, a Union citizen of Palmyra was abducted and murdered under circumstances which clearly marked it as an instance of concerted and deliberate partisan revenge. In retaliation for this, Colonel John McNeil, the Union officer in local command, having demanded the perpetrators, which demand was not complied with, ordered the execution of ten rebel guerrillas of the same neighborhood, and carried out the order with military publicity and formality.[3] Even admitting the strong provocation, modern sentiment cannot justify a punishment tenfold as severe as that demanded by the Mosaic law. Less than a month later there was brief mention in a letter of the rebel Major-General Holmes to the Confederate War Department of an analogous occurrence in northern Texas. "A secret organization," he wrote, "to resist the [Confederate] conscript act in northern Texas, has resulted in the citizens organizing a jury of investigation, and I am informed they have tried and executed forty of those convicted, and thus this summary procedure has probably crushed the incipient rebellion."[4] Even without details the incident is a convincing explanation of the seeming unanimity for rebellion in that region.

The most shocking occurrence of this character, however, followed the employment of negro soldiers. We cannot in our day adequately picture the vindictive rage of many rebel masters at seeing recent slaves uniformed and armed in defense of a government which had set them free. Under the barbarous institution, to perpetuate which they committed treason and were ready to die, they had punished their human chattels with the unchecked lash, sold them on the auction-block, hunted them with bloodhounds; and it is hardly to be wondered at that amid the license of war individuals among them now and then thought to restore their domination by the aid of military slaughter. As an evidence that such thoughts existed here and there we need only cite the language of Major-General John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States. Writing under date of August 14, 1862, to the Union commander at Baton Rouge, he recites in a list of alleged "outrages" that "information has reached these headquarters that negro slaves are being organized and armed to be employed against us"; and adds, "I am

1 Frederick Douglass, Reminiscences, "New York Tribune," July 5, 1885.

2 Report Provost-Marshal General, March 17, 1866. Mess. and Doc., 1865–66, Part III., p. 63.

3 It is proper to mention that this retaliatory action was under the authority of the State of Missouri. General Curtis, commanding the Department of the Missouri at that time, wrote under date of December 24, 1862: "General McNeil is a State general, and his column was mainly State troops: the matter has therefore never come to my official notice. . . . When persons are condemned to be shot by Federal authority, the proceedings have to be approved by the President, but no case of this sort has arisen under my command."—War Records, Vol. XXII. Part I., pp. 860–1.

4 War Records, Vol. XIII., p. 908.

authorized by Major-General Van Dorn, commanding this department, to inform you that the above acts are regarded as in violation of the usage of civilized warfare, and that in future, upon any departure from these usages, he will raise the black flag and neither give nor ask quarter." [1]

Mere official bravado, from however conspicuous a personage, only deserves mention when, as in this instance, it illustrates a type of feeling which in one case at least manifested itself in an incident of shocking barbarity.

In the spring of the year 1864 President Lincoln went to Baltimore to attend the opening of a large fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. In concluding the address which he was called upon to make on that occasion he said:

A painful rumor, true, I fear, has reached us of the massacre, by the rebel forces at Fort Pillow, in the west end of Tennessee, on the Mississippi River, of some three hundred colored soldiers and white officers, who had just been overpowered by their assailants. There seems to be some anxiety in the public mind whether the Government is doing its duty to the colored soldier, and to the service, at this point. At the beginning of the war, and for some time, the use of colored troops was not contemplated; and how the change of purpose was wrought I will not now take time to explain. Upon a clear conviction of duty, I resolved to turn that element of strength to account; and I am responsible for it to the American people, to the Christian world, to history, and on my final account to God. Having determined to use the negro as a soldier, there is no way but to give him all the protection given to any other soldier. The difficulty is not in stating the principle, but in practically applying it. It is a mistake to suppose the Government is indifferent to this matter, or is not doing the best it can in regard to it. We do not to-day *know* that a colored soldier, or white officer commanding colored soldiers, has been massacred by the rebels when made a prisoner. We fear it, believe it, I may say, but we do not *know* it. To take the life of one of their prisoners on the assumption that they murder ours, when it is short of certainty that they do murder ours, might be too serious, too cruel, a mistake. We are having the Fort Pillow affair thoroughly investigated; and such investigation will probably show conclusively how the truth is. If after all that has been said it shall turn out that there has been no massacre at Fort Pillow it will be almost safe to say there has been none, and will be none, elsewhere. If there has been the massacre of three hundred there, or even the tenth part of three hundred, it will be conclusively proven; and, being so proven, the retribution shall as surely come. It will be matter of grave consideration in what exact course to apply the retribution; but in the supposed case it must come.[2]

The investigation referred to by the President was made by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and included the sworn testimony of about eighty witnesses, mostly actual participants in the occurrence. The committee found that Fort Pillow, Tennessee, situated on the Mississippi River, and garrisoned by about 557 Union troops, of whom 262 were colored, was captured by assault, by an overwhelming force of Confederates under General Forrest, on April 12, 1864, and that "of the men from 300 to 400 are known to have been killed at Fort Pillow, of whom at least 300 were murdered in cold blood after the post was in possession of the rebels and our men had thrown down their arms and ceased to offer resistance."

It further appears that this inhumanity was directed principally against the colored soldiers. The rebel general and his subordinates stoutly denied the accusation of vindictiveness, but their explanations and later evidence failed to shake the general substance of the committee's allegation and proof. Indeed it would be difficult to refute the conclusiveness of the first report of General Forrest himself. On the third day after his exploit he telegraphed to General Polk:

I attacked Fort Pillow on the morning of the 12th instant with a part of Bell's and McCulloch's brigades, numbering ————, under Brigadier-General J. R. Chalmers. After a short fight we drove the enemy, seven hundred strong, into the fort under cover of their gun-boats, and demanded a surrender, which was declined by Major L. W. Booth, commanding United States forces. I stormed the fort, and after a contest of thirty minutes captured the entire garrison, killing five hundred and taking one hundred prisoners, and a large amount of quartermaster's stores. The officers in the fort were killed, including Major Booth. I sustained a loss of twenty killed and sixty wounded. The Confederate flag now floats over the fort.[3]

The astonishing result is further explained by the contemporaneous threats made officially by these Confederate officers. On the 25th of March preceding, in demanding the surrender of Paducah, Kentucky, General Forrest wrote: "If you surrender, you shall be treated as prisoners of war; but if I have to storm your works, you may expect no quarter." [4]

And on the day following the Fort Pillow massacre, General A. Buford, one of Forrest's brigadiers, said in his demand for the surrender of Columbus, Kentucky:

Should you surrender, the negroes now in arms will be returned to their masters. Should I, however, be compelled to take the place, no quarter will be shown to the negro troops whatever; the white troops will be treated as prisoners of war.

And in a subsequent correspondence Forrest wrote, under date of June 20, to the Union general, C. C. Washburn: "I regard captured

[1] W. R., Vol. XV., pp. 550 and 551.
[2] Raymond, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," pp. 502–3.
[3] "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 189.
[4] "Rebellion Record," Vol. VIII., p. 73.

negroes as I do other captured property, and not as captured soldiers."[1] The language of these officers at Paducah and Columbus is a sufficient commentary on their achievement at Fort Pillow.

President Lincoln formally took up the consideration of the subject on the 3d of May by writing to the several members of his Cabinet:

> It is now quite certain that a large number of our colored soldiers, with their white officers, were, by the rebel force, massacred after they had surrendered at the recent capture of Fort Pillow. So much is known, though the evidence is not yet quite ready to be laid before me. Meanwhile I will thank you to prepare, and give me in writing, your opinion as to what course the Government should take in the case.[2]

The answers of his advisers differed widely. Mr. Seward affirmed the duty of the Government to vindicate the right of all its soldiers to be regarded and treated as prisoners of war; nevertheless he urged great caution in any proceedings looking to retaliation, and advised for the present only the setting apart and rigorous confinement of an equal number of Confederate prisoners as hostages until the rebel Government could be called upon to explain or disavow the cruelties and give pledges that they should not be repeated. Mr. Chase held the same view, except that he advised that the hostages should be selected from rebel prisoners of highest rank, in number equivalent, according to the rules of exchange, to the officers and men murdered at Fort Pillow. Mr. Stanton also advised that the hostages be selected from rebel officers; that Forrest, Chalmers, and all officers and men concerned in the Fort Pillow massacre be excluded from the benefit of the President's proclamation of amnesty and from the privilege of exchange, and their delivery for punishment be demanded from the Richmond authorities, in default of which delivery the President should take such measures against the hostages as the state of things then existing might make necessary. The advice of Mr. Welles was essentially the same as that of Mr. Stanton. Mr. Blair, on the contrary, took different ground.

> There are two reasons [he wrote] which would prevent me from ordering the execution of prisoners, man for man, in retaliation for the massacre at Fort Pillow. *First.* That I do not think the measure would be justified by the rules of civilized warfare, even in a contest between alien enemies. *Second.* Because even if allowable in such a contest it would not be just in itself or expedient in the present contest. . . . And the inclination of my mind is, to pursue the actual offenders alone in such cases as the present; to order the most energetic measures for their capture, and the most summary punishment when captured. . . . A proclamation or order that the guilty individuals are to be hunted down will have far greater terror and be far more effectual to prevent the repetition of the crime than the punishment of parties not concerned in that crime.

Mr. Bates agreed in opinion with Mr. Blair. He would demand of the enemy a disavowal or avowal of the act. If he disavow it, then demand the surrender of the generals guilty of the Fort Pillow massacre to be dealt with at your discretion. If he avow and justify the act, then instruct your commanders to cause instant execution upon any and all participants in the massacre, whether officers or privates, who should fall into their power. He added:

> I would have no compact with the enemy for mutual slaughter; no cartel of blood and murder; no stipulation to the effect that if you murder one of my men I will murder one of yours! Retaliation is not mere justice. It is avowedly revenge; and it is wholly unjustifiable, in law and conscience, unless adopted for the sole purpose of punishing past crime and of giving a salutary and blood-saving warning against its repetition.

Mr. Usher also joined in the opinion that punishment should not be visited upon innocent persons, but he urged

> that the Government should set apart for execution an equal number of prisoners who since the massacre have been, or may hereafter from time to time be, captured from Forrest's command.

He also urged another reason:

> We are upon the eve of an impending battle. Until the result shall have been known it seems to me to be inexpedient to take any extreme action in the premises. If favorable to our arms, we may retaliate as far as the laws of war and humanity will permit. If disastrous and extreme measures should have been adopted, we may be placed in a position of great embarrassment, and forced to forego our threatened purpose in order to avoid a worse calamity.

It is probable that this view took a deep hold upon the Cabinet. Grant was about entering upon his Wilderness campaign, and its rapid succession of bloody conflicts crowded out of view and consideration a topic so difficult and so hazardous as wholesale retaliation for the Fort Pillow barbarity, which, on one hand, strict justice demanded, and which, on the other, enlightened humanity forbade. In these opposing duties there could be little doubt as to which the kind heart of the President would incline. He had long since laid down for himself a rule of conduct applicable to

[1] "Rebellion Record," Vol. X., p. 724.

[2] Lincoln to the Cabinet, May 3, 1864. Unpublished MS.

this class of cases. In his annual message of December 3, 1861, he had declared:

> In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle.

It does not appear that the Fort Pillow question was ever seriously renewed in the Cabinet or definitely concluded by the President.

The proceedings relating to retaliation which we have thus far sketched bring us back to another and by no means the least interesting phase of the general subject of negro soldiers. We may here anticipate the course of events so far as to say that in the autumn and winter of 1864 the cause of the South was already lost and the collapse of the Confederate Government plainly foreshadowed to all except the leaders, whose infatuation and wounded vanity made them unwilling to acknowledge and accept defeat. Yet this effort to avoid confession of error in one direction compelled them to admit it in another. They had seceded for slavery, had made it the corner-stone of their government, had anathematized President Lincoln for his decrees of emancipation, had pronounced the ban of outlawry and had prescribed the sentence of death against every white officer who might dare to command negro troops; but now in their extremity some of them proposed to throw consistency to the winds and themselves commit the acts upon which they had invoked the reprobation of mankind and for which they had ordained extreme punishment.

It would be difficult to estimate the benefit they had derived from the direct military labor of the slave, especially in building fortifications. They now proposed not only to put arms in his hands and make him a soldier to fight in the ranks, but also, as a final step, to emancipate him for the service. Even the flexible political conscience of Jefferson Davis, however, winced a little at the bold abandonment of principle which this policy involved, and in his message of November 7, 1864, to the Confederate Congress he argues the question with the reluctance of a man preparing to walk over live coals. We have not space to abridge his hair-splitting arguments to justify the South in what they had so vociferously denounced when done by the North. The sum of his recommendation is that the 20,000 slaves then employed in various labors in the Confederate army should be increased to 40,000, be drilled in "encamping, marching, and parking trains," and "employed as a pioneer and engineer laborer." He says:

> I must dissent from those who advise a general levy and arming of the slaves for the duty of soldiers. Until our white population shall prove insufficient for the armies we require and can afford to keep in the field, to employ as a soldier the negro, who has merely been trained to labor, and as a laborer,—the white man accustomed from his youth to the use of firearms,—would scarcely be deemed wise or advantageous by any; and this is the question now before us. But should the alternative ever be presented of subjugation or of the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems no reason to doubt what should then be our decision.[1]

While he dwells on the "improbable contingency of our need of resorting to this element of resistance," he nevertheless points out that the Confederate Government might buy the slave from his master and engage to liberate him as a reward for faithful military service.

Mr. Davis's hesitating and tentative recommendation was seed sown on barren ground. If the dose was unpalatable to him it appears to have been yet more bitter to the members of the Confederate Congress, who doubtless felt, as has been pithily expressed by a Confederate writer, that it was an admission of the inherent injustice of slavery; that "if the negro was fit to be a soldier he was not fit to be a slave"; that the proposition "cut under the traditions and theories of three generations in the South"; and that "by a few strokes of the pen the Confederate Government had subscribed to the main tenet of the abolition party in the North and all its consequences, standing exposed and stultified before the world."[2] They debated the unwelcome subject with qualms and grimaces through November, December, January, and most of February. On the 11th of January and again on the 18th of February the proposal received a notable championship in letters from General Lee, in which he declared the measure of employing negro soldiers "not only expedient but necessary," and recommended that the Confederate President be empowered "to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled."[3] Even under this pressure, however, the rebel lawmakers could not wholly conquer their repugnance. Nearly six weeks more elapsed, and the fall of Richmond was already imminent, when on the 30th of March, 1865,[4] the Confederate Congress passed an act upon the subject. The writer already quoted sums up the result as follows:

[1] "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1864, p. 697.
[2] Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 453-4.
[3] Lee to Hunter, Jan. 11, 1865. (THE CENTURY, August, 1888), and Lee to Barksdale, Feb. 18, 1865 (McCabe, "Life of Lee," p. 574).
[4] Report of Provost-Marshal General Fry.

The law, as finally enacted, was merely to authorize the President to receive into the military service such able-bodied slaves as might be patriotically tendered by their masters, to be employed in whatever capacity he might direct; no change to be made in the relation of owners of slaves, at least so far as it appeared in the bill. The fruits of this emasculated measure were two companies of blacks, organized from some negro vagabonds in Richmond, which were allowed to give balls at the Libby Prison and were exhibited in fine fresh uniforms on Capitol Square as decoys to obtain sable recruits. But the mass of their colored brethren looked on the parade with unenvious eyes, and little boys exhibited the early prejudices of race by pelting the fine uniforms with mud.[1]

THE ENROLLMENT AND THE DRAFT.

THE successive steps by which the army of the United States, numbering some seventeen thousand men when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, grew to the vast aggregate of a million soldiers deserve a word of notice. We can do no more than to summarize briefly the process, referring those of our readers who may wish to study the matter more in detail to the admirable historical statement of General Fry appended to the report of the Secretary of War to the Thirty-ninth Congress. The first troops mustered into the service were the militia of the District of Columbia; thirty-eight companies were thus obtained. On the 15th of April was issued, under the law of 1803, the President's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops for ninety days. Their work was the protection of the capital; their service mainly ended with the battle of Bull Run. On the 3d of May the President issued a call for 42,000 volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged; he increased at the same time the regular army by eight regiments, and directed the enlistment of 18,000 seamen. This was done without authority from Congress, but the act was legalized when that body came together. The volunteers called for were immediately raised and many more were offered; but the recruits for the regular army came in slowly, and the new regiments were in fact never fully organized until the close of the war. After the disastrous battle of Bull Run the patriotism of Congress promptly rose to the emergency, and within a few days successive acts were passed giving the President authority to raise an army of a million men.

So enthusiastic was the response of the people in those early days that the chief embarrassment of the Government was at first to check and repress the offers of volunteers. Some regions were more liberal in their tenders of troops than others; individuals and companies rejected from one State whose quota was full enlisted from another; pious frauds were practiced to get a place under the colors. Much confusion and annoyance afterwards resulted from these causes. Under authority of the acts of Congress referred to, a force of 637,126 men was in the service in the spring of 1862. This, it was thought, would be adequate for the work of suppressing the insurrection: the expenses of the military establishment had risen to appalling proportions, and the ill-advised resolution was taken of putting a stop to volunteer recruiting on the 3d of April. As the waste of the armies went on without corresponding successes, the error which had been committed was recognized, and recruiting was resumed in June; but before much progress was made, the ill fortune of McClellan[2] in the Peninsula, and its unfavorable effect on the public mind, chilled and discouraged recruitment. The necessity for more troops was as evident to the country as to the Government.

While General McClellan was on his retreat to the James, the governors of the loyal States signed a letter to the President requesting him to issue a call for additional troops, and it was in response to this that Mr. Lincoln issued his call, on the 2d of July, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers. The need of troops continuing and becoming more and more pressing, the call for 300,000 nine months' militia was issued on the 4th of August, and in some of the States a draft from the militia was ordered, the results of which were not especially satisfactory. Only about 87,000 of the 300,000 required were reported as obtained in this way, and this number was greatly reduced by desertion before the men could be got out of their respective States.

In Pennsylvania a somewhat serious organization was formed in several counties for resisting the draft. Governor Curtin reported several thousand recusants in arms. They would not permit the drafted men who were willing to go to their duty to leave their homes, and even forced them to get out of the railway trains after they had embarked. By the prompt and energetic action of the State and National Governments, working in harmony, this disorder was soon suppressed. But there, as elsewhere, the enrollment was inefficient and the results entirely inadequate.

Early in the year 1863 it became evident that the armies necessary for an effective prosecution of the war could not be filled by volunteering, nor by State action alone, and a bill for enrolling and calling out the national forces was introduced in the Senate in the beginning of February, and at once gave rise in that body to a hot discussion. It was attacked by the Democratic senators, who were mostly from the border States, with the greatest en-

[1] Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 456.

[2] Report of Provost-Marshal General, Part I., p. 9.

ergy and feeling. They contended that it was in direct violation of the Constitution, and, if passed, would be subversive of the liberties of the country. They were joined by Mr. Richardson, who had succeeded Mr. Douglas as senator from Illinois, and who warned his colleagues that they were plunging the country into civil war.[1] The bill was principally defended by Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts and Mr. Collamer of Vermont, the former laying most stress upon the necessities of the country, and the latter characteristically advocating the measure on legal and constitutional grounds. The bill passed the Senate, and came up in the House on the 23d of February. Mr. Olin, who had charge of it, announced at the beginning, with a somewhat crude candor, that he proposed to permit discussion of the merits of the bill for a reasonable time and then to demand a vote upon it. He was not willing to hazard the loss of a bill he deemed so important by opening it to propositions for amendment. But in spite of this warning, perhaps by reason of it, an animated discussion at once sprung up and many amendments were offered, some in good faith, and some with the purpose of nullifying the bill. The measure was attacked with great violence. The object and purpose of the President was proclaimed by Democratic members to be the establishment of an irresponsible despotism, and the destruction of constitutional liberty was prophesied as certain in case the bill should pass. There was a great difference of tone between the opponents and the supporters of the Administration; the latter, confident in their strength, were far more moderate in their expressions than the former, but there were reproaches and recriminations on both sides. Democrats, like Mr. Cox of Ohio, Mr. Biddle of Pennsylvania, and Messrs. Mallory and Wickliffe of Kentucky, claimed that the antislavery measures of the Administration were the sole cause of military failure, and that if the President would return to constitutional ways the armies would soon be filled by volunteering; to which the Republicans answered that the cessation of volunteering was due to the treasonable speech and conduct of the opposition. Some unimportant amendments were attached to the bill, which was sent back to the Senate for concurrence, and after another debate, scarcely less passionate than the first, the amendments of the House were adopted, and the measure became a law by the approval of the President, on the 3d of March, 1863. It was the first law enacted by Congress by which the Government of the United States, without the intervention of the authorities of the several States, appealed directly to the nation to create large armies. The act declared that, with certain exceptions especially set forth, all able-bodied male citizens, and persons of foreign birth who had declared their intention to become citizens, between the ages of 20 and 45, should constitute the national forces, and empowered the President to call them forth by draft. All were to be called out if necessary: the first call was actually for one-fifth, but that was a measure of expediency. The act provided for the appointment or detail, by the President, of a Provost-Marshal General, who was to be the head of a bureau in the War Department, and for dividing the States into districts coinciding with those for the election of congressmen. The District of Columbia and the Territories formed additional districts. A provost-marshal was authorized for each of these districts, with whom were associated a commissioner and a surgeon. The board thus formed was required to divide its district into as many subdistricts as might be found necessary, to appoint an enrolling officer for each, and to make an enrollment immediately. Colonel James B. Fry, an assistant adjutant-general of the army, who had formerly been chief-of-staff to General Buell, and who was not only an accomplished soldier but an executive officer of extraordinary tact, ability, and industry, was made Provost-Marshal General. Officers of the army, selected for their administrative capacity, were appointed provost-marshals for the several States. The enrollment began the latter part of May, and was pushed forward with great energy, except in the border States, where some difficulty was found in selecting the proper boards of enrollment. While there was more or less opposition, General Fry says:

> It could not be said to be serious. Some of the officers were maltreated, and one or two assassinated, but prompt action on the part of the civil authorities, aided when necessary by military patrols, secured the arrest of guilty parties and checked these outrages.

Those who attempted to obstruct enrollment officers were promptly punished, and orders from the War Department gave a clear definition of what constituted impediments to the drafts. Not only the assaulting or obstructing of officers was cause for punishment, but even standing mute and the giving of false names subjected the offender to summary arrest.

In addition to the duties of enrolling all citizens capable of bearing arms, of drafting from these the numbers required for military service, and of arresting deserters and returning them to the army, the Provost-Marshal General was also charged with the entire work of recruiting volunteers. This insured harmony and systematic action in the two methods of raising troops, and the work was carried on

[1] "Congressional Globe," Feb. 4, 1863, p. 709.

with constantly increasing efficiency and success. A comparatively small number of men was obtained strictly by the draft, but the draft powerfully stimulated enlistments, and the money obtained by commutation furnished an ample fund for all the expenses of the bureaus of recruitment. Improvements in the law and the modes of executing it were constantly made, until at the close of the war the system was probably as perfect as human ingenuity could make it under the peculiar conditions of American life. The result proved the vast military resources of the nation. In April, 1865, with a million soldiers in the field, the enrollment showed that the national forces not called out consisted of 2,245,000 more. We need not cumber these pages with the figures of the successive calls and their results; we quote the aggregates from General Fry's final report (p. 46). The quotas charged against the States, under all calls made by the President during the four years from the 15th of April, 1861, when his first proclamation echoed the guns at Sumter, to the 14th of April, 1865, when Lincoln died and recruiting ceased, amounted to 2,759,049, the terms of service varying from three months to three years. The aggregate number of men credited on the several calls, and put into service in the army, navy, and marines, was 2,690,401. This left a deficiency of 68,648, which would have been readily filled if the war had not closed. In addition to these some 70,000 "emergency men" were from first to last called into service.[1]

During the progress of the work an infinite variety of questions arose as to the quotas and the credits of the several States, and the President was overwhelmed by complaints and reclamations from various governors in the North. Even the most loyal supporters of the Administration exerted themselves to the utmost to have the demands upon them reduced and their credits for troops furnished raised to the highest possible figure; while in those States which were politically under the control of the opposition these natural importunities were aggravated by what seemed a deliberate intention to frustrate so far as possible the efforts of the Government to fill its depleted armies.[2] The most serious controversy that arose during the progress of the enrollment was that begun and carried on by Governor Seymour of New York.

So long as the administration of Governor E. D. Morgan lasted, the Government received most zealous and efficient support from the State of New York. It is true that at the close of Governor Morgan's term, the last day of 1862, the Adjutant-General reported the State deficient some 28,000 men in volunteers under the various calls of the Government, 18,000 of which deficiency belonged to the city of New York. But in spite of this deficiency there had never been any lack of cordial coöperation on the part of the State government with that of the nation. In the autumn of that year, however, in the period of doubt and discouragement which generally prevailed throughout the Union, General Wadsworth, the Republican candidate for governor, had been defeated after a most acrimonious contest by Horatio Seymour, then, and until his death, the most honored and prominent Democratic politician of the State. He came into power upon a platform denouncing almost every measure which the Government had found it necessary to adopt for the suppression of the rebellion; and upon his inauguration, on the first day of 1863, he clearly intimated that his principal duty would be "to maintain and defend the sovereignty and jurisdiction of his State."

The President, anxious to work in harmony

1 The following details of the several calls and their results are taken from the report made to Congress by the Secretary of War in the session of 1865–66:

	Number of Men.	*Term of Service.*
Call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 men, produced	98,235	3 months
Calls of May 3, July 22 and 25, 1861, for 500,000	2,715	6 months
	9,056	1 year
	30,952	2 years
	657,863	3 years
Call of July 2, 1862, for 500,000	419,627	3 years
Call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000	86,960	9 months
Proclamation of June 15, 1863, for militia (100,000)	16,361	6 months
Calls of October 15, 1863, and February 1, 1864, for 500,000	374,807	3 years
Call of March 14, 1864, for 200,000	284,021	3 years
Militia mustered in the spring of 1864	83,612	100 days
Call of July 18, 1864, for 500,000	149,356	1 & 2 yrs.
	234,798	3 years
	728	4 years
Call of December 19, 1864, for 300,000	151,105	1 year
	5,076	2 years
	48,065	3 years
	312	4 years

The aggregate shows a great many more soldiers than ever served, as a large number enlisted more than once. Veteran volunteers to the number of 150,000 reënlisted in 1863–64. Deserters and bounty-jumpers must also be deducted.

2 Though the President knew that fairness and accuracy prevailed in the demands made upon the different localities for their proportion of troops, he was so much embarrassed by complaints that he found it necessary at last to constitute a board, consisting of Attorney-General Speed, General Delafield, Chief of Engineers, and Colonel Foster, Assistant Adjutant-General, to examine into the proper quotas and credits, and to report errors if they found any therein, and he announced in the order constituting the board that its determination should be final and conclusive. The board went carefully over the whole subject, explained the mode of proceeding adopted by the Provost-Marshal General, and said, "The rule is in conformity to the requirements of the laws of Congress and is just and equitable; we have carefully examined and proved the work done under this rule by the Provost-Marshal General and find it has been done with fairness." This report was formally approved by the President.

with the governors of all the loyal States, and especially desirous on public grounds to secure the cordial coöperation in war matters of the State administration in New York, had written to Mr. Seymour soon after his inauguration as governor, inviting his confidence and friendship.

You and I [he said] are substantially strangers, and I write this chiefly that we may become better acquainted. I, for the time being, am at the head of a nation which is in great peril, and you are at the head of the greatest State of that nation. As to maintaining the nation's life and integrity, I assume and believe there cannot be a difference of purpose between you and me. If we should differ as to the means it is important that such difference should be as small as possible; that it should not be enhanced by unjust suspicions on one side or the other. In the performance of my duty the coöperation of your State, as that of others, is needed — in fact, is indispensable. This alone is sufficient reason why I should wish to be at a good understanding with you. Please write me at least as long a letter as this, of course saying in it just what you think fit.[1]

The governor waited three weeks and then made a cold and guarded reply, retaining in this private communication the attitude of reserve and distrust he had publicly assumed.

I have delayed [he said] answering your letter for some days with a view of preparing a paper in which I wished to state clearly the aspect of public affairs from the standpoint I occupy. I do not claim any superior wisdom, but I am confident the opinions I hold are entertained by one-half of the population of the Northern States. I have been prevented from giving my views in the manner I intended by a pressure of official duties, which at the present stage of the legislative session of this State confines me to the executive chamber until each midnight.

After the adjournment, which will soon take place, I will give you without reserve my opinion and purpose with regard to the condition of our unhappy country. In the meanwhile I assure you that no political resentments or no personal objects will turn me aside from the pathway I have marked out for myself. I intend to show to those charged with the administration of public affairs a due deference and respect, and to yield them a just and generous support in all measures they may adopt within the scope of their constitutional powers. For the preservation of this Union I am ready to make any sacrifice of interest, passion, or prejudice.[2]

This closed the personal correspondence between them. The governor never wrote the promised letter; he did not desire to commit himself to any friendly relations with the President. With the narrowness of a bitterly prejudiced mind he had given an interpretation to the President's cordial overture as false as it was unfavorable. In an article,[3] published with his sanction many years afterwards, he is represented as expressing his conviction that at the time of this correspondence there was a conspiracy of prominent Republicans to force Lincoln out of the White House; that the President was aware of it, and that this was "the cause of the anxiety which he displayed to be on intimate friendly terms with Mr. Seymour." There could be no intimate understanding between two such men. Mr. Lincoln could no more comprehend the partisan bitterness and suspicion which lay at the basis of Mr. Seymour's character than the latter could appreciate the motives which induced Lincoln to seek his cordial coöperation in public work for the general welfare. He gave the same base interpretation to a complimentary message which Stanton sent him in June, 1863, thanking him for the energy with which he had sent forward troops for the defense of Pennsylvania, and when, a year later, Stanton invited him to Washington for a consultation,[3] he refused either to go or to reply to the invitation.

Mr. Thurlow Weed is quoted as saying in his later years that Mr. Lincoln, after Seymour's election and before his inauguration, authorized Mr. Weed to say to him that holding his position he could wheel the Democratic party into line and put down the rebellion; and that if he would render this great service to the country Mr. Lincoln would cheerfully make way for him as his successor.[4] Mr. Weed says he made this suggestion to Seymour; but that he preferred to administer his office as an irreconcilable and conscientious partisan. It is probable that Mr. Weed, as is customary with elderly men, exaggerated the definiteness of the proposition; but these letters show how anxious Lincoln was that Seymour should give a loyal support to the Government, and in how friendly and self-effacing a spirit he would have met him.

In what must be said in regard to the controversy in which Governor Seymour soon found himself engaged with the National Government there is no question of his personal integrity or his patriotism. He doubtless considered that he was only doing his duty to his State and his party in opposing almost every specific act of the National Government. The key to all his actions in respect to the draft is to be found in his own words: "It is believed," he said, "by at least one-half of the people of the loyal States that the conscription act is in itself a violation of the supreme constitutional

[1] Lincoln to Seymour, March 23, 1863. MS.
[2] Seymour to Lincoln, April 14, 1863. MS.
[3] "New York Times," Aug. 18, 1879.
[4] Memoir by T. W. Barnes, p. 428.

law."[1] This belief he heartily shared, and no moral blame attaches to him for trying to give it effect in his official action. His conduct led to disastrous results; his views of government were shown to be mistaken and unsound. The nation went on its triumphant way over all the obstacles interposed by him and those who believed with him, and during the quarter of a century which elapsed before his death his chief concern was to throw upon the Government the blame of his own factious proceedings. He constantly accused the Administration of Mr. Lincoln of an unfair and partisan execution of the law, which he regarded in itself as unconstitutional. He assumed that because the enrollment of the arms-bearing population of New York City, which had given a majority for him, showed an excess over the enrollment in the rural districts, which had given a large majority for Wadsworth, the city was to be punished for being Democratic and the country rewarded for being Republican; to which the most natural reply was that the volunteering had been far more active in the Republican districts than it had been in the Democratic. He attacked all the proceedings of the provost-marshals. He accused them of neglect and contumacy towards himself. All these accusations were wholly unfounded. General Fry was a man as nearly without politics as a patriotic American can be. He came of a distinguished Democratic family, and during a life passed in the military service his only preoccupation had been the punctual fulfillment of every duty confided to him. The district provost-marshals for the city of New York were selected with especial care from those recommended by citizens of the highest character in the place. Three provost-marshal generals were appointed for New York, and great pains were taken to choose "those who would be likely to secure the favor and coöperation of the authorities and the people of New York."[2] They were Major Townsend, Colonel Nugent, and Major Diven. Nugent and Diven were war Democrats, and the last "an intimate acquaintance and personal friend of Governor Seymour." Townsend was a well-known resident of Albany. They were specially charged to put themselves in communication with the Governor, to acquaint themselves with his views and wishes, and to give them due weight in determining the best interests of the Government; and to endeavor, by all means in their power, to secure for the execution of the enrollment act the aid and hearty coöperation of the Governor, the State officers, and the people. A letter was at the same time written to the Governor by the Provost-Marshal General commending these officers to him and asking for them his coöperation. A similar letter was sent to the mayor of New York City. The Government exhausted all its powers in endeavoring to commend the enrollment to the favorable consideration of the civil officers of the State. "But Governor Seymour," says General Fry, "gave no assistance; in fact, so far as the Government officers engaged in the enrollment could learn, he gave the subject no attention." Without the aid or countenance of the Governor, in face of his quiet hostility, the enrollment was carried forward as rapidly as possible. The work was impeded by numerous and important obstacles; the large floating population of the city threw great difficulties in the way of the enrollment; opposition was encountered in almost every house that the enrolling officers entered. Where artifice did not succeed violence was sometimes attempted. In some places organized bodies of men opposed the enrollment, in others secret societies waged a furtive warfare against the officers. But in spite of all these drawbacks the enrollment was made with remarkable fairness and substantial success. It was no more imperfect than was inevitable, and the draft which followed it was conducted in such a manner as to neutralize to a great extent the irregularities and hardship that might have resulted from the errors it contained.[3] The enrollment having been completed, orders for the draft in the State of New York were issued on the 1st of July. At that date drafting had been going on for some time in New England. Colonel Nugent was left at liberty, if thought expedient, to execute the draft in New York City by districts, and in one or more at a given time, rather than all at once, throughout the city. Governor Seymour was notified in almost daily letters, from the 1st to the 13th of July, of the drafts which had been

[1] The attacks upon the constitutionality of the enrollment act were mainly political. Several attempts were made to have it declared invalid by the courts, but these were generally unsuccessful. In the United States circuit courts of Pennsylvania and Illinois two important decisions were rendered, the one by Judge Cadwalader and the other by Judge Treat (Judge Davis concurring), affirming the constitutionality of the law. Only one important decision in the contrary sense was obtained, and that was in the supreme court of Pennsylvania, Chief-Justice Lowrie and Justices Woodward and Thompson concurring in the decision that the law was unconstitutional, Justices Strong and Read dissenting. This decision was afterwards reversed. Chief-Justice Lowrie was a candidate for reëlection and Justice Woodward ran for governor the next year. The main issue in the canvass was this decision. They were both defeated by large majorities, A. G. Curtin being reëlected governor, and Daniel Agnew taking the place of Lowrie on the bench. The court, thus reconstituted, reversed the former decision, Woodward and Thompson dissenting.

[2] General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."

[3] Official Report of Provost-Marshal General.

ordered in the several districts. The Provost-Marshal General begged him to do all in his power to enable the officers to complete the drafts promptly, effectually, fairly, and successfully.[1] He paid no attention to these requests further than to send his adjutant-general to Washington on the 11th of July for the purpose of urging the suspension of the draft. But while this officer was away upon his mission the evil passions excited in the breasts of the lowest class of Democrats in New York City by the denunciations of the enrollment act and of the legally constituted authorities who were endeavoring to enforce it, broke out in the most terrible riot which this Western Continent has ever witnessed.

The state of popular distrust and excitement which naturally arose from the discussion of the enrollment was greatly increased by the vehement utterances of the more violent Democratic politicians and newspapers. Governor Seymour, in a speech delivered on the Fourth of July, which was filled with denunciations of the party in power, said:

> The Democratic organization look upon this Administration as hostile to their rights and liberties; they look upon their opponents as men who would do them wrong in regard to their most sacred franchises.

The "Journal of Commerce" accused the Administration of prolonging the war for its own purposes, and added, "Such men are neither more nor less than murderers." "The World," denouncing "the weak and reckless men who temporarily administer the Federal Government," attacked especially the enrollment bill as an illegal and despotic measure. The "Daily News," which reached a larger number of the masses of New York than any other journal, quoted Governor Seymour as saying that neither the President nor Congress, without the consent of the State authorities, had the right to force a single individual against his will "to take part in the ungodly conflict which is distracting the land." It condemned the manner in which the draft was being executed as "an outrage on all decency and fairness," the object of it being to "kill off Democrats and stuff the ballot-boxes with bogus soldier votes." Incendiary hand-bills in the same sense were distributed through the northern districts of the city, thickly populated with laboring men of foreign birth.

Although there had been for several days mutterings of discontent in the streets and even threats uttered against the enrolling officers, these demonstrations had been mostly confined to the drinking-saloons, and no apprehensions of popular tumult were entertained. Even on Saturday morning, the 11th of July, when the draft was to begin at the corner of Forty-third street and Third Avenue, there was no symptom of disturbance. The day passed pleasantly away, the draft was carried on regularly and good-humoredly, and at night the superintendent of police, as he left the office, said "the Rubicon was passed and all would go well."[2] But the next day, being Sunday, afforded leisure for the ferment of suspicion and anger. Every foreigner who was drafted became a center of sympathy and excitement. There were secret meetings in many places on Sunday night, and on the next morning parties of men went from shop to shop compelling workmen to join them and swell the processions which were moving to the offices of the enrollment board. The commissioner proceeded quietly with his work, the wheel was beginning to turn, a few names were called and recorded, when suddenly a large paving-stone came crashing through the window and landed upon the reporters' table, shivering the inkstands and knocking over one or two bystanders; and with hardly a moment's interval a volley of stones flew through the windows, putting a stop to the proceedings. The crowd, kindled into fury by its own act, speedily became a howling mob; the rioters burst through the doors and windows, smashed the furniture of the office into splinters, sprinkled camphene upon the floor, and set the building on fire. When the fire department arrived they found the mob in possession of the hydrants, and the building was soon reduced to ashes. This furious outburst took the authorities completely by surprise.[3] The most trustworthy portion of the organized militia had been ordered to Pennsylvania to resist the invasion of General Lee. There was only a handful of troops in the harbor, and the mob, having possession of the street railways, prevented for a time the rapid concentration of these, while the police, who were admirable in organization and efficiency, being at the time under Repub-

[1] General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."

[2] "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1863, p. 811.

[3] General Fry, in his valuable treatise, "New York and the Conscription of 1863," gives the following as reasons why no large military force was assembled to preserve the public peace in New York: "On the occasion of the first draft these questions were carefully weighed by the President and the War Department. The conclusions were that no exception in the application of the law should be made in New York, that no presumption that the State or city authorities would fail to coöperate with the Government should be admitted, that a Federal military force ought not to be assembled in New York City on the mere assumption that a law of the United States would be violently and extensively resisted, and that if it were thought best to assemble such a force there was none to be had without losing campaigns then going on or battles then impending."

lican control,[1] were of course inadequate, during the first hours of the outbreak, to deal with an army of excited and ignorant men, recruited in an instant from hundreds of workshops and excited by drink and passionate declamation. The agitation and disorder spread so rapidly that the upper part of the city was in a few hours in full possession of the maddened crowd, the majority of them filled with that aimless thirst for destruction which rises so naturally in a mob when the restraints of order are withdrawn. They were led by wild zealots, excited by political hates and fears, or by common thieves, who found in the tumult their opportunity for plunder. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the body of rioters in the upper part of the city numbered several thousand. Their first fury was naturally directed against the enrolling offices. After the destruction of the building in the Ninth District they attacked the block of stores in which the enrolling office of the Eighth District stood.[2] The adjoining shops were filled with jewelry and other costly goods, and were speedily swept clean by the thievish hands of the rioters, and then set on fire; here, as before, the firemen were not permitted to play on the flames. But the political animus of the mob was shown most clearly by the brutal and cowardly outrages inflicted upon negroes. They dashed with the merriment of fiends at every colored face they saw, taking special delight in the maiming and murdering of women and children. Late in the afternoon of the 13th the mob made a rush for the fine building of the Colored Orphan Asylum.[3] This estimable charity was founded and carried on by a society of kind-hearted ladies; it gave not only shelter but instruction and Christian training to several hundred colored orphans. A force of policemen was hastily gathered together, but could defend the asylum for a few minutes only, giving time for most of the inmates to escape. The policemen were then disabled by the brutal mob, who rushed into the building, stealing everything which was portable, and setting the house on fire. They burned the residences of several Government officers, and a large hotel which refused them liquor.

For three days these horrible scenes of unchained fury and hatred lasted. An attack upon the "New York Tribune" office was a further evidence of the political passion of the mob,[4] headed at this point by a lame secessionist barber who had just before been heard to express the hope that he "might soon shave Jeff. Davis in New York," and who led on the rioters with loud cheers for General McClellan; but after dismantling the counting-room they were attacked and driven away by the police. From beginning to end they showed little courage; they were composed, in great number, of the most degraded class of foreigners, and as a rule they made no stand when attacked in any number by either the police or the military. The only exception to this rule was in the case of a squad of marines who foolishly fired into the air when confronting the rioters. Colonel O'Brien, having sprained his ankle while gallantly resisting the mob, stepped into a drug store for assistance while his detachment passed on. The druggist, fearing the rioters, begged O'Brien to leave his shop, and the brave soldier went out among the howling mob. In a moment they were upon him and beat and trampled him into unconsciousness. For several hours the savages dragged the still breathing body of their own countryman up and down the streets, inflicting every indignity upon his helpless form, and then, shouting and yelling, conveyed him to his own door. There a courageous priest sought to subdue their savagery by reading the last offices for the dying over the unfortunate officer; then the climax of horror was reached by the brutal ruffians jostling the priest aside and closing the ceremonies by dancing upon the corpse. But a squad of fifty regulars was able to work its will against thousands of them. The city government, the trusty and courageous police force, and the troops in the harbor at last came into harmonious action and gradually established order throughout the city.

The State government was of little avail from beginning to end of the disturbance. Governor Seymour, having done all he could to embarrass the Government and rouse the people against it, had left the city on the 11th and gone to Long Branch in New Jersey. On the receipt of the frightful news of the 13th he returned to the city a prey to the most terrible agitation. He was hurried by his friends to the City Hall, where a great crowd soon gathered, and there, in sight of the besieged "Tribune" office, he made the memorable address the discredit of which justly clung to him all his days. His terror and his sympathy with the mob, in conflict with his convictions of public duty, completely unmanned him. He addressed the rioters in affectionate tones as his "friends," and assured them that he had "come to show them a test of his friendship." He informed them that he had sent his adjutant to Washington to confer with the authorities

[1] Several years afterwards Governor Seymour said: "The draft riots of 1863 were put down mainly by the energy, boldness, and skill of the police department. In saying this I am certainly not influenced by prejudice, for the force was politically and in some degree personally unfriendly to myself."

[2] Broadway, near Twenty-eighth street.

[3] Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth street.

[4] Trial of J. H. Whittier, Aug. 12, 1863.

there and to have the draft suspended. This assurance was received with the most vociferous cheers. He urged them to act as good citizens, leaving their interests to him. "Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington," he said, "and you shall be satisfied." The words in this extraordinary speech for which the governor was most blamed were those in which he addressed the mob as his friends; but this was a venial fault, pardonable in view of his extreme agitation. The serious matter was his intimation that the draft justified the riot, and that if the rioters would cease from their violence the draft would be stopped.[1] He issued two proclamations on the 14th, the one mildly condemning the riot and calling upon the persons engaged in it to retire to their homes and employments, and the other, somewhat sterner in tone, declaring the city and county of New York to be in a state of insurrection, and warning all who might resist the State authorities of their liability to the penalties prescribed by law. It is questionable if the rioters ever heard of the proclamations, and if they did the effect of these official utterances was entirely nullified by the governor's sympathetic speeches. The riots came to a bloody close on the night of Thursday, the fourth day. A small detachment of soldiers[2] met the principal body of rioters at Third Avenue and Twenty-first street, killed thirteen and wounded eighteen more, taking some dozens of prisoners. The fire of passion had burned itself out by this time, and the tired mob, now thoroughly dominated, slunk away to its hiding-places. During that night and the next day the militia were returning from Pennsylvania, several regiments of veterans arrived from the Army of the Potomac, and the peace of the city was once more secured. The rioters had kept the city in terror for four days and had destroyed two millions of property. For several days afterwards arrests went on, and many of the wounded law-breakers died in their retreats, afraid to call for assistance.

There were unimportant disturbances in other places which were speedily put down by the local authorities, but, as Mr. Greeley says: "in no single instance was there a riot incited by drafting wherein Americans by birth bore any considerable part, nor in which the great body of the actors were not born Europeans, and generally of recent importation." The part taken by Archbishop Hughes in this occurrence gave rise to various comments. He placarded about the city on the 16th of July an address "to the men of New York who are now called in many papers rioters," inviting them to come to his house and let him talk to them, assuring them of immunity from the police in going and coming. "You who are Catholics," the address concluded, "or as many of you as are, have a right to visit your bishop without molestation." On the 17th, at 2 o'clock, a crowd of four or five thousand persons assembled in front of the Archbishop's residence,[3] and the venerable prelate, clad in his purple robes and full canonical attire, appeared at the window and made a strange speech to the mob, half jocular and half earnest, alternately pleading, cajoling, and warning them. He told them that he "did not see a riotous face among them." He did not accuse them of having done anything wrong. He said that every man had the right to defend his house or his shanty at the risk of his life; that they had no cause to complain, "as Irishmen and Catholics," against the Government; and affectionately suggested whether it might not be better for them to retire to their homes and keep out of danger. He begged them to be quiet in the name of Ireland—"Ireland, that never committed a single act of cruelty until she was oppressed; Ireland, that has been the mother of heroes and of poets, but never the mother of cowards." The crowd greeted his speech with uproarious applause and quietly dispersed.

The number of those who lost their lives during the riots has never been ascertained. The mortality statistics for that week and the week succeeding show an increase of five or six hundred over the average. Governor Seymour estimated the number of killed and wounded at one thousand.

Naturally, in such days of terror and anger, there were not wanting those who asserted that the riots were the result and the manifestation of a widespread treasonable conspiracy involving leading Democrats at the North. The President received many letters to this effect, one relating the alleged confession of a well-known politician, who, overcome with agitation and remorse, had in the presence of the editors of the "Tribune" divulged the complicity of Seymour and others in the preparation of the émeute.[4] But he placed no reliance upon the story, and there was in fact no foundation for it. With all his desire to injure the Administration, Governor Seymour had not the material of an insurrectionist in his composi-

[1] While the riot was going on, Governor Seymour had an interview with Colonel Nugent, the acting Provost-Marshal General of New York City, and insisted on the colonel's announcing a suspension of the draft. The draft had already been stopped by violence. The announcement was urged by the governor no doubt because he thought it would allay the excitement; but this was, under the circumstances, making a concession to the mob, and endangering the successful enforcement of the law of the land. [General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."]

[2] Of the 12th Regulars, under Captain Putman.

[3] Corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth street.

[4] J. R. Gilmore to Lincoln, July 17, 1863. MS.

tion, and when the riot came his excitement and horror was the best proof that he had not expected it.

The scenes of violence in New York were not repeated anywhere else, if we except a slight disturbance in Boston, but the ferment of opposition was so general as to give great disquietude to many friends of the Government throughout the country. Leading Unionists in Philadelphia, fearing a riot there, besought the President by mail and telegraph to stop the draft. In Chicago a similar appeal was made, and by recruitment and volunteering the necessity for a draft was avoided in Illinois until the next year.

No provision of the enrollment law excited such ardent opposition as that which was introduced for the purpose of mitigating its rigors — the provision exempting drafted men from service upon payment of three hundred dollars. "The rich man's money against the poor man's blood" was a cry from which no demagogue could refrain, and it was this which contributed most powerfully to rouse the unthinking masses against the draft. The money paid for exemptions was used, under the direction of the Provost-Marshal General, for the raising of recruits and the payment of the expenses of the draft. It amounted to a very large sum — twenty-six millions of dollars. After all expenses were paid there was a balance of nine millions left to the credit of the Bureau in the Treasury of the United States. The exemption fund was swelled by the action of county and municipal authorities, especially by those of New York, who in the flurry succeeding the riots passed in great haste an ordinance to pay the commutation for drafted men of the poorer class. A certain impetus was given to volunteering also, but the money came in faster than the men; and in June, 1864, the Provost-Marshal General reported that out of some 14,000 drafted men 7000 were exempted for various reasons and 5000 paid money commutation. This statement was sent to Congress by the President with the recommendation that the commutation clause be repealed. This was done [1] after a hot discussion which exhibited a curious change of front on the question, Messrs. Saulsbury, Richardson, and other Democrats energetically opposing the repeal, and making it the occasion for as bitter attacks on the Administration as those which had been for a year directed against the law.[2]

It may not be without interest to look for a moment at the measures pursued by the Confederate authorities to raise and maintain their army. There is a striking contrast between methods and results on either side of the line. The methods of the Confederates were far more prompt and more rigorous than those of the National Government, while the results attained were so much less satisfactory that their failure in this respect brought about the final catastrophe of their enterprise. They began the war with forces greatly superior in numbers to those of the Nation. Before the attack on Fort Sumter their Congress had authorized the raising of an army of 100,000 men and Mr. Davis had called into service 36,900 men, more than twice the army of the United States; and immediately after beginning hostilities he called for 32,000 more. On the 8th of May the Confederate Congress gave Mr. Davis almost unlimited power to accept the services of volunteers without regard to place of enlistment, and a few days later he was relieved by statute of the delays and limitations of formal calls, and all power of appointments to commissions was placed in his hands. So that, while from the beginning to the end the most punctilious respect was paid by the National executive and legislature to the rights of the loyal States in the matter of recruitment, the States which had seceded, on the pretext of preserving their autonomy, speedily gave themselves into the hands of a military dictator. In December, 1861, the term of enlistment was changed from one to three years, the pitiful bounty of fifty dollars being given as compensation. During all that winter recruiting languished, and several statutes continually increasing in severity were passed with little effect; and on the 16th of April, 1862, the Confederate Congress passed a sweeping measure of universal conscription, authorizing the President to call and place in the military service for three years, unless the war should end sooner, "all white men who are residents of the Confederate States, between the ages of 18 and 35 years," not legally exempt from service; and arbitrarily lengthening to three years the terms of those already enlisted. A law so stringent was of course impossible of perfect execution. Under the clamor and panic of their constituencies the Confederate Congress passed, repealed, and modified various schemes of exemption intended to permit the ordinary routine of civil life to pursue its course, but great confusion and heart-burnings arose from every effort which was made to ease the workings of the inexorable machine. The question of overseers of plantations was one especially difficult to treat. The law of the 11th of October, 1862, exempted one man for every plantation of twenty negroes. This system was further extended from time to time, but owners of slaves were obliged to pay five hundred dollars a year for each exemption. By one statute it was provided that on plantations where these exemptions were granted the exempt should pay two

1 Law approved July 4, 1864.
2 "Congressional Globe," June 23, 1864.

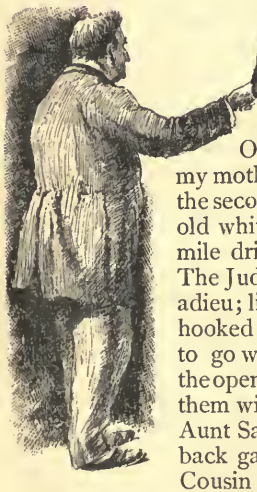
hundred pounds of meat for every able-bodied slave on the plantation. Gradually all exemptions as of right were legislated away and the whole subject left to the discretion of the executive, which vastly increased his power and his unpopularity. It finally rested upon him to say how many editors, ministers, railroad engineers, and expressmen were absolutely required to keep up the current of life in the business of the country.

The limit of age was constantly extended. In September, 1862, an act of the Confederate Congress authorized the President to call into service all white men resident in the Confederate States, between the ages of 18 and 45; and in February, 1864, another law included all between 17 and 50, which gave occasion to Grant for his celebrated *mot*—afterwards credited by him to General Butler—that the Confederates were robbing the cradle and the grave to fill their armies.

Severe and drastic as were these laws, and unrelenting as was the insurrectionary Government in their execution, they were not carried out with anything like the system and thoroughness which characterized the action of the National authorities. The Confederate generals were constantly complaining that they got no recruits, or not enough to supply the waste of campaigns. On the 30th of April, 1864, the chief of the Bureau of Conscription at Richmond made a report to the Secretary of War, painting in the darkest colors the difficulties encountered by him in getting soldiers into the ranks, though he had all the laws and regulations he needed and there were men enough in the country. He said, and in these words confessed that the system had failed and that the defeat of the revolt was now but a question of time:

> The results indicate this grave consideration for the Government, that fresh material for the armies can no longer be estimated as an element of future calculation for their increase, and that necessity demands the invention of devices for keeping in the ranks the men now borne on the rolls. The stern revocation of all details, an appeal to the patriotism of the State claiming large bodies of able-bodied men, and the accretions by age are now almost the only unexhausted sources of supply. For conscription from the general population the functions of this bureau may cease with the termination of the year 1864.

A JEST OF FATE.



IT was eight o'clock on a clean-washed, clear-cut, sun-bathed October morning when my mother and I climbed into the second-best buggy behind old white Telly for a twenty-mile drive "up the country." The Judge waved us a courtly adieu; little Tom and his sister hooked themselves on behind to go with us to the big gate, the opening of which furnished them with a reason for being; Aunt Sally called out from the back gallery last messages to Cousin Nancy; the negroes collected at doors and windows to see us off, and we rolled gently away into the fairyland of unfamiliar roads.

Our route wound here and there past fodder-stacked corn-fields, brier-grown old pastures, irregular old farm-houses sleeping in the sunshine, populous negro cabins, and, last and best, through vine-tangled, enchanting, enchanted woods. The country we traversed had for our æsthetic interests the advantage of being poor and sparsely settled; as we went on it became still rougher and lonelier. When the sun set behind us we were at a fork in the road, in the fullest uncertainty as to our proper route, and with the last house three miles behind us.

Our last instruction had been to "Jes keep the plain, big road right on to Squire Claymore's."

One road, so far as we could see, was as big as the other. One led down into a swampy wood that looked in the failing light as if it might be all too fruitful of adventure. The other took its way over a high, open country and seemed safer and pleasanter, and on this ground we logically chose it. Soon the open country ended and we found ourselves in something worth calling a forest; it grew denser and darker as we advanced; the night was settling down upon us.

"There are immense tracts like this up here in the barrens," said my mother in a voice that assumed the tone of a philosophical statement, but which rebelliously vibrated with a growing uneasiness. "I thought back there when we first got into the woods that the road looked

like an old unused track. I suppose we might drive on so all night."

Just then there appeared at Telly's head the dark figure of a man. Vague horrors — escaped convicts, desperate negroes — pressed on my brain, but my mother showed that she had not forgotten backwoods manners and methods and pluck. She stopped the buggy, and in tones as friendly and confident as she could make them asked where we were.

"Wale, ma'm," said the dim and dreadful figure in an amiable masculine drawl, "it air called 'twext four an' five miles to Squar' Claymore's, though it air my conviction it air nearer five than four. Your road lay p'intedly the other way about from the way you air a-comin'. I would say to you that you stand a powerful pore chance of gettin' to the Squar's to-night, an' I should be proud to have you stay at my house. Jes drive along a yard or two: there 's my house, an' sech as 't is you air freely welcome to it."

Before us was a clearing, and in the midst stood a well-built, double log-house the open doors and windows of which poured out upon the night the rich and changeful lights of hickory fires. The sight was good to the eyes. We gladly accepted its master's invitation and alighted.

In this haven of quiet and homely comfort I met that one of our blind and blundering race whose history of all I have known I credit Jove with finding most amusing. She hardly seemed food for Olympian mirth that night, she was such a serious, modest little maid. Of course she was fair to look upon, else who would care to write her story?

She was too grave in line to be really pretty, and too slight and small to be beautiful, and the word handsome was made for earthlier beings; but with her severe linsey-woolsey gown defining her figure as might have been done in immortal marble, and with her straight, pure yellow hair in a knot that was Greek without knowing it and with her knitting to give her grace, she filled me with delight. I longed to hurl her straightway into some vague bright romance.

My mother fell to talking with the loquacious father of early days in Tennessee, of old settlers, and panthers, and early politics. She had warmed to him from the moment she saw Henry Clay's picture above the door. The sons sat about in heavy hospitable discomfort; the fat mother dozed in the corner. I roasted before the fire till I was drunk with sleepiness, and Patsy, the yellow-haired little damsel, was detailed to show me to bed. She led me from the fire-lighted room across a passage, roofed, but not closed at the ends, where for a moment we were in the dark, still night, and could see, over the close black woods, the sparkling stars, and could hear distant wild noises.

With serious courtesy she showed me into a big square room like the one we had left, and like it abundantly furnished and decorated by a blazing fire. Two four-post bedsteads, piled high with feather-beds and adorned with gorgeous clean patchwork, stood in imposing array one behind the other against one wall. An ancient colored picture of a family of albinos hung against the naked wood of the wall. A low splint-bottom chair stood beside a scrupulously swept hearth. The crisp night air had waked me up. Patsy and I eyed each other.

"Don't you want to sit down here with me awhile?" I said.

"Yessum," said Patsy, seating herself demurely but with bright eyes; and not till she was quite settled did she add in a deprecatory tone, "but I 'm afeard I 'm keepin' you up; I reckon you 'd ought to be goin' to bed atter your journey."

Patsy was a backwoodsman, and with all her demureness was devoid of rural shyness. I thought her interest in Strathboro' extraordinary as she gently plied me with questions about that sleepy little town.

"Strathboro' is mighty enticin', I reckon; you don't live there neither, do you? You 've lots of kinsfolks there though, hain't you? I 've heern as Judge Kilbraith have a marvel of a house. He 's your uncle, ain't he?

"His boys is small, ain't they? Miz Claymore 's mighty nigh growed up"; and here Patsy paused in her soft prattle to get her knitting out of her pocket. I was keeping her going as tactfully as I could.

"Your cousin Walter air mightily interested in the farm. He do think, I heern the men say, that he can improve the lan'. Your cousin Elmore air makin' a lawyer of hisself they say down to Strathboro'."

She was a brave little maid and as full of skilled duplicity as a mother-bird, but nature played her a cruel trick, and as on the last word she lifted her eyes from a troublesome stitch in her knitting a tidal wave of a blush drowned her. I bent studiously over the shoe I was unbuttoning and said yes, that Elmore was studying law with my uncle, Judge Kilbraith, and that he did this and wore that and intended the other, all in the most incidental manner. I thought the pleasure of hearing about him would soonest efface the bitter consciousness of the blush. In taking this course I suppressed my own sentiments.

I detested my cousin Elmore Claymore. He was a curious being, as beautiful as an angel, with straight, strong features, large, limpid, dark-lashed gray eyes, an exquisite smile, and

a wonderful, inexplicable imitation intellect. I don't think any one ever quite understood what he was and what he was not, and by the mass of his acquaintances the sham character of his cerebration was never detected. He made speeches at meetings — election meetings, town meetings, temperance meetings, and Sunday-school picnics. All oratorical opportunities were embraced, and his speeches were full of metaphor and alliteration and were informed with a really splendid temperamental fire — which had nothing whatever to do with his ideas, or rather which successfully survived their absence.

Southerners of all classes worship intellect and are much given to regarding it as something quite too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and not to be judged by the coarse logic of every-day existence. Nowhere else is the failure of the man who "would have done great things in Paradise" looked upon with such kindly respect, and this beautiful trait, the awe of what they can see and can't see over, serves well many a hare-brained crank and rattle-headed charlatan.

Elmore Claymore was not exactly either a crank or a charlatan. He had flashes of appreciation and curious flickerings of thought through his rhetoric. Of course he was made to be an actor if only he had ever heard of such a thing; it is odd to think, with his beauty and his ardor, what a great man he might have become. In the world in which he lived I saw nothing before him but ignominious failure; it did not seem to me that he had the mental coherence to see that the whole of a thing is equal to the sum of all its parts.

I could fancy him going off: "What is the whole of a thing equal to? What can it be equal to in this land of equality, in this reunited Union, but to its own unity, each individual in one common brotherhood?" and with luminously pale face and glowing eyes feeling that he had made a step towards bridging the bloody chasm of civil war.

My uncle, John Kilbraith, a grimly humorous and somewhat cynical personage, saw through Elmore completely. He was, I believe, the chief joy of Uncle John's life; to see the impression that he made on people, to watch him sway a crowd with his passionate, sounding swash, to observe his deepening regard for himself, were pleasures which never palled.

I burst forth one day in the presence of several people with my estimate of Elmore's powers, and he stopped me with a look.

When we were alone he said: "Remember, if you could unmask Elmore and have him recognized as a fool, you 'd deal him a deathblow, and his mother as well."

"But, uncle," said I, "you — don't you suppose — you must — that life will unmask him? You don't think he can go on through actual affairs and be estimated as these schoolgirls estimate him?"

Judge Kilbraith looked at me with curious scorn.

"You don't know much about actual affairs, do you? When you do you 'll find out that it is not in this world that they reduce men to their fighting weight. That 's an illusion. Some affairs may. You 'd think war would as much as anything, but it did n't. Ask any soldier if the best men got the best places. I suppose a professor of mathematics must know something of his business, and in the dry-goods trade an eye on the market may be imperative; but though a lawyer does n't have as good a chance as a doctor to be a fraud, I can tell you that there are more things than law or logic that decide his fate. Elmore stands a good chance for a good living. Lawyers may have their opinion about him, but as long as he has juries on his side it will not become the lawyers to express themselves; and until he gets a chance to establish himself with the juries the less his kinsfolk do to discount him the better for the family."

Patsy listened and knitted as I chattered on about my various relatives, particularly Elmore, and she occasionally brought forth a question or remark.

"Miz Claymore 's mighty proud. She air good to rale pore white folks and to niggahs, but she 's ha'sh and proud with 'e neighbors which ain't pore and ain't quality," she said once. She trusted herself no more on the fatal name, and this apt and true characterization of Cousin Nancy, whose darkest dread was that of becoming or having any of her children become one with the people around her, was her nearest approach to the subject of Elmore or her relations with him or his family. She did not quite recover her equanimity, and when she went to go the faint color crept reminiscently up her snowdrop face.

Evidently this homespun, small person belonged to the class of women in whom sex and pride are forever united as one thing; whose sense of femininity and dignity are one. To have her heart's blood thus turn rank and successful traitor to her heart's secret — it struck me as a small tragedy. After she had gone I lay deep cuddled in my clean, fresh featherbed, watching the firelight flicker on the big polished cherry knobs of my four-post bedstead, trying to see the case in the humorous light which I felt it should by rights present. But no; the humor was there certainly, but my mind steadfastly refused to be amused, and I slipped into sleep with a weird confusion in my dreams between Patsy knitting stead-

fastly by the fire and the sweet ringing notes of the fatal horn in "Hernani."

Naturally the next morning the whole matter looked very commonplace. Only Patsy's fresh and gentle loveliness, as she came in with a bucket of spring water, saved me from so reacting on my own emotions as faintly to detest her; so much are we ourselves akin to the capricious powers we rail against. But I melted completely when she stood gazing at me silently and wistfully as I put the last touches to my toilet while old Telegraph and the buggy awaited us at the door. All the yearning and wonder about the great world of Strathboro', all my fascination and charm as its representative, and more still as a kinswoman of Elmore's, were expressed in her serious, fine little face.

To me it was anything but an anticlimax when she touched with reverent finger my jacket and half whispered, "Air that the fashion?"

The poor little daughter of Eve, with her heavy heart, and yet room in it for this sweet interest in that great abstraction, the Fashion!

Before I left I promised to send her patterns of every visible garment I wore. I saw her again sooner than I expected; indeed, there was then little reason to suppose we should meet again.

We were to stay but a week at Cousin Nancy's, and we would then pass over the utmost boundary of her world into that unimagined universe beyond Strathboro'. Cousin Nancy's sternly handsome profile grew sterner when I attempted to gossip lightly about our hosts, the Nonlys. Through a long and lonely life she had too conscientiously asserted her class superiority — such as it was — against poverty and a *mésalliance* and an untoward environment to find it practicable to approach the subject of the Nonlys in that easy, matter-of-course, undefining way. Moreover it appeared that the Nonlys were in a measure disgraced among their own class.

"Bob Nonly is a distiller," said Cousin Nancy finally and with a final air. Up to a recent date the temperance sentiments of the South found their chief if not their sole expression in the social ostracism of all but the largest and most prosperous of the dealers in spirituous liquors. The thoroughgoing nature of this ban atoned by severity upon the weak for its relaxation in favor of the strong, and relieved most minds of any sense of further obligation to the morals of the question.

Bob Nonly, we were told, now found his associates chiefly among the neighboring mountaineers, whose code on whisky-making is even more liberal than the Government's; and his children were growing up "with little more manners or learning than if they lived on the mountain themselves," proceeded Cousin Nancy, warming to the subject with human interest despite herself.

Two days later Elmore unexpectedly appeared from Strathboro'. I was sitting wrapped in a shawl on the lop-sided old porch-steps, watching the sunset between the two holly trees at the paintless old gate. Elmore came riding up, managing a little flourish of a dramatic entrance even after such a journey. He hitched his horse at the gate,—he missed the luxury and effect of throwing the reins to one of Judge Kilbraith's negroes,—and came up to me with a smile like an angel's for sweetness and light.

"Are you enjoying the beauties of nature, cousin?" quoth he.

"I am watching the sun go down," I said.

He turned and looked long and silently, his soft hat in his hand on his hip,—you would have loved him if you 'd seen him,—and then he said, "I 've come up to drink at this fountain with you for a few days."

That night, as I was roasting a sweet-potato in the ashes and Elmore was attitudinizing and watching me, I said:

"We spent our first night up here with one of your neighbors; we got lost, and were taken in by the Nonlys."

Aha, my young man, so! He did not stir; his expression did not obviously change; but, more significant, he grew fixed and still where he stood.

"I was delighted with them all, but I fell in love with the girl," I went on.

"For the Lord's sake, Matt, don't go to talking about Nonly girls here," broke in Cousin Nancy sharply from the other side of the fireplace, and giving one quick glance at Elmore; "there are entirely too many such around here. I should think you and Elmore could find plenty of Strathboro' young people to talk about."

My chief occupation this week was going on long, irregular rambles over the rough, wild country. The loveliest place I found, so far as loveliness went, was a little lonely, laurel-embowered spot around a moss-banked spring, where summer longest tarried. After two visits of course I felt that I had created it and that it existed only for me. How far egotism may mislead one I found when I discovered that it was a lover's trysting-place.

I was coming through the woods with old Tige, the yellow farm dog, at my heels, when suddenly through the bushes I saw Elmore and Patsy! More than that, he was at that moment kissing her, and doing it very prettily, I must admit.

In such case there can be no question that

it is the miserable intruder who is most to be pitied. Lovers are buoyed up by the complacency peculiar to their state.

They saw me when it was just too late. For some moments my own discomfort occupied all my thoughts; when I saw anything it was that Elmore was much disconcerted, and that Patsy, despite her conflicting emotions, was not. Patsy plainly felt that her blush at last was justified. She had not expressed unmaidenly emotion about an indifferent stranger, but quite maidenly emotion about her own lover, and amid other emotions she was shyly pleased to have things set right before me. No conventional views about clandestine love affairs imposed upon Patsy; in fact, I don't suppose she had ever heard of any. All betrothals are, I believe, more or less clandestine among her class until actual preparations for the wedding begin, and the most advanced individualism regarding matrimonial contracts prevails in this otherwise unevolved society.

"I am very unfortunate," I stammered. "I beg your pardon a thousand times; but, as I have discovered the secret, I trust you 'll accept my congratulations, Elmore," and I found myself with one arm around Patsy and my hand in his.

Elmore was very white, but he had an instinct for ceremonial that came to his aid.

I expressed myself quite sincerely in what I said. My interpretation of the situation was based principally on the absence of any shade of real mortification in little Patsy's pretty confusion and alarm; the alarm was shown in anxious glances at Elmore and had reference to himself alone. She turned her face glowing and dewy up to me, and then buried it on my shoulder in the prettiest way.

Elmore looked dubiously and with some bewilderment at me, and then with a gleam of something like spontaneous tenderness at her. These occasional notes of sincerity in the midst of his unconscious artificiality always particularly aggravated my feeling against him, they so interfered with a ready comprehensible summing-up of him. A man of straw it is easy enough to consider, but a man of straw with organs, passions, affections, this is what tests the knowledge of human nature.

Naturally I took myself and the discreet Tige away as soon as I could. That evening as the stars were coming out I went and stood beside Elmore at the lonely old gate under the holly tree. A whippoorwill was calling in the woods close by.

"Though I can't see any good reason for it," I began, "I feel dreadfully guilty about disturbing you to-day."

He turned with an uneasy look around and softly whispered "Sh-h-h-h!"

"Indeed, Elmore, you need not be so uncomfortable; I need hardly say I hope that I shall be very careful not to expose a secret I have found out in this way. I know that you must be meaning to act for the best; how could you help it with such a dear little girl to guard!"

He looked at me dubiously.

"She is mighty uneducated," he advanced tentatively.

"She is one in a million. She has an exquisite nature and a charming, rational, observant mind" ("much as appearances are against her in falling in love with you," I put in mentally), "and her beauty is delightful."

Elmore's pleased surprise overtopped other feelings for the moment. He had a great faith in my opinion. Had I not spent a winter in Nashville, besides various unguessable experiences in that dim, unpleasant, but impressive world, "the North"?

"I think she has a fine native intellect," he said finally—he always wanted to talk to me about intellect. "But of course before I can marry her she will have to be educated some way, and then my mother would rather see me dead."

"No doubt, but that is a reflection that belonged to an earlier stage of the game. I am afraid there are sad possibilities of constancy in the small Patsy, and that she will wait for you indefinitely instead of throwing you speedily over, as she should do."

Elmore stared.

"Patsy is so clever that I don't doubt that if you began tutoring her a little yourself you could very soon help her to the essential thing—an ability to speak and write English as well as the people you 'll take her among."

"I think that is probably a good suggestion, cousin; I shall consider the feasibility of putting it in practice."

It was now dark, but I could see my kinsman's melancholy poet's profile cut against the western sky, and to look at it made me melancholy too. I was glad to leave him and the falling dews and the disconsolate whippoorwill and go into the firelighted house, to toast my shins and tell myself that it was not my affair. I saw that Patsy's fate hung on painfully slender chances, and I was young enough to credit my impression of the seriousness of the issue for her. I resented the way I was disquieting myself on her account.

I need not have been so disturbed about it, for Heaven knows I ceased to concern myself about her soon enough. We came to New York for the winter, and my own life closed in around me, and in two weeks all the world I had left behind was as if it was the creation of a dream.

The next summer we returned South and

went to a little embryonic mountain resort where half a dozen old friends of my mother's with their sons and daughters formed the company. We had not seen any one from Strathboro', and Elmore and Patsy were still in dreamland to me, when one noonday, as I came out of the dining-room upon the vine-shaded gallery, one of the servants came to me and said:

"Merky's little Ellen say, Miss Matt, dat dere young white gal down to de kaleebit spring as is wantin' to see you. I tell Merky be mighty becomin' in dat young white gal to come up hyah to you, but she say dat she rekested dat you be tole dat she desire yoh 'sistance. She done tole dat little Ellen huh name, but law, dat chile! she ain't got no mo' hayd on huh —"

I got my hat and started for the chalybeate spring with a misgiving heart. I knew it was Patsy. Yes, there she stood, in a copperas-dyed cotton riding-skirt, her white, Sunday, slat sun-bonnet fallen back, as she strained her eyes up the wrong path.

"Patsy!"

"O — O Miss Matty! You 're mighty good to come to me. It were fearful bold an' presumin' in me to send for ye, an' ask ye to come hyer to me. I crave your pardon! You 're so good! I 've come up from the valley to speak to ye. I did n't know where else on the airth to go, an' I hyern from the preacher that you-uns were hyer."

"Sit down, Patsy — no, come; we will walk over towards the bluff; then we will not be disturbed."

I took her hand as if she were four years old, and comforted and reassured, as if she were four, she walked with me. We sat down on a big log a few rods seemingly from the end of the earth, a great sky breaking through the trees at our feet.

"Now," I said, "tell me all about it."

"It 's schoolin'," she answered solemnly, laying her hand upon my knee and gazing in my face.

"Oh, it certainly might be worse. What is it, Patsy dear — you want to go to school?"

"I 've worrited Pappy tell he is plum wore out, an' he now say he air willin' to put me to school to git shed of me. Yes, Miss Matty, he sartainly have give his consent, but Miss — Miss Matt, we don't know the fust thing about it, whar to go, nor nothin'; an' ef Pappy have to worry about it, he 'll gin up the whole project. Now he 's made up his mine he won't begrudge the money, but I 'm skeered of his bein' worrited. When I foun' he was comin' up the mounting, I put in to come along an' ask you to holp me, for I never forgot how good ye ware to me, an' how, though bein' kinsfolks to Elmore, ye pardoned me."

Her face with its brimming eyes was turned up to mine again in her own irresistible flower fashion.

"Elmore teached me some," she said presently.

"I wonder you did n't make up your mind to go to Strathboro' to school, where you 'd be near Elmore," I said.

She flushed. "I reckon — I — ye see I could n't abear bein' there an' not havin' Elmore take no notice of me; an'," she hurried on to say, "I could n't abear to let him make trouble for hisself by lettin' people see his feelin's as long as I am so unlearned an' backward. I make Elmore be mighty keerful — keerfuller than he likes."

We settled upon a cheap country academy in an adjoining county, where I thought she would be as little discounted as anywhere, and where the head teacher was an acquaintance of mine, whom I hoped to stir up to a little special sympathy and interest.

Patsy returned home that afternoon, riding behind her father, as she came; but she repeated her visit several times during the summer. That season had now sunk into the position of a mere forerunner to the autumn, when school began. I had a beautiful time overseeing her dresses and making her look pretty. She was a very superior sort of doll. Once she staid all night at our cottage. The way in which she waited and watched for suggestions and examples of etiquette at table and elsewhere, yet managed while pursuing that arduous occupation to preserve her own soft, bright, unconscious bearing, was a bit of social skill such as a court might not match in a year.

I am aware how improbable this sounds to the unsentimental observer of country girls, but there was much that was childlike about Patsy — among other things she was plastic like a child. Then too if she was from the backwoods she was also Southern, which in this connection means that wide-reaching, deep-reaching Puritanism had played small part in checking her natural instincts of social grace.

Our acquaintances were told nothing about her, but they, particularly the elders, let her pass with a graciousness born of experience of life in a poor and thinly populated and aristocratic country, where anybody may be akin to anybody, and where kinship counts — a state of society similar to that in Scotland, especially the Scotland of the past. I feared that the callow school-girls even at Burns's Corners would be less elastic.

I gave little Miss all the points on grammar that it seemed she could digest, and she made

wonderfully good use of them. One day I said, "Do you and Elmore write to each other?"

She colored, and bent over her sewing. The tears had sprung to her eyes, but if I had not been a brute in the way I watched her I never should have known it, she recovered herself so gallantly. In an instant she answered steadfastly:

"Oh, no. He writes to me onct in a while, but in course he don't like to do all the writin', an' ye see my letters would shame him,



PATSY'S FATHER.

an' I don't want to make him consider how ignorant I am — when I 'm not there," she added, half archly, wholly pathetically.

She realized any meanness in Elmore's attitude only so dimly and confusedly that she could not be mean enough herself to give the charge a hearing. He was full of a sort of devotion and subjection to her spell when he was with her, and of course was assertive of his faithfulness in proportion to his own distrust of it. Of course, too, he was also proportionately anxious about hers.

"He keeps a-sayin' to me to be true to him," she said once. "I 'd rother he 'd feel sure without askin'."

She had plenty of dignity of character, but how was that to teach her to release a lover like this? It simply made her feel his neglects like wounds, without even the solace of indignation.

Patsy was far from loquacious, but at times when favoring conditions started her chirping and twittering she brought forth discriminating remarks. In talking of her brothers she said:

"Ab have the mos' sense, but what 's that when Eb have all the determination?"

I wondered how it would be when this coherent intelligence was brought to bear on Elmore's colossal incoherence on something like equal terms. Or could there ever be an approach to equal terms so long as he had those eyes and that smile? They even warped my satisfaction in declaring him a fool.

One day Patsy's father twirled his shapeless old white hat in his hands in uncommon discomfort as he said to me:

"I don't feel no ways at ease in my mine about this schoolin' business for my little gal. Patsy have the bes' head in the house, the bes' head in the house I allus say; I set powerful store by her; she could 'a' hed schoolin' before ef I hed seen the good of it for her. Ef we could all be schooled an' live in Strathboro' there might be profit in it. I 'd go through fire an' water to make that little gal happy, but I kint feel at ease in my mine about makin' her differ from all her kith an' kin. I don' see the nex' step satisfactory. I don' see the nex' step."

Sure enough, what would it be? In September my mother and I again left Tennessee. We went abroad and were gone three years. It was as if we had spent that time on another planet. Our foreign post-offices effectually estopped in our Tennessee friends any possible impulses to write to us.

After we returned to America we got an enumeration of events covering the three years, in four pages from my Aunt Sally Kilbraith.

Cousin William Anderson is married to one of the Merriam girls — the second one. Abe Tuckerman has sold his place and is going to Texas. Cousin William has bought it. Elmore Claymore is dead; died a year and a half ago.

Two months later we sat with the good Aunt Sally around the wood fire in her own room. Uncle John smoked his pipe in the corner.

"Poor Elmore," said Aunt Sally as she was completing a chapter of details about his death and burial. "You did not know of his engagement, did you?"

"No," said my mother. "Was he engaged to be married?"

"Oh, yes; but it was not generally known at all; is n't now; it 's quite a secret; but, dear me, I don't see any reason for not telling you, so long as you don't speak about it. The girl got us to promise not to let it be known among people here. She is John Penkerman's youngest; Edith is her name. It would have been counted a mighty good match for Elmore. John made a deal of money in those Texas lands, and Edith 's pretty, but *I* never called her a good match for anybody."

"Why not?" said my mother with a courteous effort at interest. She knew nothing of the other story.

"Why, because she is a two-faced, cold, calculating little cat. She loves admiration and to show her power; that 's all she ever loved; and she has n't been any too nice, in her way, of getting what she wanted, either. She had no brains; she had to manage her men — O Mr. Kilbraith! Clarissa and Martha are prudent, if I 'm not. You might let me free my mind; they 'll be off to the ends of the earth pretty soon, and what they 've heard about people in Strathboro' will make no difference one way or the other. You see I hate the girl,— Martha, child, put your foot on that spark,— but you don't have to stretch the truth to find plenty to say against her. She 'd been flirting with Tom, Dick, and Harry ever since she was fifteen; her looks turned her mammy's head to begin with. She 'd been engaged to half a dozen, more or less, but some way she did n't get married. At last Elmore was put on the list; he was bedazzled with the idea of marrying Edith Penkerman. He did n't know enough, poor fool, to understand that other men looked upon her as being too much of a belle. She and her mother thought, I reckon, that she might do worse; so they kept him in reserve. Don't shake your head at me, Mr. Kilbraith; you know I 'm quoting your own words. Well, they kept the engagement mighty secret — gave Elmore some rose-water reason, you know. When he died, lo and behold they were more anxious to keep it quiet than ever, and in less than a year she married this Tom M'Grath, who was hangin' round her all the time, and is a better match than Elmore was. See? I did n't care so tremendous much about Elmore; 't is n't that; but that kind of a female creature, the smooth, pretty, plausible ones — Lord!"

During the week I learned that there was then on the place a negro woman who had been for years Cousin Nancy's servant. Recently she had married one of my uncle's hands, and was living in a cabin at the back of the orchard. I made occasion to call upon her.

"La, yes, Miss Matt," said she after seating me in her splint-bottom chair before a riff-raff fire; "Miss Patsy 's livin', leastwise dat wah my information at las' accoun's. Dey do circalate de repohts dat she ain't long foh dis wohl; an' 'deed I reckon what she ain't. Mighty funny, Miss Matt, how you come to 'member a little slip of poah-white folksy gal like dat all dis time, gallivantin' roun' de wohl like you is too. What Miss Patsy goin' to die ob?

"La, Miss Matty, she nebah wah no 'count



COUSIN NANCY'S SERVANT.

ahtah she went off seekin' lahnin' at dat ah boardin' school. I know a 'ooman what hab a dahtah, a yellah gal, what 's hiahd out at dat school, an' she say dat little Patsy, she say she wuk huh-sef to def at dat school f'om staht. She study an' study huh book much as any two gals, an' not bein' use to it, it woh upon huh; but dat want de whole ob what broke huh down. You know, Miss Matt, when Mahs Elmore die? Well, she home f'om de school foh Sunday dat day when de news come, an' she 'sisted on comin' down hyah to de fun'ral, an' when huh pappy he won't bring huh, she go an' ax a place in Squiah Monsen's wagon, an' dey say what she dat white an' still an' cur'os lookin' out ob huh eyes dat dey was sohey foh huh, an' dey was wonderin' wheddah she was cahin' enti'ly 'bout Mahs Elmore, ah wheddah she was jes natchly wohn out wid school lahnin'. Then dey reckon she wahn't cahin' so much 'bout Mahs Elmore, 'cause she nebah cry na nothin' at the grabe — dat what Miss Monsen's Milly done tole me. But enhow she kotch cole on de way home,— it uz cole weddah,— an' den she hab de lung fevah an' spit blood. She got up out o' dat, but she ain't nebah quit spittin' blood. She boun' to die foh great space o' time. Don't you want

to roas' sweet tater in de ashes, Miss Matty, like you use? La, no, Miss Matty, she ain't at home. She up on de moontain. Huh pappy mighty exohcised 'bout huh, an' he meck huh stay dah, 'cause she done spit so much blood up dah; an' lawsy massy, Miss Matt, what you 'magine—dat gal, dat little snoopin' white-headed gal ob Tim Nonly's ez teachin' school on dat moontain! Yessum, she ez at de Ridge whah you an' Miss Cla'issa was dat summah. I reckon 't is quite poss'ble dat dat gal do know 'nough to teach dat moontain trash. No 'm, I done s'pose she well 'nough, but Miss Monsen's Milly she say she mighty res'less tell she know she got dat school. Likely huh pappy ain' so much money ahtah huh schoolin' an' doctorin' to pay huh boahd up dah."

It was spring before I got to the mountain. The day was soft, though the trees here on the summit were still bare, as I walked through a demoralized bit of encroaching forest to the little pen of a schoolhouse where Patsy Nonly was spending her last stores of mortal strength.

The children were tumbling out, dismissed for the day, as I came in sight. When I stood at the door, I saw her, little Patsy, half sitting, half lying, on a bench against the wall.

Yes, she was ill, she was changed, she was older; but what was the meaning of the exquisite, soft happiness illuminating her face through its weariness?

She opened her eyes,—large and dark they looked,—and with a little cry came towards me. The tears were running unheeded down her cheeks when she slipped into my arms.

"Miss Matty, Miss Matty! Ah, how glad I am you come; you come in time for me to see you. Now I can speak to you. I can speak his name, my Elmore's name, to some one."

She slipped down on the floor and buried her face in my lap. She did not know!

When she looked up she was shining through her tears.

"You must n't think I 'm unhappy because I cry," she said. "I 'm goin' to him soon. God has been mighty good to me. But no one but you knows my heart is in the other world. It would n't 'a' seemed right to make his people mad at him by tellin' what he was to me after he was gone, and it 's been most more than I had strength for to mourn him in secret, and to look forward to seein' him in secret also. But I 'm happy, Miss Matty; God 's mighty good to me!"

I arranged to return to the valley the next morning. I could not face this situation. For awhile I was in fear lest in some way she should learn the truth. I felt that the opportunity for so supreme and humorous a cruelty was one that chance would hardly miss. But I drew reason to my aid, and remembering how little ordinary gossip would shake her



AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

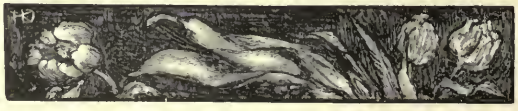
faith, and how short the time she had to live, it seemed probable that she would be allowed to die in peace.

Then — then?

There is an interrogation for you! I wanted to escape saying good-bye to her, but after I was in the little wagon that was to carry me down the greening mountain she came for a last word.

She was worn and wan, but the look of a person with a happy secret was in her eyes. She carried a mass of the early wild pink azaleas; she had gathered them herself,—it was a beautiful, life-stirring, spring day,—and her errand was to ask me to lay these for her sake on Elmore Claymore's grave.

Viola Roseboro'.



AMBROGIO LORENZETTI.

(BORN ABOUT 1275, DIED 1348.)



AMONG the losses the world has to lament in the achievements of early Italian art the most important from the historical and one of the most important from the artistic point of view is that of the greater part of the works of Lorenzetti. The few things of his which remain, principally the pictures in the town hall of Siena, show an ability as painter and an intellectual largeness which none of the painters of that day except Giotto and Duccio rivaled, and which, in the particular vein in which religious art ran in those times, were even more subtle and mystical than those of Giotto himself. And though in the purely technical and dramatic powers which mark the universal artist and determine his rank to all time Giotto still reigns supreme, in that field which to his contemporaries was the most important, namely, the moral and didactic, Lorenzetti is as much alone. Vasari, whose own judgment in art seems to have been a very lame one, reflects the temper of an earlier and more religious time when he says:

> If, as is certain, the debt is great that artists of genius owe to nature, much greater is ours towards them, seeing that they with so much earnestness fill our cities with noble buildings and useful and beautiful compositions of histories, reaping for themselves generally great fame and riches by their work, as did Ambrogio Lorenzetti, a Sienese painter who had a great and happy invention in composing thoughtfully, and posing his figures in his histories.

He then goes on to tell of the series in which Lorenzetti tells the story of a monk who goes to the Sultan and suffers martyrdom, and in which he seems, by Vasari's description, to have painted some remarkable and at that day unprecedented landscape effects, in which the blowing of the wind and the falling of the rain upon his personages are introduced. From all that we know of art contemporary with his, this was certainly a bold and daring invention, for even Giotto never treats landscape with any suggestion of the landscape spirit. The earliest attempt at a genuine landscape effect of which I know is in one of the Pinturicchio series in the library of the Duomo at Siena, in which is represented the storm which drove the ambassador of the Pope, Piccolomini, ashore in Africa; but this was more than a hundred years after Lorenzetti, and it is pretty certain that the work of which Vasari speaks as of his personal knowledge must have been seen by Pinturicchio. We may therefore, without straining conjecture, conclude that the landscape of Lorenzetti was no more naturalistic than that of the later artist, who, with his predecessor's work before his eyes in Siena, could hardly have failed in the scope of his own, however he might in individual ability. For the rest the exceedingly interesting treatment of a stormy sky by Pinturicchio is an important lesson in the way in which the early painters — Pinturicchio was contemporary with Raphael — treated Nature; and this is not at all in the modern or naturalistic spirit, of which, in fact, even Vasari could have known nothing, so that when he lauds Lorenzetti's landscape he may indeed be right in calling it unprecedented without rendering a judgment which to us has the same significance that it had to him.

Vasari praises Lorenzetti's technical power, and especially his treatment of fresco and tempera, which indeed were the only methods known to him. He sent a panel with a sample of his work to Volterra, Siena's nearest neighbor, and was called there to paint for the churches; thence to Massa and to Florence, where he painted some pictures in San Procilo. Going to Cortona for another commission, he returned to Siena, where he passed the rest of his life in the highest honor in the state as painter and as man of letters. Vasari says of this part of his life:

> Thenceforward he not only associated with literati and learned men, but was also employed with much honor and utility in the affairs of the republic. His habits were always of the most praiseworthy and rather those of the gentleman and philosopher than of the artisan, and, what most showed his prudence in human affairs, he had always his mind disposed to contentment with what the world and time gave him, whence he accepted with moderation and tranquillity the good and ill of fortune.

Then the biographer goes on in the moralizing vein to which the contemplation of the character of Lorenzetti had induced him, with a general conclusion not much in agreement with ours of to-day:

> And truly it is impossible to say how much gentle manners and modesty, with other good moral qualities, are honorable company to all the arts, but especially to those which grow out of the intellect and noble and lofty genius — whence every one ought to make himself as acceptable by his manners as by this excellence of his art.

It is impossible to look into the world of art by any of those little peep-holes which these passages of personality give us, even in Vasari's time, — which was one of decadence in every quality of art and in most of intellect, —

without seeing that the artist of the three centuries prior to the death of Michael Angelo was a creature of very different influences from those which rule him to-day; was in all senses and directions a more serious, more largely developed, and more widely affiliated man than the men who rule the taste of to-day. The excessive and exclusive study of nature not only has narrowed and lowered art, but in so doing has restricted the field in which the greater intellects of the time can find a satisfactory range of activity. A man like Lorenzetti coming into the world to-day would be more likely to be in the pulpit or the professorial chair; the value of art as a moral or an intellectual lever is too little to-day to call his enthusiasm into its channels. He was a teacher, and allegory was in his day the form in which the moralities reached the world with most power. Though his works have mostly perished, those which remain in the council room of the town hall of Siena will show how he felt his art. He painted great allegories where Justice, Concord, and Peace were presented to the common mind with all the force of moral law. Justice is a crowned and royally robed woman on a golden throne, looking up to Wisdom, who stands above with a balance in her right hand and a book in her left; Justice, reaching out, holds the balance in equilibrium. From the right scale of the balance comes a winged genius who places a crown on the head of one man of two before it while decapitating the other, thus rewarding good and evil deeds. Another genius in the other scale gives a sword and a lance to one man and a box of money to his companion. The former is called Distributive Justice, the latter Compensatory. Under Justice sits crowned a richly appareled woman holding on her knees a plane with two handles where is written "Concordia." She holds two cords which pass through the hands of twenty-four persons, evidently well-disposed citizens, and thence to a gray-bearded man on the right, who sits on a bench above some others,—probably the symbol of the government of the city,—Civic Rule being crowned. He is robed in a black mantle with a vest covered with pearls and precious stones, and holds a scepter in his right hand to which the cords are attached. In his left he holds a shield with a Madonna and Child and the arms of Siena. Above him are the virtues, theological, moral, and civil, with a long metrical inscription—probably the painter's. This is an explanation which needs a commentary, and is not easy of translation. It runs as follows:

Questa santa virtu la dove regge
Induce ad unita le animi molti,
E questi a cio ricolti
Ma ben comune per lor signor si fanno,
Lo qual per governar suo stato elegge
Di non tener gia mai gli occhi rivolti
Da lo splendore de volti
Delle Virtu che turno [intorno] a lui si danno.
Per questo con trionfo a lui si stanno:
Censi tributi e signorie de terre.
Per questo senza guerre
Seguita poi ogni civili effetto
Utile necessario e di diletto.

(TRANSLATION.)

This holy virtue where it rules
Draws to unity the many minds,
And these to that intent collected
Work for their lord[1] the general good,
And he to rule his state elects
Never to turn his eyes away
From the splendor of the faces
Of the Virtues ranged around him.
For this with triumph come to him:
Praises, tributes, and lordship of lands.
For this, without wars,
Follows all civic influence
Useful, necessary, and delightful.

The school of Lorenzetti has left many works from which the characteristics of his art may be seen, and his elder brother Pietro, though less celebrated and esteemed in their own day, was one of the eminent painters of the Sienese school. There is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a picture of the school and by one of Ambrogio's scholars, who, though not known by name, is recognizable by his style. It preserves the quaint architectural framing and decorative accessories which were inherent in all work of that epoch from the Byzantine down to Masaccio, during which time painting was in the estimation of its patrons, the clergy, simply ecclesiastical furniture, a consideration which explains why the pictures were so frequently repainted, or even simply renewed by whitewashing. Whatever might have been the ideas of the artists, the clergy were until a late period in the Renaissance utterly indifferent to the artistic merit of their decoration, and the period of enlightenment was of brief duration.

Lorenzetti is supposed to have died in the plague of 1348.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Madonna and Child of Ambrogio Lorenzetti is in the sacristy chapel of the Church of S. Francesco, Siena. Being underneath the little window of the chapel and covered with glass, it is not in a very favorable light; but towards the afternoon, when the sun shines in upon the white walls of the place, it is seen to better advantage by the reflected light. It is painted upon a panel, in tempera, and measures about thirty

[1] The graybeard shown in the picture.



MADONNA AND CHILD, BY AMBROGIO LORENZETTI.

(IN THE OLD SACRISTY OF THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO, SIENA.)

or thirty-two inches high by eighteen or twenty inches wide. In my reproduction of it I have cut off a portion of the Gothic point, in order to get the figures larger upon the block; so by continuing the sloping lines of each side to a point you have the shape of the original.

I first saw a photograph of this picture at the studio of Mr. Murray in Florence, who referred to it as the finest and best preserved of all this master's works. It is soft and rich in coloring. The background and glories are gilded, the latter being elaborately and delicately worked. The robe of the Madonna, which falls down from her head, is of a rich dark blue with a border of soft brown. Her breast and her sleeve are of a fine soft tone of red. The rest of her garment, showing underneath the Child, is of some deep tone of green or blue. The white veil or linen around her head and falling over her breast is finely contrasted with the mellow tones of the flesh. The drapery of the Child is of a yellowish tone, and blends very harmoniously with the color of his skin. The whole is a warm and pleasing combination of color, and forms one of the finest examples in this respect of the Sienese school. There is a dignified air of tenderness in the Madonna, and the soul of the mother is seen in the way she holds her Child. It is the most motherly Madonna I have seen. And how true a child it is, with both its little hands clasped about the breast! Something has attracted its attention, and it instinctively strikes this attitude as it endeavors to glance around, which gives the crescent form to the white of the eye and which many a father has noticed, especially in his first-born, under like circumstances. It is this which arrests the attention of the beholder and fixes it upon the main object of interest. It is a perfectly natural expression in an infant, and, selected and portrayed in a picture such as the present, it assumes a singular air of importance, and suggests in a most artless manner the supernatural character of the Child.

An excellent work by Lorenzetti is in the Gallery of the Belle Arti, Florence — "The Presentation in the Temple," one of his very finest works, and from which I should have selected a detail had not the picture in Siena presented the advantage of giving a full-page illustration, and so disposing of the necessity for cutting out a detail, always a painful thing to have to do.

T. Cole.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

BY THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER SENT BY THE UNITED STATES TO SAMOA IN 1886.

SAMOA is very far away and hitherto little known, but in spite of these conditions discussion has disclosed the fact that there still remains in the American people, regardless of party lines, the instinct of self-assertion and of adherence to honorable engagements, whether express or implied, always characteristic of our people. The settlement of the Pacific coast and of the great interior regions of our country has been so rapid that it requires a mental effort even now to realize that in place of a confederation of States lying mainly between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean, with the narrow strip upon the Pacific coast, we have now a great empire stretching from ocean to ocean, in which, between the Missouri River and California, great and populous States will soon replace vast unsettled Territories. In the near future the interests of the Pacific coast will be equal to those of the Atlantic, and it is possibly fortunate that the Samoan difficulty has arisen to awaken the minds of our Eastern people to the true extent of our interest in the Pacific.

Owing to the active operations of European powers in absorbing Polynesian groups, there remain but three principal groups of islands respecting which this Government may concern itself actively without grave complications. These are Hawaii, Samoa, and Tonga; and with the Government of each of these groups the United States has now entered into treaty stipulations. A glance at the map will show that all these island groups are situated in longitude east of the extreme north-western possessions of the United States, and all of them are east of the 180th meridian, and therefore within the Western Hemisphere. Taking the two latter groups together the distance from the equator varies little from that of Hawaii, and between Hawaii and Samoa in the line of longitude there are no islands of importance.

The position of Samoa, with respect to lower Mexico and the Isthmian coast, is relatively the same as that of Hawaii with respect to the California coast. Hawaii and Samoa are equally distant from the Isthmus; Samoa being in the direct line of trade to Australia, and the course from the Isthmus to China lying equally distant between the two groups.

The necessity for our insisting upon and even guaranteeing the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama, with respect to any canals being constructed, is a conceded point in American diplomacy. It has been frequently asserted that the importance of the Sandwich Islands

as a strategic point with reference to the commerce of the Pacific is of equal importance to us with that of the Isthmus of Panama, and brings these islands equally within the range of an American commercial policy. If this be so, certainly the neutrality of Samoa, of no greater distance from the Isthmus and lying more immediately in the track of our future commerce, is of greater importance than even that of Hawaii.

The treaty relations of Samoa with the Great Powers may be briefly stated. In 1872 Commander Meade, U. S. N., entered into an agreement with Mauga, the great chief of Tutuila, under which there was granted to this Government the exclusive privilege of a naval station for the use and convenience of the vessels of the United States Government, and it was expressly stipulated that a like privilege should not be granted to any other foreign power or potentate. The consideration of this grant was the friendship and protection of the great Government of the United States of America. In January, 1878, a treaty was entered into between the Governments of the United States and Samoa, in which the right of the United States to the use of the port of Pago-Pago was solemnly affirmed. And in another article the Government of the United States undertook to employ its good offices for the purpose of adjusting any differences which might thereafter arise between the Samoan Government and any other Government.

The German treaty with Samoa was made in January, 1879, and it secured to the German Government the right to a coaling station in the harbor of Saluafata. The British treaty with Samoa was made in August, 1879, authorizing the establishment of a naval station and coaling depot on the shores of a Samoan harbor to be thereafter designated, excluding expressly the harbors of Apia and Saluafata and that part of the harbor of Pago-Pago to be selected by the United States as a station under the provisions of its treaty. On September 2, 1879, what was known as the Municipal Convention for the government of the town and district of Apia was entered into between the Governments of Great Britain and Samoa, and to this the representatives of the German Government became parties absolutely, and the representatives of the United States provisionally, subject to the approval of their Government. This convention, under which that part of Samoa inhabited by foreigners was actually governed, although not submitted to the Senate, and therefore not a treaty, was in fact acquiesced in by our Government, which joined in its execution as a convenient medium of local administration.

As the result of these treaty relations, the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany have in fact, from 1879 to the disruption of the municipal government by Germany, carried on a tolerably efficient municipal government in the district of Apia, and they have also from time to time interfered either to make or to preserve the peace in the various native wars. Whether right or wrong, it is too late to discuss the question of intervention in Samoan affairs; what must now be decided is, whether after an active and continued intervention of more than ten years we shall make ourselves felt or shall retire from the field.

There has been much discussion whether intervention in Samoan affairs is within the limits of the Monroe doctrine. It must be remembered that when the Monroe doctrine found its expression in the famous message of 1823 the only points at which the encroachments of the European nations could cause any apprehension were in Central and South America and in the West India islands. Any sensible attempt to limit this doctrine and apply it at the present time must necessarily seek to ascertain the underlying principle and not the mere terms in which it was couched. The keynote of that doctrine was not a philanthropic desire to preserve the Central and South American republics from European interference, but it was to prevent any such extension of the European system within this hemisphere as might be dangerous to our peace and safety. In plain language, self-preservation and not philanthropy was the end which Mr. Monroe had in mind. It would be absurd to apply this doctrine in any technical sense; but even if a fair interpretation of it would exclude from its operation such a group of islands as Samoa, it is only necessary to remember that Mr. Monroe in his day could not possibly have conceived that the time would come when Hawaii and Samoa would be more closely connected with our national interests than any one of the South American republics can ever become.

The Monroe doctrine was a rule of expression and not of exclusion. It was a statement by a far-seeing and patriotic man that certain things then apprehended would not be submitted to. Doubtless it could never have entered into his mind to conceive that his expression at that time would be tortured into a limitation of the powers of this Government to forbid in 1889 such interference by European nations in the affairs of other countries as would be far more detrimental to the peace and safety of the United States than that which was apprehended in 1823, and against which the declaration of Monroe was particularly aimed. But Mr. Monroe builded wiser than he knew. It was not against an extension of the European

system to the American continent that he protested, but to any portion of this hemisphere, and the uniform course of our diplomacy negatives the idea that the application of the Monroe doctrine is merely continental. Dr. Wharton, during the last four years the learned legal adviser of the State Department, in his excellent Digest of International Law classifies our action respecting Hawaii and Samoa among "special applications" of this doctrine. If, however, by any technicality, whether of reasoning or of expression, the Monroe doctrine is to be limited to exclude Samoa, we may trust the genius of our people to find some new doctrine which, legitimately succeeding that of 1823, will adjust itself to our changed condition and protect our national interests from the tendencies of Great Britain and Germany, which, not content with desiring as much as they can seize of "the earth," have actually entered into a solemn covenant to divide and make partition of the sea.[1]

The question, What interest have we in Samoa? is not a difficult one to answer. In the first place, we are committed to the Samoans to see to it that no final disposition of their Government shall be made without our assent. The diplomatic correspondence on this subject between our Government and the Governments of Great Britain and Germany, and the conduct of our official representatives in Samoa, are susceptible of no other interpretation than that, whether rightly or wrongly, we have assumed the position that no adjustment of the internal affairs of Samoa should be made except by the consent of our Government as one of the three treaty powers. From this position it is impossible for us to retreat without dishonor.

Again, intervention is necessary for the protection of the persons and property of our own citizens residing in that country. It has been abundantly demonstrated that these are not safe with Germany dominating a so-called Samoan Government.

But above and beyond the mere property interests of individual Americans is the greater national interest for the preservation of the neutrality of this group. We require a naval and coaling station in that part of the Pacific. No better illustration could be had of this than the fact that, having in 1887 exhausted the supply of coal which we sent to the harbor of Pago-Pago during President Grant's administration, our single naval vessel at Apia was obliged to send 2500 miles to Sydney for coal; and when events recently required our Government to send three or four war vessels to Samoa it was also necessary to send a naval vessel as a store-ship, with coal as a deck-load.

[1] Treaty between Great Britain and Germany, April 6, 1886.

But the crowning interest of the United States in preserving the neutrality of Samoa grows out of its commanding position in the Pacific. This has been already stated, but can be better appreciated by observing it on a globe or a map than from any written statement. In a comparatively recent diplomatic paper Hawaii was said to be the key of maritime dominion in the Pacific. This was true under the former conditions of Pacific navigation, the direction of the trade winds making Honolulu a necessary point of call for all vessels bound to and from our Western coast; true, to a less extent, it still is, even under the ever-changing conditions of trans-Pacific commerce. But even now, of the two great steamship lines sailing from San Francisco, one finds its most direct course lying between the Samoan Islands of Upolu and Tutuila. And it is well understood in California that, were there facilities for landing freight on a pier at Apia, the trade of that port would already be sufficient to tempt the Oceanic Steamship Company to make it a point of call. Under all existing disadvantages, in 1886 there were landed at Apia over $200,000 worth of American goods, shipped by sailing vessels from San Francisco. Even during the nine weeks of my stay in that vicinity I saw three sailing ships unload their cargoes, consigned to American and English merchants. The position of Apia makes it a distributing point for a large portion of Polynesia, whose islands are continually increasing in that demand for manufactured goods that keeps pace with the civilization which continually enlarges the circle of human wants.

It cannot be doubted that these islands, with Australia, will open up markets more than sufficient to absorb our surplus production, which a more enlightened economic policy will ere long teach our producers to distribute to the world rather than to store it up in warehouses or to contract it by trusts and other devices, while waiting for the alternate ebb and flow of the domestic demand.

The construction of an Isthmian canal is now a mere matter of time, and when the world's commerce floats through such a channel it needs no prophet to assure us that Hawaii will resign to Samoa the key of the maritime dominion of the Pacific. Surely no argument is needed to show what will then be the value of a healthy autonomous nationality, planted almost in the center of the Western ocean, where the commerce which we yet hope to see carried on under our flag as formerly may find ports of supply and repair in time of peace and of refuge in war. Can it be that American foresight is so lost and American prowess so dead that, having acquired the right to insist upon Samoan neutrality, we should hesitate to enforce it promptly

and at any reasonable hazard? Indeed, above and beyond all mere material considerations, there is involved our national self-respect. As before stated, no possible distinction can be drawn between our relations with Hawaii and Samoa except that the latter has become the more important, in view of the certainty of an Isthmian canal. We have unqualifiedly committed ourselves to the maintenance, by force if necessary, of the independence of Hawaii.[1] It has been repeatedly asserted that its position makes it a part of the American system. The uniform tone of our diplomatic utterances on this subject renders it needless to do more than to refer to a few of the late expressions of our Government.

Considerations already stated require that the same policy should equally apply to Samoa. Mr. Frelinghuysen on December 8, 1883, refused to interfere against the annexation of the New Hebrides, then agitated in Australia, because they were allied rather to Australia than Polynesia. But he added that the circumstances were different with Hawaii and Samoa, which had "so asserted and maintained a separate national life as to entitle them to entrance, by treaty stipulations and establishing forms of competent self-government, into the family of nations."

The examination of the diplomatic history of the Samoan question is beyond the limits of this paper, but it may be confidently affirmed that from the day of our treaty until now we have assumed the right to insist upon Samoan autonomy. Nay, more, we have by official utterances and action led Samoa to rely upon our assurances; we have tied the hands of the king whom we recognized, and have led him to refrain from the easy suppression of rebellion by the promise of endeavors "to secure permanent native government for Samoa"; we have stood by and watched the rebellion grow, under the inaction which we counseled and morally compelled, until this patient king was kidnapped and torn from his people, and his followers left to be slaughtered with the active coöperation of one of the powers with which we still keep up the pretense of negotiation about the autonomy of Samoa.

Under these circumstances is it too much to assert that our national self-respect is involved in making and enforcing a demand that this people who have relied upon us be put back to the condition in which they were when we began to mislead them?

Equally must we insist that, since Germany and Great Britain have constantly assented to Samoan independence as the base of all the negotiations and upon that assent we have interfered with the native struggle, the same self-respect should compel us to hold them to their assurances even were our national interest less vital than it is.

The course pursued by Germany, the insults to our citizens and our flag, and more than all to our Government itself, in deceiving us with assurances which were belied by simultaneous inconsistent action, certainly should forbid further efforts in the direction of coöperative action until disclaimers are accompanied with "fruits meet for repentance."

The tearing down and treading underfoot of the emblem of our nationality, in a private house, by German sailors, may not be technically a *casus belli*, but it might be considered, when encouraged by local officials, as sufficient reason for intermitting the ordinary diplomatic assurances of our distinguished consideration.

The details of these matters cannot now be touched upon, but if the conclusions be challenged the facts can be readily established from the documentary history of the past three years.

But if we were to intervene — how? The only consistent policy for our Government was to require the restoration of the *status quo* existing when we were in conference with Great Britain and Germany. This necessarily involved the return of Malietoa and the opportunity for the Samoans to choose their king untrammeled by local foreigners, whether officials or others. Then it was imperative to require Germany to desist from assuming that preponderating control which we refused to give her when the conference was broken off. Above all it was requisite to make our demands known in a tone which even the German Chancellor could not misunderstand. There was scarcely to be apprehended any danger of war. With Boulangism — the synonym for revenge upon Germany — rampant in France; with Russia watching her opportunity; with the North German Lloyds, to say nothing of other commerce, a ready prey for our cruisers, Germany could hardly be thought likely to go to war with us over Samoa. But if it had been otherwise, even war, terrible as it is, is better than dishonor, which in a nation should crimson the cheek of every citizen as readily as the blow of a gauntlet did that of the knight of old.

There are ample precedents for armed interference by the navy to prevent such indignities to their persons and injury to their property as Americans in Samoa have been subjected to. The bombardment of Greytown by Captain Ingraham was for no other reason than that our citizens and others associated with them in business were subjected to gross indignities and injuries by local authorities who

[1] Mr. Legaré, June 13, 1843; President Fillmore's Annual Message, 1851; Mr. Fish, March 25, 1873; Mr. Blaine, November 19 and December 1, 1881.

were British, but claimed to act under authority of a native king, just as the Germans in Samoa tried to cover themselves with the scanty mantle of Tamasese. The commander of the *Cyane* bombarded the town to punish the local authorities, and he returned home to receive the approval of his Government and the plaudits of his countrymen. Similar action was directed by President Monroe, in 1817, in the case of Amelia Island. And General Jackson, in his seventh annual message, admirably stated the principle upon which such intervention rests, with the citation of which we may conclude:

Unfortunately many of the nations of this *hemisphere* are still so tortured by domestic dissensions. Revolution succeeds revolution, injuries are committed upon foreigners engaged in lawful pursuits. Much time elapses before a Government sufficiently stable is erected to justify expectation of redress. Ministers are sent and received, and before the discussion of past injuries is fairly begun fresh troubles arise; but too frequently new injuries are added to the old to be discussed together with the existing Government after it has proved its ability to sustain the assaults made upon it, or with its successor if overthrown. If this unhappy condition of things continues much longer other nations will be under the painful necessity of deciding whether justice to their suffering citizens does not require a prompt redress of injuries by their own power without waiting for the establishment of a Government competent and enduring enough to discuss and make satisfaction for them.

George H. Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The First Inauguration.

IT is not so much to the mere passing of an historical milestone that so many men's thoughts turn back, this month,[1] to the first inauguration of a President under the Constitution, as to the commemoration of the critical point in the development of the United States. History has changed its point of view of late years. It used to be thought that the accomplishment of national unity by the former English colonies of central North America was merely an evidence of the great political wisdom of our forefathers. Now it is conceived that national unity was the fit and natural line of development; that countless natural forces, seen and unseen, tended to drive the colonies, however unwilling, in that direction; that, successfully resisting these forces and missing their true road, they would have struggled hopelessly for all time in shallows and in miseries; but that, finding the true road, they have gone on triumphantly to achieve their destiny and become the great Republic. And, as the historical indication that the true road had been found at last, the first inauguration must have peculiar interest for every American.

Even from the purely human side, however, the event is very far from being confined to natural forces; it had its great personal element of such clear prominence as to give it a far higher interest. The emergency was so serious that the wisest of men saw and said that upon a rejection of the Constitution the course of events would turn to the establishment of national unity by armed force of some sort. And yet, in spite of the most singular errors on the part of the people, it never came to violence; we must go to the annals of other peoples to study the agonies of the birth of a nation in the throes of armed revolution. And, as the first inauguration showed that the American people had yielded wisely and peacefully to the demands of their natural position, every historical student must see how appropriate it was that Washington, whose existence, character, and influence had made that form of peaceful solution possible, should have been the central figure of the ceremony — the first President.

The belief is not uncommon that Washington had been the leader of the people before and through, as well as out of, the armed struggle against the British ministry. But the course of events which led to war was singularly lacking in leaders of national influence. Almost the only one who approached that position was Franklin. The people of the middle and New England colonies had faith in the common sense of Poor Richard; and, when his course was seen to be veering towards an apparent support of resistance, the silent influence of the fact was very considerable. But no contemporary would have dreamed of rating the Virginia colonel, during the twenty years after 1756, within many degrees of the hard-headed Pennsylvania printer as a leader. Until the recognition of Washington's usefulness on the military committee of the First Continental Congress, he was merely one who had done good service in the French and Indian War, and was now hardly to be distinguished from any other Virginia gentleman.

And so the character of Washington developed through twenty years of inglorious obscurity. There were examples in plenty in his time, as in ours, of the truth of Bacon's famous saying as to the varying effects of reading, writing, and conversation on man's development. Washington has left no special evidence that his development took any of these roads. It seems to have been a case in which a strong spirit, guided by strong sense, grew into greatness by constant thinking; by freedom from conventionalizing association with

[1] It is familiar history that the inauguration was to take place at New York City March 4, 1789, according to the vote of the Congress of the Confederation; but that the shiftless habits learned under the Confederation, difficulties of travel, etc., delayed the ceremony until April 30. There is nothing sacred or even constitutional in March 4 as an inauguration day. The Congress of the Confederation named the first Wednesday in March, which in 1789 was the fourth day of the month.

others, and by the development of an individuality, strong, natural, and always and instinctively honest and true. No four years in college will graduate a man in such a course as this; and it is not likely that one of these twenty years of silent training was superfluous.

It is an open secret that, so far from being the real authors of American independence, the "fathers of the republic," through the pettiness, self-seeking, or cowardice of many of them, and the short-sightedness of others, were often about the most serious obstacle in Washington's path. But that path never once swerved from the straight line of absolute rectitude which was the fruit of twenty years' self-discipline, nor had it gone far before the "plain people" all over the continent, recognizing in the General-in-Chief their ideal, gave him a universal and loyal affection which the politicians of his time never freely offered. From the "time that tried men's souls" down to the day of his death, Washington was the unique political force of the country. The fact that his tried judgment, unselfishness, and crystal honesty approved or disapproved a measure was decisive with the mass of the people. History has no scales in which to weigh the incomparable political advantage of the American people in having such a character among them at such a time; but one is safe in ascribing to that fact the peace, security, and order of the process by which the transformation from an imperfect to a finished national Constitution was accomplished. And when New York City commemorates, this month, the first inauguration, it is but fitting that the occasion should be permeated with the personality of Washington, in the spirit of Lowell's noble apostrophe to Virginia in his ode, "Under the Old Elm":

> Mother of States and undiminished men,
> Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
> And we owe alway what we owed thee then.

And yet the "plain people" of his time should not be denied the merit, great in any people, of a prompt and whole-souled recognition of their ideal in the great man as he came into their horizon. They did not kill the prophet who had been sent to them, but followed him reverently, affectionately, and to their country's highest good. One place of honor after another was thrust upon him, and not one of them with the trace of an effort to obtain it. His most confidential correspondence shows invariably the same sincere conviction, whenever any such advancement was proposed for him, that it was entirely beyond the range of his abilities and that it was his duty to urge the selection of some one else. The popular recognition of his sincerity deserves to be recorded. It was an honor to both sides — Washington's unaffected reluctance to accept the offices provided for him, and the people's intense belief that he was the Heaven-sent occupant of those particular positions.

Have our people changed their ideal or changed their nature in the past century? It would seem that one or other of these events has taken place, in the view of shrewd politicians. This is a period of our history in which a vacancy in office is a signal for self-seeking candidates for nominations on either side to publish and push their "claims," to trumpet the superiority of their chances, to have their committees, workers, newspaper organs, and all the other apparatus of self-laudation, carefully overseen by themselves and paid for by themselves or their admirers. Is this the way in which the American people of this generation is condemned to seek and discover its ideal? Then must we say, still in Lowell's words, but with a tinge of deeper longing and regret:

> Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
> In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
> Not honored then or now because he wooed
> The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
> Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
> Who was all this and ours, and all men's,— WASHINGTON.

Constitutional Amendments.

As this is one of our eras of great striving and cry for reforms of various kinds, it is probable that we shall hear a great many proposals of amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as if the suggestion of even the best of amendments gave it any more real chance of life than if it were meritless. It is therefore necessary to retain, as a very prominent element of our political consciousness, the knowledge that the adoption of any isolated amendment is now a matter of such enormous difficulty as to be practically impossible. The time may come when some amendment shall evidently have behind it, as in the case of the civil war amendments, so general a popular and party interest as to "rush" it over all the inevitable obstacles; but that time is not now. The reform which is limited to the road of constitutional amendment may besiege the entrance to it until it dies of inanition; it must abandon hope long before it even enters.

The very first difficulties are those of mere constitutional machinery, which Sir H. S. Maine has stated with so much Tory gusto that his statement has already become classical. They are obstacles which the people imposed upon their own action in the original constitution in order to guard against what was supposed, a century ago, to be democracy's characteristic turbulence and impatient desire for change. A change in the English constitution, no matter how radical, needs only a majority vote in the two houses of Parliament; and in practice a determined majority in the House of Commons will insure a majority in both houses. A change in the American Constitution demands, at the very beginning, a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. Every one familiar with such matters knows that the difficulty of getting a two-thirds' majority in either house is far more than a geometrical increase over that of getting a simple majority; and that a two-thirds' majority in *both* houses is a difficulty almost geometrically greater still. Here the framers of the Constitution might have stopped, but they did not. They provided that the amendment, after passing the gauntlet of Congress, should not be valid until ratified by three-fourths of the State legislatures. As there are now 38 States, three-fourths means 29; and, as each of these bodies has two absolutely independent houses, this means that the budding amendment must find friends to introduce it, champions to fight for it, and a majority to support it, in each of 58 separate legislative bodies, each with its peculiar interests, prejudices, and characteristics. Who can name any single amendment which is at all likely ever to be backed by such popular interest, the country over, as

to command such wholesale legislative support as this? [1]

It cannot be said, either, that the mass of the American people feel any dissatisfaction with these restrictions on their power of change. Their general mental attitude has had an odd illustration during the past winter. One of our leading weekly journals sent out a request to a number of distinguished gentlemen to enumerate the points in which they believe that the Constitution should be amended. Then, having advertised his action, and reserved a sufficient portion of the next issue, the editor awaited the responses. With one exception, they came in the shape of curt notes stating broadly that the distinguished gentlemen were certain that the Constitution, unchanged and reasonably construed, was quite good enough still for all the needs of the country. The editor closed the account with a protesting list of amendments which, to his thinking, deserved consideration at least. Very many of us are strongly inclined to agree with the editor, but the people are not. The responses in this case are a peculiarly clear indication of the popular indifference, since they come from our distinguished men, whose office, the true *noblesse oblige* of a democracy, is to reflect the prevailing type of their people.

If this be substantially true of "distinguished men," it is even more so of the men who declare the law — the judges. On any theory of the source and origin of law, it must be admitted that no law, whatever the forms under which it is passed, has much chance of life unless it is in harmony with the spirit and temper of the people. In this respect the judges also reflect the popular type. Even when an amendment passes the congressional Scylla and the Charybdis of the legislatures, as did the civil war amendments, the judges will always be apt to meet it, as in their case, and prune its scope and meaning into entire harmony with the general system to which it was intended and supposed to be a radical change.

The politicians, apart from their natural desire to pose as distinguished Americans, have found a further use for this constitutional American trait; they have made it their Golgotha for embarrassing reforms, their easiest way of how not to do it. If they could persuade the Prohibitionist that he must confine his efforts to obtaining a constitutional amendment, there would be a long breath of relief, at the South as well as at the North. If they attack ballot reform, it is always by selecting some essential point, declaring it in conflict with the Constitution, and asking that that be covered by an amendment; that is, that it and the whole scheme with it be postponed to the Greek Kalends. Garfield's death and the popular feeling growing out of it gave civil-service reform a considerable exemption from the parallel charge of being an unconstitutional restriction upon the President's appointing power. If the present efforts to secure uniformity in marriage, divorce, and interstate extradition law were as distasteful to the "old war horses" of either party, complaint would soon be made that the proper constitutional road to the end in view would have been the adoption of an amendment permitting States to form combinations or alliances for such purposes.

It seems hardly necessary to do more than present such considerations as these to show that any isolated amendment starts on a course of predestined neglect or ill-usage to an inevitable failure. It may be that changes in the Constitution are likely to be made through a second convention, like that of 1787. It would propose a number of amendments together; and, though these would not necessarily be at all interdependent, those of them which should be sufficiently in harmony with the genius of the people would undoubtedly have, in the common support of only slightly different interests, a prospect of success such as no isolated amendment can ever command.

But the second convention seems very far off, and its road is as yet as hopeless as that of the single amendment. This fact postpones many reforms indefinitely, for the maintenance of constitutional orthodoxy, of a high standard of popular knowledge of and respect for the details of the Constitution, is itself a continuing process of reform, outweighing in importance other more pretentious claims. But there are some cases where the provision of the Constitution is not so much mandatory as permissive; where the agent, by giving up a constitutional privilege, while shirking no constitutional duty, may clear the way for great reforms. Ought the President to be considered as acting unconstitutionally when he restricts the appointing power by bringing new classes of public servants under the civil-service rules? or the House of Representatives, if it should consent to accept as final the decision of Federal judges on disputed cases under a general election law? In default of any possibility of an amendment at present, the charge of unconstitutionality, as a barrier to such reforms as these, seems hardly worthy to be final; here, at least, is a fair substitute for an amendment.

The Coast and the Navy.

SMALL as is the excuse for the recent system of international armament in time of peace adopted by the governments of Europe, there would be even less excuse for a voluntary assumption of the burdens of the system by the United States. To enter upon such a course would be to give up at once all the advantages of the wise policy which has guided American diplomacy from the beginning. The nation which, through the kind offices of three thousand miles of stormy ocean, can afford to decline on principle all manner of "entangling alliances," to confine its attention mainly to its own continent, and to ignore the diplomatic combinations and policy of the Old World, has an advantage which it would be folly to forego. Up to the present time the path of wisdom has been readily perceived and willingly followed by the Ameri-

[1] The difficulties have been overcome in the first ten amendments, which were almost a part of the original instrument, though two others foundered after passing the congressional barrier (see Professor McMaster's article in this number); in the XIth Amendment, which had behind it the selfish interests of the States; in the XIIth Amendment, which had behind it the determination of the dominant party to make the electoral system a trifle at least more democratic; and in the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments, which had behind them the determination of the dominant party to gather up and store away the successive results of the civil war. The congressional difficulty was also surmounted in 1807 by an amendment forbidding American citizens to accept foreign honors, and in 1861, by the narrowest of margins, by Douglas's proposed XIIIth Amendment. But neither of these had any real or general impelling force behind it; the latter was ratified by but two States, and the former still hangs in limbo, and it would be difficult to say whether it is now constitutionally dead or alive.

can people and their most trusted leaders; and the spirit of which the so-called Monroe Doctrine is really but a narrow phase has governed American policy from Washington's time onwards.

However it may have been in the early years of weakness, it has become more and more evident, as the nation has grown more powerful, that its traditional attitude of neutrality is not the result of fear. European governments have been progressively more willing to permit the American Republic to go on its own undisturbed course in consideration of the fact that their own system was not to be disturbed by the entrance into it of this new planet whose possible attracting influences were so far beyond calculation. This steadily neutral position of a great and growing nation has been of the highest service to all neutrals, whose interests are regularly those of civilization itself. The American Government, by accepting and supporting those principles of international law which have seemed in accordance with abstract justice and natural law, and rejecting or resisting such as were the product of mere local jealousies, European policy, or overmastering force, has been able, with the slow acquiescence of older governments, to do far more than its share in that amelioration of the intercourse among nations which has been the hope of all the great publicists since Grotius. With some few errors, the international record of his country is one on which an American may look with satisfaction and pride.

Events seem to be tending towards the imperiling of this historical position of the United States. It was probably inevitable that there should be some change for the worse as the process of armament in other countries became more intense. Although the foreign commerce of the country has diminished to a miserable showing, and the people have shown again and again that they have sufficient self-restraint to reject even the most tempting opportunities of foreign annexation or conquest, yet it should be remembered that reasons or excuses for the clashing of American and foreign interests must recur, and that every such rude contact with an armed nation contains the germ of a possible war. This is an age in which neutrals have fallen upon evil times. There are countries which would be but weak antagonists for ours in a war for which both were fully prepared, but which have provided in advance iron-clad navies strong enough to lay San Francisco or the Atlantic or Gulf cities hopelessly under contribution from the declaration of war. Under such circumstances, is the great American Republic to trust supinely for safety to luck or to the forbearance of other governments? Spain or Chili could do our coasts more damage in six months than we could recoup by final war indemnities, even if we took possession of the whole of the offending country. Nor is it so certain as is often assumed that their naval success would be limited to the first six months of a war, with a series of retributive victories over them during the remainder of the hostilities: how or where are we to build a navy when every nook and corner of our coasts is open to entrance and search by a superior iron-clad force? It may be thought that we have only to accumulate money in order to have guns and iron-clads at command, and that we have nothing to fear while the Clyde is open and our treasury has a surplus. But we ourselves are responsible for a case which fairly bristles with awkward precedents as to the duties of neutrals in preventing the sale of armed vessels to either of two belligerents; and it is not likely that the precedents would ever be disregarded in favor of the United States. All the modern circumstances unite to demand a care in fortifying our coasts, and a liberality of expenditure upon our navy, such as have not been thought of before; but there is not necessarily any waste involved. The case is simply that of the belated traveler, who, knowing that his road is infested with foot-pads, goes to the expense of providing himself with a pistol.

There are many evidences, however, that the intoxication of warlike expenditure is not to spend its force in simply making the nation's coasts and commerce safe; that the sense of power and the combative instinct grow as they are fed. There are in every country, our own being no exception, newspapers and public men who are always ready to float on the crest of a wave of popular passion, no matter whither it may be driving, or on what inhospitable shore it is to break in tumultuous surf at last. The case will bring its peculiar temptations for the United States, for the navy is just that branch of the service for which our people have a traditional weakness, and on which they will spend the public money with least complaint. We may still echo the fine saying of Webster, in his appeal to Congress in 1814 for a naval rather than a land war: "Even our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge."

The dangers involved are of course too great to admit of parsimony. It was a pleasant jest of Washington's, when some one in the Convention of 1787 moved a permanent restriction of the standing army to 5000 men, to suggest as an amendment a solemn constitutional requirement that no enemy should ever invade the United States with more than 3000; and we should take care not to expose ourselves to the spirit of the sarcasm. But when the building of a single vessel has come to cost millions of dollars, instead of the modest two or three hundred thousand which sufficed to build even a 74-gun ship in 1815; when scores of ambitious naval officers are anxious to show a clear justification for this expenditure; and when the thoughtless people who are always ready to have every fancied insult wiped out in blood are the ones who are apt to be heard first, loudest, and most persistently, who shall say there is no possible danger in the "new navy"? It is beyond question that it is a necessity; but in yielding for the time to the evident necessity it should be with the determination that the war-spirit shall find no further admission to the American policy than an honest, though liberal, estimate of the necessity of the case shall require.

The interests with which this Congress and the next are to deal are vast, varied, and delicate. It is of course the first business of our legislators to see that the Republic receives no detriment. But the provision for this duty should not be made the means of transferring the once great neutral Republic to the list of quasi-belligerents who now give an added stigma to the term civilization by their system of permanent armament. A failure to guard this point would rank as one of the most unfortunate events in the history of international law.

Republicanism in France.

THE difficulty in the definition of a republic is a familiar one. Every one speaks of France, but not of Russia, as a republic; and few will deny that Great Britain, spite of crown and aristocracy, is nearly as much entitled to be called a republic as she ever will be. Perhaps a rough but satisfactory definition would make a republic a representative government, in which democracy is the rule for the individual, while there is just enough centralization in the government to secure a good working administration. Examined by this test, it would seem that our Confederation, for example, did not deserve to be called a republic, or anything more than a congeries of republics, by reason of its lack of centralization; and it is to be feared that the French Republic is as little deserving of the title, by reason of its superabundance of centralization.

Frenchmen are not generally flyaways; in most of the relations of life they are sober, calculating, foresighted, forehanded men. Few of them are so low in the scale of economic humanity as to be without some small stake in the welfare of the country: why should any considerable number of them desire in politics to give life and movement to such episodes as that to which General Boulanger has given name and perhaps fame? It may very well be that the lack of balance already referred to will furnish an answer. The essential elements of democracy, the equality of all men before the law, and the right of each man to declare his will by vote on the subjects which lie nearest to him, are now features of the French political system. They have not yet been carried to an ideal point, perhaps; but almost every change of government in this century is a landmark for some advance in this direction. The last twenty years in particular have seen a distinct and new development in the disposition of Frenchmen to assert for themselves not only the republican privilege of choosing national representatives, but the democratic privilege of managing their own immediate concerns, either directly or through local assemblies. By this development the French voter, if he has got nothing else, has gained the power to annoy the Government. It becomes then a serious question how far the political system of the country has been so subjected to parallel development as to avoid giving voters provocation for such annoyances.

We are somewhat familiar in this country with the name and attributes of the so-called "spoils system." Some of its evil effects have been covered over by the natural capacity of most Americans for executive work; even when "rotated" into office they are apt to do their work far better than there was any good reason to expect. But the evil effects cannot be concealed altogether. Defalcations and scandals in one department of Government work after another sap the confidence of the voters in the party which permits them. Even such minor inconveniences as the going astray of letters play their part in alienating votes. Finally, what is the democracy to do but that which it is apt to do even in case of a panic or a bad harvest — put the blame on the party in power, and vote its opponent into its place.

If this be the case in the United States, whose political system has been only so far centralized beyond that of the Confederation as to bring the Government into contact with a comparatively few well-defined interests, what must be the result under a governmental system like that of France, where spoils is the guiding-star of party, and where the Government, nevertheless, essays to manage countless interests which under our system are left to individual enterprise? Such a system, applied to an American population without restriction of suffrage, would result in an immediate revolution, not of parties alone, but of the whole political system. With a French population, never used to anything but dependence on the Government, change of the system being unthinkable, the extended suffrage can be used to annoy, or in case of profound dissatisfaction to overturn, the Government.

The contrast is stronger still when we consider the influence of tradition. The spoils system is no more or less than the selling of offices, the getting of a *quid pro quo* for them. The French politicians, like our own, cannot be brought to look upon an office as anything more than a representative of value, received or to be received; to give it away, which is to them the only outcome of a reformed civil-service system, seems naturally a terrible waste of the raw material of "politics." When the spoils system made its way into the texture of American politics it had no traditions behind it; it was comparatively a parvenu, and any disposition on the part of democracy to drive it out again would leave no constitutional gap. But in France the traditions are all the other way. The political system is descended from that under which for centuries the open and universal sale of offices was a recognized part of the income of the Government, and under which, moreover, the spoils system was never confined to offices, as with us, but extended to the whole policy of Government and every other political interest. The results have been such as one would hardly venture to summarize in the case of a great and friendly nation like France. Those who have followed the direct and scarcely concealed dependence of the whole De Lesseps Panama scheme upon political "influence," and the manner in which press and politicians have treated economists who have endeavored to tell the truth about the affair, have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by a spoils system which goes beyond the mere matter of offices. The French voter apparently has no such difficulty; his difficulty is in finding a remedy. To attempt to extirpate the "principle" of the spoils system from its wide field would be to tear up the whole political system by the roots, as in the Nihilist programme, with no attempt to supply a substitute. The best the voter can do, then, is to make his vote the medium of some sort of protest until the class from which his representatives are usually chosen has learned greater political wisdom.

It cannot be doubted that this goal will be reached if democracy in France is given the necessary time and opportunity to release itself from the thralldom of tradition. For the Republic to seek a remedy in increase of centralization without any reform of political methods, in the intensification of Government control over elections, in decrease of the privilege of suffrage and of democracy, would be the policy of him who covers an incipient fire with new combustibles and goes away thinking that the danger is over.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Trained Military Reserve.[1]

I. OUR DISBANDED VETERANS.

A QUESTION of the highest importance to a nation that maintains only a small standing army is that of a trained military reserve — a reserve to the active regulars and the militia. Roughly, I estimate the number of volunteer veterans of the civil war, and militia veterans in the whole country, who had good military training between 1861 and 1865, at one million. These veterans now average fifty years of age and are nearly all exempt from service, and there is no body of men in training to replace them.

There are perhaps 200,000 well-trained soldiery at present, counting the active and veteran militia under 45 years of age, the discharged regulars, and the old soldiers of foreign armies who are now citizens here. There should be at all times at least one million men of this class actually enrolled and accounted for.

One way to keep the number and the status good in times of peace would be to pass young men through a short service of training, carry them on the rolls as reserves, and hold them to an interest in the maintenance and development of the military system. Some such method as this proved the salvation of Prussia after her conquest by Napoleon, early in the present century. The magnificent military establishment founded by the Great Elector, and so zealously fostered by Frederick the Great, lost its prestige when pitted against Napoleon, and after the French victory over the Prussians and their allies in 1806–7, Frederick William III. was constrained by the terms of peace to reduce his standing army to 42,000 men. A very clever war minister, among other things, limited the term of service to six months, and in a few years Prussia had a large trained reserve ready for the field, and yet the number in actual service at any one time did not exceed the maximum allowed. In later wars with Napoleon, Prussia came to the front as a military power, and she has since kept her place. The present one-year volunteer system of the German Empire answers the same purpose, and distributes annually throughout the nation a body of soldiery trained for field service.

The principle could be tried here by adopting plans for special education in the regular army and the militia as suggested by General Kautz and Colonel Rice in this magazine. The enlistment in either branch of service would be voluntary, but after the training had been received at the expense of the state and the soldier discharged, he should be enrolled among the reserves of his district. His discharge should be evidence that he had received a stated amount of preparation, and should give him precedence over recruits for promotion whenever the reserves are called to arms. In infantry, at maximum strength, there is one officer (counting those not commissioned) to every six men, and the whole number of trained reserves available for service would be needed to officer new levies in case of an uprising. A competent leader for every six men would make soldiers out of the whole mass in a very short time.

[1] See the articles on "Our National Military System," in THE CENTURY for October, 1888.

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II. SUGGESTIONS FOR ORGANIZATION.

As one who has personal and practical knowledge of the development of the National Guard system from the old militia, I ask attention to some defects in the system and to some suggestions for possible remedies.

The adjutant-general, in all the States, is the ranking officer on the military staff of the governor, usually the ranking officer in the State. While the position is quite uniformly a political, appointive one, yet in the majority of instances the desirability of permanence is recognized, many of these gentlemen having held office through more than one term. In every instance, I believe, the incumbent is one who has fairly earned his appointment by military service. Nevertheless the tenure of office should be changed at once, for the danger is imminent, in our larger States, that the military character of the function will be lost in the political. If the United States should be permitted to assume any control of our State troops in times of peace, it can only be in some such way as detailing officers to act as adjutants-general to the governors of States, for the usual tour of detached service. In no other way would the National Guard as a whole consent to United States supervision, in the sense of the communication of Colonel Rice. This is the debatable point in his paper, and to that I desire, in behalf of many comrades, briefly to address myself.

The brigade and regimental commanders in the National Guard throughout the country are to a very large degree men of soldierly training and instincts, with a good war record; there are very few of this grade of officers in the National Guard who have not done full duty on the field of battle. The same is true, to some extent, with the company commanders, at least in many of the States. Men of this character would not be pleased to be sent to school to the young officers of the army; a proper respect for their position would forbid it. More than that, the discipline of the command would suffer when its head conducted its administration under the supervision of another. Such a plan is unwise. The officers of the army who visit our encampments, while always ready to give any assistance in their power, do not come in the capacity of *instructors*. They come as *inspectors*, to report on our efficiency and readiness for service if called upon. I have never met an officer detailed to my encampments who considered himself an instructor, nor one who failed to avoid any appearance of criticising my routine, drill, or administration, while all have been prompt to assist me in any way I might desire. A proper regard for military discipline would forbid a commanding officer surrendering his command, even for a moment, to another; he would richly deserve the loss of the respect of his men, and would probably get his deserts. The

commanding officers of brigades, regiments, and companies in the National Guard need a strengthening of their just power, certainly not a weakening, as "army instructors" would surely bring about.

Granting that the commanding officers of the National Guard in general are competent, although in some States the absence of a military board and the pernicious system of elections are responsible for some incapable officers, it is not at this end of the line that reform is most needed. The rank and file in too many companies are banded together in a sort of social military club, the social character sometimes being of first, and again, in other organizations, of secondary importance. When largely social, the membership is prone to be confined to a narrow circle of society, and the support of the company becomes a heavy pecuniary burden. At the same time the military efficiency is likely to become impaired. Under other circumstances, the monotony of drill drives many to seek discharge, and the membership is very unstable. I have known a company of forty to change completely its membership in two years; it is not uncommon, indeed it is quite the rule, to find one-third of a company new men at each annual encampment. In one sense these frequent discharges are beneficial, as some knowledge of drill is widely diffused in a community, but it makes a drudgery for the drill-officers, who are continually breaking in recruits. All commanding officers in the National Guard find this the most trying feature in their service, the same thing being gone over year after year, reaching a certain point only to go over it again. Many have come to the conclusion that the only relief will be found in a total change of the system, and something like the following has met the approval of many competent officers:

The strength of the National Guard to be proportioned to the population — say a battalion to each congressional district. The officers to be commissioned for an indefinite period, during good behavior, after passing a military board. Each regimental organization to have lineal promotion on examination. The brigade, regimental, and company commanders to receive sufficient allowances to cover their expenses, and all officers United States pay when in active service. The assistant adjutants-general on brigade staffs, and adjutants of regiments, to be United States officers detailed for that duty. Each district to be required to furnish a stipulated number of enlisted men for one year, — or two possibly, — to be chosen by lot when voluntary enlistments fail. The district to furnish suitable armories and pay a portion of the expense, the State to furnish uniforms (always of United States regulation pattern) and equipment, as now. Attendance on drill, authorized parades, and annual encampments to be enforced by statute, and a small *per diem* paid for such service. Of course a man can reënlist as often as his captain chooses to accept him, but the district must be compelled to furnish its quota, and no more — that is, an excess in one district cannot be credited to another not so fortunate. This would give us a reliable force, one under perfect control, and with little more expense than the present system. The company subalterns and junior field-officers, being in the line of promotion to command, would not need money allowances beyond pay when on duty.

Of course there are many matters of detail not touched upon, but the main features are not difficult to understand, and, it would seem, must stand as self-evident facts. The National Guard is an absolute necessity if we would avoid the cost of a standing army. How to make it more efficient is the question now seeking solution.

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III. NEED OF PRACTICAL TRAINING.

How many of our National Guardsmen know how to take care of themselves on the march and in camp? This is essential for soldiers to know, and they should be instructed in that respect by actual experience, so as to be ready in case they are called upon for field service. When the National Guardsmen are ordered to go into summer encampments in their different States, instead of being transported by rail or by boat, they should march there — be properly equipped, and the rations issued the same as they would be in active service. Officers and men would learn more on one march than they would in camp, where everything is prepared for them, if they were there a month, and they would never forget it. What the National Guardsmen want is more practical work and less of the parade and review while in camp. There should be no rifle practice except volley and skirmish firing, which should be practiced more than it is. It not only makes the men familiar with the rifle, but also teaches them steadiness in the ranks and confidence in one another, so that when the word of command is given they would be as one man. In case of riot this would be invaluable to a command. Visitors should be allowed in camp on stated days only, and they should be few. Nearly every State camp is overrun with visitors, taking the attention of the soldiers from their duties, and putting the officers to great expense in entertaining their friends.

It should be esteemed an honor to be a member of the National Guard, and every inducement should be offered to the young men of the country to join it. The officers should be selected with care, and should consist of men in whom the rank and file have confidence. The General Government should have control over all, so that should trouble arise they would be available as United States volunteers.

The regiments in seacoast States should be instructed in heavy artillery drill. The officers of the army would be only too glad to instruct them, and the United States Government would put every fort at the disposal of the National Guard for that purpose. A few officers and men of the militia know how to work a Gatling gun or a howitzer, but outside of this they know but little of the artillery arm of the service.

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IV. A PLEA FOR SOCIAL INTERESTS IN THE GUARD.

Any attempt to introduce more of the discipline of the regular army into the National Guard may prove fatal. The lack of interest does not arise from a lax discipline, as one of the writers in The Century implies, but from a want of enthusiasm, which the present system fails to furnish. It is argued that if one is not inclined towards that which is strictly military, let him stay out. But how are we to maintain an interest among the companies in the small cities and villages,

where the military element is limited at best?—and such communities add no insignificant quota to the numbers of the National Guard.

The want of interest comes not from lack of a pecuniary, but a *social* compensation; for men, unless professionally inclined, are sure to lose interest in any consecutive line of study. There is no social coherence, chiefly because there is nothing in common beyond an irksome routine of military discipline. The monotony of such a life is the chief complaint of officers in the regular army. In the face of this is it to be expected that the young men are going to bind themselves for any length of time when the only object of it all is the display of gold and tinsel twice a year? Under the present system this is the limit of outdoor display that our small city companies receive. If we expect the private to take an interest in smoothing the rough places in his manœuvres, he must be given frequent chances to parade his achievements. For instance, let the regiments which are composed of companies from neighboring cities hold a monthly regimental drill, alternating between the cities from which the regiment is made up. This would engender a friendly rivalry, which would stimulate the pride, ambition, and military zeal of the communities from which they are drawn.

I have asserted that the social as well as the military interest must be kept up; this can be done by giving such aid as will not only stimulate present interest, but be a guaranty of the company's future existence.

An individual allowance of twenty-five dollars per annum for attendance at drill—this would be the smallest amount that could be called an inducement—would in five years, counting fifty men to a company, build an armory suitable for all the purposes of military and social entertainment. The drill-room should be constructed not only for use as the school of the company, but also for musical, dramatic, and literary entertainment as well. In every town of any importance can be found a club-room for the older generations: the pride that is taken in it, and the fraternal feeling that it engenders, suggest that if the members of the National Guard had some such feature in connection with their military work, the bond of mutual fellowship would be strengthened.

Another feature in inducing the National Guardsman to fill out his enlistment would be a suitable reward for services faithfully rendered. Now, beyond his discharge-papers, the private has nothing to show that he has been a member of the National Guard. Surely the young men who pledge five years to the service of their Government are entitled to something more than the distinction they may have found during their enlistment. Their hearts and their hands have been enlisted for their country's safety, and though their military experience may have been more an imitation of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" than an actual contact with the stern realities of the field of battle, yet their patriotism, if not their deeds, entitles them to a badge of honor.

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V. GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

I HAVE read with great interest the articles on "Our National Military System."

The National Guardsman takes an oath to go, even at the risk of his life, wherever and whenever called during a period of from three to five years. In most cases he has to pay for the privilege. This should not be so. All military expenses should be met by the State and the United States governments. If the National Guardsmen choose to give a ball on other than drill nights — why, those who dance must pay the piper.

The National Guard should be a *national* and not merely a State guard, and, as suggested by Major Brush in THE CENTURY, should take oath to support the General as well as the State government. I am quite sure this is the case in Pennsylvania.

While it is true that for mere instruction purposes a regimental camp is best, as President Wingate says, still I should attach great value to the *esprit de corps* that can only be evoked by the massing of large bodies of troops. Will it not be found best to alternate regimental with brigade or division camps, as is done in Pennsylvania?

Would it not be feasible to have United States Regular troops participate in brigade encampments with State troops, to set a soldierly example?

The National Guard while in camp should be paid from $1.50 per day for privates, to say $20 for colonels, to make it possible for valuable men to stay in the service.

Adjutant-General Drum, of the Regular Army, suggests, in his report for 1887, that the Government would be willing to spare "young officers, during the winter, to aid in the instruction." Could not the Government spare officers of at least six or eight years' service, and for not less than two years continuously? I would suggest the proportion of one officer to fifty companies, which should form a brigade. This proportion would allow him to spend at least five drills a year with each company, and the advantage in the way of uniformity will be conceded. He should have appropriate rank in the State organization, his pay should be divided between the State and General governments, and he should report to both the State and United States military organizations.

Could not the National Guard be more exercised in day marching, skirmishing through rough country, and intrenching itself at night? Along with this would go signal-practice; guard and picket duty would become more real, and an extra corps of surgeons or experienced officers should be on hand to make it learn how to take care of itself.

Artillery should receive more attention, and that with modern breech-loading guns and machine guns. New York has, I believe, taken a good step in instruction with heavy artillery. This example should be followed wherever the guns afford a chance.

I like General Kautz's suggestions, and believe they ought to be carried into effect on the part of the United States Army, and also that more should be done in and by the National Guard.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. *W. J. Gregory.*

VI. ANNUAL COST OF A NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.

THE following articles of uniform and equipment, with prices, are enumerated in the United States Army list. The amount of uniform given is sufficient for a five-years' enlistment. Most of the equipments would last through two or three enlistments, and on the other

hand, in case of much actual service, the amount allowed for uniform would not be sufficient.

Uniform.		*Equipment.*	
Helmet	$1.64	Springfield rifle and bayonet	$13.12
Cap	.59	Waist-belt	.54
Dress-coat	6.99	Cartridge-box	1.22
Blouse	3.68	Bayonet-scabbard	.90
Trousers, 2 prs	7.94	Gun-sling	.36
Shoes, 2 prs	4.84	Blanket-bag	2.29
Overcoat	10.36	Haversack	1.44
Flannel shirts (2)	4.66	Canteen, meal-can, cup, knife, fork	.51
Berlin gloves, 12 prs	1.32	Woolen blanket	4.30
		Rubber blanket	1.13
	$42.02		$25.81
Total uniform and equipment			$67.83

Linen and underwear same as worn in civil life.

From the foregoing table it will be seen that it would cost $67.83 to clothe and equip a soldier. Each year he should be allowed fifty dollars for attending armory drills; twenty dollars pay and four dollars subsistence for a ten-days' camp tour. Add to this four dollars for his percentage of the cost of camp equipage and transportation. The total cost for five years (one enlistment) would be $457.83. Armory, target practice, and incidental expenses would increase these figures; but it is believed that five hundred dollars would cover the ground—making an annual expense of one hundred dollars per man.

General A. V. Kautz has stated in THE CENTURY that "the annual cost per man of maintaining our military establishment is about twelve hundred dollars." That statement refers to the regular army, and in comparing it with the figures given in this article it is to be remembered that a National Guardsman, unlike a regular soldier, wears a uniform at stated periods only and sustains himself, except during a short annual encampment. I have not considered the cost of maintaining the administrative departments or of officering the National Guardsman. There is no way of getting at this with any degree of accuracy by estimating from the military expenditure of the different States, but it is believed that one hundred dollars more per annum would cover everything, including the increased expense of maintaining cavalry and artillery, and thus make the annual cost of a National Guardsman two hundred dollars.

The National Government is now spending annually upon the National Guard about four dollars per man. Each State maintains its own National Guard,—the four dollars from the Government helping that much,—and the efficiency of the National Guard depends largely upon the liberality of the State.

In order to make the National Guard uniformly efficient it should be under the pay and control of the General Government. The time has come to do away with State militia and to have United States militia or a National Guard in fact.

Edmund Cone Brush,
Major 1st Reg't Light Artillery, Ohio N. G.
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

Railway Relief Associations.

PERMANENCE in his position and probability of promotion are what the railroad employee is now virtually guaranteed. Were he equally as well assured of assistance during sickness, disablement, or superannuation, and for his family at his death, his condition as a wage-earner could not be improved.

It cannot be denied that the average employee considers the railroad officer a cold-blooded machine whose sole duty it is to get as much work out of the men as possible and to save the dollars whenever he can. And it has become the rule that when one of the rank and file receives an injury while in the discharge of his duty, and he himself is to blame, he makes no request for aid except from his benevolent association if he belongs to one; if not, the hat is passed around for him.

So then, because railroad companies have adopted no system of relief for their sick and disabled employees, benevolent associations and mutual aid societies were started among them. Originally these societies and brotherhoods were formed for benevolent purposes. Had the managers been allowed to appropriate the funds of the company to assist to a reasonable extent the disabled employee, many of these associations would not have been formed, or if formed would now be under some control by the railroad company. The enforced lack of interest of the managers in the condition of their employees was one main reason why a fighting by-law for self-protection was added to the benevolent by-laws of those associations. Strikes have followed and much loss of money and loss of friendship on both sides have resulted, which might in nearly every case have been prevented had the corporations forestalled the employees by adopting and putting in force some system of relief.

Many of these relief associations among railway employees are of long standing, and were organized during periods of rapid railway development when the financial resources of the companies were taxed to the utmost to pay not only interest but operating expenses. Any increase in expenses in the way of contributions for the physical relief of employees was naturally looked upon with disfavor, especially by the managers of those roads whose ownership was continually changing hands; and, besides, a large percentage of employees was changing from one road to another as they could better their condition in the matter of wages and location. This was also the case, but to a less degree, with certain grades of officers. It has only been during the last few years that the tramp element among employees has become reduced to a minimum, and the feeling of permanence in their situations has taken strong hold upon the others.

Seeing as we do the many lines in the country grouped into large systems whose ownership will no doubt remain stable in years to come, permanence of employment and stability of position is easy to be guaranteed, and the corporations can now better secure their own rights and strengthen themselves against the encroachments of the public by drawing their employees more closely to them, showing that paternal care and solicitude for them which tend to establish good feeling and community of interest.

Relief associations under the guidance of the companies will do this. They are flourishing on the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads. The organizations on those roads may be taken as the type of what other companies should do. On the former, the scheme originated with the elder Garrett nearly ten years ago. At its organization all employees could join without regard to age. After a short period those over forty-

five years and those who could not pass a medical examination were not allowed to join. All persons employed regularly by the company are required to pass a medical examination, must be under forty-five years of age, and must join the relief association. Thus it will be seen that nearly all their employees are members. The compulsory feature looks to an outsider like a hardship, but the obligation is on him only who seeks employment.

The employees are divided into two classes — hazardous and non-hazardous; and these two classes are divided into five others who pay into a fund certain fixed sums each month, according to the amount of wages regularly received. Benefits are paid in weekly indemnities in cases of sickness and disablements and a gross sum to the beneficiary when death occurs. They vary according to the amount contributed. Free medical and surgical attendance is given; hospitals are established; physicians are appointed at convenient points on the line. The company has contributed $100,000, the interest on which at six per cent. goes into the fund yearly. It also puts $25,000 per year into a superannuation fund. A building loan association has also been formed, which has become quite popular.

There are many other liberal features, of which limited space will not permit an enumeration.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has also adopted a system of relief similar to that of the Baltimore & Ohio, but not so extensive. It is entirely voluntary and numbers over 20,000. It rapidly increases in popularity as its benefits become more appreciated.

In both companies the employees are rapidly leaving the local benevolent associations; they find they can insure themselves with the aid of a solvent and powerful company for much less money than in the thousand and one local lodges whose solvency depends on the honesty of a secretary or a treasurer.

Other systems of relief, but to a minor extent, have been adopted by railway companies — notably free hospital service for the sick and disabled upon the Santa Fe and Missouri Pacific, all of which materially lessen the number of claims for damages and subsequent costly trials and judgments in the courts.

While the features of these relief associations may be improved upon, they are certainly productive of great good to the employee and tend to create a feeling of permanency in their situation and a bond of interest between them and the owners of the property. The liberality which is displayed by the corporation, in establishing these relief associations, and which might be increased to still greater mutual advantage, will certainly prove to the employee that his welfare is watched and guarded zealously by his superiors.

If other railroad corporations improve upon the methods recited above, nothing further need be done to make the friendly relations between them and their employees so complete and cordial that all causes of dissatisfaction arising from time to time in the conditions of their service will be readily adjusted without resorting to strikes, boycotts, or other despicable means of warfare.

L. O. Goddard.

"The University and the Bible."

APROPOS of the article in the November CENTURY by Mr. Newton M. Hall, concerning the adoption of a course of study in the Bible by Dartmouth College, it may be of interest to those who desire a short study of the Bible, but do not have it in the curriculum, to learn of an experiment tried last year at Johns Hopkins. Although the attempt was made under the design of one of the associate professors, the movement had the sanction and best wishes of the president. The results are worthy the consideration of all interested in the study of the Bible, particularly of the Old Testament, as well as of those in the various colleges who have not time to pursue a regular course in this subject, yet have a desire to become more familiar with the Bible, its history, and its teachings.

The plan of class organization, together with the scheme of study, was worked out by Dr. H. B. Adams, associate professor in history. Originally the members of the class, about fifteen in number, were graduate students, except three. Only those known to take great interest in Old Testament history were invited to join. At first the class met fortnightly for an hour and a half on Sunday afternoons. The earlier meetings were held by the courtesy of Dr. Adams in his rooms; later, when the class was opened to all who desired to come, one of the rooms of the university, "College Hall," was placed at the service of the class.

The members of the class were representatives of nearly all the departments of investigation. The plurality of students were from the historical department; but there were also men who had made Oriental languages a special study, others had read the Ulfilas Bible, and still others could give interesting comparisons between the biblical account of the world and the legends of various peoples. One important feature was the presence of two Japanese students, who gave, when occasion offered, myths from the Orient. The representation of creeds was very like that of departments of inquiry. All the more prominent sects were present, from a converted Catholic to an orthodox Jew. This one fact was found to be of material advantage; a catholicity of belief was attained which would have been impossible had all been of the same religious belief. As it was, the members had to respect one another's belief; and one not unimportant result of the class was that each member found out that amid differences of sect all were striving for a common end.

The plan of study was to take up great landmarks in Old Testament history at each meeting. The subject was announced in advance, so that the preparation in each case might be as elaborate as each chose to make it. The list of subjects considered was as follows: Science and Genesis; Science and Man; Biblical and Babylonian Accounts of the Flood; The Babylonian Background of Hebrew History; Egypt and the Hebrews; Phenicia and Israel; Hebrew Law; Constitutional History of the Hebrews; Hebrew Culture; Continuity of Hebrew Influence. There was no textbook used; citations were made, on the one hand, from such extreme writers as Wellhausen and Renan, and, on the other, from the orthodox authors and commentators. The opinions gleaned by all in the class in reading during the two weeks previous received due consideration. The general method was discussion, and that alone.

The study was found to be of great advantage to those taking it. Not only did each acquire a knowledge of the Old Testament, but the scientific student

became aware of the methods of work of the historical and linguistic investigators, and *vice versâ*. The plan is one adaptable to any college or body that desire a study of the Bible. It proved eminently successful at the university, which has already an extensive course in church history, and which, no doubt, will soon incorporate in its curriculum the study of the Bible from purely scientific motives.

John B. Daish.

Imperial Federation.

It would be difficult to discover in Canada any active interest in the proposed reorganization of the British Empire, commonly referred to as Imperial Federation. A few branches of the Federation League have been established in the Dominion; but I do not recall the name of a prominent public man who favors the project; while several may be named, such as Sir Hector Langevin and the Hon. Mr. Chaplean, the leaders of the French Conservatives, and the Hon. Edward Blake, lately leader of the Liberal party, who have put themselves on record against it. Mr. Blake some years ago appeared to look with favor upon such a federation; but he has recently avowed a change of opinion, and has declared that he believes his present views are shared by the people of Canada.

Mr. G. R. Parkin is scarcely correct in implying, in his paper on this subject in The Century for December, that Goldwin Smith's views as to the future of Canada are "rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians." The "vast majority" of those who know what are Mr. Smith's views of the ultimate relations of the United States and Canada concede that those relations ought to be discussed from every possible standpoint, and regard them as scarcely second in importance to British connection.

Two influences are very potent in molding public opinion in Canada. One is the almost universal desire for closer commercial connection with the great nation to the south of us; the other is a strong aversion to the assumption of any obligations which may involve the Dominion in Old World controversies. The discharge of those responsibilities which arise from the possession of half the North American continent will sufficiently tax the ability of Canadian statesmen. "England has become an Oriental power," said the late Lord Beaconsfield; and he emphasized the declaration by advising the Queen to declare herself Empress of India, and by bringing Indian troops to Cyprus, with the view to having them ready for a possible European emergency. What advantage it would be to Canada to place herself in a position to be involved in Oriental complications, which are neither few nor remote, has never yet been demonstrated.

Fredericton, N. B. *Charles H. Lugrin.*

"Abraham Lincoln." A Correction.

By a typographical error on page 559 of the February Century, "the estimated wealth of the loyal States in 1860" was stated to be "$100,000,000,000," when the reading should have been "ten thousand millions."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

That Poet of the Future.

I 'VE been reading, Mr. Riley, in a recent magazine,
Of your Poet of the Future with the truly rural mien,
Of the careless, simple fashion in which he 'll choose to come—
With the beauty of his bugles overbalancing the drum:
And by what his hands hold not, and by what he does not wear,
I rather think I 'd know him, if I met him anywhere:
But really, Mr. Riley, I do not clearly see
How you can at such a distance say that the Poet 's "he."

For it may be that this singer who shall our souls confess
And come to us with bugles — will wear them on her dress;
That we shall find her shining with pearls upon her breast,
Or radiant in some cottage as she lulls her babes to rest;
In the choir of the cathedral we may hear her pure voice swell,
Or murmuring some sweet measure as she serves us from the well;
For her hands may not be sunburned — although her gloves be tan:
And your poet, Mr. Riley, may not be at all a man!

Oh, the Poet of the Future shall find welcome and have room,
Whether singing at the plowshare or sweeping with a broom;
But this "honest arm of labor" that you speak of in your song,
Always to a "him" pertaining, may it not to "her" belong?
For some women's "palms" are sisters to the "honest toiler's" too,—
And they cannot always fold them when the plowman's toil is through,—
And it may be that this Poet, on whose coming we agree,
When really come and with us will be spoken of as "she."

Charles Henry Webb.

The Prime of Life.

Just as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,
And I am thinking that forty year
Is n't the age that it seems to be,
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! of life it is just the prime,
A fact that I hope she will understand;
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see —
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told:
Rose came by with a smile for me,
Just as I thought I was getting old.

Walter Learned.

Spring.

FAIR Spring, sweet messenger of summer joys,
We hail thee! — (quick, my handkerchief, my dear!) —
Bright harbinger of kites, up-gazing boys,
May's smile and April's iridescent tear!
All hail! All hail! We bow before thy train
Of — (Where 's the sun? Don't tell me that is rain!)

Beneath thy rosy feet the flowers blow
Their fragrant breath, while southern zephyrs tune
The air — (my dear, I 'm catching cold, I know;
Pray shut that window) — to sweet songs of June;
While birds' delightful warblings from above —
(What *is* the matter with the furnace, love?)

These joys of thine, sweet springtime, fill the breast
With gladdest ecstasy and bliss divine!
From valley, hill, and distant mountain-crest,
The air pours like a draught of un-iced wine,
As warm, yet sparkling; from the balmy glen —
(At-chew-w! Oh, must I, *must* I sneeze again?)

Louise Morgan Smith.

Cupid hath Wings.

"FAINT heart fair lady never won."
Thus saith some Gentile Solomon;
But bravest hearts, since time's beginning,
Have lost fair ladies after winning.

Kemper Bocock.

De Jingle ob de Bells on de Cows.

IN spring, when de fields are all kivered wid green,
An' de clover bloom smells in de a'r,
An' de wet in de grass kinder tickles yer feet,
An' de red bugs mek er nigger sw'ar,
Den am de time dat de darky lubs de mos',
When dey come erlong home 'hind der plows,
In de cool ob de day, when dey hears all erroun'
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

When de jimpson weed pops up outen de groun'
An' de dog-fennel runs it er race,
An' when de lightnin'-bug do scatter roun' its sparks,
An' dabs 'em now an' den in yer face,
Den comes de music dat am sweetes' an' bes'—
At leasten dat 's how dis darky 'lows,
As softly dar ripples froo pastures o' green
De ringin' ob de bells on de cows.

When de bluebird comes wid er straw in its beak
To de hole whar de woodpecker bored,
When red-breasted robins hunts erroun' fer der mud,
When de black swallow swings in de gourd,
Den f'om de ole meadow 'way down by de crick,
Or de orchard neaf young apple-boughs,
Steals gently de musical sound dat we lub —
De tinkle ob de bells on de cows.

When de sun goes down in er thick clump o' pines,
When de frawg in de swamp 'gins to croak,
An' de whippoorwill jines wid er doleful chune,
While de ole owl hoots in de oak;
On de sof' breeze dat comes loaded down wid its sweets
F'om de meadow whar slick cattle browse,
Dar floats wid er freshness dat nebber gits ole,
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

Edward A. Oldham.

April.

April, April, April,
You can send a fool where'er you will.
OLD GERMAN SAYING.

SWEET MARGERY was April,
And I — I obeyed her will.
The sight of her made my pulses thrill;
Before her displeasure my heart stood still;
For Margery, Margery was April,
And I — I obeyed her will.

Her eyes of the darkest brown
Could cloud my day with a frown;
And the very rustling of her gown
Could lift my spirit or cast it down.
Sweet Margery, fairest of all the town,
With eyes and hair so brown.

Sweet Margery is April,
And I — I obey her will.
Her smile with joy makes my pulses thrill;
Her clouded sky casts o'er mine a chill;
For Margery, Margery is April,
And I — I obey her will.

And though with fading sight,
On the borderland of night,
We tread with steps whose strength is slight,
Margery makes the way dull or bright,
Margery makes my heart heavy or light,
Sweet wife with hair so white.

William Zachary Gladwin.

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Wampum.

IT is only the unlucky who think fortune blind.

A paradox is often a truth serving its apprenticeship.

Children are the coupons on the bonds of marriage.

White lies are the gentlemen ushers of the black ones.

Rarely do we contradict those we love or those we despise.

Scratch a pessimist, and, more often than not, you will find an optimist turned sour.

Many a man forgets his evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them.

Man has a firmer grip on the truths he thinks he has found out for himself, than on those he has been taught.

Many a man would blush for his wisest decisions if only he should reflect on the reasons which moved him to them.

To see a clever man making a fool of himself is a sorry sight; and it is pitiful to discover that he can always give most excellent reasons for his folly.

Some people keep a friend as children have a toy bank into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

Arthur Penn.

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